

FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY TO JULY, 1832.

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LONDON :

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

JOHN ANDERSON, JUN., EDINBURGH;

AND GRANT & CO. DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XXXII.

Our best compliments to Mrs. Gore (who pleasantly assumes the character of Tom Tug) for her poetical address. She is not aware that the stern attitude of her tall footman in delivering the volumes of her "Opera" to Fraser, our worthy publisher, nearly intimidated him to the death. He has since, however, happily recovered.

We promise to give the work our minutest attention, and then, to have it bound in the costliest manner, and thus preserved, in memory of the unalike feelings which prompted the address. We are sure that, under the lovely exterior of the Woman, Mrs. Gore must possess the heart and generosity of Brenhilda, who was first vanquished, and then forgave the knight that wrought her hurt; and with the noble feelings of Count Paris, we wish to be better acquainted with Mrs. Gore. People describe us as the blackguard—but we are a gentleman by birth, education, and breeding, and not—altogether ungainly in appearance; nor are the lively emotions wholly dead within us.

Meanwhile we are right glad to have become, by our intrepid criticisms, the cause of honour to ourselves, and of the sale of Mrs. Gore's works. This only shews how widely we are read, and what intense curiosity is awakened in the public mind by our lucubrations. Until the preliminaries for our formal introduction have been settled, we say to Mrs. Gore, Go on and prosper!—and let her and our motto be,

Take heed of this—betide whatever may—
Drive hard the booksellers, and—make them PAY.

One word more. We have no connexion with either Mr. Bayly or the *Omnibus*; although we subscribe to the latter, and admire the former. Now for the lines:—

Tom Tug, Author of "Mothers and Daughters," to the Fraserians.

Scribes! who under Fraser ply,
Glorious, Toryous company,
To the field, alas!—what care I?
"Threaten'd men live long!"

Ye, who like a turban'd Turk
Cut and slash my handy-work—
Bishop all my prose, and Burke
My tender infant song!

By the pricking of your thumbs
Something wicked your way comes—
Bayley! sound your thundering drums!
Fraser! spring your rattle!

Do your worst!—a charmed life
I hear, defying pen and knife—
On, then, to the critic strife—
On, then, to the battle!

'Call me blockhead, donkey, knave—
While my books sell, fret and rave—
What makes you mad, makes me brave—
'Tis a glorious quarrel!

Cut, and welcome!—come again!—
Deathless palms your martyrs gain,
Bismarck come to Dunslane,
Like a wool of laurel!

Omnibus or magazine—
Lo! your victim's name is seen,
From Penzance to Aberdeen
Blazon'd black and blue!

Quote me, scorn me, scoff me, rail
In Cambray's vein—all hail!
Friendly foes!—my book can't fail—
Written down by you!

The following ranting missive has come to hand. The writer seems, with great self-complacency, to forget that the player's calling is infamous in the eye of the law. The fellow's bluster we laugh at, and his abuse we despise: his falsehoods, however, we must point out. Our pages will shew that REGINA was the very first to expose the charlatanism of "poor Montgomery." His foolish and ignorant admirers were his worst enemies—wo his best friends, in openly and honestly speaking the truth. Our first notice of Montgomery was about March, 1829; and the "Quarterlies" were pleased to adopt our tone at a much later date. Here is a portion of the decent document:—we have not room for all:

"To the Author of the elegant Dramatic Critique in the last Number of Fraser.

"Sir,—There is an article in your Magazine for last month, which, for easy conceit and impudent coxcombry, beats every thing that has ever before appeared in that praiseworthy publication.

"The attacks on Mr. Bulwer were fair enough—Greek against Greek, coxcomb against coxcomb—the abuse of Mr. Montgomery man enough; for he was first knocked down by the Quarterlies, and then stepped in the doughty champion of REGINA, kicking and pummelling, and belabouring a poor devil who had no chance of returning a blow. But this attack on theatres, major and minor, is as arrant an exhibition of bullying cowardice as ever adorned the pages of your Magazine—and this is making rather a bold assertion.

"Now, sir, I happen to be one of those unfortunate persons whom you have assailed so unmercifully in your last Number—whether at the large or the small theatres, it matters not. My name may be Shagob or Tett, or Wallack or Macready; but whether I be a star or a candle-snuffer, it really strikes me that my condition is not quite so degraded as you suppose it to be.

"I make my money (and little enough) by speaking other persons' opinions—you by writing them. We are both ready to praise or abuse, according to the will of our managers. Should we refuse, I should lose my guinea a-week, and you, gentle gentlemen of the press, your penny a-line. I don't know whether I have the honour of writing to the warlike O'Doherty or the classical Mac-Gin, or any other of Mr. Fraser's *astaches*; but really, whoever you may be, I can't conceive how you are a whit better than we poor devils whom you abused so in your January Number, &c. &c.

"Ever, my dear Friend, sincerely yours,
"SCHAUSPIELER."

Alfred Dunoulay, the Secretary of "the Marais Champagne Club," must excuse the non-insertion of his *soirées*. The members appear to us, at present, to be a set of dull fellows; but, at any rate, the writer must give us a key to enable us to understand the value of their opinions.

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VOL. V.

OLIVER YORKE'S EPISTLE TO THE READING PUBLIC

MOST courteous Readers, gentle and benign,
Who in our monthly pages take delight,
Infirm and aged, conning line by line,
With pale pinch'd noses spectacle-bedight —
Or young and hale, disdaining to repine,
At arms'-length holding care and sorrow's blight;
Listen, O listen, while Fame tells the earth
REGINA to Tome Fifth is giving birth!

Two years have pass'd since we became acquainted,
Yet scarcely knew we time hath been on wing,
As, month by month, have on our sheet been painted
The varied hues of mute and living thing.
Yet all with personality untainted
Hath been our critic pen; Castalia's spring
Affords our poets' beverage, and Parnassus
Been rescued from a herd of long-ear'd asses.

Yet, though our triumphs have been great and many,
Oft hath it grieved our hearts of sensibility
To see man's folly, and to think that any
Should be so wrapp'd in premature senility
As to be gull'd by every canting zany —
From the *Court Journal* study their gentility,
Learn economics from the Benthamite,
And by Macculloch swear that black is white.

But a fico for blue devils! — all such themes
We leave to St. John Long and Rowland Hill,
And such-like high ones, whose Utopian schemes
The stomachs of the wind-devourers fill;
For us, we stick to practice, not to dreams,
Being fond of fact as thieves are of a till.
Yet, after all our hopes and thoughts Elysian,
We say (with Solomon) that life's a vision.

What was the lottery but an intake?—what
 Horse-racing but a thing as fleet is wind?
 What a good dinner but a prospect that,
 Evanescent, leaves nought save scraps behind?
 What is rich wine but vapour?—an old hat
 But of some empty skull the cast-off rind:—
 All is deception—save REGINA's pages—
 And deeds of those she calleth England's sages.

"There is a time for all things," saith wise Solomon,
 (Vide Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher);
 And surely none that knowledge lack can follow man
 Who is more gifted, or experienced teacher.
 Tut-tut, such themes we leave to surpliced jolly man,
 Fed on his tithes and tenths—'tis he can reach her,
 The coy jade Wisdom, though, as erst befell,
 She domiciles far down in pebbled well.

The bottom of a well! then much I fear
 The parson dives not; had it been a barrel
 Of ancient vintage—only, of sparkling beer,
 There had been, to be sure, less cause for quarrel."
 Thus scandal chatters; but we shall not hear,
 Though sometimes wears the wolf the lamb's apparel;
 And Erudition, fond of fat and fun,
 Dwells in a carcass weighing half a ton.

Sweet Public! O, you're a delicious creature!
 'Pon honour, now, we couldn't live without you;
 You're so delectable in form and feature,
 And such a fascination breathes about you,
 That, though our death would leave a blank in nature,
 We're so in love, gave you but cause to doubt you,
 We would rather, dearest angel! we would rather—
 Ah, grief would make us grey as our own father!

But, hark ye, sweetening! tell us, if you please,
 Do tell us why you come to tell us so?
 Once even at Colburn's Cad you did not sneeze,
 And Macvey, the long-nosed, was once the go;
 Nought now but we go down with you; hard peace,
 Dry hermit's food, are London's monthly show;
 And all your woosers daily, weekly, quarterly,
 You strike with your derision cold quite martyrlly.

You say we are improving—we believe it;
 'Twere sin in us experienced to grow worse;
 Nay, offer not more cash—we can't receive it;
 Be a kind creature now, put by your purse—
 There are lads from Grub Street would be fain to thieve it;
 There's many an orphan of the press to nurse;
 But as for us—say no more words about it—
 We live but for you, Public—who can doubt it?

We live but for our country!—O, ye Whigs!
 Well do ye know that truth is firm and sure;
 Fain had ye given our vineyard to the pigs,
 And thought us "old and miserably poor."
 We have shaken ye till fell both hats and wigs,
 We have beat with judgment from your coats "the stoure"
 (See Dr. Jamieson), and we have brought
 Your lordly gallop to a sober trot.

Where is your wisdom? — see Ex-Sheriff Parkins;
 Where is your foresight? — see Hume's combinations;
 Where your theology? — Jo! Taylor hearkens,
 Forth spluttering atheistic speculations;
 O'er your high don't Derision's spittle barks
 With leprous crust; save deaths and desolations,
 Nought waits your schemes; and Wonderment grows paler
 Than parsnep to see Grey with Place the tailor.

Poor! for such trash! — bring towel here and water —
 Who handleth pitch, and comes off undefiled?
 We have mark'd the modern Cains, both son and daughter,
 Morgan's and mate's, each maid and mother's child —
 (This stanza is O'Doherty's); and slaughter
 Through their black ranks have made in ruin wild;
 Till now we have nought to do but be jocose,
 Or with a pin impale our pigmy foes.

Our friends their name is Legion; and our foes
 Some fifteen, eighteen, or at most a score,
 Who, had they pith, would tread on TRYASER'S toes,
 And, at tea-parties, vote old Noll a bore;
 Tims, Gomery, and Attila, are of those,
 Besides black Broom, a thing which we deplore,
 As he may shut the avenues of knowledge,
 By sweeping sense from Cockueydom's own College.

Whigs are the boys for rectors, — the old Major,
 Had he not died, had been the best alive;
 But Gerald's friend is a most famous stager,
 Than Brougham no neater hand could art contrive,
 Even by whose sainted nose the students wager,
 Chanting his lauds like drones within a hive;
 And Hume Montrose's body, Dr. Joe,
 Claps his bit wings o'er Aberdeen to crow.

O, dine them all, — oh, give the lads a dinner,
 For feed they must, — they'll pay ye in a speech,
 Where shreds of common sense beat thin and thinner,
 Like leaf-gold, more than fifty miles can reach;
 The price, too, is most moderate; you're a winner
 Even by your fifteen shillings worth, for which
 You have your beef and greens, your cheese and bisky,
 Two pots of porter, and a glass of whisky.

But, come, we're getting too sedate and solemn,
 The subject is so stupid; better far
 It were to tell you, that this opening volume —
 Our fifth one — will be found above all par;
 We've had some blades in training, and enroll 'em
 The first time now for literary war:
 They've been at grass among the Blues and Yellows,
 And, since their combs have grown, are clever fellows.

We dare not name them; else might prove a martyr
 To our good nature, so we rather spare 'em;
 But, since 'tis not forbidden in our charter,
 Five Paddies and two Celts, we now declare 'em;
 The eighth's a Turk; the ninth one is a Tartar,
 (His mother was duenna in the haram;)
 An African descended straight from Hannibal;
 Besides two Zealanders, the one a cannibal.

Yet, though the Whigs so powerful are and mighty,
 Spouters of spindrift, measurers in lug,
 Who with their cannonade of words can fight ye
 As if cast-metal carronades they flung,
 And with their bothering blarney they could fright ye,
 "Dowre" foxy-headed cattle, "auld and young;"
 It must be owned, even by the Buff and Blue,
 That we poor Tories have some prime ones too.

Have we not Eldon, patriarch of the law?
 Him, whom each passing year a harvest due
 Of honour, rich hath brought, whom nought can draw
 From rectitude's straight path,—nor drunken crew
 Of knaves, whose slanders move him not a straw;
 Nor traitor's cat-call, nor blasphemer's maw;
 Not there he stands—"Justitia" by his side—
 The bad man's bugbear, and the good man's pride!

Have we not Scott, the great, the glorious bard?
 Whose muse hath shed a halo round our shores,
 Whose giant-mind no obstacles retard,
 As time's dim labyrinth its search explores;—
 He of his toils hath reap'd the high reward,
 And of a new creation oped the doors,
 Where, to futurity's remotest day,
 Admiring pilgrims shall delight to stray!

And though old age hath o'er his reverend head
 Been scattering snows, and human strength is frail
 To put aside the cup that all men dread,
 Seldom hath one sojourned this earthly vale
 With equal honour; glory hath been shed,
 From poem, history, high romance, and tale,
 Unfading, o'er our land by him: life's urn
 May cool, but fame's will never cease to burn.

Have we not Wellington?—have we not him
 Who rescued Europe from oppression's thrall;
 Before whose star Napoleon's star waned dim,
 Exalting Britain o'er the heads of all
 The nations round, high filling to the brim
 The goblet of her glory? We may fall,
 As Greece, as Rome have fallen; but ne'er shall die
 Of Waterloo the glorious memory!

Greece in her grandest and her proudest hour—
 Rome in her pomp and plenitude of pride,
 With Cæsars on her throne, ne'er wielded power
 Such as we wield: the realms by Ganges' side,
 Back to the rising sun, are our rich dower;
 And the far western isles our sway abide;
 Our flag unfurls triumphant o'er the sea;
 And, blessing of all blessings, we are free!

Free in the noblest sense,—no tyrant king
 Shakes o'er our shrinking heads the iron rod;
 Free in the loftiest sense,—our spirits bring,
 As conscience wills, their sacrifice to God;
 Free in the genuine sense,—bright learning's wing
 O'erspreads the land, and justice makes abode
 Alike with all; the lofty and the low
 From crime must keep them, or to law must bow.

Then cheer up, Readers ! though the elements
 Of anarchy and ruin work around
 With dire foreboding, Time will heal the rents,
 And Freedom rise untrampled from the ground ;
 Never forsaken shall be Britain's tents
 By spirits high and pure ; her every wound
 Shall heal and cicatrise ; and far away
 Shall melt the storms which now o'ercloud her day.

And through her gloom shall not a star shine bright ?
 No beam of hope the rolling clouds between ?
 Yes ! ever in the ranks that for the right
 Contend, RESINA'S pennon shall be seen
 Wide-waving through the hottest of the fight,—
 The rose and thistle on a field of green ;
 Fame listening to a shout which must amaze her,
 As rush her scribes on to the war-cry—"FRASER !!!"

SHE makes (all bold as Zaragossa's maid,)
 With lying critics, and poor scribes, sad slaughter ;—
 In Truth's great cause, full many a gaitiff laid,
 Proves her as fearless as Jove's valorous daughter ;
 And while most other journals have been paid
 With PUFFERS' coin,—their gold hath never bought her :
 And, as she laughs at Colburn's puny wrath,
 She thracks both humbug Bulwer—and Hum-Goth.

And many another sumph shall yet be thrack'd
 With puissant cudgel, laid on with good will ;
 Many a Whig pretender's head be crack'd,
 And slaughter'd many a scoundrel of the quill ;
 But while these foes of us and ours are hack'd,
 We keep our kind and gentle nature still.
 So in the bowl opposing flavours meet,
 Sour are its lemons, but its sugar sweet.

For who shall stop her in her bold career ?
 Or thwart her falchion in its lightning speed ?
 The craven crouches 'neath her quivering spear,
 And Worth and Virtue in their desperate need
 Proclaim her saving prowess ; and base Fear
 In panic flight the routed foe doth lead :—
 Thus WILL SHE EVER,—IN PERPETUAL YOUTH,—
 WAGE CEASELESS WARFARE FOR IMMORTAL TRUTH.

Farewhile, then, for a while ! the best of friends
 Must part,—so says the adage,—and this sheet
 Is rhymed full ; though matter much perpend's
 Of weightiest import ; but when next we meet
 Again we may epistolise : here ends,
 Meanwhile, this present chit-chat, incomplete.
 Believe us, Readers, till our ink runs dry,
 Most truly and for ever yours,

O. Y. *

HISTORICAL ROMANCES*

No. I

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS IMITATORS.

Much has been said of the self-sufficiency of genius and the force of nature; and it is clear that without these a work of art must be deficient of fervour and animation. Nevertheless, none of the assistances to be derived from the accumulated treasures of time, of song and tradition—from example, and the facilities acquired by study and experience, may be with impunity despised. We are afraid that of the imitators of our great novelist too many depend on their own unassisted energies, and refer too seldom to the sources of authority and precedent, to which it is evident their master was not ashamed to resort. “Old and odd books,” says Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his own sources in this kind, “and a considerable collection of family legends, formed a quarry so

ample, that it was much more likely that the strength of the labourer should be exhausted than that materials should fail.”

The mind that has not subjected itself to this discipline, or waited for this development, may exhibit strong genius, strong feeling, great power of all kinds, but must be, nevertheless, as barren of associations as it is deficient of culture. Through the wild scenes of uncultivated nature the “sleeping stream walks with slow and measured lapse his round of ages,” unconsecrated with a single reminiscence capable of revival from “centuries of death.” No sacred groves, no solemn temples, no haunts of love, no theatres of wisdom, are left to be traced by learned retrospection. The

“unison that sounds
Through every branch and trembles in each leaf,—
The voice of God conversing in the calm,
And preaching of his inmost works himself,
Till all the seraph glows in all his fires,
And melts the high society in one
Enraptured diapason’s holy sound—”

is uttered in vain to the deaf ear of solitude, or to unawakened man. Not so among the cultivated scenes of civilised humanity.

Groves sacred once to love, where once were heard,
Low murmuring through the many-turtled shades
Of peace, respondent sighs or liveliest notes
Of placid and accordant love that mixed
Airs with the zephyr, whispers with the grove—
Long hushed to solemn silence, groves no more—
Yet echo human loves: the loves refined
By ancient minstrels sung of dryad or
Of naiad, or perchance of human maid
From cottage or from palace; or of gods,
From halls of light descending to the plain,
Unconscious of a change.”

About such scenes the shades of memory perpetually wander, and “shapes of burning thought hover to hallow them.” The mind, we confess, is no barren soil, yet we should pause before we indulged in extravagant anticipations, and exclaimed, with the

author of *The Hurricane*, concerning the barbarian in his native, uncultivated wilds,—“He knows where he is; his speculations do not outfly his practice, for he thinks he knows nothing but what he views. The vast pride of discovering experimental knowledge

* *Tales of My Landlord*. Fourth and last Series, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleuch. In 4 vols. Printed for Robert Cadell, Edinburgh; and Whittaker and Co. London. 1832.

cannot, indeed, be this; for discovery is precluded by incessant knowledge." The intellectual soil may, naturally fertile; the utmost, however, that it can do, is to indicate a capacity for the reception of knowledge—the forms of experience, though aching to be filled, are yet empty. The measures of abstract intelligence exist, but all thought must have an object; and the instinctive craving, the yearning appetite, only speak more plainly of the unsatisfied void within. Nature astonishes with her grandeur, and overwhelms with her might, the mind that looks on the greatness of her majesty without being able to interpret her mysteries, or identify any single spot with the endearing recognition of individual consciousness. Certain, however, it is, that the waste and the waters teem spontaneously—produce spontaneously a numerous progeny; and thus, also, the inward sources of thought and feeling may put forth bud and blossom with equal readiness and vigour. Add to which, even the most savage tribes have probably a tale to tell, where the "gleaming warrior thinned the shade, and harshly grated human discords." But the sources of thought lie deep—they are fountains sealed, and where the occasions are few and uncertain, can but seldom flow abroad. Solitary sensations are obscure, and the combinations of an untutored mind few and feeble. The memory, also, of the deed of violence is but brief: "He passes unheeded when the storm is over, and leaves no measured ravage." The cultivated mind, on the other hand, has, in its native land, many precious stores of memory; and even in foreign regions, or traversing uninhabited deserts, has, in the resources of philosophy and science, a magic influence, to compel the spirits of the spot into companionable association.

Such power possesses the genius of Sir Walter Scott, rich in treasures of all kinds as it is, whatever region of fancy it enters, or whatever period of time it traces. The appearance of a new series of the *Tales of My Landlord*, and announced not only as the last of them, but perhaps also of the *Waverley Novels*, induces us to devote a paper to his new work, which, after some brief notice of the same, shall pass on to a general dissertation concerning historical romance, and the manner in

which it has been lately illustrated by the "*Ariosto of the North*"—for which only, in fact, the subject is undertaken at all. It will extend, we find, to more than one article.

The date of the tale, entitled *Count Robert of Paris*, is laid in the reign of Alexius, emperor of Constantinople, and founder of the Comnenian dynasty, whose daughter, the Princess Anne, is celebrated as the historian of her father, whose exploits she immortalised in a style too obvious to Gibbon's censure of being affected—a fault, however, from which this great writer himself was not quite free. Both of the characters just mentioned perform prominent parts in Sir Walter's new novel. "The three great nations of the world," says Gibbon, "the Greeks, the Saracens, and the Franks, encountered each other on the theatre of Italy." And it is into this state of things that the descendant of Michael Scott has transported the reluctant reader. In the character of Alexius Comnenus mingled "a mixture of sense and weakness, of meanness and dignity, of prudent discretion and poverty of spirit—which last, in the European mode of viewing things, approached to cowardice." Such was the Emperor of Byzantium, "at a period when the fate of Greece, and all that was left in that country of art and civilisation, was trembling in the balance, and likely to be saved or lost, according to the abilities of the emperor for playing the very difficult game which was put into his hands."

No wonder that, at such a crisis, conspiracies, and between the nearest connexions, were abundant. To such Alexius was exposed. Agelastes, a pseudo-philosopher and buffoon of the court, and Achilles Tatius, the commander of the Varangian guard, with Nicephorus Briennius, the emperor's son-in-law, are engaged in treasonable confederacy against the emperor, and, at the same time, each slyly circumventing the other, alike aiming at the imperial purple. "There," says Agelastes, of Achilles Tatius, "goes a fool, whose lack of sense prevents his eyes from being dazzled by the torch which cannot fail to consume him. A half-bred, half-acting, half-thinking, half-daring caitiff, whose poorest thoughts—and those which deserve that name must be poor indeed—are not the produce of his own understanding. He expects to circumvent the fiery,

haughty, and proud Nicephorus Briennius! If he does so, it will not be by his own policy, and still less by his valour. Nor shall Anna Comnena, the soul of wit and genius, be chained to such an unimaginative log as yonder half barbarian. No, she shall have a husband of pure Grecian extraction, and well stored with that learning which was studied when Rome was great and Greece illustrious. Nor will it be the least charm of the imperial throne, that it is partaken by a partner whose personal studies have taught her to esteem and value those of the emperor."

Such is the state of parties when a new descent of the western nations is feared, in Constantinople. All that wide Europe possessed of what was wise and worthy, brave and noble, were united by the most religious vows in the same purpose. Various independent armies, by different routes, were approaching the vicinity of the empire, headed by independent chiefs, and announcing the conquest of Palestine from the infidels as their common object. Of these, Hugh of Vermandois, called from his dignity Hugh the Great, who had set sail from the shores of Italy, attended by the flower of the French nobility, bearing the blessed banner of St. Peter; Bohemond of Antioch, son of the celebrated Robert of Apulia, so renowned among his countrymen, who raised himself to the rank of grand-duke from a simple cavalier, and became sovereign of those of his warlike nation, both in Sicily and Italy; Godfrey, duke of Bouillon, a name which requires no enlargement; and Robert, duke of Normandy,—principally demand the reader's attention.

Alexius takes counsel how to treat with these enormous and dreaded hosts. Five officers alone, the highest in the state, had the privilege of entering the sacred recess where the emperor held council. These were, the grand domestic, who might be termed of rank with a modern prime minister—the logothete, or chancellor—the protospathaire, or commander of the guards—the acolyte, or follower, and leader of the Varangians, the aforesaid Achilles Tatius—and the patriarch. An attempt to chastise the audacity and unheard-of boldness of the millions of Franks, who, under the pretence of wresting Palestine from the infidels, had ven-

tured to invade the sacred territories of the empire, is out of the question, as the imperial forces upon the western side of the Bosphorus could not be counted at more than twenty-five thousand men, or thirty at most. The only hope, therefore, is in so negotiating with the crusaders, that they shall pass through the country by armies of fifty thousand at once, which the emperor will cause to be successively transported into Asia; and by using fair words to one, threats to another, gold to the avaricious, power to the ambitious, and reasons to those who are capable of listening to them, prevail upon the Franks, met as they were from a thousand points, and enemies of each other, to acknowledge him as their common superior.

These and other—no very creditable—arrangements being so far made to the imperial satisfaction, the business of the novel commences. The crusaders were, as Alexius' policy dictated, occasionally and individually received with extreme honour, and their leaders loaded with respect and favour; while, from time to time, such bodies of them as sought distant or circuitous routes to the capital, were intercepted and cut to pieces by light-armed troops, who easily passed upon their ignorant opponents for Turks, Scythians, or other infidels, and sometimes were actually such, but in the absence of the Grecian monarch. Often, too, it happened that while the more powerful chiefs of the crusade were feasted by the emperor and his ministers with the richest delicacies, and their thirst slaked with iced wines, their followers were left at a distance, where, intentionally supplied with adulterated flour, tainted provisions, and bad water, they contracted diseases, and died in great numbers, without having once seen a foot of the Holy Land, for the recovery of which they had abandoned their peace, their competence, and their native country. Alexius, nevertheless, kept his ground, and made peace with the most powerful chiefs, under one pretence or other. An accident, too, which the emperor might have termed providential, reduced the high-spirited Count of Vermandois to the situation of a suppliant. By a fierce tempest driven on the coast of Greece, many ships destroyed, and the troops who got ashore obliged to surrender themselves to the lieute-

nants of Alexius, the Count of Vermandois was sent to the court of Constantinople, not as a prince, but as a prisoner. In this case, the emperor instantly set the soldiers at liberty, and loaded them with presents. Others, such as Godfrey, and Raymond of Toulouse, were determined, by better principles, and considered with what scandal their whole journey must be stained if the first of their exploits should be a war upon the Grecian empire, which might justly be called the barrier of Christendom. The chiefs of the crusaders, accordingly, had come to the famous resolution, that, before crossing the Bosphorus, to go in quest of that Palestine which they had vowed to regain, each chief of crusaders would acknowledge individually the Grecian emperor, originally lord paramount of all these regions, as their liege lord and suzerain. Such were, then, the politics of the time and place, and of the expedition referred to by the novelist.

This acknowledgment the emperor determines shall be made publicly, and with all suitable display. An extensive terrace, one of the numerous spaces which extend along the coast of the Propontis, was chosen for the site of the magnificent ceremony, which, however, we have no space to describe, and with which all parties were not equally contented: for, of the great number of counts, lords, and knights, under whose variety of banners the crusaders were led to the walls of Constantinople, many were too insignificant to be bribed to this distasteful measure of homage. The emperor, therefore, had to struggle with his feelings of offended pride, tempered by a prudent degree of apprehension, in his endeavour to receive with complacency a homage tendered in mockery.

"An incident shortly took place of a character highly descriptive of the nations brought together in so extraordinary a manner; and with such different feelings and sentiments. Several bands of French had passed, in a sort of procession, the throne of the emperor, and rendered, with some appearance of gravity, the usual homage. On this occasion they bent their knees to Alexius, placed their hands within his, and in that posture paid the ceremonies of feudal fealty. But when it came to the turn of Bohemond of Antioch, already mentioned, to render this fealty, the emperor, desirous to shew every species of honour to this

wily person, his former enemy, and now apparently his ally, advanced two or three paces towards the sea-side, where the boats lay as if in readiness for his use.

"The distance to which the emperor moved was very small, and it was assumed as a piece of deference to Bohemond; but it became the means of exposing Alexius himself to a cutting affront, which his guards and subjects felt deeply, as an intentional humiliation. A half-score of horsemen, attendants of the Frankish count who was next to perform the homage, with their lord at their head, set off at full gallop from the right flank of the French squadrons, and arriving before the throne, which was yet empty, they at once halted. The rider at the head of the band was a strong herculean figure, with a decided and stern countenance, though extremely handsome, looking out from thick black curls. His head was surmounted with a barret cap, while his hands, limbs, and feet were covered with garments of chamois leather, over which he in general wore the ponderous and complete armour of his country. This, however, he had laid aside for personal convenience, though in doing so he evinced a total neglect of the ceremonial which marked so important a meeting. He waited not a moment for the emperor's return, nor regarded the impropriety of obliging Alexius to hurry his steps back to his throne, but springing from his gigantic horse, and threw the reins loose, which were instantly seized by one of the attendant pages. Without a moment's hesitation, the Frank seated himself in the vacant throne of the emperor, and extending his half-armed and robust figure on the golden cushions which were destined for Alexius, he indolently began to caress a large wolf-hound which had followed him, and which, feeling itself as much at ease as its master, reposed its grim form on the carpets of silk and gold damask, which tapestried the imperial footstool. The very hound stretched itself with a bold, ferocious insolence, and seemed to regard no one with respect, save the stern knight whom it called master.

"The emperor, turning back from the short space which, as a special mark of favour, he had accompanied Bohemond, beheld with astonishment his seat occupied by this insolent Frank. The bands of the half savage Varangians who were stationed around, would not have hesitated an instant in avenging the insult, by prostrating the violator of their master's throne even in this act of his contempt, had they not been restrained by Achilles Tatius and other officers, who were un-

certain what the emperor would do, and somewhat timorous of taking a resolution for themselves.

"Meanwhile, the uncereemonious knight spoke aloud, in a speech which, though provincial, might be understood by all to whom the French language was known, while even those who understood it not, gathered its interpretation from his tone and manner. 'What churl is this,' he said, 'who has remained sitting stationary like a block of wood, or the fragment of a rock, when so many noble knights, the flower of chivalry and muster of gallantry, stand uncovered around, among the thrice-conquered Varangians!'

"A deep, clear accent replied, as if from the bottom of the earth, so like it was to the accents of some being from the other world, 'If the Normans desire battle of the Varangians, they will meet them in the lists man to man, without the poor boast of insulting the emperor of Greece, who is well known to fight only by the battle-axes of his guard.'

"The astonishment was so great when this answer was heard, as to affect even the knight, whose insult upon the emperor had occasioned it; and amid the efforts of Achilles to retain his soldiers within the bounds of subordination and silence, a loud murmur seemed to intimate that they would not long remain so. Bohemond returned through the press with a celerity which did not so well suit the dignity of Alexius, and catching the crusader by the arm, he, something between fair means and a gentle degree of force, obliged him to leave the chair of the emperor in which he had placed himself so boldly.

"How is it, said Bohemond, 'noble Count of Paris? Is there one in this great assembly who can see with patience, that your name, so widely renowned for valour, is now to be quoted in an idle brawl with hirelings, whose utmost boast it is to bear a mercenary battle-axe in the ranks of the emperor's guards? For shame—for shame—do not, for the discredit of Norman chivalry, let it be so!'

"I know not,' said the crusader, rising reluctantly.—'I am not nice of choosing the degree of my adversary, when he bears himself like one who is willing and forward in battle, I am good-natured, I tell thee, Count Bohemond; and Turk or Tartar, or wandering Anglo-Saxon, who only escapes from the chain of the Normans to become the slave of the Greek, is equally welcome to whet his blade clean against my armour, if he desires to achieve such an honourable office.'

"The emperor had heard what passed,—had heard it with indignation, mixed with fear; for he imagined the whole scheme of his policy was about to be overturned at once by a premeditated scheme of personal affront, and probably an assault upon his person. He was about to call to arms, when, casting his eyes on the right flank of the crusaders, he saw that all remained quiet after the Frank Baron had transferred himself from thence. He therefore instantly resolved to let the insult pass, as one of the rough pleasantries of the Franks, since the advance of more troops did not give any symptom of an actual onset.

"Resolving on his line of conduct with the quickness of thought, he glided back to his canopy, and stood beside his throne, of which, however, he chose not instantly to take possession, lest he should give the insolent stranger some ground for renewing and persisting in a competition for it.

"What bold Vavasour is this,' said he to Count Baldwin, 'whom, as is apparent from his dignity, I ought to have received seated upon my throne, and who thinks proper thus to vindicate his rank?'

"He is reckoned one of the bravest men in our host,' answered Baldwin, 'though the brave are as numerous there as the sands of the sea. He will himself tell you his name and rank.'

"Alexius looked at the Vavasour. He saw nothing in his large, well-formed features, lighted by a wild touch of enthusiasm which spoke in his quick eye, that intimated premeditated insult, and was induced to suppose that what had occurred, so contrary to the form and ceremonial of the Grecian court, was neither an intentional affront, nor designed as the means of introducing a quarrel. He therefore spoke with comparative ease, when he addressed the stranger thus:—'We know not by what dignified name to salute you; but we are aware, from Count Baldwin's information, that we are honoured in having in our presence one of the bravest knights whom a sense of the wrongs done to the Holy Land has brought thus far on his way to Palestine, to free it from its bondage.'

"If you mean to ask my name,' answered the European knight, 'any one of these pilgrims can readily satisfy you, and more gracefully than I can myself; since we used to say in our country, that many a fierce quarrel is prevented from being fought out by an untimely disclosure of names, when men, who might have fought with the fear of God before their eyes, must, when their

names are manifested, recognise each other as spiritual allies, by baptism, gossipred, or some such irresistible bond of friendship; whereas, had they fought first, and told their names afterwards, they could have had some assurance of each other's valour, and have been able to view their relationship as an honour to both.

" 'Still,' said the emperor, 'methinks I would know if you, who, in this extraordinary press of knights, seem to assest a precedence to yourself, claim the dignity due to a king or prince?'

" 'How speak you that?' said the Frank, with a brow somewhat overclouded; 'do you feel that I have not left you unjustled by my advance to these squadrons of yours?'

" 'Alexius hastened to answer, that he felt no particular desire to connect the count with an affront or offence; observing, that in the extreme necessity of the empire, it was no time for him, who was at the helm, to engage in idle or unnecessary quarrels.

" 'The Frankish knight heard him, and answered drily,--' Since such are your sentiments, I wonder that you have ever resided long enough within the hearing of the French language to learn to speak it as you do. I would have thought some of the sentiments of the chivalry of the nation, since you are neither a monk nor a woman, would, at the same time with the words of the dialect, have found their way into your heart.'

" 'Hush, Sir Count,' said Bohemond, who remained by the emperor to avert the threatening quarrel. 'It is surely requisite to answer the emperor with civility; and those who are impatient for warfare will have infidels enough to wage it with. He only demanded your name and lineage, which you of all men can have least objection to disclose.'

" 'I know not if it will interest this prince, or emperor as you term him,' answered the Frank count; 'but all the account I can give of myself is this: in the midst of one of the vast forests which occupy the centre of France, my native country, there stands a chapel, sunk so low into the ground, that it seems as if it were become decrepid by its own great age. The image of the Holy Virgin who presides over its altar, is called by all men our Lady of the Broken Lances, and is accounted through the whole kingdom the most celebrated for military adventures. Four beaten roads, each leading from an opposite point in the compass, meet before the principal door of the chapel; and ever and anon, as a good knight arrives at this place, he passes in to the performance of his

devotions in the chapel, having first sounded his horn three times, till ash and oak-tree quiver and ring. Having then kneeled down to his devotions, he seldom arises from the mass of Her of the Broken Lances, but there is attending on his leisure some adventurous knight ready to satisfy the new comer's desire of battle. This station have I held for a month and more against all comers, and all give me fair thanks for the knightly manner of quitting myself towards them, except one, who had the evil hap to fall from his horse, and did break his neck; and another, who was struck through the body, so that the lance came out behind his back about a cloth-yard, all dripping with blood. Allowing for such accidents, which cannot be easily avoided, my opponents parted with me with fair acknowledgment of the grace I had done them.'

" 'I conceive, sir knight,' said the emperor, 'that a form like yours, animated by the courage you display, is likely to find few equals even among your adventurous countrymen; far less among men who are taught that to cast away their lives in a senseless quarrel among themselves, is to throw away, like a boy, the gift of Providence.'

" 'You are welcome to your opinion,' said the Frank, somewhat contemptuously; 'yet I assure you, if you doubt that our gallant strife was unmixed with sullenness and anger, and that we hunt not the hart or the boar with merrier hearts in the evening, than we discharge our task of chivalry by the morn had arisen, before the portal of the old chapel, you do us foul injustice.'

" 'With the Turks you will not enjoy this amiable exchange of courtesies,' answered Alexius. 'Wherefore I would advise you neither to stray far into the van or into the rear, but to abide by the standard where the best infidels make their efforts, and the best knights are required to repel them.'

" 'By our Lady of the Broken Lances,' said the crusader, 'I would not that the Turks were more courteous than they are Christian, and am well pleased that unbeliever and heathen hound are a proper description for the best of them, as being traitor alike to their God and to the laws of chivalry; and devoutly do I trust that I shall meet with them in the front rank of our army, beside our standard, or elsewhere, and have an open field to do my devoir against them, both as the enemies of Our Lady and the holy saints, and as, by their evil customs, more expressly my own. Meanwhile you have time to seat yourself and receive my homage, and I will be bound to you for despatching this foolish ceremony

with as little waste and delay of time as the occasion will permit."

"The emperor hastily seated himself, and received into his the sinewy hands of the crusader, who made the acknowledgment of his homage, and was then guided off by Count Baldwin, who walked with the stranger to the ships, and then, apparently well pleased at seeing him in the course of going on board, returned back to the side of the emperor."

- The name of this singular and assuming man is Robert, Count of Paris, the hero of the tale. His conduct induces Alexius to discontinue the ceremonial of the day. Already on his road to embarkation on the strait, the sound of recall which was blown from the trumpets of the various leaders excited Count Robert the determination to return to Constantinople, half animated by curiosity and half by love of mischief. This resolution he effects in the company of his wife, Brenhilda, an Amazon, the rival of her husband as well in the front of battle as at the dancing-room or banquet, and of the wily Agelastes, with whom the reader is already acquainted.

Ungallant would it be to pass over, with such slight notice, the stalwart dame, Brenhilda, countess of Paris. The novelist appears to have derived her character from that of Guita, the wife of Robert Guiscard, who is painted by the Greeks as a warlike Amazon, a second Pallas; less skilful in arts, but not less terrible in arms, than the Athenian goddess. From a girl had Brenhilda despised the pursuits of her sex; and they who ventured to become suitors for the hand of the young lady of Aspramonte, to which warlike fief she had succeeded, and which perhaps encouraged her in her fancy, received for answer, that they must first merit it by their good behaviour in the lists, where she herself claimed to mingle in the games of chivalry. The knights who encountered the fair Brenhilda were one by one stretched on the sands; but at the fated hour she encountered Count Robert, was unhorsed and unhelmed. He was of the blood of Charlemagne, and, what was still of more consequence in the young lady's eyes, one of the most renowned of Norman knights in that jousting day. After a residence of ten days in the castle of Aspramonte, the bride and bridegroom set out, for such was Count Robert's will, with a competent train, to Our

Lady of the Broken Lances, where it pleased him to be wedded. Two knights, who were waiting to do battle, as was the custom of the place, were rather disappointed at the nature of the cavalcade, which seemed to interrupt their purpose. But greatly were they surprised when they received a cartel from the betrothed couple, offering to substitute their own persons in the room of other antagonists, and congratulating themselves in commencing their married life in a manner so consistent with that which they had hitherto led. They were victorious, as usual; and the only persons having occasion to rue the complaisance of the count and his bride, were the two strangers, one of whom broke an arm in the rencontre, and the other dislocated a collar-bone. Such is the story of the loves of Count Robert of Paris and Brenhilda, the lady of Aspramonte.

Agelastes amuses them with a tale on their way to the city, and at length proposes that they should sojourn at the small kiosk, or hermitage, where the philosopher sometimes received his friends, who, he ventured to say, were among the most respectable persons in the empire. They consent to become his guests, and are introduced to the Empress Irene and Anna Comnena, with her husband the Caesar, Nicephorus Briennius. The Amazon and her husband are desirous of seeing the imperial menagerie, of which mention had been made in the conversation; in which wish it is promised they shall be gratified. They all set out for the capital together. A dispute, on the way, between the learned Anna and the honest count, as to the antipathy existing between the Varangians and the Normans, renders it necessary here to digress.

The Varangians, in which the strength of the Greek army consisted, were the Scandinavian guards, whose original numbers had been from time to time augmented by a colony of exiles and volunteers from the British island of Thule. Under the yoke of the Norman conqueror, the Danes and English were oppressed and united. A band of adventurous youths resolved to desert a land of slavery: the sea was open to their escape; and in their long pilgrimage, they visited every coast that afforded any hope of liberty and revenge. They were entertained in the service of the Greek emperor, and their first sta-

tion was in a new city on the Asiatic shore; but Alexius soon recalled them to the defence of his person and palace, and bequeathed to his successors the inheritance of their faith and valour. The name of a Norman invader revived the memory of their wrongs; they marched with alacrity against the national foe, and panted to regain, upon the occasion, set forth in the romance, as they had formerly in Epirus, the glory which they had lost in the battle of Hastings.

One of these Varangians, by name Hereward, is an important personage in this novel. It is with him that the tale commences. At the golden gate of Constantinople, Hereward is presented to the reader, gaping about him at sunset, and anon as fast asleep on one of the benches of stone which were placed under shadow of the triumphal arch of Theodosius. There he is observed by Lysimachus, by profession a sketcher, and Stephanos the wrestler, who admires the proportion and apparent strength of his limbs. At length he attracts the notice of Harpar the centurion, Ismael sentinel of the gate, and Sebastes of Mitylene, a companion of their watch, lately enlisted in their corps. The cupidity of these men is excited by his goodly breast-plate and helmet of silver, and Sebastes descends to stab the Anglo-Saxon. The sleeper, however, awakes at his approach, and, after dashing him off, pursues him in rapid flight round the arch of Theodosius. From this pursuit, however, Hereward is called by Achilles Tatius, who had just then entered on the scene, and who conducts the islander, by many cunning passages, into the apartment of the Palace of the Blaquernal, which was dedicated to the special service of the beloved daughter of the Emperor Alexius, the princess Anna Comnena. She was seated, the queen and sovereign of a literary circle, such as an imperial princess, porphyrogenita, or born in the sacred purple chamber itself, could assemble in those days. It was composed of the Empress Irene, the Emperor Alexius, and the Patriarch Zosimus. One of the usual auditory only was absent—her husband, Nicephorus. Attendants also were present—Astento the calligrapher, and Violanto the muse, as mistress of the vocal and instrumental art of music, with five or six courtiers,

besides the philosopher Michael Agelastes.

The soldier has been sent for to hear read the princess's history, so far as it relates to the battle of Laodicea, in which Hereward had been an actor, that its statements may be corrected and enlarged where necessary, by the information which the Varangian was capable of giving. In the midst of this business, Nicephorus enters with information of the approach of the Franks.

It was upon this occasion that Hereward had uttered his bitter antipathy against the Normans, on which the princess had grounded the opinion which she expressed in conversation with Robert of Paris. Apparently for the princess's discommodation, she saw at that moment the Varangian at a distance, marching by the side of Achilles Tatius, the leader of his corps. She summoned him accordingly, and demanded from him whether he had not informed her, nearly a month ago, that the Normans and the Franks were the same people, and enemies to the race from which he sprung? He replies that the Normans were the mortal enemies of his race. High words occur between the count and the islander, the latter of whom challenges the Frank to combat, which the haughty Robert disdains, at first, accepting from a churl, but afterwards determines to answer.

This purpose, however, he finds it more difficult to effect than he naturally expected. Agelastes has been employed by Alexius to decoy the count and his Amazonian lady into the power of the emperor, for the purpose of being detained as hostages. Accordingly, they are invited, with others of the crusaders, to a splendid banquet, at which Bohemond advises him to abstain from pledging his host, but in vain—for Robert of Paris scorns suspicion. He had already given a proof of the simplicity of his character on his entrance into the state-room. As part of the ceremonial of the grand reception, the Lions of Solomon, as they were called, which had been newly furbished, raised their heads, erected their manes, and brandished their tails. The imagination of the Frank was excited: striding to the nearest lion, which was in the act of springing upon him, after an exclamation, he struck

the figure with his clenched fist and steel gauntlet with so much force that its head burst, and the steps and carpet of the throne were covered with wheels, springs, and other machinery, which had been the means of producing its mimic terrors. Well if his unsuspecting simplicity in this other instance had been followed by no worse consequences. The Count of Paris and his lady were that night lodged in the imperial palace of Blacquernal. Their apartments were contiguous, but the communication between them was cut off for the night by the central door being locked and barred—a precaution for which, however, the festival of the church then celebrated was no unnatural excuse. It was long before the count awoke (for the wine, sacred to imperial lips, of which he had taken a single but a deep draught, was of unaccustomed potency), yet daylight was not broad, as it ought to have been in his chamber. From the darkness, however, he perceives the brilliant eyes of a wild tiger glaring upon him as its prey, and presently discovers it to be chained at a little distance from him, near enough for its breathing to be heard and the heat of its respiration felt on his defenceless limbs. In extreme agony, he calls upon his wife Brenhilda, and is answered by the voice of Ursel, once the rival of Alexius for the purple, but who, submitting upon capitulation for life, limb, and liberty, was confined in a dungeon of the Blacquernal, deprived of his eyesight; and it is the one adjoining that in which this unfortunate victim of the changes of fortune was suffering wretchedness. But the brave man is never without resources. The knight be-thought him of a flint and match which he usually carried about him, and, with as little noise as possible, lighted the torch at his bedside.

“This he instantly applied to the curtains of the bed, which, being of thin muslin, were in a moment in flames. The knight sprang, at the same instant, from his bed. The tiger, for such it was, terrified at the flames, leaped backwards, as far as his chain would permit, heedless of any thing save this new object of terror. Count Robert, upon this, seized upon a massive wooden stool, which was the only offensive weapon on which he could lay his hand, and, mark-

ing at those eyes which now reflected the blaze of fire, and which a little ago seemed so appalling, he discharged against them this fragment of ponderous oak, with a force which less resembled human strength than the impetus with which an engine hurls a stone. He had employed his instant of time so well, and his aim was so true, that the missile went right to the mark, and with incredible force. The skull of the tiger, which might be, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated if described as being of the very largest size, was fractured by the blow; and with the assistance of his dagger, which had fortunately been left with him, the French count despatched the monster, and had the satisfaction to see him grin his last, and roll, in the agony of death, those eyes which were lately so formidable.”

His deliverance is nigh at hand. By an entrance in the roof, a warder sends down an ourang-outang to administer food to Ursel; and with this Sylvanus, as the poor animal is named, the count has a contest, which brings down into the dungeon none other than his challenger Hereward. It should, however, be mentioned, that the Varangian has been preceded in his descent by Sebastes, whom the Frank despatched with little ceremony. The Anglo-Saxon, seeing how the case stands, generously offers to effect his deliverance, upon condition that the count will in due season meet him in fair fight, upon the quarrel of which mention has already been made. To this the Frank accedes, upon condition that the release of Ursel is also effected. “So be it, then,” said the Varangian; “we will proceed in quest of the Countess Brenhilda; and if, on recovering her, we find ourselves strong enough to procure the freedom of the dark old man, my cowardice or want of compassion shall never stop the attempt.”

The reader is already acquainted with the existence of a conspiracy against the emperor. The Cæsar, however, has conceived a strong liking towards the Amazon, which is likely to injure the plot. The lady is secured in the gardens of the philosopher. Either the Varangian, by secret ways, conveys her husband, who, unseen by her and the Cæsar, is witness to a conversation between his wife and the aspirant for her good-will, whom, in true heroic fashion, she challenges to

the lists to combat for her favour, secure herself of conquest. Count Robert is induced to wait until the time appointed for the duel before he declares himself, when he may come forward to his wife's protection, if necessary. He is accordingly provided with board and lodging by the Varangian.

Hereward has been made by the conspirators participant of their plot, which, however, he determines to frustrate. The philosopher had endeavoured to prevail on his ignorance, by pretending supernatural knowledge of his love for one Bertha, whom he had left behind in Britain, but of whom Agelastes had gained knowledge by her being actually in the train of the crusaders. As he was retiring from the gardens, Hereward was attracted to the defence of a lady flying from the pursuit of Sylvan, the ourang-outang. She proves to be Bertha, and to be in the service of the Countess of Paris. Her he sends after the crusaders, to ask for aid, that fair play may be observed in the approaching duel—conscious of its necessity, from his knowledge of the Greek character. The crusaders had taken a vow not to return until the object of their enterprise was attained; but Godfrey yields to a device of Tancred, to despatch a body of about five hundred men, including officers, on the business, on condition of their riding their horses *backward* to the ships.

Meanwhile, the emperor is putting his wits to work to frustrate the conspiracy, with which he is not unacquainted, and the accomplishment of which is appointed for the day of the duel. He consults the patriarch upon the subject, who holds that the greatest danger is apprehensible from the popular feelings, on account of Ursel. To this point, now, Alexius directs his attention. He proceeds to his daughter, whom he requires to follow him to the dungeon of Ursel, insisting upon her divorcing a husband who had conspired against his father-in-law, and wedding upon the instant with the apparently blind prisoner. She makes her escape from the vault, leaving her father with the Varangian, to whose agency the emperor has been much indebted. The princess finds her mother and her husband (a prisoner) in the palace. She feels, however much her dislike to Ursel as a lord, for her father's

wrongs; and it costs some pains to convince her of the sincere repentance of the Cæsar. As to Ursel, by the application of medical stimulants, he is restored to sight, a deception having been practised upon him to make him seem as if he had been blinded; and soon all is in readiness, Alexius having generously forgiven, after much frightening, his son-in-law, upon being aware of his sincere repentance. The philosopher has been disposed of another way: while endeavouring to instil infidel notions into the mind of Brenhilda, Sylvan enters, and, being outraged by the sophist, strangles him.

Now, then, comes on the important morrow. The proclamation has challenged Count Robert of Paris, and not the countess, Nicephorus having pleased himself with the idea that he should by such device walk over the course. Upon the morning of the combat, the conspirators find all their arrangements anticipated and guarded against; and into the bargain, Nicephorus Briennius is not forthcoming. But instead of him the emperor produces Ursel, who resigns, in the presence of the people, all his claims in favour of Alexius, who then announces to the multitude that rebellion had been intended, but that the justice of Heaven had fallen upon Agelastes. The crowd, however, clamour for the expected combat, as a spectacle which for the Greeks had the charm of novelty. Robert Count of Paris is accordingly challenged to appear, and, to the surprise of the emperor, stands forth at one end of the lists, ready for the fight. The shame of the imperial presence, on account of the absence of Nicephorus, however, is somewhat spared by the appearance, as the antagonist of the Frank, of Hereward, in the name and place of the Cæsar, Nicephorus Briennius, and for the honour of the empire. Thus the challenge between these two stout-hearted generous men is realised, and their combat is made interesting by their affectionate feelings in favour of each other. It is magnanimously terminated without injury. Alexius offers any recompense to the Varangian for his important services: none, however, will he accept, but permission to follow the fortunes of Count Robert of Paris to the crusades. He afterwards becomes comfortably domiciliated, with his wife Bertha, in Britain.

Such is the tale of *Count Robert of*

Paris. There are two oversights in it. How came the torch in the dungeon, by which Count Robert was enabled to effect his escape? and how was it that the emperor did not detect that escape when he went through his dungeon to reach that of Ursel? With the exception of these two blunders, the tale is carefully written; and we think that we can detect a more than usual anxiety in the author with regard to the style and grammatical correctness of the language. Its chief merit is the graphical manner in which it presents the outward and visible signs of the more secret causes of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, and the excellent use which is made of Anna Comnenæ's narrative of her father's reign, in which she has recorded the bold usurpation of the emperor's seat by this haughty chieftain. This incident is the gem of the story, and we have accordingly extracted it. The characters of the novel are exceedingly well drawn; that of Alexius was the most difficult, but with its difficulties Sir Walter has successfully grappled.

The other tale, *Castle Dangerous*, relates to Douglas Castle, its spectre, and prophetic MS. connected with the fortune of its proprietors. Sir John de Walton undertakes to keep it for a year and a day against the outraged spirit of the Scotch, to gain the hand of Lady de Berkley. This lady's character is well sustained. The grudge entertained towards each other by De Walton and Sir Aymer de Valence, at the beginning of the tale, is well conceived and kept up; and the conduct of the minstrel is unexceptionable. Michael Turnbull, and Gilbert Greenleaf the archer, are sketches of considerable value. And now farewell to the *Tales of my Landlord*, of which the fourth and last series has been, in manner aforesaid, evulgarated, or, in common parlance, published —

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —

A sound which makes us linger; yet — farewell!"

Such sound, such word, hath been uttered by the author whose works have delighted, instructed, and moralised so many. He hath departed to other climates to obtain "such a restoration of his health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prose-

cute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one," continues Sir W. Scott, "who has enjoyed, on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him, at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relations to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage."

On the occasion of such a farewell, it seems but right that the valediction of so great a man should be received with peculiar marks of attention by REGINA, and the high-priest of her mysteries, the all-honoured OLIVER YORKE. We therefore resume the dissertation of which we have before suggested somewhat. It will, however, be out of our power, and beyond our limited space, to give even a tolerable review of the whole of the Waverley novels,—and, indeed, we shall not attempt it. The early works in this kind have been more than enough written about already, while the latter have been too much neglected. We hold, however, that no subject can be exhausted; and when the complete edition now in course of publication shall be made up and finally collected, we promise a set article upon the old favourites of the public. At present, we shall devote our endeavours to the general question, and to some works connected with historical romance, by way of illustration, which require to be brought before the notice of the critical reader. Of the value and importance of this task we are deeply sensible, and believe that its accomplishment will be of much service to the industrious author and the aspiring student. We anticipate that we shall receive the thanks of both, or, at least, we shall deserve it;

for, in our tender the dignity which is possessed by one and sought by the other. The one rules, and the other is destined to rule, the world;—for what are kings and ministers but the executors of those who promulgated opinion some half century ago. Alexander the Great was but the tipstaff, or beadle, to put in act and practice the precepts or decrees of Aristotle, his tutor. And what man is now great enough to despise the humblest axiom from the plays of Shakespeare?

To resume our argument. A man of genius who comes to the execution of a work of art without competent stores of knowledge, can hope to do but little: he must be deficient in all the associations which are calculated to adorn and give effect to his designs. It is not enough that he has acquired some facility in the use of the instrument of language, but he must accumulate a stock of ideas by extensive reading, and improve his style by the sedulous study of the best models. Let it not be supposed that too much acquaintance with the previous works of genius will preclude invention—it will rather enable a man to decide when he is really original, and prevent him from wasting his powers in anticipated efforts. Neither let him despise the rules and principles proper to the nature of the works in which he is engaged, as exemplified in the production of his predecessors. We do not say, with a great painter, "You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency." We, on the contrary, hold, that the rules of art are of no use but to a man of ability,—they are only fetters on the incompetent; but with such writers as Milton, for instance, they are the ornaments and defences of their genius. We grant that the kind, and not the degree, of excellence constitutes genius, which, as it originates in nature, is independent of the rules of art. But it is only in the degree of excellence that genius can expect to be recognised; and no degree of excellence was ever attained without diligence and the observance of principles, not, indeed, always expressed or expressible, or always derived from example,—yet, at any rate, discovered by a sort of scientific sense;

evolved by experience, and rendered perfect by practice. He who, from the study of the best models of composition, or taught by criticism, ascertains beforehand the rules upon which he should proceed, is placed in advance of him who is compelled to detect them in the course of experiment, and by the necessities of his own mind during the process of its exertion. Upon this vantage ground it has been our endeavour to place the growing race of novelists in former papers. We have had occasion to shew, that the knowledge of rules, without that genius which compelled their necessity to be felt—and works like instinct—would avail nothing towards the production of a living work. The compositions which we have now to examine make it expedient to enforce; on the other hand, the doctrine, that genius also may work in vain, unsupported by the practice of scientific principles and the precepts of enlightened criticism. In every successful effort of genius, the most vigorous nature, with the most refined art, must be reconciled and harmonised in reciprocal interchanges of form and essence. The materials of art, without the Promethean spark of animation, are inert; but that fire must be soon spent that is not frequently invigorated with fresh acquisitions, and fostered with attentive skill and judicious care; for, as it is well observed in an old book, "Nature is dull and idle; art is the soul of nature; and sedulity the spirit or mind that unites them. It is motion that keeps all things celestial and sublimary in order; should that cease, it is thought the upper world would be in a flame, and our lower world a rude chaos. That which we call quiet is only the result of a lazy mind,—true quiet is only our contentment in all orderly and allowable motions, to the improving and preserving nature in her best form, whether considered as to individuals or generals. Nature is of herself more in exuberance; so that if art do not police it, even the winds, frosts, birds, and beasts, do supply their prunings. The eagle, with her art, breaks off her overgrown beak, and renews her age; and man himself would be scarce discerned from a beast, if art and care did not prevent his excrescences from defacing him."

Sir Walter Scott had not all those aids of which his successors and imitators may take advantage. The his-

historical romance was as much a distinct species of prose narrative fiction as the historical play was of dramatic poetry. He, however, had sufficient tact to detect at once the way in which it should be conducted, and continued to work upon the same principle, notwithstanding the warnings and oppositions of critics not submissive to the authority of contemporary genius, nor finding their canon of rules in the nature of the productions themselves, but reasoning from analogy, if not deciding on the grounds of hereditary prejudices. Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his *Paul Jones*, adopted the opposite course; and, in imitation of Miss Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, made the historical personages the principal actors of his romance, and thereby subjected himself to all the disadvantages of the historical fable. We suspect, however, that this sort of fable may have been improperly named. Miss Porter herself denominated it the "Biographical Romance;" and this is, in fact, the character of this sort of works: they bear a resemblance to the *Achilleid* of Statius rather than to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. Homer's great epic does not seek to describe all the events of the hero's life, or all the circumstances of the Trojan war, but is content with an episode in its history, and finds it possible to introduce, within the limits afforded by the development of a single fact, descriptions of all the varieties of battle, and all the historical persons that he was acquainted with. The contrary practice, whether in prose or verse, leads to numberless inconveniences,—it destroys the simplicity of construction, and makes a work, however brief, unwieldy and unrememberable. It is also observable, that all the persons of the ancient poem strike the reader, on the perusal, to have been real, and not imaginary. The prose epic condescends to introduce fictitious characters and action. Of this, more hereafter.

With respect to the historical drama, the case has been somewhat different. The Italian tales, which supplied materials even for the inexhaustible imagination of Shakespeare, gave birth to that peculiar turn of comic interest with which the most numerous and noble race of our dramatic poets have enlivened the solemn scenes of gorgeous tragedy, and, in consequence, increased greatly their effect by con-

trast. It is to this that we owe the introduction of Falstaff and his company, male and female, and a fund of character drawn from familiar life. Other poets have taken advantage of the privilege to introduce fictitious characters of a serious cast; and when they are of so beautiful a kind as Schiller's *Thekla*, in *Wallenstein*, we have no very strong desire to quarrel with them for the license, which is rather of romantic than dramatic propriety. But to make ideal characters the principal agents of such dramas, would be as improper as it is comparatively unprecedented.

The drama is a concise poem, and has only room sufficient to develop a few historical characters and events; and the introduction of much legendary or fictitious action would occupy the station that might be filled with more propriety by the former. The novel, on the other hand, is a diffuse form of composition; and there is danger, not imaginary, but sufficiently exemplified in all historical novels constructed on the old principle, that, from the extent of ground to be covered, the writer will be inclined to ascribe incidents and relations to the historical hero inconsistent with all our previous associations, and destroy that degree of nascent belief which is indispensable to the enjoyment of fictitious composition. Besides which, it will be found to militate against the best interests of this kind of writing, and deprive it of those advantages which it has, in some measure, over history and even poetry itself. It has been well observed, that in history there is too little individuality, and in poetry there is too much effort, to permit the poet and historian to portray the living manners as they rise. Poetry and history have more elevated claims,—they deal with large masses—with prominent outlines, and permanent forms; it is reserved for prose fiction, and other popular media of instruction or amusement, to catch the evanescent shades—the lighter detail—and the temporary traits. The historical romance is not so denominated, because it develops an historical event, or introduces characters whose names are enrolled in the annals of antiquity, but because it professes to delineate the distinctive peculiarities and costume of the times to which it is understood to relate. The historical event is referred to for the pur-

pose of giving consistency and probability to the plot, and the persons are introduced as the landmarks of the age whereof the manners are representative. Opportunity is thus afforded to instruct as well as to amuse, and to make an effort of a higher kind than is necessary to the description of the other characters, in the careful elaboration of a vigorous sketch or full-length portrait of the Colossus who then "bestrode our little world." If, however, he had all the stage to himself, this opportunity would be effectually precluded. The greater portion of it he must have, if the plot relate principally to his fortunes and characters, and the *dénouement* would, moreover, have the disadvantage of being foreseen from the beginning; so that no curiosity could be possibly excited for the result.

The course adopted by our modern novelists suspends the interest in a twofold way. The inferior appetite of curiosity is quickened for the upshot of the fictitious narrative, while a higher expectation is kept athirst respecting the mode in which the prose poet will accomplish the more arduous part of his labour—the ultimate dramatic development of the history,—which, as it can derive nothing from the satisfaction of that lower feeling, must depend for its effect upon excellence of execution, and upon that alone. This is an advantage derived to the historical novel from the practice and on the authority of a master, the loss of which it is not extremely well calculated to sustain: it is an advantage which enables it to take its stand as a distinct class of literary production, and removes all objection against it—an objection not felt on account of any inherent defect in the thing itself, but from the constant failure of all previous attempts, which now, we think we are enabled to say, with some confidence, arose from the principles of its construction not being

properly understood. These, indeed, could not be understood until they were illustrated, as they have been, by the practical evolution of them in the efforts of a writer of indisputable power. The critic must wait until the experiment is successfully made by the force of productive genius; then, compelled inward upon the laws by which he judges, he decides according to the conformity of the production with the invariable rules of his understanding. But it is absolutely requisite that he should have the materials given upon which he is to arbitrate, before the applicable principles can be ascertained or developed. Even then, he is inclined to decide hastily in the face of precedent; and it is not until the reality of individual genius has been acknowledged generally, that he feels himself justified in recognising its claims and yielding to its authority.

With regard to *Paul Jones* and Mr. Cunningham, our well-beloved Allan must permit us to express regret, that a writer possessing so much fancy and feeling should so have mistaken the principles best adapted to the execution of his design. In order to set the disadvantages, to which such writers of historical romance have voluntarily subjected themselves, in a more striking point of view, we shall briefly recapitulate the real events of the life of Paul Jones, before proceeding to any remarks on the romance.

This, however, is too important a task to be undertaken at the far-end of an article. Mr. Cunningham's work deserves better at our hands. What we have, therefore, to say on him, and on Sir Walter Scott, and on the characters of the baronet's novels, and on historical romance in general, and on whatever in prose and verse, in drama and epic, may be connected with this interesting argument, must be reserved for another paper.

THE TWA BURDIES.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WHEN the winter day had past an' gane,
 Twa wee burdies came into our kearth-stane;
 An' they lookit a' round them wi' little din,
 As if they had living souls within.

"O, bonny burdies, come tell to me
 If ye are twa burdies o' this countrie?
 An' where ye were gaun when ye tint your gate,
 A-wingin' the winter shower sae late!"

"We are cauld, we are cauld—ye maun let us bide,
 For our father's game, an' our mother's a bride:
 But in her bride's bed though she be,
 We would rather cour on the hearth wi' thee!"

"O, bonny burdies, my heart is sair
 To see twa motherless broods sae fair.
 But flee away, burdies! flee away!
 For I darenae bide wi' you till day."

"Ye maun let us bide till our feathers dry,
 For the time of our trial's drawing nigh.
 A voice will call at the hour eleven,
 An' a naked sword appear in heaven!"

There's an offering to make, but not by men,
 On altar as white as the snow of the glen—
 There's a choice to be made, and a vow to pay,
 And blood to spill ere the break of day."

"O, tell me, beings of marvellous birth,
 If ye are twa creatures of heaven or earth?
 For ye look an' ye speak, I watnae how—
 But I'm fear'd, I'm fear'd, little burdies for you!"

"Ye needna be fear'd, for it's no our part
 To injure the kind and the humble heart;
 And those whose trust is in heaven high,
 The Angel of God will aye be nigh."

We were twa sisters bred in a bower,
 As gay as the lark, an' as fair as the flower;
 But few of the ills of this world we proved,
 Till we were slain by the hands we loved.

Our bodies into the brake were flung,
 To feed the hawks and the ravens young;
 And there our little bones reclined,
 And white they bleach'd in the winter wind.

Our youngest sister found them there,
 And wiped them clean wi' her yellow hair;
 And every day she sits and grieves,
 And covers them o'er wi' the wabron leaves.

Then four twin souls they sought the sky,
 And were welcome guests in the heavens high;
 And we gat our choice through all the spheres
 What lives to lead for a thousand years.

Then humble, old matron, lend us thine aid,
 For this night the choice is to be made;
 And we have sought thy lowly hearth
 For the last advice thou giv'st on earth.

Say, shall we skim o'er this earth below,
 Beholding its scenes of joy and wo;
 And try to reward the virtuous heart,
 And make the unjust and the sinner smart?

Or shall we choose the star of love,
 In a holy twilight still to move;
 Or fly to frolic, light and boon,
 On the silver mountains of the moon?

O, tell us, for we hae nane beside!
 Our daddy's gane, and our mammy's a bride:
 She is blithely laid in her bridal sheet,
 But a spirit stands at her bed feet.

Ay, though she be laid in her bridal-bed,
 There is guiltless blood upon her head;
 And on her soul the hue of a crime,
 That will never wash out till the end of time.

Advise, advise! dear matron, advise!
 For you are humble, devout, and wise.
 We ask a last advice from you—
 Our hour is come—what shall we do?"

"O, wondrous creatures, ye maun allow
 I naething can ken of beings like you;
 But ere the voice calls at eleven,
 Go ask your Father who is in heaven."

Away, away the burdies flew
 Aye singing, "Adieu, kind heart, adieu!
 They that hae blood on their hands may rue
 Afore the day-beam kiss the dew.

There's nought sae heinous in human life
 As taking a helpless baby's life;
 There's naething sae kind aneath the sky
 As cheering the heart that soon maun die."

The morning came wi' drift an' snaw,
 And with it news frae the bridal-ha',
 That death had been busy, and blood was spilt.
 May Heaven preserve us all from guilt!

They tell of a deed—Believe't who can?
 Such tale was never told by man:
 The bridegroom is gone in fire and flood,
 And the bridal-bed is steep'd with blood!

The poor, auld matron died, ere day,
And was found as life was passing away;
And twa bonny burdies sang in the bed,
The one at the feet, the other the head.

Now I have heard tales, and told them too,
But this is beyond what I could do;
And far hae I ridden, and far hae I ganè,
But burdies like these I never saw nane.

OLIVER YORKE AT HOME.

No. III.

A DIALOGUE WITH JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

YORKE.

To the German Master, Oliver Yorke would rather listen than utter sentences, however wise.

GOETHE.

The state of Europe presents at this time precisely that phasis which to the poet and philosopher is the most interesting. A divine influence, a cosmopolitical soul, has breathed into aggregate humanity that spontaneous unreflected inspiration which reveals to all of us, wherever we dwell, and whatever the institutions under which we live, and has always revealed to self-conscious man, in every age and country of the world, in some form or other, according with the conditions of each and both, those manifoldly-generated ideas which, though they never make up the sum of universal truth, yet are its only proper exponents in this state of our being, wherein alone by working we can know. There are men who are possessed of these ideas, and there are men who boast of possessing them; but it is questionable with me, whether there is so great a difference between man and man as this distinction would imply. True, indeed, it is, that every artist has attained a power over certain truths, and modes of expression, by which he subjects them, as materials, towards developing the design whereof his imagination has been creative. But how few are artists! and such artists are fewer still! Well, then, excepting these rarely-gifted minds, the masses of men, whether rich or poor, are but as it were conduit-pipes of inspiration—conductors of ideas, which too often, by their means, instead of being communicated as by an electric chain, are directed downwards in order to their burial in the earth, as the lightning, by a similar mechanism in the material world, is arrested in its approach to sacred and public buildings, and carried to the ground, where it passes off innocuous. National and time-hallowed institutions may by such means be preserved; and such a regulative engine is of great utility, where produced and exercised by reason, but not when imposed by unspiritual circumstances, and acquiesced in from blind habit. But not always is the lightning of thought thus quenched: sometimes, whether the channel of diversion grow old, and the steps of its descent want repair, or the mind resume its legislative power, and for a while remove the safety-rod from its elevated position—the living Power of an Idea will strike the heart and soul of awakened multitudes, and the general Will blaze up,

“as when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air.”

At such seasons, I fear, we discover but little of that aristocracy of the race which consists in philosophic self-possession—and even the little discovered is found to be manifested in a state of imperfection calculated to excite less of pride than sorrow.

YORKE.

All aristocracies in name are not aristocracies by nature. Our English House of Lords, on the Reform Question, however, fully justified the title — and who acknowledges not the superiority of its discussion over the Debate in the House of Commons? It overtopped, by immeasurable degrees, the ability and talent of the Lower House.

GOETHE.

I wish not to confuse my remarks to local politics; I would rather comprehend in my inquiries the general state of things, and find an answer to the questions which peoples are putting to governments, and for which the latter have as yet found no solution.

YORKE.

Governments! where are they to question? Where is the man, or order of men, who now can rule the masses, even for their good, against their will? When such is the general complexion of affairs, there is government no longer. Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that government yet exists, what are the questions, or, rather, what is the question? for there is but one. Is it, whether peoples shall be well governed, and as they ought to be, or ill, and as they would be? Peoples want to govern themselves, and think it matter of no moment whether what they do be for evil or for good, so they do their own pleasure. They would be independent of authority, and exempt from regulation. Would not this doctrine, if once established, enable the criminal at the bar to plead against his judge, that it was not his pleasure he should receive punishment; and that, since government was but the reflection of the will of every man, his consent being wanting, it was virtually, and ought to be actually, powerless with respect to him?

GOETHE.

Man feels all law to be tyranny which is not at one with his disposition and desires. Society judges it for its interest that certain acts should be prohibited, and combines against the doer. The parties are unequally matched — one individual would in vain contend against all. His single weakness yields to the united strength of many.

YORKE.

With society, then, power constitutes right; but this is a pole of the argument with which I like not to begin. Every postulate is an act of the will, and it is in the election of the will to commence at the Platonic or Aristotelian end of the stick. I prefer Plato's method, because of its antiquity: it is older than Aristotle's, and seems to have been the primitive mode.

GOETHE.

This power assuredly must have right as its ground and condition; for it grows out of an idea — that of the general interest — and it is only in virtue of this idea that the power is exercised. Right is of itself a Power — an Idea is of itself potential. It is therefore not only because society is many and the offender is but one, that the individual is overpowered — but that in the bosom of each of the many there is a conviction, dim or less dim, that for the good of all, individual license ought to be restrained. Each of the many confesses the propriety of restraining it in himself, and imposes no other sacrifice on another than what he submits to himself, and, accordingly, decides it to be unjust that any one should be relieved from the burden of this duty. He who relieves himself from it, is pronounced to have committed an act of injustice, and taken advantage of his fellow-men, while resting in security. The many therefore judge it to be fit that he should be prevented from escaping the responsibility under which every other man finds himself living. Without the energy of this idea of right in the bosom of each of the many, the power of society would be without form, and void of inspiration; and when the opinion becomes general, that a certain constitution of things is not for the general interest, then it is that individuals deem themselves wiser than the laws, and become stronger than institutions.

YORKE.

Society, as well as the individual, derives form and shape from the influence of opinion; and equally in both it is this same influence, this same opinion, which is the fruitful matrix of all monstrous, all forbidden things — and of those

deeds at which the conscience shudders in the after time, and for which nations righteously suffer judgment as well as families. Both

"tread the path
In which Opinion says they follow good,
Or fly from evil; and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scope
Was drawn by Fancy, pleasing or deform'd.
Thus her report can never there be true,
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colours and distorted lines."

GOETHE.

Your remark is, but too true, and yet none other foundation can any man lay than that is laid. Man is imperfect, and society must be as imperfect as the human materials of which it is composed. Fancy will cheat the intellectual eye of states and individuals; but better to be so cheated than not to see at all, or by some grosser delusion. The influence is, at any rate, an intellectual one, and speaks of the finer faculties, by which we are as gods knowing good and evil. Opinion may be false — but an erroneous opinion is better than none, as action is always better than inaction. It is by exercise, and not by rest, that the mind gathers strength.

YORKE.

Sometimes, however, it is our strength to sit still — neither is it good, for the mind to be always in action. It is my opinion, that much of our purer humanity is sacrificed to the perpetual engagement which keeps men of the world in continual activity. Never was there a busier age than this. It has been well said, that there is in this day "no floating at ease upon the agitated waters of our society: they who cannot struggle and swim, and buffet the waves that buffet them, must sink." But this necessity for continual exertion is an evil, and a greater, inasmuch as it disinclines towards even such repose as leisure, though brief, may be found for. Is the day passed in offices, chambers, and counting-houses? the evening is spent in parties, theatres, and assemblies. By such incessant occupation the mind is desolated, and not nurtured. Strong it may be, but not in moral strength — knowing it may be, but not of itself — and although always exercised, it is never productive. For only in the season of its rest is the mind creative — only while it reposes doth it breed; only then can it purpose and resolve, and conceive motives and aims which the wise would delight to know and execute. Even so is it better for the mind to brood and suspend opinion, than, by hastily taking up a wrong one, proceed to press it forward into public act, or even speech. Let it wait until truth is revealed to it; and when revealed, let it take a practical form, but not till then. For who would be a Personal Lie, or even an Incarnate Error?

GOETHE.

Much of what you have said, might and ought to have been uttered by me. The ancient Greeks had a fine feeling of the correctness of the principle you advocate. "It is evident," says Müller, "that public economy must have been of greater simplicity in the Doric states, as it was the object of their constitution to remove every thing accidental and arbitrary; and, by preventing property from being an object of free choice and individual exertion, to make it a matter of indifference to persons who were to be trained only in moral excellence; hence the dominant class, the genuine Spartans, were almost entirely interdicted from the labour of trade or agriculture, and excluded both from the cares and pleasures of such occupations." The effect of this discipline, which was general, was to produce a uniformity of character among the privileged orders, — there was little individuality among those favoured members of the social body. Individuality, indeed, is lessened in proportion as character approximates to the standard of moral and intellectual symmetry.

YORKE.

In proportion also to the symmetry of the character under observation, a nicer discrimination and a higher analysis of phenomena are required to make the elementary distinctions which constitute individuality. Nor do I know any dramatist or poet who has shewn more of the fine perception, and practised

faculty of abstraction—more of the susceptibility to whatever is just and noble in sentiment—more of the sympathy with all that is good and kind and pure in feeling—than thyself. O venerable Goethe! I never think of your drama of *Torquato Tasso*, without feeling you, in this respect, even superior to Shakespeare, whose high-life characters are all too distinctly drawn, and retain too broad marks of difference, which the polish of elevated station would certainly have elaborated away. To such power of philosophical observation to inspect the fair side of human nature, as manifested in your *Torquato Tasso*, what is the glaring faculty of caricature possessed by the best of satirists?—what, but mere meretricious talent, prone of attitude, and incapable of ascertaining accurately any object that rises above the level of the most ordinary moral sense?

GOETHE.

In that play I wished to bring into contrast the aristocracies of fortune and of genius. A poet in the court of a prince necessarily presents claims in opposition to the rights and privileges with which artificial greatness is in general hedged. The natural and the spiritual are thereby at once brought into antagonism. Nobility of birth may have had its foundation originally laid in nobility of character,—doubtless it had. Strength of mind or strength of body commenced the ancestral line, but the children degenerate. The hereditary, for the sake of expediency, is preferable to the elective succession; yet there is no law of nature, that the best and wisest should generate the best and wisest. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and oftentimes the noble man is the fruit of the peasant's loins. But the lordly-born will not recognise the right of the peasant-born,—the latter wants just one-half of the condition requisite for such acknowledgment, namely, that his accidental destiny in society should correspond with his essential disposition.

YORKE.

You have shewn this want in your play, by the relation in which you have exhibited the poet, *Torquato Tasso*, to the secretary of state, Antonio Montecatino!

GOETHE.

Yes,—they are the two halves of one man. The two united in one person would present a character combining the gifts of nature and of spirit,—the advantages to be derived perhaps from a union (if it were possible) of the hereditary and elective modes of succession.

YORKE.

It is quite clear, that neither separately is satisfactory to society, though the hereditary is preferable to the elective.

GOETHE.

The advantages of both might be united, by rendering all peerages elective in the hereditary line. Your new creations of peers must, in time, make the order so numerous, that you will begin to see the propriety of selecting the best and wisest only of the eldest sons to succeed to the honours of their fathers. By this means, all those would be excluded who might be likely to bring the order into disgrace, while their ranks would be supplied by the usual admission of aspirants to the dignity.

YORKE.

The aristocracy of England are anxious to unite in their own persons the honours of birth and of genius. One poet has illustrated their order; and every peer, now-a-days, seems to think it necessary to his character that he should become a writer of some sort, in verse or prose. Nay, to insure the periodical publication of their essays in both kinds, they have an Annual to themselves.

GOETHE.

The Keepsake?

YORKE.

The same.

GOETHE.

But genius runs neither in families nor in ranks. If a lord has been a poet, it was only to shew that the highest were no more excluded from the spirit's gift than the lowest.

YORKE.

The last *Keepsake* is an illustration of that truth—its attempts at wit and

poesy are ludicrous in the extreme. They are the queerest and most ridiculous abortions I ever recollect to have read. They far exceed the dreams of the sick cut in stone (as the younger Stolberg calls them), which the Italian traveller witnesses in the palace of Prince Palagonia, the lunatic patron of the art of sculpture, in barrenness of invention, and depravity of taste. But of all these, the worst bad eminence is attained by the production of Lord John Russell, the poet, forsooth, of *Don Carlos*—the rival of your own friend Schiller.

GOETHE.

Ha! ha! ha! May I hear it?

YORKE.

Certainly.

“ LONDON IN SEPTEMBER, ”

• (Not in 1831,) •

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

“ Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten Row;
In Brookes's sits one *quidnunc*, to peruse
The broad, dull sheet, which tells the lack of news;
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass,
To see two empty Hackney coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor Square;
From shop deserted hastes the prentice dandy,
And seeks—oh, bliss!—the *Molly*—a *tempore fundi*!!!
Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas, himself, Cook, Furren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore,
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun!!! ”

GOETHE.

Is there any other contribution of his lordship?

YORKE.

Heaven forbid! The editor was probably satisfied with this specimen. What is there in the thing? To what tends it? What poetical sentiment, thought, or moral, lies at the bottom of it? An idiot might have made just the same remarks.

GOETHE.

The allusion seems to be to the fact, that the September described *was not* in 1831.

YORKE.

O precious vanity! Not in the September in which his lordship's equally abortive Reform Bill was keeping all the world in town! Excellent, i'faith!—excellent! It is really *too* good. Ha! ha! ha!

GOETHE.

Ha! ha! ha!

YORKE.

There must be something truly ludicrous in the idea which could make the grave Goethe thus laugh.

GOETHE.

There is a time to laugh.

YORKE.

The *Keepsake* is nearly the worst of all our Annuals this year. It is almost as bad as Alaric Attila Watts's *Literary Souvenir*; and would be quite, but that it bears no malice.

GOETHE.

Your English writers have borrowed the idea of year-books from us—but have pursued it with a far inferior aim. Our literary almanacs have been fre-

quently made up of works of the highest merit—such as Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, for instance. Yours are but at best a collection of trifles.

YORKE.

O let us not talk of our literature in the present day—we have none. It is true, we have a writing and a reading public; but the production of a work of art is neither expected by the one, nor attempted by the other. Time was, when a poem or a play had that in it which was effective, whether for good or evil; but now the heart is not sought to be moved, and the depths of the spirit remain unbroken up. Their fountains are not unsealed, and the windows of heaven disdain to be opened.

GOETHE.

The sources of emotion seem to be shunned by your *littérateurs*; your young men seem to be little disturbed with those awakening thoughts and feelings which agitated me to the very centre and inmost recesses of my being, when I composed the *Leiden des jungen Werthers*.

YORKE.

They were “strange times,” and productive of “strange men, strange changes, and strange lays,” in which began your literary career. Fearful days, when,—to adopt the language of the poet of the *Village Patriarch*, whose *Corn-Law Rhymes* are as good as his politics are mistaken,—

“tempest-driven, and tossed on troubled seas,
Thought, like the petrel, loved the whirlwind best,
And o'er the waves, and through the foam, with ease
Rose up into the black cloud's thund'rous breast,
To rouse the lightning from his gloomy rest.”

The spirit of such times passes into the soul of Genius; and thine was not unpossessed with its changes.

GOETHE.

Indifferent as I may now appear to what men esteem as good and evil in this world of shadows, my mind then took a high and passionate interest in its goings on. In youth the mind desires excitement, for it is when warmest that it is most receptive. Thus it learns, and hence it knows. The influences of occasion then penetrate into its susceptible embrace, and become identified with its being. The mind must love before it can learn; but afterwards learning supplies the place of love in literature, as it substitutes that of ancient inspiration in the modern church. The calm of possession succeeds to the vehemence of hope. Irony, accordingly, is found to be the utmost apex attained by supreme Genius, as it was attained by Shakespeare; and there reigns most intensely where he seems to rave most passionately. It was this concealed element in his self-possessed power of creation, which made it possible for him to interrupt, for his own high purposes, the progress of sublime emotion with some witty proverb, or humorous pun. Bad critics are they who rebuke him for his occasional dalliance with these Cleopatras of his tragic poetry, for which he seemed willing to lose the world of high hope, and thought, and feeling, whereto he was being hurried as on a whirlwind's wing. No; he preferred, angel-like, to ride the whirlwind and to control the storm; to shew, in these sudden checks, that he exerted mastery over the wild, passionate, strange, and dreamy flights, which an inferior genius would have taken pride in encouraging. He, *au contraire*, was proud to restrain them. Conscious of supreme dominion,

“Half his might he put not forth, but checked
His thunder in mid-volley.”

YORKE.

Beautiful! Such criticism is “beautiful exceedingly.”

GOETHE.

I am old enough to say, without immodesty, that it is of the right sort. It was not in this ironical spirit that I wrote *Werther*, but as one impatient, not only of all the oppressions which are done under the sun, but even of those duties which are imposed by just laws, if they interfered with the current of individual interest. *Werther* was the fruit of that dissatisfaction with the world and all worldly things—that restless opposition to all physical conditions—

which testifies of a something that passes the shews of a phenomenal world, and which every man wears within him, or rather which he dwells within,—something that the laws of man cannot bind,—to which even the laws of God are irksome, unless consistent with its own perfect liberty, and at one with its own unpurchasable love. *Werther* was the cry of an unregenerate spirit, of its pain and its misery. Nor was it uttered alone; all Europe was vocal with the same wail of lamentation. Whether my redemption has anticipated hers, I know not. I sometimes fear it has.

YORKE.

Assuredly it has. Genius, though it may receive its first impulse from the spirit of the time, soon outstrips its progress, and forestalls an age to come.

GOETHE.

Götz von Berlichingen mit der eisernen Hand was a production of the same period. In the character of Luther, as I have introduced the great reformer in that drama, I have shadowed forth my own. In a weak body sloth excites desires; and Martin found an admirable miracle of industry in the garden of St. Dede, where the monks had raised beans, excellent salad, cabbages to a wish, and cauliflowers and artichokes incomparable in Europe, contrasted with the idle life to which he had felt himself condemned. So it was with me. With studies and taste, derived from and partaking of the earnest melancholy peculiar to English literature, harassed by unsatisfied desires, uncalled to action in the external world, with the sole prospect of dragging on a languid, spiritless, mere civic life, I was prepared to sympathise with the struggling aspirations of Luther, at a time when he had no expectation but a return to the prison of his convent, after the business was done on which he had come abroad.

YORKE.

Yet, though the action of your play is placed in the same historical epoch as Schiller's *Robbers*, you have delighted to paint the chivalrous simplicity of the middle ages rather than that modern spirit of resistance to time-hallowed institutions which Schiller has shadowed forth in *Charles Moor*.

GOETHE.

That it is not in the access of passion the poetical faculty produces, you may learn from your own Collins, who, in his *Ode on the Poetical Character*, describing the mysterious work of human creative power, finely exclaims—

“The dangerous passions kept aloof
Far from the sacred growing woof.”

The calm, which succeeds the storm, had returned upon my soul, ere she engaged in the tasks to the accomplishment of which I am indebted for whatever I have since become. Schiller wrote his *Robbers* in the fervour and heat of excited emotion, and while the senso of life's weariness sate heavy upon his heart, and goaded him to madness.

YORKE.

After all, it was a fine madness. The perusal of the *Robbers* is an epoch in the life of any man. There is a fearful divinity about the work—a strange life—a spirit and a spell with which the blood in the veins and the hair on the head chill and stiffen. It is all a terrible dream:—that dark tower,—that paternal groan,—that heart, Amelia's heart, pierced by her robber-lover. After a feverish vision like this, who might return to the cold correctness (if it be correct, which is more than I know, in its rhymes it certainly was not) of the school of Pope? Such a work was calculated to effect a revolution in the monarchy of letters. That it was, in fact, the index of another in that of morals, is evident, from the circumstance that it was but one among such works. The mind of genius in England had been equally excited. Originality was sought, and rewarded,—imagination was kindled, fancy captivated, understanding awakened. Glorious elements were these; and why not of them work out a new state of society—a republic of poets and philosophers? The experiment was tried; but the times were not ripe for the change,—the season of the harvest had not yet come, and the corn was cut in the green ear.

GOETHE.

It had not been sown in the proper soil. The fields of superstition, when

broken up beneath the ploughshare of revolution, bore not good fruit,—at any rate, it was mixed with the tares of infidelity sown by the enemy in the long-preceding and still-recurring night, which choked the kindly seed in its growth, and poisoned the bread of life. But error endures not for aye. I discovered mine. I have mastered the demon which has mastered so many. Great was the agony, manifold were the perplexities, out of which I have been delivered in the course of my spiritual progress. Have I doubted, it was in order at last to believe; and I still inquire, in order that my faith may still receive greater confirmation. I have learned to entertain reverence for what is above me—reverence for what is around me—reverence for what is under me. I look up to God in heaven, and behold him imaged and revealed in parents, teachers, and superiors. I recognise this ethnic religion in that of the nations, and the creeds of heathen mysticism. I stand also in the middle of a certain circle, and draw down to myself all that is higher, and up to me all that is lower; and thus, in this medium condition, gather wisdom, and feel myself a philosopher, living in the light of truth, in which light I clearly perceive my relation to my equals, and therefore to the whole human race, as also to all earthly circumstances and arrangements whatever, whether necessary or accidental. But it is in the reverence for what is under us that I have derived peculiar satisfaction. With down-turned smiling look, I have regarded the green, the bountiful, and joy-giving earth, with attention and cheerfulness. What though it teem with sorrow also? I appeal to a higher birth-place—I have learned even to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, as things divine. Verily, I look not on sin and crime as hinderances, but honour and love them as furtherances, of what is holy.

YORKE.

Redemption, however, has not come to all. Our literature bears yet the marks of the contest. Southey, indeed, emancipated himself from those bonds, of which Truth only can set free a man. Coleridge, moreover, has penetrated into the holiest places of her sanctuary, and stood in the presence of her mysteries behind the veil unblasted. Wordsworth, "whose thoughts acquaint us with our own," has read, with no vague apprehension, the symbols inscribed on its external folds, and in the lowliest beheld the loftiest sanctifying the same by an indwelling union. But in Godwin we still see a mind in the dark; the husband of Mary Wollestonecroft is still isolated from his fellows in society—still uncombined, in frankness and in boldness, with his equals in the world. While in Byron, though

"Thrice a Ford, twice an Euripides,
And half a Schiller,"

the fountain of his heart yet welled with waters sweet and bitter. Poor Shelley, too, walked in the ways of vanity. For the rest, they may be classed as a poet, already quoted, has grouped them in the following lines:—

"Scott, whose invention is a magic loom;
Baillie, artificer of deathless dreams;
Moore, the Montgomery of the drawing-room;
Montgomery, the Moore of solemn themes;
Crabbe, whose dark gold is richer than it seems;
Keats, that sad name, which time shall write in tears;
Poor Burns, the Scotsman, who was not a slave;
Campbell, whom Freedom's deathless Hope endears;
White, still remembered in his cruel grave."

The spiritual development of these has been cut short by death, or stopped at the half-way house of party or prejudice; or else, as *sui generis*, is unconnected, in any remarkable manner, with that of the age, and proceeds in a course of its own. With respect to Scott, his genius is like that of Homer and Shakspeare, for any, or for all time.

GOETHE.

The poet has in his own power the means of his salvation: it is an attribute of his gift. What other men hunt after, the poet already possesses as his birth-right. His is the happiness, if he will, rightly to enjoy the world: he may make

realities correspond with his conceptions—for he is exalted, if he will be, above the conflict of passions, the purposeless commotions of families and kingdoms, nay, the enigma of life itself.

YORKE.

Such sentiments you have put forth in your *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. Here is the passage. You see I have got the forty volumes of your collected works. Happy man! to whom it has been granted to give the last finishing touches to the character of his mind.

GOETHE.

Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre and *Faust* yet remain unfinished.

YORKE.

I regret this. I prefer the *Wanderjahre* to the *Lehrjahre*. The "Chapel of Saint Joseph" has matter in it which finds an echo in my heart; and that "Octagonal Hall" and "Gallery," with its paintings and flower-garden, shall live here for ever and for ever. I am not astonished that our friend Thomas Carlyle should be indignant at the manner in which Thomas Taylor, of Norwich, has dared to write in this day of your works.

GOETHE.

That Thomas Carlyle has a deep critical soul—his life of Schiller is worth reading—I considered it, indeed, worth translating too—and it is now done into German.

YORKE.

He has well characterised Taylor, as simply what the Germans call a Philister. "Every fibre of him," says he, "is Philistine. With us, such men usually take into politics, and become code-makers and utilitarians. It was only in Germany that they ever meddled much with literature; and there worthy Nicolai has long since terminated his Jesuit-hunt: no Adelung now writes books, *Ueber die Nützlichkeit der Empfindung*, (on the Utility of Feeling.) Singular enough, now, when that old species had been quite extinct for almost half a century in their own land, appears a native-born English Philistine, made in all points as they were. With wondering welcome we hail the strong-boned, almost as we might a resuscitated Mammoth. Let no David choose smooth stones from the brook to sling at him: is he not our own Goliath, whose limbs were made in England, whose thousand sinews any soil might be proud of? Is he not, as we said, a man that can stand on his own legs without collapsing when left by himself? in these days one of the greatest rarities, almost prodigies."

GOETHE.

Then take care of him, now you have got him.

YORKE.

Ay, marry, will we! and, moreover, we will do more for German poetry than ever he could dream of doing. We have it in design, O Goethe! to perpetrate a most glorious critique on your writings—a glorious critique, a most magnificent piece of work, we assure you! Have we not measured the depths of Byron's *Cain*?—turned out the "silver lining on the night" of Godwin's cloudy philosophy?—put to shame the ghost of Thomas Hope, by our animadversions on his *Origin and Prospects of Man*?—and feared not the abysses, nor trembled at the heights, which man might descend, or mortal scale? What man may dare, YORKE has dared. REGINA, though she has not disdained the humble but necessary task of sweeping the literary ways clean of certain mean obstructions, has been nevertheless ambitious of engaging in high argument and themes of concerning import.

GOETHE.

Your Magazine reminds me of her ornithological namesake, the Mexican *Coccycoantilli*, but called by Nieremberg *Regina*. The bird obtained its name from its ability to fly against the strongest winds.

YORKE.

A power in which we have not been deficient.

GOETHE.

It is of the bigness of an eagle—

YORKE.

Just our size—

GOETHE.

Its whole body being of a blackish purple, variegated with a brownish yellow and deep black; and its wings diversified with black, yellow, and grey—

YORKE.

No, no—we have nothing of GREY in our complexion; but in all other colours we are rich, and look magnificently beautiful.

GOETHE.

Its legs are red; its claws very strong—

YORKE.

Ours are—very, strong—

GOETHE.

And sharp—

YORKE.

And sharp—

GOETHE.

Its beak is like that of a parrot, having about it some rugose skin, as also its forehead.

YORKE.

Yes, our forehead is wrinkled with grave thought.

GOETHE.

Its tail is black above, and grey beneath—

YORKE.

No GREY!

GOETHE.

It feeds on snakes, rats, and other vermin—

YORKE.

Robert Montgomery—Edward Lytton Bulwer—Alaric Attila Watts—

GOETHE.

Flies very high, and breeds in spring—

YORKE.

Our season is always vernal—our spring is eternal.

GOETHE.

Its feathers are said to be a remedy for many diseases.

YORKE.

The Numbers of REGINA are specifics against the blue devils and ennui.

GOETHE.

I grant that all this (being interpreted) is as true of your truly English *rare avis*, as of the native of Mexico.

YORKE.

Our *Solis avis*. Our bird is a phoenix, and appeared when, from the fallen estate of literature, even good men and true feared that there was about to be no vision in the land. She shall, as she deserves, be immortal, either in fact or in reputation; and, as is most likely—nay, certain—in both.

GOETHE.

“So Virtue given for lost,
Depress'd and overthrown as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imboast,
That no second knows, nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb new teem'd,
Revives, reflowerishes—then vigorous most
When most inactive deem'd;
And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives.”

YORKE.

True, every word of it—and written by Milton in his prophetic mood, when

“He, though blind of sight,
Despised, and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused,
From under ashes into sudden flame;”

and saw, in the far future, the origin and prospects of *Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country*.

GOETHE.

The prospects of *Fraser's Magazine*, of course, will be identified with those of the human race. A glorious destiny remains for you to accomplish by a wise ordering of your conduct; and this will be most wisely ordered by your looking abroad into the real movements of the world, and gathering thereby an accession of knowledge. You must understand others as well as yourselves; you must consider the actual relations of society—"the good and evil in our nature mixed."

YORKE.

Our designs are now pretty well manifest to the world. We have nothing at heart so much as the real interests of truth and literature. In religion and politics we desire nothing but the eternal and temporal welfare of our fellow-creatures. We have no private ambition to gratify—no sinister regard to our own profit; nay, we have no party to serve: if we advocate the cause of the Tories now, it is because we believe them to be in the right. We feel too much for the poor man, the labourer, and the artisan, to trust them in the hands of the Radicals or Whigs. Shakespeare's *Menenius* has well described them both.

GOETHE.

As how?

YORKE.

As ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; as wearing out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then returning the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. All the peace they make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves: they are a pair of strange ones.

GOETHE.

See that the inferior classes be liberated from the gripe of such. Above all things, see to the moral culture of the poor and the middle classes. Be assured that that party will gain the ultimate ascendancy both in church and state, which most sedulously and sincerely engages in the education of the people.

YORKE.

I feel the truth of that axiom in my heart of hearts. I know the power of ideas and of knowledge, and that as both in great part accord with the order and guise in which they may have been brought out in the educational process, it behoves government to pay peculiar attention to the schools of popular instruction.

GOETHE.

Whatever may be the case with individuals, certainly it is that with societies and bodies of men it is the idea that possesses them, and not they the idea. The one idea which now seems to possess society is that of progress. The public leaders of the political world seem all to be St. Simonists. There is much truth in the conception, that progress is the purpose of all existence—that the sorrows and the cares, nay, the very sins of man are subservient to this one end. That popular tumults and national contests—as also alternations of barbarism and civilisation, whether apparently retrograding or advancing, have all had reference to this great aim. For this, men have forsaken the land of their fathers, and hordes of adventurers have gained them foreign settlements—for this, "religions have had their turn"—and the same men have adopted new habits of adoration. These are doubtless truths—but there may be error in their application.

YORKE.

St. Simon, I believe, confesses his obligations to the philosophers of your country.

GOETHE.

He discovered, however, that this progress had not gone on at an equal rate in all time and place; that it was more rapid in its advances on the first promulgation of Christianity than it has been since. He has, accordingly, divided the different stages of this progress into distinct epochs, organic and critical. In organic epochs men sail, as it were, down "the mighty stream of Tendency," as your great poet, Wordsworth, writes; while, in critical ones, men have lost the

current, and social activity errs, without object, into indeterminate wanderings. Christianity delivered the world from the critical epoch into which it had advanced from the introduction of Greek philosophy. The organic period, thus begun, concluded with Luther, and another critical epoch ensued, to which St. Simon is about to put an end.

YORKE.

Clear it is, without giving up to the notions of any visionary, that somewhat like this has been the course of the world. But has not St. Simon left some plan of organisation?

GOETHE.

O yes! He would separate mankind into three classes, having reference to art, science, and manufacture; he would deprive parents of their children, as soon as they are capable of education, and place them at a public school, after the Spartan fashion. Here the first indispensable rudiments of knowledge will be taught, and the symptoms of the child's genius observed, according to which he will be destined for one or other of the classes I mentioned before, and devoted either to science, to art, or to general industry; in order to which, he will be sent to one of the three schools especially intended for instruction in the career of his choice.

YORKE.

This must produce a change in the distribution of property.

GOETHE.

Society is to be the grand inheritor of property, and is charged to lend the requisite and appropriate means to each individual for the adequate discharge of his duties in his elected condition of life, according to the extent of his natural gifts and the advantage he is capable of deriving; society also is to be one family, and marriage is to be rendered subject to, and regulated by, the purpose of its institution—the increase and multiplication of mankind.

YORKE.

Thank God, St. Simon was not a Malthusian, at any rate!

GOETHE.

So far from it, that he would dissolve every unfruitful marriage, and compel the parties to contract a new one.

YORKE.

There is nothing new in all this: ideas such as these hover, like spiritual influences, over all generations of men, and seem to find nests in the mind of genius and the heart of enthusiasm. Such an idea once had its abode in the soul of Milton, and is a sublime, but in this state fruitless, endeavour to set free the spirit from physical impediments. Anticipations of the soul's immortality, they are perhaps the consequences of it. We would all, both individuals and societies, be free of the evils which flesh is heir to; but we must not be hurried away with this desire, but control it as a master by the stronger effort of a wise will—made wise by a knowledge of the necessary conditions of material existence.

GOETHE.

Truly.

YORKE.

The people of England are inspired with this idea of unattainable perfection, and, in their forgetfulness of existing good, and their ignorance of the evil of proposed, but unexamined, innovations, deem every change a step nearer to the accomplishment and realisation of their dim notions—the lights shining into the dark places of their understanding. Institutions of all kinds are susceptible of amendment; but I am afraid that the people of England have not patience to await the long process which must succeed any measure of reform, however good, as necessary to its full completion. National distress must for awhile succeed; for the usual channels of commerce must be changed, and individual suffering will be multiplied to a fearful extent. In such a crisis, it is to be apprehended that the temporary disappointment of the people will break out into revolution, and counteract the good which might in time have ensued even from the worst of measures.

GOETHE.

All change, even for the better, must be attended with evil. It is the eternal condition of all transition.

YORKE.

But may not good, in the end, be educed from evil?

GOETHE.

Yes,—if it may.

YORKE.

He has gone!—having, as usual, left his student puzzled with an enigma, for which, perhaps, he himself had no solution. But let me consider. Good is not educed from evil necessarily, but according to circumstances, and by the will of an overruling Providence. Do we not think it just that good should follow good? Then why not evil, evil? Nay, we know that in it is “propagation too.”

Scarcely had we uttered these sage remarks, than our eye was again attracted to the pamphlet on our table, by the well-known EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, under the title of *Household in Danger from the Populace*, in which the truth of our observations was timeously illustrated.

“A great political change,” says he, “necessarily affects many interests. The prospect of it, and still more its progress, create uncertainty, besides violently exciting the passions of hope, fear, jealousy, hatred, and anger. With these new feelings—new, at least, in object and degree—comes a derangement of the ordinary course of business. A derangement of the ordinary course of business, resulting from uncertainty and excitement, aggravates itself by augmenting the force of its causes. Thus, at length, painful circumstances arise, which, though the origin of them might be traced by a calm observer, the vulgar deem accidents, because they were unusual and unexpected. Circumstances of an unusual, more especially if they be of a painful nature, dispose men to doubt and hesitation. Thus the accidents attending a political change tend to interrupt and disturb the progress of that change, and, by throwing every thing into confusion, to convert the change into a revolution.”

This gentleman has also suggested the accidents that may attend the results of that change, if made; and his pamphlet gives us the elements of evil out of which those accidents may be generated. He tells us that there are *certain classes* of people, whose disposition is to produce a state of anarchy. Into these classes it is that the populace, as distinguished from the householders, is divided—they are three: 1. Common thieves; 2. The rabble; 3. The desperadoes: some of whom, however, are householders. The author obtained his knowledge of these classes in Newgate. Of the first class, there are 30,000 at large in London. Whenever there is a prospect of political disturbance, these ruffians, made, by the habitual witnessing of the execution of their fellows and of women, as pitiless and ferocious as the tiger, are prepared to sack the town. They wish for a disorganisation of society, which should enable them to pluck sensual enjoyments in the midst of blood and fire. The second class, consisting of costermongers, drovers, slaughterers of cattle, knackers, dealers in dead bodies and dogs' meat, cads, brickmakers, chimney-sweepers, nightmen, scavengers, &c. &c., is in continual connexion with the first. These helots of society are in number 50,000; to which must be added 10,000 prostitutes. The language of the former teems with destruction; and the unfortunate women just mentioned are so connected with the soldiery, as, in case of insurrection, to be a shield to their other friends, the thieves and the rabble, against the fire of their military lovers. Of the third class, many frequent the Rotunda; and of these most are distinguishable from working and married men. The ministerial measure, if carried, would not satisfy this unconnected, unrelated brood of villainy and ignorance. These, though not amounting to more than a thousand, are not the less dangerous because they are few. They aim at democratic tyranny, under the name of a republic.

Such are the elements which are held, we contend, in restraint so long as the reform measure remains unpassed, but which would certainly rise into operation so soon as it should become (which Heaven avert!) successful.

RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

No. II.

MARRIAGE IMPROMPTU.

I WAS describing, or attempting to describe (when beguiled from my own reminiscences of Oxford into a foreign and less selfish train of thought, by the long-forgotten incidents of the rowing-match at Henley), what it is to revisit, at the distance of a quarter of a century, the seat of our early education—to haunt, when ambition is dead within us, the scenes where it woke to apparently inextinguishable energy—to tread, when the torch of hope itself is quenched beneath the “pale glimpses” of life’s waning moon, the courts and halls last bathed in all the sunny splendours of its cloudless dawn!

It is a species of moral martyrdom, but, like all such, when braved at the call of duty, and endured, in the spirit of philanthropy, not unmingled with a redeeming touch of feelings elsewhere wooed in vain. Life, in its freshness, will steal once more over the soul, with the perennial verdure of the turf our ball seems but yesterday to have skimmed over; and the consciousness of our own decline and decay is lost in the venerable antiquity of the elms, which, like the giant revivers of literature whose musings they first sheltered, make us feel children still. We forget, too, the world’s disappointments, where its “busy hum” and “dread laugh” come not; and end by wishing to dream out the remainder of a tranquil existence lulled by the chimnes whose monotony our youthful impatience could ill brook.

I left Oxford with a heart soothed and renovated by early recollections and mature kindness. Two of my chosen associates still flourished there in perennial vigour of mind and body, filling the high places of their tranquil commonwealth with equal dignity and urbanity, and cherishing towards their less fortunate class fellow-feelings unchilled by time and distance.

But perhaps the sunniest spot in that wreck of sunshine, which revived as a latter summer the “green places” of a long-desolate soul, was the accidental meeting with one dearer than the herd of college comrades—one who had not only laughed with me in

the idle joyousness of youth, but wept with me in griefs under which even youth itself refused to be comforted.

Unlike his bereaved and solitary companion, Harry Seston was a man of ties and duties—the honoured pastor of an attached flock, and the happy father of a promising family. His eldest son—a creature but too studious for his early age and rapid growth—was now at Oxford; and it was to share his college triumphs, and escort him in safety to his parental home, that a lucky chance sent his father thither; while one he scarce knew to be in the land of the living was visiting (on, alas! less pleasing duty) the scene of their boyish acquaintance.

Our fortunate meeting took place but a day or two before professional avocations obliged my early friend to quit Oxford; and as to part thus suddenly we both felt to be impossible, my returning with him into Kent was rather taken for granted than proposed. I was not so familiar with happiness as to start an objection. A week or two of domestic felicity was too rare in my calendar not to be hailed with transport; and as for my time—who, alas! was there to quarrel with its allotment! So I was seated in the chaise with my friend of thirty years’ standing and his younger and graver second self, before I had well asked myself why I was undertaking a journey of some couple of hundred miles.

The shade of gravity which age had failed to shed over my elder friend’s brow, I could perceive, however, to flit across it occasionally during our journey, and, strange to say, the more frequently as he drew near to a lovely and well-beloved home. When I spoke of his fine family with a sigh of solitariness, he echoed it with one of solicitude, and was evidently anxious to reach home from deeper motives than parental impatience.

This home was just the *beau idéal*, or rather the beautiful reality of an English parsonage. Spacious as its owner’s liberal heart, yet unostentatious as his hospitality, it was equally removed from castle and cottage, hold-

ing precisely that middle character which the priesthood of England occupies as a blessed link between the extremes of society. It neither stood in a park nor a pasture, and never could by possibility have been mistaken for a villa. It was just a parsonage, placed in an ample, rambling, old-fashioned garden, whose gigantic hedges defied the sea-breezes of the adjacent coast, and gave the shelter mushroom thousands cannot always purchase. So tenacious was the rector of infringing on the antique character of the building, that he steadily resisted the proposal to convert into a glass door a certain low parlour-window, through which man, woman, and child, had for generations untold, with more of agility than convenience, adjourned to the garden.

At the gate of this garden we were met by a wife, whose looks bespoke her used to listen for a husband's footsteps, and by a whole troop of gay yet decorous young people. One, I presumed, was absent; for, after an affixious look around, and as soon as the storm of gratulations had subsided, I heard my friend say to his wife, "And how has Louisa been since I left you?" "Better," was the reply; "the dear girl struggles nobly, and such efforts are not long without their reward. But you must not expect too much either in looks or spirits."

I had the invalid's plea for retiring awhile to my chamber, and the privilege of a friend to do exactly as I pleased; so it was not till dinner-time that I met the object of my friend's anxious queries—a sweet, interesting girl of about eighteen—not beautiful enough for a picture or a novel, but quite sufficiently so to win the heart of a man of taste and feeling. She was better than beautiful: modest, graceful, and retiring, she grew upon the fancy as one gazed; and every fresh look enhanced the impression made by the last.

Of course my interest gathered strength and intensity from the hints I had overheard of a mercurial conflict, the traces of which were legibly written on a face too ingenuous for concealment. The flush of cordial joy which had brightened her cheek on her father's return, faded into paleness as one of the boys casually remarked of some trifling occurrence—"Ah! that was when Captain Darell was

here," and began calculating how far he might then be on his way to India; and when a little smiling prattler of a girl added, "Dear Captain Darell! I wish he was here now!" I could perceive by the quiver on her elder sister's lip, that he had not gone unregretted by older hearts than little Lucy's. Mrs. Sefton, with maternal instinct, soon changed the conversation; and even Louisa insensibly shared in its cheerfulness as the ladies withdrew.

When my friend and I joined them in the drawing-room, after the most cordial glass I had for many years partaken, they were sitting in the old-fashioned bow-window, in that delicious twilight which sheds its holy calm on all around; and to which the moon, just rising over the softly curling waves, promised to lend a yet tenderer charm. "What an hour and what a light for music!" exclaimed Mr. Sefton; "Louisa, my love, I hope your harp is in order."

His daughter, who had been sitting in a dark corner, with her eyes fixed in evident unconsciousness on the wide expanse of sea which glittered under the rising moon-beam, replied only by drawing the harp gently towards her, and beginning—rather as if the expression of her own sentiments than the mere echo of another's—Bayly's beautiful ballad, "Oh, no, we never mention her!"

During the performance of this touching melody, every note of which, as it came forth, went straight to the heart, I had observed, from the position which I occupied, near the half-open window, a figure concealed among the shrubs by which it was skirted. At the conclusion of the song, I thought it right to mention the circumstance, though in a playful manner, to avoid alarming the ladies. "You have lovers of music in your parish, I perceive, Mr. Sefton," said I, carelessly; "there has been a moon-struck amateur enjoying Miss Louisa's, behind that huge arbutus, for the last quarter of an hour."

Just then a privileged old Newfoundland dog, who was in the room, caught the stealthy step of the intruder without; and giving a short angry growl, jumped out at the low window after him. I felt half sorry for the harmless listener; but in a few moments the dog's stifled bark gave place to a whine of joyful recognition, and he again leaped into the apartment,

wagging his huge tail, and closely followed by a young man, who, without speaking so, or indeed seeming to notice any other member of the astonished group, walked straight up to one who sat clasping for support the harp before her, and said, "Louisa, I could not live without you! You will not be crueller than the winds and waves, which have sent me back to tell you so."

Reply there neither was nor could be. The falling girl slid from the sustaining instrument like a snow-wreath from the mountain, and found more efficient support on the young man's shoulder. While her father and mother rushed forward, the children exclaimed, "Captain Darell!" and I, who could not with impunity brave the night air to escape, had no resource but to creep more closely into my corner, to avoid being in the way at such a critical moment.

"Philip Darell!" said my friend, with more of sternness than I thought he could have felt or assumed, "was it for this I reared and loved you, and bore with the waywardness of youth, but to have the bitter fruits of a yet more erring manhood poured into my unsuspecting bosom! Not content with well-nigh breaking the heart of my darling child, are you come back to mar, in very wantonness, the charitable office of time and absence?"

"Judge me not so harshly, dear Mr. Sefton," said Philip, as he bent with the intense anxiety of genuine affection over the partially reviving girl. "Of my past conduct you can say nothing which a penitent heart refuses to echo—but oh! believe me now, when Providence itself has sent the returning prodigal to his father's door! His confession is soon made, and to one no stranger to the besetting sin of me and mine. We are a proud as well as ancient race, and pride drove me forth in cowardly silence from the roof beneath which my heart and treasure lay. I embarked for India with the barb of conscience and the pang of parting alike rankling in my soul; and when a storm overtook us almost ere we left our port, I felt as if a doomed victim to my own pride and prejudice. Thanks to that salutary tempest which drove me back upon the shores of Britain, I am here once more to lay myself and my repentance

at your gentle daughter's feet. All I ask is, that you will let her decide my fate. Be her decision what it may, I promise to submit to it without repining."

"My daughter shall decide, sir," said Mr. Sefton, parental indignation still struggling with early partiality; "it is to her the decision belongs: but it shall be upon my plain, unvarnished statement of the question. Look up, my darling Louise, and tell me, as in the sight of God and your earthly protectors, are you prepared to risk your fate, for time and eternity, with one who could win your truest heart, trifle with, and leave you perhaps for ever?"

There was a pause. The hardy soldier frame of Darell quivered like an aspen-leaf.

"But he is *here*, father!" whispered Louisa, raising for the first time her swimming eyes to those of her agitated supporter; and the parent felt that his appeal was answered, and the lover that his error was forgiven.

"Had I known, had I only suspected, that I was thus beloved," exclaimed the young man, "worlds should not have severed us for a moment! Oh, Louisa! why was not this sweet avowal made weeks ago?"

"Would it have been half so precious, Philip," asked Mr. Sefton, relaxing into his own mild manner, "then as *now*, when uttered in the face of neglect and desertion? Summer loves are like summer foliage, tarnished by the first untimely blast; but that which winter's fury only serves to deepen is your genuine evergreen! God bless you together, children of my love and my adoption! If I sowed the seeds of virtue in your infant bosom, Philip, may He ripen them to bless my child! She has been the joy and pride of many hearts at a British fireside—let her not regret it in the far land, where one alone must be to her as father and mother, and brother and sister!"

There was not, it may be believed, a dry eye in the family group at this affecting adjuration; and as the bright moonlight now poured a tide of unheeded radiance on their countenances, the mingled emotions legible there might have defied the painter's art. On Darell's manly features successful love, and the pride of returning integrity, were subdued by conscious

shame and recollection of error. The children, bewildered between grief, and joy, and wonder, scarce knew whether to laugh or cry, and alternately did both. Mr. Sefton's mild brow partook, like his language and feelings, of lingering severity and constitutional indulgence.

Two of the group alone seemed absorbed by one single, overwhelming sentiment. The mother felt only that she had, perhaps for ever, lost her child; and Louisa, for the moment, only that she had regained her lover. His return had been so unexpected, so hopeless, so utterly beyond the wildest dreams of romance, that she could only satisfy herself of its reality by lifting now and then her soft blue eyes from the mild bosom of her mother to the beaming countenance of her betrothed. But even this delightful "certainty of waking bliss" was not selfishly proof against long-cherished filial feelings. The warm tears that rained from her mother's eyes on her departing treasure soon met an answering flow; and they retired to pour them uncontrolled together.

When they were gone, Darell—to whom I was now for the first time introduced as his future father's early friend, and who, I flatter myself, was happily unconscious of my previous presence—proceeded to impart to us a circumstance connected with his sudden return, which he had not courage to communicate without preparation to either Louisa or her mother, viz. that though he had, without a moment's hesitation, forfeited his passage in the vessel in which he originally embarked, to fulfil his honourable errand, a delay of three days was all he had thereby purchased, as the last ship of the season, of which, consistently with his honour and duty, he could not avoid availing himself, was to sail within that period.

"Are you prepared, Mr. Sefton," asked the young man, "to crown your generous forgiveness, by giving me your daughter's hand to-morrow, and parting with her, alas! the moment the ceremony is over?"—"This is sudden," said the father, meekly, after a short pause—"To-morrow! What will my poor wife say to it?"

"Would to Heaven I could spare her the blow, sir! But the rules of our service admit of no compromise, and no ship will sail during the next

four months for my destination. It is not to a superseded deserter you would wish to unite your daughter's fortunes!"—"No, no, my dear son," said Mr. Sefton; "you are but doing your duty, and God will enable me to do mine—ay, and even strengthen poor Mary to say, His will be done. It would be, in the words of Holy Writ, to 'strain at a gnat after swallowing a camel,' to grudge you a few short days, after resigning the delight of our eyes to you for life. But there are minor matters to be considered. A voyage cannot be undertaken, and by a female, without necessary preparations."

"My dear sir," said Darell, blushing as he spoke at his own inference, "I fear you will call me a sad puppy, if I tell you that I ventured, on the strength of a sanguine character and knowledge of your daughter's angelic sweetness, to write, on leaving the ship at Deal, to a friend of my mother's in London, to have in readiness all that could possibly be required for a lady's comfort and accommodation. 'If I am the happy man I scarce deserve to be,' added I, 'you shall have notice to despatch them by express to the out port. If not, as you value my friendship, let me never hear of them more.'"

"If I tell this to Louisa," said her father, forcing a smile, "she will draw back still. To bespeak the paraphernalia of an unwooded bride was indeed a bold stroke for a wife. But the exigency of the case must, I suppose, be admitted as an excuse. There was forethought in it, Philip, and that augurs well for the future. And now good night, my dear son! I must have leisure calmly to review the wonderful events of this evening, ere I can remember them aright either in my petitions or my praises."

"I am sure," said I, and most sincerely, "it will ever be numbered among my sources of thanksgiving that I have been present on an occasion of such deep and uncommon interest. I am an old man, Captain Darell, and have lived to lose the angel object of an attachment, to which yours—excuse me for saying it—is as yet but as the willow twig to the oak of centuries. But, believe me, my feelings when I laid her in the dust were blissful, compared to what yours must have been had not Providence saved you the agony of fruitless

remorse. All's well that ends well, and so I trust will your marriage *impromptu*."

The worn and harassed aspect of the good pastor, as on the following morning he alone joined Darell and myself at the breakfast-table, attested the conflict he had had to sustain with nature, in reconciling his poor wife to so sudden a separation. But the conquest had, in mightier strength than their own, been achieved; and when Mrs. Sefton, encircled by her remaining children, looked in for a moment on us, there was a serenity of resignation on her countenance which seemed to oppress Darell more than clamorous grief.

Louisa did not appear. There were paternal and maternal counsels to be received, too sacred for even the ear of affection—and and filial tears to be shed and wiped, too bitter for the eye of affection to witness—and many a fervent prayer to be poured out, that a step so hastily though irresistibly adopted might not prove a rash one. All this was done, and in heartfelt sincerity; yet Louisa wondered and was half ashamed to feel so happy. To leave all, save one, whom she had ever loved, and yet not be entirely miserable!—to see, even through her tears, the image of Philip Darell prostrate in penitence and passion at her feet! It was strange, unaccountable, inconsistent, and therefore—human nature!

There may be, and there have been, such things as a merry wedding; but it must be when those whom it unites have never had cause to dread separation, and those whom it separates look forward to speedy reunion. It was not so with the struggling and subdued group around the altar of—, when its venerable pastor pronounced, with a faltering voice and moistened eye, the words which made over to another the only one among his household treasures, as yet endeared to him by the hallowing touch of sorrow.

It was mine to give, with the feeling of one to whom the very word marriage had long been sadly ominous, the trembling hand of the hardly conscious bride to him on whose usually animated features the flush of triumph was quenched in the tears of a household. The mother stood rooted to the spot on which chance had placed her, pale and motionless as the rudely sculptured

mourner on an adjoining tomb; while the usually blooming brothers and sisters, with their white dresses and whiter countenances, might have passed for cherubs of monumental alabaster.

The ceremony was over, and at the door stood the carriage which was to convey away the dizzy object of such a sudden revolution from her bewildered relations. To part at such a moment and under such circumstances, seemed ominous. A sudden thought struck me; and while the daughter hastily exchanged her bridal garb for travelling attire, I said to her father, "Why lose a few precious hours, or perhaps days, which the winds may yet lend you of one so dear? Let me send for another carriage, and we will all accompany the dear couple, and see them safely on board."

The proposal seemed an inspired one, and was carried by acclamation. An old sociable which the village afforded gave room for a party of youngsters only to be equalled by Mrs. Gelpin's famous one—

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three"—

to which the rector and myself served as ballast; while his gentle wife sat, like a guardian genius, smiling on the new-born happiness of her children. What mutable, as well as "perilous stuff," we are made of! Faces lately bathed in tears were now all radiant with smiles; and if the joy of having Louisa a little longer, even parents half forgot that they must resign her at all!

Three precious days were spent at P—, in that intensity of mutual affection which springs from impending separation; but they borrowed cheerfulness from hopes of future reunion. Even Mrs. Sefton could survey with satisfaction Darell's liberal and judicious arrangements for her daughter's comfort, to which one circumstance alone seemed wanting.

Time had not permitted the friend who provided all inanimate requisites for the voyage, to secure the services of a respectable European female; and Darell was inquiring of the captain, without much hope of success, for one among his humbler passengers to supply the deficiency.

"You could not have been in better luck, sir," answered the captain, "if you had sailed as often as I have.

There's a little Scotch lassie put under my special care by my mother in the north, whom I have been somewhat puzzled to stow away safely, as I don't think the black ayahs of my fine-lady passengers, or the soldiers' wives in the steerage, the best of company for her. She seems tidy and good-humoured, and will make up by her lively rustic prattle for her want of experience. She is going out at the request and expense of a faithful Scottish mechanic, and has about as much notion of India as of the moon. All she knows is, that Sandie is there, and that is enough, I'll send her to the inn to speak to her new mistress."

Annie came—and a purer bit of unsophisticated nationality never came from Nature's mint. On being asked if she was not afraid to trust the constancy of a lover she had not seen for seven years, she stared, as if not aware of the possibility that absence could impair affection:—"He'll surely be as blithe to see me as I am to gang sae far to see him, puir fellow!" was her simple and touching answer. "Are

ye not afraid of the voyage, Annie?" "No: we are all in His hand; and I can frae Cromarty in a ship no half sae muckle." "The climate, Annie, is none of the best, and many die there." "What's ordered, maun just happen: folk die aw gait."

It would have been cruel to shake a confidence so consistent and well founded. When questioned on the subject of her capabilities, she quietly answered, "I can just do ony thing. I've been at the reading schule ever since I can remember, and got a year's writing since Sandie sent hame the siller. I can wash, and bake, and spin, and work stockings, and ony thing else I'm learned. I'm no ill at the uptak."

This closing testimony (albeit a friend's) proved correct. Annie turned out invaluable. Captain Darell, on their arrival, gave her away to Sandie; and when both their moderate fortunes are made, Annie is to sail home with his "bonnie, discreet, kind-hearted leddy."

SELWYN.

LIVES OF THE STATESMEN OF FRANCE.

MAZARIN.

[Continued from page 484, vol. iv.]

IN enumerating the elements of discord at the commencement of the Mazarin administration, the parliament of Paris must not be lost sight of. This body had been restrained with an iron hand by Richelieu; but though their discontents had been smothered under his tyranny, they were not extinguished; and many of the members were disposed to retaliate on the royal authority the long oppression it had made them endure. There were also some—and these the most distinguished for talent and integrity—who, with a loyal attachment to the royal person and authority, were still solicitous for the restoration of the parliament to that due consideration of which Richelieu had deprived it. Belonging to this latter class were Molé and Talon, the former chief president, and the latter advocate-general. Molé was a man of a truly noble and generous character, fearless in danger, and inflexible in principle. Talon's patriotism was no less pure, and his commanding eloquence gave him a great ascendancy

among his brethren. Gondy had laboured with much assiduity and success in forming connexions in the parliament, foreseeing the importance into which that body must rise, in the event of a collision between the people and the crown.

Such was the state of things when Anne of Austria commenced her regency, and Mazarin the administration of the affairs of France. It has been seen that he regarded Chateaufort with distrust, and had obtained his removal from Paris. The long services, sufferings, and unquestioned ability of this nobleman, were well calculated to give him an influence with the queen which might have proved fatal to the ambitious views of Mazarin. From the same fear, he prevailed on her to dismiss the Bishops of Beauvais and Lisieux, though in their cases there was nothing to apprehend on the score of ability. By the exile of Chateaufort he incurred the enmity of Madame de Chevreuse, who, finding herself less cordially greeted by the queen than

she had expected, formed a connexion with the house of Vendôme, and, through the means of the beautiful Madame de Montbazou, inspired the Duke of Beaufort with an inveterate hatred against Mazarin. This young nobleman was distinguished by the favour of the regent, who was indeed suspected of something more than matronly attachment for him. He was therefore regarded as the leader of the party to which he belonged, consisting chiefly of young men who had founded expectations on the queen's regency, as an event sure to yield them a rich reward for their devotion to her interests in the late reign. These expectations were now likely to be thwarted by the growing influence of Mazarin, and the demands and disappointment of the party were so extravagantly expressed that its members obtained the *sobriquet* of *les importants*.

A circumstance, trivial in itself, divided the court into two factions, those of Condé and Vendôme, and finally caused the annihilation of the *importants*. Madame de Montbazou had given a fête, at which some very amorous *billets* were found on the floor of her *salon*. These she stated to be in the handwriting of Madame de Longueville; an insinuation of which the Princess de Condé strongly complained to the queen, and insisted on a public apology. This was accordingly required of Madame de Montbazou; and Mazarin, after many unsuccessful attempts, at length contrived a form of words which might satisfy the honour of one lady without deeply wounding the vanity of the other. The queen's apartment was crowded with courtiers anxious to witness the delivery, which was given by Madame de Montbazou in a way little calculated to satisfy her rival. She read from a paper attached within her fan, in a tone of insulting irony, particularly observable when she had to speak of the virtue of Madame de Longueville. Of course this ceremony only served to increase the exasperation of the house of Condé, and the princess obtained a royal order prohibiting Madame de Montbazou from appearing at any public place where the Duchess de Longueville was present. This order having been violated under circumstances of a very

aggravated character, Mazarin exiled Madame de Montbazou to Tours; — a measure highly gratifying to the Condé family, and consequently much resented by that of Vendôme, who had openly espoused the cause of the Duke of Beaufort's mistress. The rage of the duke himself knew no bounds. He openly insulted Mazarin more than once; but the cardinal, wishing to avoid a personal collision with so powerful a family, affected to bear these outrages with meekness. But when the duke carried his imprudence so far as in public to reproach the queen with ingratitude to those who had shared her reverses under Richelieu, and, as they boasted, had made her unconditional regent, Mazarin took advantage of the circumstance, and, coupling it with a report which he himself supposed to have originated, of the duke's design to assassinate him, he caused that nobleman to be arrested and imprisoned in the château of Vincennes. All the *importants* were at the same time banished from Paris; and Madame de Chevreuse was ordered to repair to her estate, whence she soon after proceeded to Brussels.

In order to extend his influence, he at this period was lavish of largesses of all kinds to the nobles; while in his own person the extreme simplicity and frugality of his habits were the more favourably noticed, from their marked contrast to the ostentatious arrogance of Richelieu. The French arms were proceeding favourably, and the pleasures and gaieties of a court recently emancipated from the yoke of a feeble king and tyrannical minister, contributed in a great degree to a temporary appearance of tranquillity and content.

1644. The profusion by which the minister thus endeavoured to secure his newly-established influence soon produced embarrassment in the finances. To meet this difficulty, d'Emery, superintendent of finances, and a creature of Mazarin, proposed the renewal of one kind of impost. As early as the reign of Henry II. apprehensions had been entertained that Paris was outgrowing its due dimensions; in consequence of which, an edict of that monarch prohibited the construction of any more houses in the capital. This edict had fallen into desuetude,* and

* Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his power restored this edict. In the preamble this passage occurs: "It is to be feared, that the city of Paris having grown to this excessive size, may have a fate similar to that of the most powerful cities of antiquity,

the superintendent adopted the daring expedient of enforcing a tax on all the buildings erected in violation of this edict. This order of council was strongly resisted by the people, and gave rise to the first popular commotion under Mazarin. Meanwhile the disorder of the finances went on increasing: farmers of revenue and receivers-general were requested to make enormous advances, for which large interest was given. To contractors a third of what was due was remitted, on condition that the remainder should be immediately paid. Every effort was made by the abolition of pensions and reductions in the expenditure of the royal household, and by the sale of titles and distinctions. Still, the intrigues of those who hoped to gain by Mazarin's fall increased so as to alarm his friends; but he himself was under little apprehension. "Time and I will settle it," was his reply to all expressions of complaint or apprehension.

1645. The parliament, however, soon became loud in their demand for an assembly of the chambers, with a view to a rigid inquiry into the state of the finances. Among those most eager for this measure was Barillon, who had during the reign of Louis rendered important service to the queen, for which he had suffered imprisonment in the château of Pignerol. This man Mazarin had the injustice to arrest for his somewhat earnest and free expression of opinion, and by a gratuitous act of barbarity had him confined in the same prison wherein he had formerly suffered for the queen. Barillon, unable to support this ingratitude, sank under it; the enemies of Mazarin attributing his death to poison administered by the agents of the cardinal: but there appears not to be any ground for entertaining this charge against him. The death of Barillon may be easily accounted for by the impetuosity of his nature, which, unable either to brook or oppose the hard return made for his services, fell a victim to it. Yet it cannot be questioned that this treatment towards one of their body deeply exasperated the parliament against Mazarin; and if they for some time longer maintained an appearance of moderation, it was because the suc-

cessors of the French arms, under the Duke of Orleans in Flanders, of Turenne in Germany, and of d'Enghien in Flanders, were too glorious to leave a hope of turning the popular feeling against the minister for the present. After the victory of Nortlinghen, obtained by the last-mentioned general on the 3d of August, 1645, the regent went in person to the parliament, accompanied by the young Louis. A supply was granted; though Talon, the advocate-general, made a forcible appeal to the queen on behalf of her over-taxed subjects, and boldly denounced the injurious effect of favouritism in the administration of public affairs. In effect, the popularity of the queen was already considerably weakened by her unbounded confidence in her minister. Even those who admitted his talents and industry, and approved of leaving him unfettered by vexatious restraints, were still of opinion that the regent would do well to adopt the wise maxim of Henry IV., who said to the great Sully, "My friend, I will advance you, but not so far as that you can find yourself in a situation to do wrong." A comment on the fatal consequence of losing sight of this sagacious principle was furnished by the conduct of Mazarin, who, though unable to meet the exigencies even of the royal establishment, and knowing that the whole population was suffering from the effects of a protracted war, sent an expedition into Italy merely to gratify a private pique. The minister had, during the pontificate of Urban VIII., endeavoured in vain to procure a cardinal's hat for his brother, Peter Mazarin. In this refusal the pontiff had been guided by his nephews the Barberini, who had also lent their influence to the election of his successor Innocent X., in direct opposition to the wish of the minister and the interests of France. Among the first acts of the new pope was to prosecute the Barberini, to whom he was indebted for his elevation; alleging that they had, in the pontificate of their uncle, abused their power and influence. He also inflexibly refused Mazarin's request concerning the promotion of Pietro Mazarin to the cardinalate. Enraged at this, the French minister, who it may be supposed could have

who have found in themselves the principle of their downfall, it being very difficult that order and police should be conveniently distributed through all the parts of so great a body." &c. &c.

no strong partiality for the Barberins, offered them an asylum, and openly espoused their cause. An army was accordingly sent into Italy to take possession of Orbitello, a place belonging, indeed, to the Spaniards, but bordering on the papal states. Prince Thomas of Savoy was laying siege to it, while the Duke de Brezé, Richelieu's nephew, and brother-in-law to the Duke d'Enghien, attacked it from the sea. This expedition failed, the Duke de Brezé was killed, and Prince Thomas forced to raise the siege. But Mazarin was resolved on humbling the Pope: he sent a new force, under Milleraye and Du Plessis Praslin, against Piombino and Porto Longone, Spanish dependencies, but in actual possession of Prince Ludovico, nephew to Innocent X. These places were taken, and the Pope was constrained to come to terms with France. Thus the blood and treasure of the country were lavished, and the life of a brave and distinguished admiral sacrificed, for the gratification of Mazarin, on a point which in no degree concerned the interests or dignity of France.

The death of the Duke de Brezé left vacant the office of high admiral—a distinction to which the houses of Condé and Vendôme both laid claim. The queen, by the advice of Mazarin, retained it in her own hands; in consequence of which resolution, the Prince de Condé left the court, and wrote to his son, the victorious Duke d'Enghien, to declare himself against the minister. This young prince was, however, at the period in question, intimately connected with the Duke d'Orléans, who, guided by the Abbé de la Rivière, was not disposed to offer any molestation to the cardinal. The Prince de Condé shortly after returned to court; and on the 26th of December he died, leaving immense wealth and dignities to the inheritance of a young prince, whose military genius and unvarying success were of themselves sufficient to justify uneasiness on the part of the minister.

1647. In order to occupy the Prince de Condé at a distance from the court, Mazarin gave him the viceroyalty of Catalonia, with an injunction to retake Lerida. The prince, flattered by being intrusted with the consummation of a difficult enterprise, set out immediately and invested Lerida. But at the end of a twenty days' siege, he

was constrained to retire, owing to a want of supplies. This reverse, the first in his military career, left a deep resentment in his mind against the minister who had occasioned it. He hastened to Paris, where the malcontents received him with transport, and encouraged his indignation against Mazarin, which he was at no pains to conceal. At the same time, his absence from the army, in Flanders, was felt in the divisions and confusion consequent on the want of an acknowledged general-in-chief. These circumstances, added to the still increasing confusion of the finances, gave the enemies of Mazarin ample means of molesting him, by referring all the popular sufferings and privations to the policy of a foreigner, who, they contended, could not understand the national interests, or, understanding them, was not likely to feel any patriotic interest in the prosperity of France. Great fermentation in the popular feeling was caused by these representations, which, however great may have been the assiduity and zeal of Mazarin in the discharge of his duties, were still not wanting in verisimilitude. This fermentation was not a little increased by the disorders prevalent in the neighbouring states. In England, Charles the First, after a six years' struggle against his subjects, was delivered by the Scotch into the power of the English insurgents, and held close prisoner in the Isle of Wight. His consort Henrietta, a daughter of Henry IV. of France, had almost miraculously escaped from the same fate, flying to Paris, where she had been kindly received by the queen-regent. The Neapolitans had revolted against the Spanish dominion, and on the death of Masaniello, had chosen another chief from the lowest rank. The Duke de Guise, who happened to be then at Rome, for the purpose of procuring a papal dispensation, authorising him to betray one lady in order to marry another, at the same time busily engaged in betraying him, was seized with what the French writers justly call the Romanesque notion, that he might profit by the disturbances at Naples, and give the country to France. Accordingly he effected his entry into the city, where he was received with transport, appointed generalissimo, and appeared to have good prospect of success. But Mazarin, feeling that in his present posi-

tion, surrounded by all the elements of popular commotion at home, it would be unwise in him to support rebellion, lent no succour to De Guise, who soon after was betrayed by his party to Spain, and had a long imprisonment, as a counterpoise to the passing importance which his rash enterprise had given him. In Holland, also, the authority of a despot had been successfully resisted. And though the Parisians were not at this period wanting in respect for the royal person and authority, still it was manifest that the turbulent spirit of the time had extended to them, and directed their vehement reclamations against a minister whom it would probably have been dangerous to displace.

About this time, Monsieur, the brother of the king, fell dangerously ill. His death would place the Duke of Orleans in the situation of heir presumptive to the crown. The duke, as well as his favourite, De la Rivière, beginning to lose confidence in Mazarin, lent an ear to the intriguers, who wished him to support the parliament, and thus embarrass the minister. The queen, more solicitous for the health of her son than for any state affairs, consented that the magistrates should come to the Palais Royal and hold a conference with the minister. The discussion was long and stormy. Mazarin, impatient at the opposition shewn to him, said, peevishly, that he wondered so respectable a body as the parliament should amuse itself with such trifles—an expression which gave rise to the most malicious comments, his enemies spreading among the people a report that their interests were regarded as trifles by the minister. However, the danger of the young prince being over, the court took courage; and some modifications having been made in the tariff which Mazarin had proposed, the king, on the 7th of September, proceeded to the parliament, where the edict was enregistered, though not without great and tumultuous opposition.

Two months later, a still more alarming storm arose against the regency. Louis XIV. was attacked by the small-pox, and declared to be in imminent danger. The queen confined herself to the care of her child, while cabals were forming both in the court and in the parliament for the purpose of giving the regency to the

Duke d'Orleans, should the young king die. By such a change, the Abbé de la Rivière must of necessity have supplanted Mazarin. The latter, accordingly, implored his good offices, promising him a cardinal's hat and a seat in the council with the least possible delay. La Rivière protested his zeal with, of course, as much sincerity as Mazarin made his promises. So desperate was the minister's situation believed to be, that the abbé entertained his patron, the Duke d'Orleans, to supper, at which the party delivered themselves up to excess, and the Duke d'Elbœuf had the grossness to propose the health of the new regent.

The queen, justly indignant at such disgraceful orgies, never forgave the Duke d'Orleans for having sanctioned them with his presence. She applied to the Prince de Condé, but he was displeased with Mazarin, and affected neutrality. Her next application was to the parliament—a measure of necessity, but which only served to swell the pretensions of that discontented body. In the midst of her perplexity and fear, the king recovered; but this event, however joyful, was insufficient to allay the ferment caused by the expectations of change. Chavigny, who, as we have seen, had good reason to resent the treatment he had experienced at the hand of Mazarin, and whose recollections of the sweets of power under his patron Richelieu, must have been of the most regretful nature, now openly joined Chateaufort, of whom he had long been the rival. Both intrigued in the parliament against the cardinal. In this assembly there was no lack of restless spirits, clamorous for change, all for some interest of their own, and all protesting that the public good was their only care. The coadjutor, like the Prince de Condé, had not yet declared himself; but he was not the less careful to strengthen his connexion within and without the parliament, determined that if he opposed the minister, his opposition should be a formidable one.

1648. The last financial measure, modified as it had been, produced but little. Mazarin then proposed to create twelve additional offices of *maîtres des requêtes*. But the holders of the actual offices, encouraged by the prevailing discontent, assembled and swore not to allow of any new creation; declaring, moreover, that should

any one among them be removed from his office, owing to opposition to the royal will, they would make good his loss by subscription. They also sent a deputation to parliament, claiming its protection, which was promised.

These cautious and progressive steps of the parliament and the magistracy by no means contented the impatient spirit which had been excited among the people, and which led them to regard all measures short of the removal of Mazarin as inadequate to their relief. They accused the magistrates of lukewarmness and indifference, and became so riotous in their complaints, that the troops were, after some days, ordered to occupy the Rue de St. Denis, the centre of the sedition. But the rebels possessed themselves of the churches in that street, sounded the tocsin, and barricaded themselves. Mazarin, alarmed at the thought of a civil war in the centre of Paris, would not attack them; but, to conceal his feebleness, he circulated a report, that the troops were ranged only for the purpose of forming an escort for the king, who intended to go in solemn procession to Notre Dame, to return thanks for his recovery, which was done accordingly, with great pomp, on the 13th of January.

Tranquillity being in appearance established, the queen, on the 15th, went in state to the parliament, accompanied by the young king, to require the registering of some new bursal edicts, rendered necessary by the nullity of the modified tariff above mentioned. On this occasion the advocate-general, Talon, pleaded the popular cause with great honesty and eloquence. The speech of the chancellor had inculcated the divine right of kings, and the necessity of defraying the charges of those troops to which France was indebted for her national glory. Talon touched upon topics more unpleasant to a royal ear. "Nothing is left to your unfortunate subjects," said he, addressing the queen, "but their souls; for these could not possibly be brought to sale!" He conjured her to remember at night, in her oratory, that she ruled over a nation of freemen, and not of slaves; and that the laurels which they bought so dearly could not serve for food or clothing. This appeal, made with great fervour and manifest sincerity, deeply moved the queen; but, on

returning to the palace, Mazarin destroyed the impression, by saying that the advocate-general had publicly sent her to her prayer-book. She summoned the *maîtres des requêtes* to her presence, and upbraided them for their factious resistance to the royal authority. They, however, shewed no disposition to yield; and the attention of the regent and her minister, was soon claimed by a more important opposition.

Failing in every attempt to recruit the finances, Mazarin sought to take advantage of a circumstance seemingly favourable to his views. In the reign of Henry IV., Charles Paulet, secretary, to that monarch, had invented a tax on all the judicial offices. Since that time, each magistrate was required to pay, yearly into the treasury the sixtieth part of the amount of the purchase; on which condition his family inherited the charge. If a magistrate failed in this payment, and died during the year, his charge devolved to the crown. This tax, thus securing the heritability of offices, was not perpetual, but was renewed by the king every nine years: it was named after its inventor, *la Paulette*.

Nine years having elapsed since the last renewal, Mazarin required of the superior courts, with the exception of the parliament, that they should furnish four years of their salaries by way of loan; and on this condition he offered to insure that their offices should be hereditary. By this means he hoped, not only to supply the present exigency, but also to sow dissension between the parliament and the other courts. He was mistaken. Murmurs the most general arose against this kind of forced loan. The *Chambre des Comptes*, the *Cour des Aides*, and the *Grand Conseil*, coalesced, and sent a deputation to the parliament, which, refusing to take advantage of the exception granted in its favour, issued, on the 13th of May, the *arrêt d'union*. It was decided that two counsellors from each chamber should meet in the hall of St. Louis, and confer on the reform of the state with deputies from the other courts.

The queen, exasperated at the opposition of these and other refractory functionaries, constrained Mazarin to a vigorous assertion of authority, which he was unprepared to support. In the last days of May, he arrested one

president and three counsellors of the *Cour des Aides*, and five treasurers, who were confined in different prisons. On the 12th of June he issued a decree of the royal council, by which the *arrêt d'union* was annulled. The parliament, unintimidated by this measure, declared it to be illegal, and decided that the conferences should continue. They were then summoned in a body before the queen. They obeyed; and the chief president, Molé, whose firmness and integrity never forsook him, assured her, that it was impossible longer to temporise with the wants and wishes of the people. She loaded the members with reproaches, and threatened "a chastisement so exemplary, that it should astonish posterity." But they whom she addressed, well knew, that the minister was intimidated by their formidable position, and therefore the menaces of her majesty had no other effect than to confirm them in an obstinate opposition to her will. At length Mazarin prevailed on her to adopt his measures, and he requested the Duke of Orleans to act as mediator between the court and parliament, by holding conferences with that body at the palace of the Luxembourg. This the duke was willing to assent to, for in these first indications of disturbance he was wishful to uphold the royal authority; the more so, as his all-ruling favourite, seeing no chance of a change in the regency, thought it prudent to conciliate the ministry, through whom alone he could hope to attain the highest ecclesiastical preferment.

The conferences were accordingly held at the Luxembourg, and Mazarin assisted at them; but by his evident alarm, and continual vacillations, he injured the cause which it was his vital interest to serve. The gravity of his discourse suffered much by his Italian accent; the *arrêt d'union* he called the *arrêt d'ognion*—a mispronunciation which gave rise to great merriment at his expense. D'Orleans, who was really anxious for an arrangement of the differences between the court and parliament, proposed that the *paulette* should be fixed on its ancient footing; and that the imprisoned councillors should be set at liberty, on condition that the *arrêt d'union* were cancelled, and the conferences in the hall of St. Louis discontinued. These terms were rejected by the par-

liament; even Molé and Talon joining their brethren in a resolution, that the chambers should continue to assemble and hold deliberations for the well-being of the state. A decision to this effect was carried to the queen by the parliament in a body, on the 27th of June. The first president, exasperated by the subtleties of Mazarin, declared that the chambers would meet, in spite of any order of the council. Surprised at this language from such a quarter, the queen replied, that she would send to let them know her pleasure; and two days afterwards she authorised what she was not in a condition to refuse.

The parliament sat throughout July, and their debates were very stormy. The Duke of Orleans assisted at their deliberations on the 6th, and harangued the members on the importance of their directing their proceedings, of any character or indications which might give the enemies of France a hope of fomenting divisions amongst her subjects. They assured him of the uprightness of their views, and were loud in praise of his gentleness and condescension. Mazarin also attended their meetings; and the very men whom, some days before, the queen had reproached as rebels, were now called by him restorers of France, and fathers of their country,—an inconsistency which served to render him contemptible in the eyes of those who were the objects of it. The result of the deliberations was, that the parliament claimed the suppression of the intendants of provinces—a kind of royal commissaries established by Richelieu—that the collection and administration of the revenue should be altered—and that a judicial court should be established for punishing those found guilty of peculation under the previous system; that no office or impost should be established without being registered in the sovereign courts; and, finally, that inasmuch as several magistrates had arbitrarily arrested and imprisoned persons, it was demanded that, in conformity with the ancient customs of France, no one should be kept in prison more than twenty-four hours without being tried and heard before his natural judges.

In these discussions, D'Emery, whom Mazarin had, on coming into power, charged with the superintendence of finances, was roughly handled. At

first the minister had intended to support him; but having cause to suspect that a proposal for punishing all those who should be convicted of sending money out of the kingdom was levelled at himself, and had co-operated with D'Emery, he resolved on abandoning that functionary. By this seeming acquiescence in the wishes of parliament, he hoped in some degree to disarm the fury of his enemies. But here, again, he overreached himself; for the dismissal of D'Emery being followed by the immediate appointment of the Marshal de la Millerage, a soldier, and perfectly ignorant of financial matters, two parties in parliament, who had each a candidate, joined in denouncing Mazarin for abandoning the administration of this important department to incompetent hands.

In the royal council, the deliberations of the hall of St. Louis were discussed, and it was resolved to concede nearly all that was demanded. In consideration of which the court required that the magistrates should relinquish their debates on public affairs. On the 31st of July, the king in person placed a decree to this effect before the parliament.

No applause greeted the young monarch on his route to the assembly, and the magistrates received the decree in sullen silence. On the following day they addressed the most violent remonstrances to the queen, who was reduced to extremity for want of pecuniary supplies.

Gondy, the coadjutor, though he had not yet declared himself, was still the soul of all these intrigues. Indulging an unlimited ambition, he knew that the primary step to its accomplishment must be the removal of Mazarin; but at the same time he felt that, in his present situation, he was not of sufficient importance, unless supported by a powerful faction, to adopt overt measures against the minister. He kept up a constant correspondence with Mad. de Chevreuse, who was intriguing with Spain through the means of one of her lovers. He had intimate relations with the chiefs of opposition in parliament; and these persons, wholly ignorant of court intrigue, placed themselves blindly under his direction. His flagitious immorality did not prevent his being popular with the clergy; and as he knew the Jansenists, who had suffered much

persecution under Richelieu, regarded Mazarin as the inheritor of that minister's policy, he flattered their prejudices, and found in them at length his most zealous partisans. Meanwhile he continued to frequent the court; and knowing the timid nature of Mazarin, he practised on his fears by exaggerated accounts of danger, always under the semblance of the most absolute devotedness. It was at this time that the name of *frondeurs* was given to the enemies of Mazarin. It originated in the following circumstance: The boys of Paris often amused themselves with slinging stones at the passers-by. The lieutenant of police would sometimes go to punish this disorder, and immediately on his appearance the *frondeurs*, or slingers, dispersed, but generally recommenced their sport on his departure. One of the young counsellors took occasion to compare the parliament to these *frondeurs*; since, on the appearance of the Duc d'Orléans, lieutenant-general of the kingdom, they moderated their tone of turbulence, but as soon as he retired they were more violent than ever.

An event now took place which gave the court a momentary triumph. This was a glorious victory obtained by the Prince de Condé, who had returned to his army for the purpose of checking the successes of the Archduke Leopold. He gave him battle near Leus; and after gaining a brilliant action on the 20th of August, he followed it up by taking Furnes. The news of this victory restored confidence to the queen. She had, before the departure of the prince, held out to him expectations of aggrandisement which she thought could not fail to win him to her cause; and these recent successes served to heighten his importance, already so weighty from his rank, wealth, and character. She could not conceal her joy. Mazarin, on the contrary, preserved perfect equanimity in his exterior, and evinced nothing but a wish to conciliate. Thus he assured Gondy, who came to court to observe appearances, that in a few days he would shew with what moderation he used a victory. But under this seeming calm he concealed the bitterest feelings of vengeance. The 26th of August was fixed for the solemn thanksgiving at Nôtre Dame for the victory. According to custom, the French and Swiss

guard formed themselves in line from the Palais Royal to the church. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Comminges, lieutenant of the body-guard, a man of resolute character, continued at his post, together with the other troops stationed in the church. The queen was observed to whisper some words to him, which were her final orders for the arrest of Blancmesnil, Charton, and Broussel, on the spot. But the continuance of the troops in the cathedral had already alarmed the magistrates, and they had succeeded in gaining the street before the officer could put his commands in execution. Comminges immediately despatched some of his men, with orders to secure Blancmesnil and Charton, reserving for himself the arrest of Broussel, as the most hazardous, he being idolised by the populace. This magistrate had been detained from the ceremony by illness. The street in which he resided was inhabited chiefly by artisans. Thither Comminges proceeded, and took Broussel from the midst of his family, not even allowing him time to dress himself. He hurried him into his carriage, and drove on in spite of the resistance of the infuriated mob, till, after sundry impediments, he succeeded in getting free of the crowd and depositing his charge at St. Germain, where he left him nearly dead from exhaustion and alarm. Charton had escaped, and Blancmesnil had been taken to Vincennes without obstruction.

The news of Broussel's arrest was the signal for a general insurrection, and the most culpable excesses were committed. Gondy, well pleased with the tumultuous result of a measure which, if successful, might have endangered his safety, and must at all events have disconcerted his schemes, proceeded to the palace, prepared to give a pompous and exaggerated account of the danger to be apprehended from this proceeding of the minister. But the court was in no degree disposed to serious apprehension; and as the prelate entered, Beaurru, the most facetious of the courtiers, observed to the queen, "Your majesty must needs be in great peril, for see, they bring you extreme unction!" This sally caused great mirth at the coadjutor's expense, who, although somewhat disconcerted, insisted that a rebellion was to be feared. The queen abruptly replied, "There is rebellion in the very thought

that they can rebel." After which, Mazarin ironically excused the coadjutor, eulogising the great solicitude he evinced for his flock.

Still there was more cause for alarm than the queen was willing to believe. Sensible of this, Guitant, captain of the guards, proposed that Broussel should be restored, dead or alive. "The former," said Gondy, "would become neither the piety nor the prudence of the queen; the latter might allay the tumult." "I understand you, Monsieur le Coadjuteur," exclaimed the queen, indignantly; "you wish that I should restore Broussel to liberty. I would rather strangle him with my own hands, and all those who—." In pronouncing these last words, she thrust her hands towards the face of Gondy, but Mazarin pacified her by a whisper.

Another officer now entering, assured the queen that there was every reason for the most serious apprehension. Mazarin, then, yielding to circumstances, declared that Broussel should be liberated, providing the people would first separate; and in order to compromise Gondy, he proposed that he, with Marshal Milleraye, should be the bearer of the message to the mob. The coadjutor sought to excuse himself, but pressed by a throng of terrified courtiers, all imploring him to render this important service to the country, he went forth with Milleraye to calm the commotion. They both soon returned; and Milleraye, addressing the queen, said, "Your majesty, an honest man cannot flatter you in the state in which things now are. Unless you to-day set Broussel at liberty, to-morrow there will not be one stone on another in all Paris." Gondy corroborated this testimony; but the queen interrupted him, saying ironically, "Go, sir, and rest yourself; you have worked hard." He left the palace, deeply resolving on revenge; though, for the present, his personal safety required that the mob should be pacified. He therefore prevailed on them to abstain from any attack on the Palais Royal. The people did not, however, disarm.

He returned home, and, during the evening, received numerous visits from those with whom he had formed alliances against Mazarin. The temper of his mind, on leaving the court, had been sufficiently exacerbated; but his rage overswelled all bounds when a friend who had remained very late at

the palace informed him that, at supper, the courtiers had entertained the queen with continual raillery, of which he was the subject. He also heard, from the same source, that the court had resolved on removing Broussel to Havre; that the chancellor was to proceed in state, on the following morning, to remove the parliament to Montargis; and, lastly, that there was a design of arresting him.

This intelligence decided him on putting into execution a plan which he had long contemplated. In case of civil war, he intended to place at the head of it some young nobleman of popular manners, impetuous spirit, and of no more intelligence than was requisite to render him an effective instrument in the hands of another. Such a person was the Duke de Beaufort, who had escaped from his prison at Vincennes, and was eager for an opportunity of avenging himself on the cardinal. Condé had already secured his consent, but the time for his appearance had not yet arrived.

The coadjutor resolved to renew, on the following morning, the days of "the barricades," which, sixty years before, had forced Henry III. to leave the capital. He accordingly sent the necessary instructions to his numerous partisans during the night, and every thing was prepared for the execution of the plan. Early in the morning, the Chancellor Seguier set out for the parliament, aware of his danger and resolved to brave it. In the carriage with him were his daughter the Duchess de Sully, and his brother the Bishop of Meaux. At the middle of the Pont Neuf he found a barricade before the entrance of the *quai des orfèvres*, and he tried to gain the palace by the *quai des Augustins*; but the mob followed him with hootings till he was checked by another barricade before the Hôtel d'O, where his friend the Duke de Luynes then lived. Here the tumult forced him, with his brother and daughter, to take refuge in the hotel. Hardly had they time to conceal themselves in a small chamber, when the mob forced the doors of the hall, and loudly demanded the body of the chancellor, declaring their determination to expose his palpitating limbs in the public streets. The chancellor, believing his death to be at hand, fell at the feet of his brother, the bishop, and implored him to receive his

confession and grant him absolution. However, the mob did not examine the chamber in which he was concealed; and shortly after a detachment of the royal guards arrived to his assistance, by command of the queen. As the carriage returned, several musket-shots were fired, one of which wounded the Duchess de Sully, though not dangerously.

In less than two hours after this scene, the mob had twelve hundred and sixty barricades in the streets, whereby all communication was interrupted. Parliament had been sitting since daybreak, and decided on proceeding in a body to demand the liberation of Broussel. Accordingly, sixty-three magistrates, with Molé at their head, walked through the streets amidst the acclamations of the people, who lowered all the barriers before them. The queen found all her plans frustrated by the unlooked-for interruption to the progress of the chancellor to parliament. On the chief president representing to her the state of things, she said, "I know that the city is disturbed, but you are the cause of it; you, sirs, of the parliament shall answer to me for it—you, your wives, and your children." Mazarin, as usual, was more moderate in his expressions, intimating that the prisoners should be liberated on condition that the parliament would engage not to deliberate on matters relating to the administration of state affairs, but confine itself to its magisterial functions. The assembly retired in discontent; and Talon, who was one of the number, says in his memoirs that the courtiers, anxious for the fall of the ministers, excited them to persist, saying, as they went by, "Stand to it—they will restore your prisoners."

The populace, on being made acquainted with the result of the application, became furious against the magistrates; and a riot as violent as that of the morning broke out in the Rue St. Honoré. They insisted on the chief president returning to the queen, which he agreed to do, but not before he had quelled the tumult by his firmness and courage. Introduced into the royal presence, he addressed the queen in a strain of powerful eloquence. The Duke d'Orleans and Mazarin supported him. The princesses fell at her feet, and with tears implored her to attend to the peril in which she and

themselves were placed. Overcome by these entreaties, her majesty relented, and with great reluctance agreed to a conference. Molé and his companions held a meeting in one of the rooms of the palace, at which the Duke d'Orleans and Mazarin assisted. The result was, that the minister promised to set Broussel at liberty; while the parliament, for their part, engaged to deliberate on nothing but the *rentes* and on the execution of the tariff. The magistrates then left the palace, announcing to the people that Broussel and Blagemesnil were liberated. This, indeed, allayed their fury, but the streets continued full all night, as Broussel, their idol, was not expected before eight o'clock on the following morning. By some involuntary delay, he did not arrive before ten. The mob had begun already to evince symptoms of turbulent impatience; and when, at length, he appeared, they bore him in triumph through the city. The title of Father of the People was solemnly decreed to him, and a *Te Deum* was sung at Notre Dame in thanksgiving for his return.

Thus such demands were satisfied, but the designs of those who had excited them to commotion were by no means so. On the evening of Broussel's apotheosis, a cart-load of powder was stopped by the people in the faubourg St. Antoine. This they were made to believe was destined for an army which was to march on Paris under the command of Queen Christine of Sweden. This absurd report spread rapidly, and the Palais Royal was menaced more seriously than on the preceding day. Nothing but the firmness of the queen disarmed the popular fury: refusing to double the guards, she sent the keys of the city to the provost of the merchants. This conduct produced the result most dreaded by the disaffected. On the following day (the 29th) things resumed their ordinary course.

Mazarin, aware that the coadjutor was the great mover of all this disturbance, endeavoured to gain him by promising him an equal share in the administration. Gondy was, however, too well acquainted with the minister's character, and also with his own, to indulge the ridiculous hope that they could ever rule together. He therefore resolved cautiously, but unceasingly, to pursue his intrigues, of which the

success had been interrupted by this unexpected moderation on the part of the queen. His selected instrument, the Duke de Beaufort, had arrived in Paris, and he had sanguine hopes of still higher support in the person of the Prince of Condé. He kept up his relations with Spain through the medium of Mad. de Chevreuse: while at home the parliament, excited by him, continued its sittings, in which political subjects were freely discussed, in direct violation of their agreement with the court.

This breach of faith on the part of the parliament determined the queen to remove her son from Paris. On the 13th of September, she sent him out of the city under the care of Mazarin, saying that he required the country air of Ituel. She herself remained behind to cover his retreat. With apparent confidence she took farewell of her younger son, who was then suffering from the small-pox. She next paid some visits of devotion; and afterwards proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, where she commanded the provost of the trades to watch over the public safety and tranquillity. Her courage secured to her an unsuspected retreat.

Mazarin's first step, when beyond the immediate reach of mutiny, was to banish Chateaufort to Berry, and to confine his old patron Chavigny in the chateau of Vincennes, of which the ex-minister was governor. He was particularly obnoxious to Mazarin, from his great intimacy with the Prince de Condé; and, in conjunction with Chateaufort, had long been engaged in continual intrigues against the government. These proceedings on the part of the minister spread universal dismay; Gondy, and several of the most intractable among the magistrates, expecting the same fate. The President Viole, a friend of Chavigny, complained loudly of this attack on the liberty of the subject, in violation of the decree registered in July. He declared that Paris was to be besieged; and demanded a debate on the decree of 1617, which, with reference to the Marshal d'Ancre, had prohibited the admission of foreigners into the ministry. He concluded by moving that the queen should be supplicated to bring the king back to the capital, and to restore Chateaufort and Chavigny to liberty. These resolutions were carried

by a large majority on the 22d of September.

Viole was right with regard to the queen's intention of subduing Paris by force. For this purpose she required the assistance of the Prince de Condé, who, however, shewed no very decided intention on the subject. He had returned from the army in Flanders, and had visited the queen at Ruel. Though he hated Mazarin, and had much to hope from his removal, still, as prince of the blood, he was anxious to protect the royal authority from attacks like those now made on it. He had a conference with Gondy, at which he expressed a resolution to support the minister, but feebly—or, as he expressed it, that he would rather see him “slide than fall.”

Molé, as chief president, was under the necessity of repairing to Ruel with the decree passed on the 22d of September. The queen, though embarrassed and chagrined at the vacillation of the Prince de Condé, replied with her usual firmness. As regarded her leaving Paris, she said it was somewhat strange that the king should not be entitled to enjoy a country life as well as his subjects. The arrests of Chateaufort and Chavigny were, she assured the president, required by strong and sufficient reasons, of which she would render an account to the king on his attaining his majority.

Notwithstanding this shew of indifference, she took the precaution of withdrawing her second son from Paris, and of removing the court from Ruel to St. Germain,—a place better calculated for repelling an attack.

The mutinous sittings of the parliament still continuing, the Prince de Condé demanded that a conference should be held with that body. To this the queen reluctantly consented; and it was held, accordingly, from the 25th of September to the 4th of October. At its close, the prince and the Duke d'Orléans were both convinced that Mazarin was for them a far preferable minister to Gondy, whose talents, energy, and boundless ambition, were sufficient to justify the gravest apprehensions. They therefore advised the queen to grant the demands of the parliament as to the liberation of Chateaufort and Chavigny, the return of the court to Paris, and the law of arrest, providing the trial or liberation of prisoners within twenty-four hours. After some animated debates, the parliament passed a decree to the above effect, but stipulating a further reduction of taxes. Matters being thus arranged, they adjourned on the 25th of October; and on the 31st the king re-entered Paris amidst the acclamations of the people.

[To be continued.]

NATURE'S GIFTS.

I CAN find comfort in the words and looks
Of simple hearts and gentle souls; and I
Can find companionship in ancient books,
When lonely on the grassy hills I lie,
Under the shadow of the tranquil sky:
I can find music in the rushing brooks,
Or in the songs which dwell among the trees,
And come in snatches on the summer breeze.
I can find treasure in the leafy showers
Which in the merry autumn-time will fall;
And I can find strong love in buds and flowers,
And beauty in the moonlight's silent hours.
There's nothing Nature gives can fail to please,
For there's a common joy pervading all.

ZETA.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BURKING.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

How pleasant is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 'But musical as is Apollo's lute.'—MILTON.

IN perusing the annals of the world, every one must be struck with the hard fate which, in a great majority of cases, has been allotted to men of genius. It seems as if the possession of the most noble qualities was to subject those inheriting them to the worst usage at the hands of their fellows. Talent, instead of being a defence against the malice of the world, is, in an especial manner, the butt against which all its attacks are levelled; and it even happens, that the greatest benefactors of humanity have been those subject to the most rancorous persecutions, and most unrelenting hostility, from the very persons who have been benefited most highly by their genius and exertions. Socrates the wisest and best of the ancient philosophers—Athenians owed the deepest debt of gratitude—was put to death by his ungrateful countrymen. Though clothed with wisdom and virtue, as with a panoply of steel, they were insufficient to ward off the poisoned shafts of his enemies; and he died, bequeathing the greatness of his renown to posterity, and the infamy of his death to Athens. Was not Galileo doomed to "prison pains" for his discoveries, which a bigotted and cruel age viewed with ignorant disbelief, and which succeeding times have confirmed to the fullest extent! Miltiades, the conqueror of Darius, the saviour of his country at Marathon, expired in prison;—another monument of Athenian ingratitude. Was not the virtuous Aristides banished to a foreign land? Did not the same fate befall Camillus and Themistocles, both equally renowned for valour, and for the eminent services they rendered to their country? Xantippus, the great Spartan warrior, who conquered the Roman army under Regulus, found no defence in his many services against the voice of malice, and was compelled to banish himself from a people by whom he was so wretchedly appreciated. Almost the whole life of Columbus was a struggle against petty malignity; and the reward of his magnificent discove-

ries chains and long protracted imprisonment. Such seems to be the fate destined for those great and comprehensive intellects, which from time to time appear like beacon-lights upon the world. They are 'persecuted with unceasing rancour, till life, instead of being a blessing, becomes a curse; and death, "which meaner spirits fear," is hailed with welcome, as the only retreat from their innumerable woes. There is one solace, however, which lightens up the cloud of their existence even in its darkest moments; and that is the hope of immortality on earth, and the full consciousness that, sooner or later, when all party feeling ceases, full justice will be done to their merits.

Such are the remarks suggested to our minds by the hard destiny of the late Mr. Hare and his associates—characters in whom the rarest benevolence was blended with a fate singularly unhappy; and who, as much perhaps as any individuals that ever lived, may be considered victims to their ardent love of science. Mr. Hare, the leader of this intrepid band, was a native of Newry, in the sister kingdom, and was born about the year 1792. Like many other eminent men, he had neither to boast of high lineage nor wealth. His father, we believe, was a cottar, and he himself was brought up to the same humble occupation. He alternately worked in the potato-garden and herded the cow; and when he had any leisure time on hand, he employed it in hedging and ditching. In these occupations he was engaged till his twenty-fourth year, when accident, or his own wishes, brought him to Edinburgh. Here he wrought for some time in the capacity of a labourer, and was latterly employed as a boatman on the Union Canal, where he was much remarked for the philosophical gravity of his demeanour. While in these lowly, though not dishonourable situations, it is a subject of curiosity for the contemplative mind to inquire in what manner his studious intellect was employed, what subjects engaged his attention, and what were

his hopes of future eminence. It is impossible to conceive that so ardent a spirit could rest satisfied with the life in which fate seemed to have permanently placed it. Not that he could despise such a mode of existence; for those means by which millions of the most virtuous portion of the species subsist, cannot be looked upon as worthy of contempt, especially to a mind imbued as his was with such extensive benevolence. But still he must have felt that this life was not for him; that fate doomed him to higher pursuits; and that it was a duty, not less due to his country than to himself, to rise above his present sphere, and reach that eminence on which he was evidently destined to play his part.

By what particular process of ratiocination he came to ascertain the particular department of science best suited for this display of his talents, it is now impossible to ascertain; nor is it of much consequence, farther than as a matter of curiosity. It is sufficient to know, that nature of her own accord, and by means too subtle for human investigation, gives to every man an intuitive perception of his own powers. So, doubtless, it was with Mr. Hare, who felt that he was destined to a path hitherto untrodden; and that it became him to tread it with a firmness which should reflect credit both upon his own sagacity and courage, and upon science in general. It was unquestionably the same feeling which gave energy to Vasco de Gama when he doubled the Cape of Good Hope; to Columbus, when he discovered the New World; and to Sir Isaac Newton, when he detected the principle of gravitation and the laws of light. So it was with Mr. Hare.

It is to be remarked, however, though with no intention of disparaging the claims of this distinguished person, that the ruling passion of his mind was called into activity by a train of particular circumstances; and that had those circumstances not existed, the passion in question might have lain dormant, and died with its owner. But Mr. Hare in this respect is not singular. It was the oppression of their country which called forth the valour and military genius of Gustavus Vasa and Robert the Bruce. Deprived of this impulse, the heroic energies of these great men might have slumbered, and Vasa and Bruce descended to the

tomb without any particular renown being attached to their names. Yet who, on this account, hesitates to rank them among the greatest of heroes, and the most illustrious benefactors of their respective countries? In like manner Mr. Hare's transcendent merits will not suffer because circumstances were needed to bring them out. The fire was in the flint, and nothing but collision was wanted to elicit it.

We must now detail the causes which brought his singular energies into play. They were as follow. It chanced at the time of his arrival in Edinburgh, that anatomical science was in danger of being utterly extinguished, from the want of subjects for dissection. Various circumstances had contributed to produce this; the principal of which was, the preposterous and bigotted aversion which the people had to the art of dissection: in consequence whereof, the graves of the dead were guarded by armed men, so that those, industrious and indefatigable purveyors of science—the resurrectionists—were prevented from obtaining the customary supply for the anatomical theatres. These restrictions threatened not merely to prove fatal to the interests of the lecturers, and ultimately to those of medicine, but might have been attended with the worst results to Edinburgh itself; this city deriving not only much of its renown from its medical schools, but also no small portion of wealth from the multitudes of medical students who flock thither from all parts of the globe. The celebrity and opulence so required were thus in danger of being cut off, from the bigotry of the inhabitants, and the rigid steps taken to keep an efficient watch upon the various churchyards. Nor did this strict surveillance confine itself to the city, but extended to the country round about. There was not a cemetery but was thoroughly guarded, and such of the resurrectionists as were most distinguished for courage and devotion to science, shrunk at the task of pursuing their avocation, so great was the danger with which it was surrounded.

Mr. Hare had long turned over these things in his mind. He saw that anatomy, and, by an inevitable consequence, the sciences dependent upon it—such as surgery, medicine, and midwifery—would immediately sink into a state of barbarism, such as ex-

isted in the days of Rhazes and Avicenna; and that there would be a vast loss of life, and a great and unnecessary degree of human suffering from operations bunglingly performed, and diseases unskillfully treated. He saw, moreover, that Edinburgh, of which he had now become, in a great measure, a denizen, and of whose fame, as the Modern Athens, he was peculiarly solicitous, would sink in the scale of cities, and fall to a par with Glasgow, Liverpool, and other places equally Beettian and illiterate. He saw, likewise, that the same causes of anatomical decay which existed in Edinburgh, could not fail, in the course of time, to extend themselves to Dublin, the capital of his own country; and that science there would, sooner or later, meet with a downfall. In looking particularly to Ireland, he perhaps shewed a nationality of feeling not quite consistent with the impartial views of philosophy, which teach that a man ought to be a citizen of the world at large, and, in his acts of benevolence, to own no country more than another. But, at all events, his predilection was for an amiable one—one founded upon feelings of patriotism, such as we cannot help admiring, though not perhaps quite consistent with the most rigid doctrines of philosophy. If Mr. Hare had Dublin in his eye, he it remembered that he had Edinburgh also; and not only Edinburgh, but the whole of the kingdom—on such a comprehensive basis was the proud temple of his philanthropy erected.

Seeing, then, how completely the researches of the resurrectionists were baffled by the but too successful precautions of ignorance, he meditated deeply upon some scheme to remedy this vast evil, and place anatomy in its former high and palmy state, such as it flourished in the times of the first and second Monro—of John and Benjamin Bell—of Cullen—and the two Gregories. Many plans suggested themselves for this purpose to his fertile imagination. Prussic acid, at this period, was in great repute. It was demonstrated by Gay-Lussac, Berzélius, and Thénard, that a single drop of this agent, in its most concentrated state, would produce instant death, if dropped upon the tongue of almost any animal. He at first had some thoughts of having recourse to this, for

the purpose of obtaining subjects; but, unfortunately, he had never made chemistry a study, and it was impossible to procure the drug from others in such a concentrated state, without exciting suspicion. To give the diluted acid, as procured in the shops, a large dose would be necessary; and this would be betrayed by the smell and the state of the person's stomach, while detection, as a natural consequence, must follow. He then thought of *hocusing*, by means of laudanum administered in strong ale; but this, besides being subject to the same objections as prussic acid, was attended with the risk of proving ineffectual—an objection which, to the mind of an ardent votary of science, is, of all others, the most insurmountable. Genius cannot brook the chance of failure; nothing short of certainty can satisfy its lofty aspirations; and wherever there is a chance of non-success, it instantly abandons the dubious scheme, and rushes with impetuosity into the arms of one which promises greater certainty.

In contemplating the objections which the above plans suggested to him, on the score of personal danger, we have another opportunity of admiring his entire devotion to the great cause in which he was engaged. Had he possessed a less reflective or philosophical temperament, he would have rashly encountered all risks for the purpose of serving the present moment; but he took a more comprehensive, and, as the result proved, a wiser plan; for he had the sagacity to perceive, that if the ends of science were to be served, his own safety must be looked to. His devotion to science made him attend carefully to this point. "At all hazards," said he, "I must shelter myself from the chance of falling a prey to ignorance and bigotry. If I do not, what avail my efforts in the cause of anatomy?" With this just and salutary principle to guide him, he resolved to proceed in his well-digested plans; and when we consider how his keen thirst for the advancement of medical knowledge led him to take such precautionary measures in favour of himself, we must still more deeply esteem the sagacity, foresight, and heroism, with which all his acts were characterised. Quintus Curtius leaped into the gulf to save his country; Wallace laid his head

upon the block for the same purpose: Riego was hanged, Hofer shot, Kosciusko imprisoned, and Bruce hunted like a wild beast—all because they tried to protect their native land: while Ridley, Cranmer, Latimer, and Wishart, were burned at the stake to save their conscience. But what are these instances—and splendid ones they are—to that of Mr. Hare, who, for the sake of anatomy—for the cause of surgery, medicine, and midwifery—actually took measures to shield himself from the consequences which his new invention might entail upon him? All this was not done from any selfish motive, but purely from an unbounded devotion to science and the true interests of his country.

To enable him to carry his purpose more completely into effect, he required an assistant; and after thinking much upon this point, and looking round for some time, he fixed upon his countryman and friend, Mr. William Burke. This gentleman was, like himself, of humble origin. He was the son of Neil Burke, a labourer, and was born in the parish of Urney, near the town of Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, in the year 1792 or 1793; so that he was nearly of the same age as Mr. Hare. Mr. Burke, in early life, was a military man, having been fifer in the Donegal militia; and he played well upon the flute—a proof of the sterling sensibility of his heart, for music and amiable feelings generally go hand in hand. He left his regiment shortly after the battle of Waterloo, and came to Scotland in 1817. Here he got acquainted with Mr. Hare, whose fame he has rivalled in public estimation; with what justice we shall hereafter see.

Mr. Hare had sagacity enough to perceive in his friend those qualities for which he became afterwards so distinguished. He possessed courage of the first order, as was made manifest in numerous desperate battles he had with his fellow-labourers on the Union Canal; for he was also employed in that work. This courage, Mr. Hare naturally saw, would be equally prominent, and much more advantageous to the country, if properly directed in the new channel to which he proposed to guide it. Mr. Burke was also a taciturn man—one who said little; a proof that his mind was habitually employed in the con-

templation of profound subjects. Mr. Hare saw likewise, with pleasure, that he possessed a strong muscular frame, which would be of essential use to him in the pursuits which he had under contemplation. In short, without absolutely being a man of genius, he had that in him which made a near approach to it; and if not capable of inventing any thing new, he evidently possessed the capacity of giving effect to the ideas of others. In this respect, indeed, it is probable he was superior even to his master, whose execution did not always keep pace with the grandeur of his designs. In conception Mr. Hare had evidently the superiority over his colleague; but in details, in elaborate minuteness of finish, it seems now to be admitted that Mr. Burke had the advantage. In this respect Mr. Hare may be regarded as Michael Angelo, and Mr. Burke as Titian, or the highly finished painters of the Flemish school.

Having sounded this new ally upon the subject, and found that he entertained precisely the same ideas as himself with regard to the lamentable state of anatomical science, and the necessity of something being instantly done for its regeneration, he communicated to him the plan that he had contrived to effect this purpose. Hocusing with laudanum and prussic acid we have already alluded to. These plans he mentioned to Mr. Burke, as also his reasons for disapproving of them—reasons, he was happy to find, in which his companion entirely coincided. Fortified thus in his opinion of their comparative inefficacy to advance science, he proceeded to state that the new system which he had discovered, or rather invented, was the result of many months' profound cogitation—that it was philosophical in its principles, easy in its operation (to the operator), unattended with disfiguration of any kind, and at once elegant and capable of being performed with perfect secrecy. The great merit of the system lay in the impossibility of detection from any appearances which the individual subjected to it presented. It was unaccompanied with mutilation; and was, in fact, so perfect in its character, as to contest the palm with natural death itself. Hanging, hocusing, drowning, maiming, all seemed vulgar, inefficient, commonplace, when compared with the new process invented for the benefit of science by the

genius of Mr. Hare. This system is now denominated *Burking*; a term the propriety of which we shall dispute by and by.

Having arranged their plans, they determined to carry them into effect on the first opportunity—nor was one long of occurring. One day Mr. Hare cajoled an old man into his house, and having given him a glass of ale, with a few drops of laudanum in it to put him asleep, he and his friend proceeded to business. The invention answered better than could have been expected; and in a few minutes the old fellow was in a condition to benefit anatomical science, and advance surgery and medicine. The *modus operandi* adopted by the friends, it is needless to describe. Every body now knows how the thing was done, although there are numbers who affect to sneer at it as destitute of merit. To such persons we would recommend the reproof given by Columbus with the egg to the silly cavillers at the merits of his discoveries. All great inventions and discoveries have been sneered at in the same way; witness the circulation of the blood by Harvey—the invention of the safety-lamp by Davy—and a multitude of others. When a thing is once known, it appears sufficiently simple: the merit consists in making it known. To do this requires genius and indefatigability; to understand it afterwards may be level to the capacity of a fool.

Messrs. Hare and Burke having carried this splendid discovery into effect, naturally felt the proud satisfaction of superior merit at the results of their well-digested plan. They saw that they had advanced one step in the course of science; they had passed the threshold and broken the ice, which was a great point gained; and we may conceive the bland spirit of Philosophy looking down with an approving smile from her abode in the third heaven, and blessing their virtuous efforts in her cause,—and not her cause only, but the cause of learning and humanity throughout the whole world. But there was yet another step to be achieved; and this was, to get the body of the immortal victim to science—immortal is he who dies in such a cause—transported to the theatre of some eminent anatomist. At last they fixed upon Dr. Knox, a distinguished member of the College of Surgeons of

Edinburgh, and teacher of anatomy in that city. Among themselves they had peculiar terms, to insure greater secrecy; and a subject in their vocabulary was denominated a *shot*, the merit of which term is generally supposed to belong to Mr. Burke.

We must here remark the superiority of Mr. Hare in point of genius over his friend, and the comprehensive views of things which he was in the habit of taking. Mr. Burke proposed that the body should be carried to Dr. Knox, and that this gentleman should be informed of the manner in which it had been *victimised*: he further proposed, that it should be given to him *gratis*. This, Mr. Hare's superior sagacity prevented. He reasoned thus: "Great as is Dr. Knox's zeal for the healing art, he is, in all probability, labouring under the same superstitious prejudices as the rest of the public; and if we tell him how we procured this shot, he will join in the silly hue and cry that we are murderers, and have us taken up and hanged, to the great injury of science. There will be no want of sophistry to make out this operation of ours a murder, and then anatomy is ruined for ever. No, my friend, he must be kept in ignorance of our *modus operandi*. He must suppose that the person has died a natural death, and not by scientific principles. To make the matter more secure, we must pocket his money. True, we despise the vile lucre, but, to save appearances, we must take it; in a word, we must pass ourselves off as common resurrectionists. There is no help for it. The interests of philosophy demand concealment, till the world becomes more enlightened, and can view things in their proper character." Such reasoning prevailed; Mr. Burke acknowledged its force; and placing the shot in a bag, he flung it over his shoulders, and left it with Dr. Knox, receiving ten guineas for the same.

Things proceeded happily in this way for a considerable time. Many were the shots sacrificed for the interests of the world, and they were *done* so felicitously, that neither Dr. Knox nor his assistants had the least suspicion of the process; they imagined that the shots so procured had all died natural deaths; and great was the satisfaction derived by the two friends at this fortunate result of their labours. The operation was performed on all sizes.

Men, women, and children, came alike, the interests of science being found to gain as much advantage from the one as the other. Great ingenuity was displayed in concealing matters. They shifted about from place to place: sometimes shots were made in the Canongate, sometimes in Tanners' Close, sometimes in Mr. Hare's house, sometimes in Mr. Burke's in the Westport. Nor did they confine themselves to this solitary instance of deception; for, conceiving it possible that they might meet with individuals who would resist stoutly, and occasion noise during the process of victimising—since denominated *Burking*—they were in the habit of making mock fights with each other in their respective houses. Thus a great deal of noise was created, to which the neighbours became so accustomed, that, when any uproar took place owing to the resistance of a strong shot, it was altogether unheeded, being looked upon as merely one of the customary brawls of the two friends. Both felt deeply the degradation of being obliged to submit to such unworthy practices; but the interests of anatomy, and the general good of the human race, demanding them, they were contented to persevere, therein justifying the means by the end.

In their various operations they were materially assisted by their wives—ladies who seem to have inherited no small portion of their own love for philosophy, and who entered warmly into their schemes for the general good. Helen M'Dougal, the wife of Mr. Burke, was a native of Redding, near Falkirk, and is the only one of the whole party whom Scotland has the honour of producing; Mary Laird, the spouse of Mr. Hare, being a native of the country of her husband. Ireland thus boasts of three out of the four composing this confederacy in support of learning and humanity. The countenance of Mrs. Burke, like that of her husband, was severe, and herself taciturn; but this proceeded from the contemplative character of her mind, and not from any unamiable qualities,—for that she possessed many and noble ones is proved by the devotion which she bore to the intellectual and humanising pursuits of her three companions. Mrs. Hare's countenance indicated more mildness, with somewhat less intellect—though it is not to be

inferred that her mental standard was an ordinary one. It was so only by comparison with Mrs. Burke's; for she had no small portion of the same devoted love to science—and if she yielded in this respect to her friend, it was simply because nature had endowed her with somewhat less energy of character.

The number of victims which were disposed of for these good purposes is not precisely known, although it is now ascertained that they were at least sixteen—indeed, some make the number much greater. Meanwhile, during the whole of that winter, the class of Dr. Knox was observed to be surprisingly well supplied with shots, on which account he became vastly popular, and was looked upon as the best teacher in Edinburgh. Little did the pupils know to whom he was indebted for these advantages! Little was he himself aware of the process by which the shots were obtained!

Things continued in this state for some months, and science was all the better for them; when, by bad luck, that want of prudence which, unfortunately for the cause of anatomy, was a defect in Mr. Burke's character, made itself manifest, in a way which plunged Mr. Hare in great sorrow, and brought Mr. Burke himself into considerable difficulty.

Hitherto the process of victimising had been performed in concert, Mr. Hare taking upon himself the management of preliminaries, and his colleague assisting simply in the succeeding operation. It chanced, however, that the latter being, one afternoon, strongly urged to do something unaided, fixed upon an aged woman, named Margery Campbell, or Docherty. This he did without informing Mr. Hare of the circumstance. He succeeded in making a shot of her; but it must ever be regretted that he undertook this important step without the assistance of his friend; for it so happened that, instead of sending away the shot by the first opportunity, he allowed it to lie below his bed for several nights, and thus opened up the way to detection. The said Margery Campbell, or Docherty, had been seen by several persons to enter his house, and when she was amissing, this was the first place to which her friends directed their attention. The consequence was, that they found her lying dead, as

above noted; and to add to the other features of the case, it appears that she had been disposed of in a way which did any thing but credit to the skill of the operator. There was little appearance of natural death about her. On the contrary, it was evident she had been made *away with*. Such are the unfortunate consequences of destroying life upon unscientific principles. There ~~cannot be a doubt that~~, had the superintending genius of Mr. Hare been present to direct the operation, this discovery would not have been made; because, in the first place, he would not have permitted the shot to remain so long in the house; and, in the second, would have insisted upon life being extinguished upon such principles, that, even had the body been found, it would have been impossible to prove that the woman had ~~not~~ died a natural death. Mr. Burke's awkward manner of operating in this particular case has been the occasion of much surprise; for he was allowed, on all hands, to be pre-eminent at the manipulative part of the business, having an excellent mechanical turn, ~~and being, in every respect~~, a neat-handed man. It so happens with the second order of geniuses, that although they perform wonders under the eye of a superior mind, yet when left to themselves, they are worse than useless. Mr. Hare, in this respect, might be compared to Buonaparte or Wellington—those great 'master-spirits, who could direct the energies of a hundred thousand men; and Mr. Burke to Murat or Grouchy, excellent brigade generals, under the guidance of intellects superior to their own, but inefficient when placed at the head of a large force, and compelled to act for themselves. This is the only theory on which the detection of Mr. Hare's deeply-laid plans can be explained.

Be that as it may, the sapient law-officers of Edinburgh, in their great wisdom, thought fit to arrest Mr. Burke on the charge of MURDER! Such were the bigotry and ignorance of these individuals, that they actually had him dragged from his own house, and thrown, as a felon, into the public jail! Nor did their folly and injustice stop here; for they arrested his wife and Mrs. Hare upon the same preposterous charge; and, to put a climax to their iniquity, they even seized upon the person of Mr. Hare himself, and

threw him into prison! [The whole party, including the great founder of the system, were charged with committing *murder*, at a time, too, when their whole energies were devoted to save the human race, by promoting surgery and anatomy! Yes; these distinguished individuals, whose minds were unweariedly directed to protect their countrymen from *murders* at the hands of ignorant physicians and surgeons, and whose efforts have already, doubtless, had this effect to a considerable extent, were charged with being themselves guilty of *murder*! Human nature shudders to contemplate the atrocity of such an accusation, and common sense views the whole proceeding with disgust and contempt.

Neither common sense, however, nor common justice, has, in our times, much influence upon courts of law. The whole party were indicted for *murder*, and charged to stand their trial, at Edinburgh, before the High Court of Justiciary. Now, it was at this critical moment, when danger surrounded him on every side, that Mr. Hare's genius shone forth in all its native splendour. In taking the masterly step which he did take, he was actuated by the same love of science which had hitherto characterised his career. It occurred to him, that, on the event of their being found guilty of making a shot of the old woman, they would all be executed. He had no certainty that it would be possible to prove this, neither had he any that it would not. The question then came to be,—

1. If we are all hanged, science is annihilated.

2. If we are all saved, science is saved.

3. If a part of us is only saved, science is saved.

Now, in pondering upon these three incontrovertible facts, he conceived that, by some possibility, a verdict might be returned against them all; in which case anatomical science was at an end. It was probable, indeed, that they might all be dismissed *simpliciter* from the bar; but what man of genius ever trusted to probabilities? The conclusion, therefore, which he adopted was, that it was better to save science by the certain sacrifice of a part, than to risk it by the possible sacrifice of the whole. To this inference he came after much reflection; and the reader will at once see the profound wisdom

which directed him in arriving at it. The only point at issue was, who should be sacrificed, and who saved. In settling this point, he was solely guided by the interests of science, and determined to surrender the life of Mr. and Mrs. Burke, and preserve his own and that of his wife for the future good of mankind. He, at first, intended giving up the life of Mrs. Hare in favour of that of the other lady's, but saved it, on considering that, though inferior in talent to Mrs. Burke, she was more under his control, and therefore much more likely to be useful to him in his future undertakings. Having arranged these matters, he sent for the crown officers, and offered to become, as well as his wife, King's evidence against Mr. and Mrs. Burke, on condition that his own life and Mrs. Hare's might not be taken. His motives for making this offer he thought it prudent to conceal, lest the prevailing bigotry and ignorance might have prevented them from closing with the proposal, under the foolish dread of his perpetrating more murders, as they would doubtless be denominated. He kept them, therefore, to himself; determined, on his liberation, to devote, as formerly, all his energies to the interests of medical philosophy.

Taking his proposal even in its *prima facie* aspect, and without reference to his ulterior designs, supposing them to have been known, the law-officers would certainly have refused to close with him, had there not, fortunately for the cause of science, been, or supposed to have been, a deficiency of evidence. This induced them to compound with him; and they accordingly promised him and his wife their lives, provided they would do all that in them lay to hang Mr. and Mrs. Burke. To such a pitch of rancour was this stupid persecution carried on against these estimable individuals, that it seemed as if the crown officers were resolved to dethrone philosophy, and unseat Hippocrates and Galen from those chairs which they had occupied for ages. In lending himself as a witness against his friends, Mr. Hare was doing more, even immediately, for science than is at first very apparent; for he knew that if it were possible to convict them of murder, their bodies would go for dissection, and thus the interests of anatomy would be, in some measure, served,

till he was able to resume operations himself upon a more effective scale. This renders his conduct still more laudable in every point of view.

The trial of Mr. and Mrs. Burke accordingly took place on Wednesday, 24th of December, 1828, before the Lord Justice Clerk and Lords Pitmilley, Meadowbank, and Mackenzie. Both prisoners were defended with the greatest ability by gentlemen distinguished in their profession. Whether these learned counsellors were actuated by a love of science similar to that of their clients, has never been correctly ascertained; but there is every reason for indulging in the supposition that they were. It was plain that they wished Mr. and Mrs. Burke to get off; and as it is impossible they could entertain any such wish if they really supposed them to be murderers, we can only conclude that they were anxious, for the sake of anatomy, that these distinguished supporters of this art should be acquitted, and thus enabled to devote themselves, as before, to its cultivation. If such were their motives, it says much for the enlarged benevolence of the human mind, and entitles them to deserve well of their country when prejudice and bigotry are banished from the land. These gentlemen were as follow:—Counsel for Mr. Burke: Sir James Moncrief, Patrick Robertson, Esq., Duncan Macneill, Esq., and David Milne, Esq.;—counsel for Mrs. Burke: Henry Cockburn, Esq., Mark Napier, Esq., Hugh Bruce, Esq., and George Patton, Esq. The agent for both prisoners was James Beveridge, Esq., Writer to the Signet. Such are the worthy men who buckled on their armour in the cause of science and humanity.

It is needless to enter into a detail of the trial, which was long, and ably conducted on both sides. Suffice it to say, that Mr. and Mrs. Hare behaved with strict honour, giving every particle of evidence they could against their friends. They had promised to do so, and kept their word to the letter, not only on account of the said promise, but of the anatomical lectures which were then at a dead stand in consequence of the want of shots, which want would receive a temporary supply by the bodies of the two prisoners, supposing it were possible to convict them. The result was, that Mrs. Burke was acquitted for want of

proof, and her husband found *guilty* by the jury, and (*credat Judeus!*) sentenced to be hanged in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, on Wednesday the 28th of January, 1829, between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, and his body to be given to Dr. Alexander Monro for dissection. Mr. Burke bore the sentence with *great cheerfulness*. He saw that by his death anatomy was likely to be benefited, and felt, besides, the proud consciousness that his colleague, at least, would survive to pursue that happy system in which they had been engaged together.

During the period which elapsed between his sentence and execution, Mr. Burke conducted himself with great propriety, although he was treated with any thing but kindness by his bigotted persecutors, being fed on bread and water, and confined to a miserable cell, without the comfort of a fire ~~at the~~ most inclement season of the year. Nor was this all; for his reflections were constantly intruded upon by the continued arrivals of cler-~~gymen~~ and other religious persons, urging him to repent of the great *crimes* (as they called them) of which he had been *guilty*! In spite of all he could allege to the contrary, they absurdly looked upon him as a *murderer*, and set all their machinery at work to turn him from a sense of the *evil* (for so they insisted in denominating it) of his bygone life. These annoyances he endured with a meekness truly philosophical. He saw that the poor men meant well towards him, and, though exceedingly annoyed by their assiduity, he never broke out into any thing like petulance or ill-humour. The consciousness of the great cause for which he was suffering kept up his spirits to their wonted pitch; and when he reflected that science would suffer nothing by his death, seeing that his distinguished friend still survived to watch its interests, he felt, if not absolute happiness, at least nothing like low dejection. True, he longed much to have an hour's converse with Mr. Hare, which was prevented by the cruelty of the law-officers, who still retained that eminent man in confinement upon some other pretended charges of *murder*; but when he knew the impossibility of their meeting, he became quite reconciled to the separation, and sighed with ardour for the

happy morning when anatomy would receive the benefit of his own shot, and when he would become, *in propria persona*, the means of adding his mite to the empire of knowledge.

At last the day arrived when the longings of his heart were to meet with their full gratification. The details of his execution were similar in some respects to those of any other, but in others they were widely different, and had a character of originality peculiar to themselves. Indeed, no man of emipence can expect to bid adieu to this fleeting state of things without his exit being characterised by certain unusual features — such is the great advantage which eminence enjoys over the vulgar mass of men. We must, then, mention that Mr. Burke's death excited fully as much joy among the surrounding multitude who witnessed it as in his own bosom; but, ah, how different were the causes of their mirth! His was the patriot and philosopher's triumphant joy on being led forth a martyr for the good of his country; theirs the fierce pleasure of untutored savages, exhibiting itself in wild funeral yells around the scaffold of a slaughtered victim. True it is, and a disgrace to the age, that no sooner did he appear before the eyes of the crowd than shouts of execration arose from them upon every side. Curses fell upon his head like peals of thunder, and attempts were actually made to seize upon and tear him in pieces before he reached the gallows. But he bore this with the calm philosophy characteristic of his nature, knowing that they acted in ignorance, and that a day would soon arrive when ample justice would be done to his merits. Suffice it to say, that he died a death honourable in itself to him, though meant to be disgraceful by his enemies, upon whose heads alone rested all the turpitude of this miserable transaction.

Nor was public fury satisfied with the death of its victim. He was pursued, even after his decease, with unmitigated malignity. The Scotch papers, especially the *Caledonian Mercury*, *Edinburgh Evening Post*, and *Glasgow Free Press*; but in fact the whole of them, more or less, set themselves to work, with all imaginable haste, to prove that Mr. Burke was *not a Scotchman*! Yes, they undertook to prove that he was *not a Scotchman*, as

if Scotland would have been disgraced by such a person being produced upon her soil! Let it not be supposed that this was done from any feeling of justice to Ireland, the land of his birth, for no such honourable motives influenced the Scotch editors. They joined in the general cry of the day, and took it into their heads that Scotland would be injured unless it could be demonstrated that the deceased was not a native of that country. Mr. Burke, however, had one advocate, even in the midst of this insane clamour; and that advocate was, we rejoice to say, a Scotchman. The gentleman we allude to was Mr. Young, editor of the *Sun* newspaper, and a native of Inverness. He boldly took up the cudgels in defence of the honour of his native land, declared that Mr. Burke *was a Scot*; and that not only he, but Mr. Hare and the two ladies, were natives of the same country. Mr. Young probably thought so, or he would not have said it. If he said it without thinking so, however much he may be censurable on the grounds of rigid truth, he must at least be admired for that spirit of patriotism which stops at no obstacle to vindicate the honour of one's native land. Mr. Young, however, did not escape from the consequences of his heroic declaration. On the contrary, he was scurrilously assailed by the *Caledonian Mercury*, and the rest of the Scottish papers, which all opened upon him in full cry, and heaped every contumely upon his patriotic head. Such are the consequences which good men must often look for, when advocating the cause of their father-land against prejudice and ignorance.

It might perhaps be thought that the rage of the populace would have been satisfied by the execution of Mr. Burke, and the consignment of his remains to the dissecting-room;—but no! for the house of Dr. Knox was attacked, and cries, loud and clamorous, were made on all sides to hang the doctor. Considering the complete ignorance of this gentleman as to the way in which the shots were procured, it was an act of the greatest absurdity to talk of investing him with the honourable crown of martyrdom. He had, in truth, no merit whatever in the transaction; and to have hanged him would have been conferring a distinction altogether undeserved. To die for the sake of science, a man must render himself

famous in her cause; otherwise death, instead of being an honour, is a disgrace; and had Dr. Knox been brought to the scaffold, he must have been perfectly conscious that he was obtaining a distinction to which he had no just claim. In such circumstances a public death, instead of being gratifying to his feelings, would have galled them exceedingly.

We have spoken of the injustice done to Mr. Burke; but must now take notice of a piece of injury still greater, inflicted upon his colleague. It is perfectly evident that the merit of the system of procuring shots belonged to Mr. Hare; the plan was entirely his. He was the grand original who called it into existence; and the merit of giving his own name to that of the system was undoubtedly his due.* But here the same abominable spirit which guided the public press again interfered, and gave to the system the appellation of *Burking*. This they had the audacity to coin from the name of Mr. Hare's friend, without consulting Mr. Hare himself upon the subject. We have reason to know that this gentleman was much galled by so singular a piece of injustice. Considering the deep thought he had employed upon his system, and the difficulty he experienced in bringing it into operation, he fondly hoped that his own name, by being associated with it, would thus be carried down the stream of time. Great as Mr. Burke's merits were, they undoubtedly stood in a subordinate rank to his own; and he felt the wound with all the keenness of true genius, jealous of its renown—though perhaps with less of that philosophical composure which we might have looked for from the placid character of his mind. The name, unquestionably, ought to have been *Hareing*, and not *Burking*. In this respect, however, Mr. Hare is not singular, but has many eminent men to bear him out and keep him in countenance. Columbus, who discovered the New World, was robbed of the honour of giving it his name by Americo Vespucci, the Florentine navigator; and even in chemical science a base attempt has been made to change the name of the *Galvanic* into the *Voltaic* battery, and thus to throw Galvani into the shade for the purpose of aggrandising his successor Volta.

Nor was this the only injury inflicted

on Mr. Hare; for after he had become King's evidence for the behoof of science, a base attempt was made to have him tried for some other murders, pretended to have been committed by him in company with Mr. Burke and the two ladies. The motives for this step were to hang Mr. Hare, while its inevitable tendency was to destroy anatomy in Great Britain. Considering the attempt in this point of view, it was most atrocious; and must be reprobated by every one who can distinguish right from wrong. To carry this unheard-of step into operation, one Janet Wilson, mother of a poor idiot named James Wilson, *alias* Daft Jamie, presented a petition, to the Sheriff of Edinburgh, praying for a warrant against Mr. Hare, who was on the point of being liberated from prison by the High Court of Justiciary. The said petitioner had the conscience to sue this gentleman in the sum of 500*l.*—*summent* due to her by him, for having, in conjunction with the late Mr. Burke, committed the crime of murder upon the body of her relative, the late James Wilson, and so forth. Strange to say, George Tait, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Edinburgh, agreed to the prayer of the petition, and granted a *meditatione fugæ* warrant against the accused. Nor was this all; for the said Janet Wilson, being instigated by certain ignorant persons, and a subscription raised for the purpose, commenced a criminal prosecution against him—one involving, not pecuniary compensation, like the first, but the life itself of this invaluable friend to science. Against these monstrous propositions the mind of Mr. Hare revolted. He saw that if they were successfully carried into effect, anatomy, surgery, and midwifery, would not only go to ruin, but the fact of his having turned King's evidence against his friend would have been a piece of mere useless trouble—an unavailing measure—a cause, in short, without an effect. He therefore summoned to his assistance the learned Duncan Macneill, Esq., Advocate, who had so ably combated for Mr. Burke during his trial, and prepared to resist so gross an outrage. Fortunately the court was adorned with upright judges—men who loved science for its own sake, and would not suffer one of its votaries to be persecuted so cruelly. Accordingly, the Lord Justice Clerk, Lords Pitmilley, Gillies, Meadowbank, and

Mackenzie, pronounced the prosecution null and void, and ordered Mr. Hare to be set at liberty.

On being relieved from durance, he was for some time at a loss what to do. Public animosity ran so high against him that he found he could effect nothing in Edinburgh, and therefore determined to remove to his native country, where he doubted not he would be received with more honour than among the Scotch, and where he determined to carry his philanthropic principles into full operation. In attempting to escape from Scotland, he encountered such hardships as would have broken down the spirit of any common man. He was shunned as a pestilence; people pointed at him with the finger of detestation; his name was mentioned with horror, and his person assaulted with all sorts of missiles when he appeared in public. On arriving at Dumfries upon the top of the coach, the event got wind among the ignorant populace, and the inn at which he took shelter was surrounded by a mob thirsting for his blood. At last, by the ingenuity of Mr. Fraser, the worthy landlord, he got out and secured himself in the public gaol for several hours, when in the dead of night he made his escape, and, after undergoing many perils "by flood and field," reached his own country.

Nor did the general hostility confine itself to him, for his wife became in an almost equal degree its victim. She arrived, after a few days, in the Calton of Glasgow, where she was recognised by the infuriated populace, and would certainly have perished had she not been rescued by the police, who, sympathising in the cause of science, boldly rescued her out of their hands, and sheltered her in one of the cells of the lock-up house. The adventures which she met with in her passage from Glasgow to Greenock might afford materials for a romance, especially when taken in combination with the magnanimity with which she bore them—the whole inspired by her profound devotion to the great cause which actuated the spirit of her dauntless husband.

Mrs. Burke met with treatment equally unwarrantable from the ungrateful public. On being dismissed from the bar, the ruling passion of her mind never for one moment deserted her. Anatomy was the star to which her eye perpetually turned, and she

came forth from her prison more determined than ever to accomplish her designs for its advancement. Though widowed and broken in health, the energies of her masculine understanding suffered no eclipse. Science required her aid; humanity called for it, not in a voice of thunder, but in that still small voice more persuasive than the music of the spheres, more sweet than the sound of the Eolian harp or the lyre of Orpheus. Could dauntless courage, inflexible firmness, boundless zeal, have carried her through, she most certainly would have succeeded in her magnificent design; but, unhappily, events which neither courage nor zeal could surmount stood in her way, and frustrated all her intentions. The same rancorous animosity which pursued Mr. Hare and his consort attended her footsteps. She was driven from Edinburgh, where she first tried to establish herself; she then proceeded to Stirlingshire, her native county, and met with a similar reception. Carlisle was the next place which she visited, and her usage there was equally savage and unaccountable. In a word, she had no resting-place. A mark as dreadful as that of Cain seemed to have been stamped upon her forehead; and wherever she went she was received as a demon of wickedness, instead of being regarded as the patroness of science and the friend of human nature. Time, however, the redresser of grievances, will yet do justice to her name, when the present insane clamour is numbered among the things that were.

What steps were taken by the three friends after the death of Mr. Burke, for the advancement of anatomy, or whether they were able to take any at all, is unfortunately unknown. The difficulties which lay in their way were so vast, that even the genius and resources of Mr. Hare, it is feared, were unable to surmount them. Unfortunately for science, all hopes of its being benefited by his exertions are now at an end; this estimable man and eminent philosopher having died within the last few months, of a decline, brought on, it is feared, by his ardent zeal in the pursuit of his favourite scheme.

Much might be said of the moral and intellectual character of this gentleman, but his works and the motives which inspired them, as well as the

genius with which they were carried into effect, speak for themselves, and render any farther comments on this subject unnecessary. We shall therefore be silent on this theme; and as mankind are generally desirous to know the personal aspect of those who have rendered themselves famous, we shall say a few words on the appearance of him and his friends.

In stature Mr. Hare rose to about five feet eight inches, and was sparingly made rather than otherwise, but muscular, and built with considerable symmetry. His complexion, from his hard studies, was pale, his eyes black and melancholy, and his forehead narrow and low; his cheek-bones projected a good deal, and seemed to argue a Scottish origin, while he possessed the lengthened jaw which is considered proper to the natives of Caledonia.

With regard to Mr. Burke, he may be said, like Milton, to have narrowly escaped "being thick and short." He stood about five feet seven inches, and was certainly disposed to *embonpoint*, though this was repressed by studious habits, which have always a tendency to attenuate the frame; his face was full and ruddy—more so than philosopher beseems; his whiskers black and copious, and the hair of his head of the same complexion: in his dress he was rather peculiar, though not from any spirit of affectation, and generally wore a brown surcoat and a cap of that sort which the French denominate a *casquette*. In this respect he resembled the late Mr. Corder, executed for the murder of Maria Martin—only with this difference, that the latter wore the front of his cap a good deal over his face, and cocked upon the head, while Mr. Burke allowed his countenance to be fully exposed, by having the cap placed so as to come down well upon the back of the head. These particulars may seem trifling, but in reality they are not so, as from them can be deduced some of the nicest differences of human character.

Of Mrs. Burke, truth demands it to be told that nature was not bountiful to her in external form. Her countenance was harsh, meagre, stern, and forbidding, and her person not more pleasing to the eye of taste. The bounties of nature were lavished upon her understanding; and, when this is the case, it matters little with what share of physical beauty she was gifted.

Of Mrs. Hare's personal aspect we can speak more favourably: she was comely in look, with a clear skin, good eyes, abundance of glossy red hair, and an expression of much benevolence, mingled with no small share of intellect. She was altogether a good-looking, and even pretty, woman, and added lustre, by her charms as well as genius, to the cause to which she devoted her energies.

— Since the death of Mr. Burke, there is a chasm in the annals of the science, which we have been unable to fill up. It cannot be doubted that the example of the four friends must have been followed to a considerable extent by others, who had, or fancied they had, the same desire to advance science; — but whatever triumphs may have been achieved in this way, can only be left to conjecture. Such, at least, was the state of things till the recent appearance before the public of Messrs. Bishop and Williams. These gentlemen possessed many qualities in common with the founder of the system. It must be admitted, however, that they more nearly resembled Mr. Burke than his great master, both in the character of their genius and in the state of their personal feelings. It is not to be inferred from this they equalled even him, for in some points their inferiority is palpably manifest. In classing these individuals together, Mr. Hare may be looked upon as the Gall of his system, Mr. Burke as the Spurzheim, and Messrs. Bishop and Williams as the Combe and the Elliotson; that is to say, they held the same respective stations in eminence as these phrenologists do to each other. The inferiority of the two London professors over their Irish prototypes is manifest in nothing more strongly than in the speedy detection of their plans — they only succeeding in sending three shots to the dissecting-room undischarged; in attempting to pass the fourth — a poor Italian boy, named Carlo Ferrari — they were detected. Now, Messrs. Hare and Burke were ascertained to have performed the process fifteen times (according to some, fifty) without detection — a decided proof of superior discretion and skill. Indeed, the genius possessed by Messrs. Bishop and Williams, though in many respects praiseworthy, was ill-directed, and by much too ambitious in proportion to its powers. In proof of this,

they were not contented with treading faithfully in the footsteps of their masters, but must needs try to improve upon their process. Now, this pretended improvement consisted in holding the victim of science by the heels into a well till he was disposed of. Nothing could be worse judged; and it strikes us that in so doing they were influenced by no small portion of self-conceit, as well as a vain wish to rival the renown of their masters. It is idle to imagine that change necessarily involves improvement, and more idle still is the hope to render more perfect that which is perfect in itself. True it is that Newton improved the telescope of Galileo, and Watt the steam-engine; but is it not equally true that when the Romans tried to ameliorate the chaste simplicity of the Greek architecture by the institution of the Tuscan, they most signally failed? The Composite is no improvement on the rich and elegant Corinthian; nor have modern times been able to snatch the laurel from Apelles, or to produce such statues as those of Phidias and Praxiteles. In like manner the comparative weakness of Messrs. Burke and Williams was made manifest when brought into contrast with the peculiar energy of their great teachers.

It is the more necessary to remark these circumstances, for an attempt has recently been made to elevate Mr. Bishop to a height to which he is not at all entitled, and to strip its honours from the head of Mr. Burke. We have already remarked how unjustly the public press acted when it defrauded Mr. Hare of the renown of giving his name to the operation of which he was the founder, and conferred it on his friend. This was bad, but still it might have been passed over when we consider the actual merits of the individual upon whom it was conferred. What, however, are we to think of the same press, when it made an effort to give Mr. Bishop's name to the system, and to baptise it *Bishoping* instead of *Burking*. Yes, the attempt has been made, and made, too, by publications with which on other points we have the pleasure of agreeing, and for whose talents and industry we entertain the highest respect. The attempt to rob Galvani of his honour was not more unjust, was not more base. True, this change has been proposed, not from any apparent insensibility to the tran-

scendent merits of Mr. Burke, or any overweening admiration of Mr. Bishop's merits, but appears to proceed from the fact of the bishops having been accessory to *Burking* the reform bill in the House of Lords. Yet what a picture of inequitable conduct does this exhibit, when, for the purpose of levelling a dead thrust (for so the ignorant portion of the world will deem it) at the bishops, the greatest injustice is attempted to be practised on the reputation of one of the most ardent friends of science the world ever saw!

The inferiority of Messrs. Bishop and Williams, therefore, was manifest; but with every drawback, these two professors were creditable to the English name, and conferred no small honour on London. Like Mr. Burke, they died in the cause of science, and went to the scaffold rejoicing that anatomy would in some slight degree be benefited by their own shots; while, at the same time, they experienced the regret of generous minds that they were prevented by the perverse cruelty of the law from carrying into effect their unmeditated plans for its improvement. As for May, who was accused along

with them, and condemned (but afterwards respited), he was a poor creature, and quite unworthy of perishing with them in their glorious cause. He had no grasp of mind, and was so destitute of that courage necessary for the system, that he fainted when he got his respite. Messrs. Bishop and Williams, in fact, were ashamed of him: they saw that science would be disgraced by his execution, and shewed with success that he had not the honour to be associated with them in any of their enterprises. In consequence of these representations, the poor creature's life was saved, and they alone had the honour of dying in the good cause.

It is not necessary to pursue this subject farther. We believe that there are still a few minor lights carrying on the practice in a small way, but none worthy of being named with the two last-mentioned professors, and still less with Messrs. Hare and Burke. All we can say is, Go on and prosper. The time must come when prejudice will pass away from the earth, and when those whose lights are now hid under a bushel will appear exposed in broad day to the eye of an admiring world.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

* * In the above excellent quiz, our friend the Modern Pythagorean seems to have been inspired with the same ludicrous desire to practise on the gullibility of the reader which influenced Dean Swift in his proposal for eating children, and Mr. De Quincey when he penned his erudite lecture in praise of murder conducted on *scientific principles*.—See the twenty-first vol. of *Blackwood*. In point of seriousness, the reader (unless a member of the long-eared fraternity, which we hope he is not) will perceive that the Dean, the Opium-Eater, and our Contributor, are very much upon a par. Indeed, such is the solemn gravity in which the Pythagorean has veiled the rich humour running through his *feu d'esprit*, that we should not be surprised if a few of our long-eared friends (always supposing REGINA to have a few, as well as her neighbours) should believe him to be in serious earnest, when, in reality, he is practising upon them an excellent joke.

O. Y.

SOLITUDE.

At such a time as this the mind throws off
Its innate helplessness, and soars above
All earthly bonds; and now the world's dull scoff
Is felt not in that ocean of deep love
The human heart; in whose full ebb and flow
All idle griefs and troubles quickly go.
But there's a passionate longing in the breast
For something which we know not of,—so deep,
So full of that which cannot be expressed,—
It makes the very flesh to stir and creep
With apprehension of some unseen power;
Then glimpses of those things no tongue hath guessed
Fall on the heart like a soft summer shower
Or on the thirsty sod or drooping flower.

ZETA.

ABOLITION OF THE PEERAGE.

THE principle—if principle it may be called—which actuates the leading statesmen of France and England at the present extraordinary crisis, is avowedly that which regulates the conduct of the highwayman or house-breaker. “To rob a man of his purse on Hounslow Heath, I know is a crime severely condemned by the laws of God, and punishable by death, according to the laws of England,” says Captain Grey, a noted *gentleman* of the road; “but I am forced,” says he, “to rob by my necessities. I am driven to these acts of guilt by my exigencies, or by my mistress. I am poor, and yet I must live; money I *must* have, and it happens that the Hounslow bank is the only one upon which I can draw, and where my check or my pistol is sure of being honoured.”

“To abolish the hereditary peerage of France is an unwise and an unjust measure,” exclaims Casimir Perrier, the prime minister of Louis Philippe; “but the people demand the sacrifice, the mob yearn for their degradation, the *bourgeois* hate the aristocracy, and, as an honest and conscientious minister, I must yield to *public opinion*, and sanction every act of robbery or spoliation which they demand, but which in my own heart I deprecate.”

These are the principles of the day—these are the maxims which guide the ascendant arbiters of the two first nations in Europe. To rob a peer of his coronet and his jewels is an act of monstrous injustice, equally reprehensible as the stealing a poor man’s pig, or seducing his daughter; but the “people” cheer the robber on in his acts of spoliation, and public opinion, detestable though it be, and repugnant to all our ideas of right and justice, sanctifies the deed, hallows the crime, and merges every rule of law and property in some assumed and revolting doctrine of *expediency*.

When Charles I. signed the death-warrant of Strafford, he did so contrary to his own inclination, and in conformity to the wishes of the Commons of England and of public opinion. In that unfortunate catastrophe he sacrificed conviction, and a sense of justice, to expediency; he dipped his fingers in blood, to gratify his faithful ad-

visers; he outraged the laws of heaven and earth, in order to conciliate an unprincipled and sanguinary faction; but the same men to whose doctrines he assented, to whose dictum he bowed, to whose levelling innovations he too readily subscribed, led their royal master to the block, and triumphed in the expiation of their own follies and crimes by virtue of the martyrdom at Whitehall.

Far be it from our intention to deduce, or even imagine, any similar results from the policy of kings or ministers in the present times. But history is a sacred record; and we cannot too frequently place its lessons before us, if we have any wish to eschew the errors and crimes which are incident to human nature.

What is it that impels a man to risk his life upon the ocean, or amid the swamps of pestilential climates, in the service of his country, but the strong and natural desire to realise a fortune, and obtain an honourable fame? The patriotism which does not aspire to these rewards is the patriotism of an idiot. It is for wealth and distinction, probably only for a competency in the first instance, that makes the weaver toil sixteen hours a-day, and the poor barrister, who hopes to be chancellor, carry an empty bag, for twenty years, to the back seats of a court of law. He who has acquired wealth in an honourable way, either by his industry or inventions at home, or by his sword in the wars, naturally seeks other rewards, equally dear to his ambition. We shall suppose him to have earned the gratitude of his country and the favours of his sovereign. He is elevated to the peerage; why? because his merits entitle him to a higher station in society than that in which he had formerly stood. But next to himself are his children. How mean would be that ambition which could have no anxieties about them—no wish to transmit to them the honours he had fairly won—no desire to place them in the same high position in society to which he had raised himself, and which they alone, perhaps, are capable of enjoying! It is contemptible selfishness, based upon the vilest of all human incentives, that would restrict a father to a life-interest only

in the honours he had acquired, and deny him the right, and the truly noble gratification, of transmitting to his legitimate posterity the titles which his sovereign had conferred upon him. Such titles, so restricted, would not be worth accepting from the best prince in Europe; they would be barren honours, inspiring no sense of gratitude, exciting no feeling of pride, worn reluctantly by a sick man at the close of a long life, to be taken from his family at his death, and buried with him in his coffin. Such rewards for services would be a mere mockery—such empty titles would confer no nobility. The law might as well restrict him from devising his property, as restrict him from transmitting his honours to his family. All the pride of noble birth, illustrious rank, and ancient descent, would be annihilated by such a law; and the aristocracy of the country would become an aristocracy of pawnbrokers, he being considered of the first grade who had the largest balance at his bankers, or the greatest number of tea-spoons and caudle-cups in his shop-window.

The French Chamber of Deputies, however, seem to view the matter in a very different light. They are willing that the crown should be hereditary, but the coronet only elective. The Duke of Orleans is to retain the privileges of his birth, while these are to be withheld from the sons of all the other peers of France. The honours which the people have conferred on their citizen king are to remain hereditary and in perpetuity in his family, while those belonging to his noblesse are to die with them. But this is not all. The peers of France are to be elected by his majesty's ministers. For instance, M. Casimir Perrier, a banker of Paris, while he remains prime minister, and provided the present bill pass into a law, is to have the nomination of those life-rent peers who shall constitute the second estate in the realm. What will be the result? Why, just this, that the minister *pro tem.* shall have the power of electing his own creatures—excluding from the upper house every man opposed to his measures—packing the Chamber of Peers with so many puppets, whose sole business will be to record the edicts of the Chamber of Deputies—of miserable, servile, truckling, obedient, and dependent puppets, sent

into that house with the brand of the slave imprinted on their foreheads, to be at the beck and nod of M. Casimir Perrier. Call this a peerage, indeed! Call these men—these princes and counts of a French comedy, who must speak by the book, and do what is set down for them—call these men peers, or independent legislators, indeed! The thing is disgusting—it is an insult to common sense, and shews to what a degree of debasement and absurd folly the mania of revolution will carry its dupes.

But there are secret motives, many impelling reasons, which are not visible on the surface; and we think we have a key to this extraordinary enigma of a hereditary monarchy and a ministerial peerage.

Death has not yet weeded unhappy France of all the abettors of the first revolution. The fire has not yet consumed all the tares. A leaven of the old Jacobins still remains—active, restless, and intriguing, as at first—cherishing in their imbecile dotage their early hatred of monarchy and monarchical institutions, sighing for their pure and imaginary republic, and stirring heaven and earth to effect that by wile and stratagem, by fraud and hypocritical professions, which they formerly effected by more direct means,—by open treason and wholesale assassination.

A remnant of these heartless and unprincipled men, we say, still remains. They have found a king formed according to their own wishes, and ready to promote their most secret designs. His claim to their patronage and favour he inherited from his father. Subtle and avaricious, mean and unprincipled, affectedly plebeian in his manners and temporising in his policy, he is prepared to yield to the circumstances of the times, and succumb to those who alike despise him, his house, the bauble which he calls his crown, and the right by which he wears it. These Jacobins are therefore playing their old game, but playing it more warily. To have leaped from monarchism to republicanism at one spring would have been impolitic and dangerous. This would at once have raised the old battle cry in all the kingdoms of Europe. The spirit of the old Duke of Brunswick would have been seen by night wielding his trenchant blade in the plains of Germany. The infant

republic, with none but poor, worn-out, pantaloon statesmen, the spectres of 1793, and with no second Napoleon, with the soul and energy of the first, to protect it, would have been crushed at the outset, and its Parisian coterie of drivellers either hanged or sent to the galleys. They felt their helplessness, and foresaw their peril. They adopted a safer course, and compromised their principles, by accepting a charter which they scorned, and a constitutional monarchy which was the subject of their bitterest jests,—consoling themselves with the impotence they had enshrined in royalty, the feebleness of the man of their choice, the hope of recognition, which would allay for a season foreign resentment, and leave them sufficient breathing time to mature their plans, and consolidate their resources. In a republic—the old, beautiful, and *bloodless* republic of France—they intended to merge at length. They never for one moment lost sight of this desirable consummation. They threw the robes of royalty over the person of their citizen sovereign merely as a disguise. They made Louis Philippe their Trojan horse. They placed him on a temporary throne, erected for the purpose, as the stage of a mountebank is erected at a village fair, solely to delude the astonished diplomatists, and much more astonished kings of Europe. They put a sceptre in his hand, which it was stipulated he should wield precisely as they directed. The crown which they placed on his head it was agreed should remain there only during their will and pleasure, and not one moment longer; and the complacent king, as agreed upon, promised to lay it at their sovereign feet whenever they should call upon him to do so. And they gained their object. England, under the tottering administration of the Duke of Wellington, was the first to recognise this straw-made and scarecrow king. The then English ministers gave the mob of Paris credit for their moderation, their abstemiousness in the hour of victory, their good sense in adhering to the charter, and their election of a king whose popularity clothed him with all the influence of efficient restraint, and whose principles were a guarantee to Europe of peace and repose.

No one will deny that France, previously to the issue of the ordinances

and the *three days*, had been governed according to the charter. She had a House of Peers consisting of the noblesse of France, of old hereditary peers, and those created by Louis XVIII. and Charles X.,—she had her Chamber of Deputies elected according to law and the provisions of the charter. But when Louis Philippe was placed on his mock throne, let us see how the Chamber of Deputies, one estate of the realm only, acted. Did they pay any respect to the charter? No. They at once annulled the peerages created by Charles X. They by an arbitrary vote expelled from the upper house all the peers created by this unfortunate and ill-advised prince, exercising an authority which the law did not give them, usurping a power which was unconstitutional, and making themselves judges and jurors in a case which they had no more right to adjudicate upon than the Commons of England have, with regard to the creations of George IV.

Where then goes their moderation, their prudence, or their sense of justice? The moment the reins were placed in their hands their conduct evinced all the caprice and absolutism of a conclave of tyrants. They trampled the charter under foot; they scuttled and swamped the upper house, as independent a branch of the legislature, in law, as themselves; they at the same time reformed their own house, it is true, by extending the franchise, and admitting an augmented number of commoners; but they did this to favour and promote the objects of revolution, for the new members returned were almost exclusively of that class which belongs to the *movement* party, the fiercest jacobins of France, the republicans *par excellence*, who are ready to place their shoulders to the wheel, and hurry on those ultra-revolutionary measures which the citizen king, although armed with his umbrella, is totally unable to resist.

Do we stop here to inquire, whether Louis Philippe holds his place in public opinion which it was asserted he did when his faithful citizens of Paris, who disdain being termed his "subjects," called him to the throne? It is a repulsive task—it is a painful recital—it is a humiliating detail; but we should flinch from our duty if we passed it over in silence. We shall come to more important considerations.

anon; but here it is proper to speak of the situation, unpleasant though it be, in which the patriotic king is placed by his faithful deputies. M. Lafitte, who was his minister when he ascended the throne, when "young France," glorying in its triumph of paving-stones over holster-pistols, proclaimed him to be the best of kings, and the idol of a regenerated people, obtained for him, by acclamation, a civil list of 18,000,000 francs. It served the purposes of the revolutionary party to appear liberal to excess, and in heart and soul devoted to the interests of the best of constitutional sovereigns. A year and a day have scarcely elapsed before these liberal patriots have entirely changed their views. Instead of 18,000,000, these gentlemen now only grant him 12,000,000. M. Casimir Perrier's proposition of 14,000,000 was rejected in the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority, considering the materials of which that chamber is composed. To the minister's urgent entreaties they replied by a vote of dissent. They evinced some sagacity, though not much loyalty in this. To a king who can walk the streets, with his umbrella in hand, bowing to every fiacre driver and costermonger who condescends to salute him, 12,000,000 francs a-year are as much as 18,000,000 to one who disdains to set his foot on the filthy pavement of his capital city. They have accordingly, from the purest principles of patriotism, and an unfeigned regard for his comforts, docked him of one-third of his income. They have, moreover, for the same reasons, deprived him of some of his royal domains, taking from him two or three of the best grazing parks in the vicinity of St. Cloud, stripping him of all superfluous land, and although giving him the opportunity of a day's hunting in certain places, shutting him, in reality, as much up in the Palais Royal as we should do were we to confine William IV. in the Marshalsea or the Tower of London. But we must not mince matters. Louis Philippe is at this moment as unpopular in France as ever Charles X. was. When the last-named king abolished the censorship, on his accession to the throne, he was what is termed "popular" in the highest degree. Louis Philippe never was, and never will be so popular. The old jacobin feeling which had subsided, or, at least, had lost its

hopes and its energy, when Charles X. came to the throne, has been revived, and its caustic sneers, and bitter ridicule, and revigorated passions, are all directed against the reigning and hitherto considered popular monarch. The Carlists of France naturally hate him; the Bonapartists hate him still more; the Republicans, as they have all along considered him as their tobi, take every opportunity to spurt their verjuice in his face, and proclaim that they not only hate but despise him. Give him the benefit of all that is said and done in his favour—all that an ostentatious display can gain from the mob—all that obsequious familiarity can wring from the vulgar—all that pretence can extort from the weak, or favours conferred can purchase from the needy and the servile,—he is nevertheless most unpopular; and it would not surprise us, if, before many days, we saw him resign the crown which "young France" placed upon his head, and, disgusted with exhibitions which only lead to sorrow of heart, retire into that privacy which under certain circumstances is considered the "post of honour."

But humiliating as these admissions are, seeing how far they detract from the confidence which certain persons repose on public opinion, and the sentiments of the middle and "intelligent classes of society," we have more to tell, and still more recent occurrences to consider, which, when viewed dispassionately, place the last revolution of France, and the object of its abettors, in a truer though more repulsive light. We allude to the ministerial measure, sanctioned, of course, by Louis Philippe, of abolishing the hereditary peerage of France, and substituting in its stead a peerage to be elected by the sovereign *nominally*, but by the minister and the Chamber of Deputies *in reality*. The project for the suppression of the peerage having been submitted to the consideration of a committee of the Upper Chamber, called a general commission, consisting of fourteen members, they were divided in opinion, seven being in favour of the project and seven opposed to it. The report which they presented to the Chamber under these peculiar circumstances, was drawn up by the Duke de Cazes, and is supposed to contain all the arguments for and against the measure. We beg leave

to submit a specimen of these to our readers. The first is in favour of an hereditary peerage :

"That the *hérédité* gives greater force and independence to the peerage, no one thinks of contesting; that it is in this respect a powerful guarantee for the country, reason affirms and facts prove; that the destruction of this guarantee will be of no advantage to liberty or to the crown itself, but which the one, however, will gain in power what the other loses in stability, your commission are unanimously of opinion, and we are too certain that this conviction is yours also, to consider any exertion necessary to induce you to partake of it with us. We deem it especially our duty to submit to you the principles and the facts which have led us to this conclusion, before we pass to the examination of the circumstances, the application of which alone has divided our opinions. Enlightened by so many vicissitudes and different chances, the country at the present day understands its interests."

"What it wishes, and what you are asking for, is the consolidation of the constitutional government. We have already told you that this government could be stable only in proportion as the three powers which compose it preserve in their character the necessary strength and independence. The royal power derives strength from its perpetuity, from the sanction of the law, the action of the administration, and the command of the army. The popular power has for it the opinion which it creates and renews, the voting of taxes, the impeachment of ministers, and that constant interference with the acts of a ministry, more powerful even than accusation. In presence of all these means of action, what will be the means of resistance possessed by the Chamber of Peers, frequently required to contend against the other two powers, whether it places itself as mediator between them, or whether it contends with them both — called upon, also, by its position and its nature, to resist public opinion by opposing itself to its passions and its prejudices? Its perpetuity was its force — by that its independence was insured. Opinion does not separate power from duration; the idea of ability and experience is justly connected, in all minds, with that which is hereditary. *The loss of the hérédité would deprive the peerage of this conservative instinct, this spirit of conduct, which is perpetuated in such bodies, is transmitted from age to age as a family tradition, and renders their experience, their principles, and their politics,*

as hereditary as the titles of the members which compose them. It was perpetuity which constituted the wisdom and the strength of the Roman senate, as well as the greatness of Rome herself — which raised our parliaments to the rank of political bodies, and insured their independence by giving to them that admirable character and manner which procured them the respect of nations. Property is the basis and foundation of societies. Without transmission there is no property; therefore the *hérédité* is itself the basis of society as well as of families. It is said the *hérédité* is a privilege! No doubt; but a constitutive privilege of societies — a privilege like that of property, like all the conventions which have substituted right for force. It is the privilege of the son over the stranger, of the will which survives over the matter which is extinct; it is the first, the true condition, the corner-stone of social order. But, say they, if the hereditaryship of property is a privilege, it is the privilege of all — whilst the *hérédité* of the peerage, on the contrary, is a personal prerogative: on this account it is offensive to the masses desirous of equality, enemies of aristocratical distinctions. We shall now proceed to establish the principles and the facts. Privileges are favours granted, not for the common advantage, but the advantage of individuals. Reason, the principles of our government, and public manners, equally reject them. In every well-organised society rights are the only means of accomplishing duties, and that is true even of the rights of the prince. Rights conceded for the advantage of all are not privileges, but institutions. The peerage is no more a privilege for the peers than the deputation for the deputies, or than even the crown for the king. Utility is the supreme rule — it is the common right — it is the law of the law. If the *hérédité* be useful, it is no longer a privilege; besides, why call by this name a right to which all the social superiorities may pretend — a right open to all classes of society? At Rome, so long as the patricians were the only candidates for the consulships, this office was in reality a privilege; but this privilege was annulled the moment when every Roman might aspire to this honour; and no one can pretend to discover any thing so hostile to equality, in a power open to every ambition and every capacity."

In what follows will be found the reasons assigned for the abolition of the *hérédité* : —

"Is it not natural that, when laws

have been insufficient for their own defence, the people who have fought and conquered for them, thinking to find in the bad organisation of the conservative bodies of these laws the cause of their weakness, should seek, in the changes of this organisation, a guarantee against violations the renewal of which they wish to prevent? It may no doubt happen, that in the pre-occupation of a recent and strong impression, persons may be led astray, and think they shall find the security they seek even in the destruction of the guarantee which might most contribute to maintain it. It is thus that, at the last and solemn trial of elections, made in the presence of the grand question upon which you are called to pronounce, that opinion was strongly opposed, in the greatest part of France, to an hereditary peerage. With whatever feelings the movements of the mind are judged, its symptoms cannot be denied or its principle misunderstood. *The ministry and the other chamber have drawn thence the conviction of an imperious necessity, which they have obeyed.* An imposing majority has adopted the suppression of an hereditary peerage—a suppression which the ministry had only proposed as a *painful necessity, called forth by the public wish, and which imposed upon it the sacrifice of its personal conviction, however deep it might be.* Yours, gentlemen, should it even be still deeper, would undoubtedly not hesitate to sacrifice it; and your committee would have been unanimous in the conviction of this duty, if you had in the same degree the consciousness of its necessity, if you were fully satisfied that this sacrifice was demanded by the maintenance of social order and the happiness of the country. But the whole committee has not been unanimous upon this point: seven of its members have thought that wisdom commanded them, for the tranquillity of the country, to relinquish their opinion and to adopt the royal propositions; seven others have thought, on the contrary, that no consideration ought to determine you to give up a vital principle, the destruction of which would be the annihilation of the peerage itself. Your wisdom will decide. In order that you may do it with more facility, we deem it our duty to expose to you rapidly the facts and principles which have influenced the two opinions that have divided us. An hereditary peerage, said those of us who thought it their duty to reject this provision of the law—an hereditary peerage is an essential requisite; it can alone replace the action of the elective principle from whence the Chamber of Deputies derives its origin. If an hereditary peerage is to disappear,

you might as well suppress the peerage, and not preserve a second chamber, mutilated and deprived of the principle which renews and vivifies it. It is vain for us to consult the wish of public opinion—the action of circumstances. Nothing proves this opinion to be general and serious—nothing proves these circumstances to be really insurmountable; every day may disclose, under the influence of the press, an artificial erroneous opinion, demanding the sacrifice of an institution. Far from giving way to the first shock of this opinion, it is precisely in order to resist such influences, and to prevent these transitory attacks, that the peerage has been constitutionally established upon a durable basis. It should not therefore be sacrificed to the errors against which it is instituted.

“Public opinion demands the suppression of an hereditary peerage as a liberal guarantee.” In 1814, it was reserved by the crown as a means of influence and power. The charter, the first homologation of the new public right called for by France, left to the king the right of creating peers for life or hereditary; and this unequal division, which was supposed to have been dictated by motives little creditable, perhaps, to the principal illustrations of new France, led, as we have already stated, public opinion to a better conception of the advantages of an hereditary peerage. Cannot the same attempt be renewed now, in a uniform manner, and under different inspiration, without putting the state into danger? If the ruin of the constitution was attached to this measure, no doubt the Chamber of Peers should inflexibly resist; and scorning the apparent objection of being actuated by interested motives, it should venture all for the defence of social order, as it did, on a recent occasion, to insure the independence of justice. This is not the case, and the duty is not the same. This time the question is not a question of judiciary conscience and personal danger, but a government and political question. *We have to consider how, under the influence of the late events, in the present disposition of public opinion, the Chamber of Peers can in the best way fulfil its mission of maintaining order, serving the throne and the public liberties within the limits of the law.* The relinquishment of a right may, in a given circumstance, be the means of force against anarchical pretensions. On nearly every social question, the immense majority in France is moderate, and friendly to order. The question is not to give to this majority any occasion to complain, or let it join grievances with those violent opinions from which it generally keeps aloof, were

it even necessary, in order to obtain this end, to give way to some susceptible minds—to modify certain guarantees until they are better understood and regretted. Without admitting the lawfulness of the imperative mandates, and taking them only for symptoms of the domineering spirit, must we not acknowledge that the electoral opinion reproduced by the votes of the other Chamber was to a great majority contrary to the maintenance of an hereditary peerage, and that an immediate trial attempted upon this opinion would excite it still more? The peers, in uniting against the imposing majority of the other Chamber, will undoubtedly make a painful sacrifice; but can they hesitate, if at this price they insure the actual harmony of the powers, in saving them from a struggle which would weaken them more than a concession itself? Permanent members of an assembly, the ascendancy of which it is the interest of the crown to strengthen by choices worthy of them, they will have on their side the popularity of a noble disinterestedness, the ulterior influence of public discussion, and that authority of principles and experience which is necessarily attached to the immovability of a political body. With the suppression of an hereditary peerage the legislative vote of the Chamber of Peers will not be less powerful to modify, suspend, or reject every resolution which might be contrary to the interests of the state. Secure from the reproach of personal interest, having satisfied the exaggeration of anti-aristocratical suspicion, the Chamber of Peers will possess more moral strength to repel new pretensions. It will no longer be accused of seeking and defending its own privileges in all social questions. It will be acknowledged that it has no other interest and aim, in its efforts, than the maintenance of the constitutional throne, public liberties, private property, and the common right of civilised men, which is at present threatened by a spirit of anarchy. Thus, the Chamber of Peers, a necessary part of the state, would preserve its conservative mission; it would be more closely connected with the throne; and it is a public guarantee after a change of dynasty. It would have nothing offensive to the spirit of equality, so prevailing in these times; and it is also a happy condition for a power charged by its nature to check and to maintain. In this new situation the Chamber would perhaps gain political credit with the people and affinity with the public mind, that it would have lost by the relinquishment of a contested privilege. But will not this relinquishment be the beginning of

a greater ill? Will not the Chamber of Peers, stripped of its hereditary light, be hereafter attacked in its existence? We have shared this fear, assured as we are by the good sense of the public which has sprung up in France, and learned so much for the last forty years. It is not, undoubtedly, sheltered against prejudices and against being attacked; but it is invariably fixed upon certain political maxims, which have been unfortunately too long misunderstood. The existence of a second legislative removable Chamber—the necessity that it should be independent of the popular vote—and that, faithful to the best interests of the nation, it should not comply with the capricious opinions of the times:—such are the government maxims which henceforward enter into the domain of public reason. Some minds may still, and will always, attack them; but all shades of enlightened opinions combine in defending them, and they have the sanction of principle and of experience. Thus, with the strengthening of order and public liberty, the legal rights of the Chamber of Peers, seconded by its services, far from ever being in danger, will expect every thing from the progress of public opinion, which cannot always misunderstand the advantages of the salutary principle now rejected, and not keep an account of the duty which will be imposed on your patriotism.

“Such are, gentlemen, the principal considerations which have determined one half of your commission to give their suffrages to the royal project.”

The whole of the reasons contained in this excellent piece of circumlocution may be expressed in one of its sentences: “Public opinion demands the suppression of an hereditary peerage, as a liberal guarantee.”

Just so: the commons are resolved that their will shall be the law of France; that a peer of France, instead of being an independent legislator, shall be merely an instrument in the hands of the deputies, to be bent, and twisted, and used for any purposes to which the minister may think proper to apply it. And this new order of peers is to be substituted for the present, not from any conviction on the mind of M. Casimir Perrier that such a change is desirable, or defensible on the score of principle, or as having a tendency to render the peers themselves more useful and independent as members of parliament, but because “public opinion,” which is more variable than the wind, demands the

change at this particular crisis. Nay, more: the promoters of the measure do not conceal their fears that the change will entirely destroy the conservative influence of the peerage, and render the democratic interests supreme and irresistible. The usages of every well-governed country in Europe, they admit, are against the measure. It is, by their own confession, a wild speculation, justified by no necessity but "public opinion."

What, then, are we to think of men who, in the face of the world, lend themselves to carry a measure which in their hearts they condemn, and which they frankly avow is calculated to produce great evils? What is their paltry excuse? Why, that of Sir Robert Peel, when he apostatised on the Catholic Bill, and gave his assistance in carrying a measure repugnant to the principles he had professed through life, and which he still continued to profess, adding insult to injury, at the very moment he was openly acting as their fiercest enemy. In the case of Sir Robert Peel, the allegation that state necessity and "public opinion" impelled him to act contrary to his principles, was not true. Public opinion was opposed to the Catholic claims; and who knows whether, in the case of M. Perrier, the "public opinion" to which he bends is not also a fiction. It is no doubt true that the old jacobins are favourable to a measure which is indirectly, but not the less surely, hastening the crisis which they most ardently desire, the revival of their republic, and a new crusade against the monarchies and established institutions of other nations; but we fearlessly deny that the *mind* of France is in favour of this new order of services. The *doctrinaires* and the mob of Paris are perhaps in favour of the change, merely because it is a change; but for the same reason they would not object to a new king, and a new charter, and a new minister, every six months. But are the sentiments of the shopkeepers of a metropolis the sentiments of a country generally? Even if they were, is a minister justified in following them contrary to his oath and his conviction, at a period of excitement, too, when the opinions of to-day shall probably wear a new costume to-morrow, and are likely to be derided, if not forgotten, this day month? If this doctrine

is to be held in esteem, and faithfully acted upon, what security is there for the institutions of any country? It is the doctrine of an anarchist: it means confusion—it must lead to perpetual strife—make law and the regulations of commerce a dead letter, and plunge the inhabitants of every country who live by their industry into ruin and misery.

It is said that the secret motive for this sweeping change in the peerage of France, is the insecurity of the new dynasty. Louis Philippe, it is averred, does not consider the crown safe upon his head so long as a hereditary noblesse created by his predecessors retain an independent influence in the kingdom. But this can be nothing but a pretext. This may be *his* excuse. He must see that the present peers are already so overawed that they are prepared to sanction the sacrifice of themselves. They are willing, good easy simpletons! to sign their own death-warrant. Why, then, not put confidence in men who are made of such pliable stuff, and such accommodating habits? Would it not be safer to trust to an independent nobility than to one fettered by the deputies—who shall be but the deputies of the deputies—the feeble tools of the democracy? If the commons have already the power first to decimate the peers, and rob the remainder of their hereditary rights, what guarantee has the new dynasty in the character, or principles, or affections of such men? "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown," and the citizen king has already experienced the truth of the maxim. Since the proposition for the abolishing of the *hérédité* was first mooted, Louis Philippe has fallen considerably in the estimation of his loving subjects—we beg their pardon, not his *subjects*, but his "comrades and fellow-citizens." If his popularity continues to decline at this rate for a few months, there is no saying where his majesty shall be on the second anniversary of the *Three Days*. His object when he ascended the throne, and when the fervour of the paving-stone heroes had somewhat cooled, should have been to curb the restless and perpetual love of change peculiar to the French people. Experience should have taught him that to encourage it, or follow it, is to proceed on the broad way to destruction. We are afraid, however, he has

already gone too far—no, not *afraid*, nor even much concerned, for we do not care a single *sous* what becomes of him. He is incapable of governing the French. He has put the reins into the hands of the jacobins, and they, we doubt not, will make short work of the “new dynasty.”

While these proceedings are taking place in France, and exciting the consternation of Europe,—Russia looking westwards, with her guns primed and loaded, Austria polishing her bayonets, Prussia watching upon her frontiers, and Holland couching like a lion ready to leap on the hinds of Belgium, let us take a hasty glance at the proceedings of Earl Grey and the reformers of England.

If we have spoken reprehensively of the conduct of the French minister in suppressing the hereditary peerage of France, in what terms shall we speak of that measure with which we are threatened at home, namely, the swamping of our own peerage, in order to carry the Reform Bill? “Make new peers,” cries the *Times* newspaper; “why are they not made already?” “I am resolved to do it,” replies Earl Grey, “but the time is not yet come.”

Let us see how this matter stands. Which is the greater offence, the abolition of an hereditary peerage after a revolution has taken place, or the inundating an old peerage with new members, for the purpose of effecting a revolution? M. Perrier pleads guilty to the first charge, and Lord Grey must plead guilty to the second, if he carry his mesallies and intentions into operation. In our opinion, the last is the greater evil, and, consequently, the greater crime. Casimir Perrier might have been forced into the measure of which he conscientiously disapproves; but Lord Grey, so far from being the instrument of a superior power—so far from being urged to the task by any other class of persons than the rabble of London and the large manufacturing towns—is making this obnoxious measure the means of adhering to office, and retaining for himself and his relations a longer lease of the enormous emoluments they receive from the public.

Louis Philippe of France might have had just cause to suspect the fidelity of an independent peerage, created by a former dynasty. William IV. of

England sits in undisturbed possession on his throne, honoured and revered by all men, and happy in the affections of his subjects. He was as popular when he ascended the throne as he is at this moment; he was invulnerable in the last parliament, during the Wellington administration, when scarcely a single petition in favour of reform was presented in either house; and he will be equally revered and invulnerable in the next parliament, provided the detestable measure, introduced for no other purpose than to secure the Whigs in office, is not passed into law. The case, therefore, is different in the two countries. In France a revolution has actually occurred—in England we are only threatened with one; first, by his Majesty’s ministers, and secondly, by the rabble and incendiaries of the political unions.

The House of Lords, by a large majority, have already rejected the revolutionary bill of Lord Grey. Another edition of the bill has been published, which is already read a second time in the Commons, where it is sure to be passed. The second bill, in many respects, is more objectionable than the first; at least, so it is represented to be by those gentlemen who form the fourth estate of the realm, and for the present are located at a town called Birmingham. The question is, Will it pass the Upper House? Those who are well informed answer *no*! What then? There is no alternative, rejoins the *Times*, and those who echo its sentiments, but to create so many new peers as shall remove all apprehension as to the result in the Lords.

The next question is, How many new peers will be required for this purpose? Sixty, we say, at the least; and if the conduct of the Duke of Portland be truly reported, eighty will be the minimum of the required noble auxiliaries of the Whig administration. Now we shall, for the sake of the argument, admit that the king is willing, or has consented to create as many peers as Lord Grey may require, in order to carry this measure. Suppose the thing done—the bill carried—the reformers chanting *Te Deum* over their triumph, and planning new schemes of innovation and revolution, what would history say of a transaction by which every principle of the constitution was violated, peers created to vote in favour of a particular measure, the House of

Lords packed by jurors, who have sworn—or, at least, promised—whatever the evidence might be, to return a verdict against the constitution? A more flagrant act of ministerial tyranny, committed under the pretended sanction of the people, against all law and justice, in open derision of the sentiments of a hitherto independent and deliberative assembly, could not be conceived. The House of Lords, so constituted, and acting in this manner, would be a public nuisance; its proceedings would be a farce—its opinions would stink in the nostrils of every sensible man—its adjudications would be held in contempt—the minister would be its dictator—and by a democratic House of Commons it would, and most deservedly too, be swept into oblivion. It would not even retain the standing in public estimation of the reformed life-rent peerage of France. It would sink by means of its own weight and gravitation, and be completely extinguished in the blaze of the revolution.

But the most important question of all is, Will the king consent thus to Burke the peerage? or, will Lord Grey have the temerity to advise his majesty to so rash an act, considering the awful responsibility, and the direful consequences which in all probability would result from it to the House of Brunswick itself? We think not. Lord Grey will hardly make the attempt: if he do, the king will certainly refuse. On the face of the proposition, is it at all likely that his majesty, considering who the hereditary nobility of England are,—considering their wealth, their extensive possessions, and their immense influence, would sanction a measure that would alienate from him the loyal regard of the great majority of these noble persons; and not these only, but of almost every man of property and respectability in his wide dominions? For what? merely to gratify the revolutionary propensities of the political kinsmen of the French jacobins—of the remnant of the members of the corresponding societies—of the adherents of Arthur O'Connor and the Irish rebels—of the mountebanks of the school of old Thelwall and Burdett—of the slavering and vulgar idiots of the cockney school of radicals—of the heroes of joint-stock swindling—of bankrupt attorneys seeking notoriety

and fees—and of all the mob of public declaimers, house-burners, quacks, tailors, and other political and literary adventurers, who disturbed, at every period of distress, the peace of the country, in the times of his father George the Third, and of his brother George the Fourth. No, no. We hold in much higher esteem the intellectual and moral attainments, and the historical impressions of his present majesty. We take God to witness that the characters we have here wasted ink to describe are the men who hold the most conspicuous place in the ranks of the present race of reformers. They are the same men who, ever since the days of Pitt, have played the part of political agitators—black dwarfs and blackguards—unprincipled and pennyless—sots always—cowards in the time of Canning—bravos in the days of Lord Grey. Need we name names? The list is familiar to every man who has arrived at the years of discretion... Look, at the trials in 1794—the mob meetings in 1813—the riots of Manchester—the riots in 1815 in London—the treasons in Scotland in 1820—the same in Ireland every year since the Union—the burnings at Bristol, Nottingham, and Manchester,—and we shall see proof that the same men who are standard-bearers in the cause of reform, and rally under the tricolor flag, are the *élite* of the revolutionists of former times.

It will be said that the respectable portion of the Whigs, and among the rest his majesty's present ministers, hold no communion with these men. We deny it. We assert that not only the leading Whigs, but also some of the ministers, do countenance the proceedings of these persons, and make their illegal and tumultuous meetings and processions the ground for pressing more urgently upon parliament the expediency of passing the Reform bill. Look at the correspondence of Lords Althorp and John Russell with the Birmingham Union. Was not this an encouragement, dictated by a love of popularity, in favour of their proceedings? Have not the newspapers under their control, and which a word would have silenced, inculcated the doctrine of resistance, advised the mob to arm themselves, counselled them to carry stones in their pockets to the hustings, and told them it was their imperative duty to form unions and clubs in every

city and town of the kingdom, and in which unions and clubs, and by the frenzy with which their members were inspired in consequence of the lectures of the ministerial journals, was engendered that hatred of individuals and public institutions which led to the devastation of Bristol and other places? It would be wasting words to answer any denial of these charges. They are so clear and self-evident, that none but one who is *particeps criminis* will dare to rebut them.

And it is to meet the wishes of these honourable persons that the House of Lords is to be packed, and a verdict of *guilty*—the consequences of which

are confiscation and robbery, the destruction of public credit, the violation of all contracts, and the pillage of the fundholder—is to be returned by hireling peers, created for the purpose, against the constitution of Great Britain! It cannot be. But if the attempt is made, we hope an impeachment will follow, and that those who advise his majesty to an act so criminal, will dearly rue their upprincipled counsels, and expiate on a conspicuous platform, in the face of an indignant public, the follies and the crimes which they had dared to commit in the sacred name of the King of England.

THE VISION OF SCHEIK HAMEL.

* Scheik Hamel was an Arabian warrior, and one night as he lay in his tent he dreamt that he was removed from earth to paradise. It is a curious coincidence, that on the next morning, as he was relating his dream to some of his friends, he perceived a large army advancing to invade his camp. He hastily assembled his men, rushed out to battle with the enemy, and was killed.

Oh! I have had a glorious dream—a dream so fair and bright,
That unto it the moon were dark, the sun were veil'd in night:
I dreamt the bounds of life were past, and this existence done,
And another world was oped to me—another happier one!

I dreamt there was a shady grove, and the almond-perfumed breeze
Breathed so serenely it scarce moved the blossoms on the trees;
And through that balm-exhaling grove a rivulet was flowing,
And the amber rays of the setting sun on its silver waves were glowing.

And then I saw a little bark, and the boatman's merry song
Rose cheerfully upon my ear as they rowed that bark along;
And, oh! it was a beauteous bark, like the fairy barks of old,
And it was glittering brilliantly with silver and with gold.

I got into this beauteous bark, and I heard the plashing oar,
As it bore me from the balmy grove to another happier shore;
And I saw sweet Eden's diamond gates, but they were far too bright
For mortal eyes to dwell upon, to be seen by mortal sight.

And yet I tried to enter in; but how could I explore
That realm where mortals ne'er will tread, and ne'er have trod before,
Until their spirits shall be freed from this life's galling yoke?
And yet I tried to enter in—but I started and I woke.

Oh! is there such a land as this? or is it all a dream,
That when this sun shall set for aye, a brighter one will beam—
That when our earthly griefs are past, and our woes are lull'd to rest,
The gates of heaven will be oped to the valiant and the blest?

Oh! if there is——Arouse, my men! let our banners wave on high,
For the war-whoop of our enemies is rising to the sky;
Behold! I see their glittering arms—the buckler and the lance—
O let us steep those arms in blood—advance, my men, advance!

THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.*

PRIOR to the separation from Great Britain of the provinces which now constitute the United States of North America, it was the opinion of the world that colonies were valuable to nations; but since the establishment of their independence, and especially since the commercial intercourse between them and the mother country has become more profitable to both than all the supposed advantages of their previous connexion, different notions have been broached by the political arithmeticians—a sect that must always be distinguished from the political economists. The truth, however, probably belongs not to either side; at least, it cannot be determined by the arguments urged by their respective advocates.

Those who maintain the importance of colonial dependencies, do not seem to be aware that the strength of their advocacy arises from pressing into their argument many topics which do not at all affect the question, and are derived from other considerations, and even prejudices, than those legitimately connected with it. They appeal, for example, to the national glory acquired in the conquest of some of them; to the benefits they all confer, as places of refuge to the emigrants; and to the territorial increase with which they augment the empire,—as if considerations of those kinds can be allowed in determining a problem of mere pounds shillings and pence.

Their opponents adopt, seemingly, a more correct rule; inasmuch as they lay the whole stress of their argument on the expense of the colonies to the mother country, and contend that this expense might be saved, and the colonies thrive as well, were the tie between them broken.

In this notion of the latter there is a great fallacy. It proceeds on the supposition, that after having thrown off the colonies, the parent state would still retain all the advantages she possesses with them, supplying them with

her manufactures, and receiving their produce in return; and that, consequently, an equal number of British shipping and British seamen would be employed in the trade. The same cause, however, which gave rise to this anti-colonial doctrine—the establishment of the United States as an independent nation—has already begun to prove its unsoundness. For the British shipping is not now so numerous in proportion to the native shipping in the American ports as they once were; whilst the American shipping in the British ports is not only constantly increasing, but improving in magnitude, beauty, and value, and actually greatly surpasses in equipment all the various vessels of the same class, of every nation, that navigates the ocean. As far, therefore, as the state of the shipping affords any proof, the independence of the United States has been detrimental to the mother country; and the same effect must result from a similar cause, were the remaining provinces also made independent;—if that can be called detrimental, which is properly no more than the result of a prosperity that has originated in the progressive condition of both countries, for, undoubtedly, since their separation they have each been progressive; but from other causes than the event on which the anti-colonists found their doctrine: the progress of the United States has been more rapid than that of the United Kingdom.

To the political arithmeticians, who regard the expenditure on the colonies as absolutely subtracted from the national wealth, a more comprehensive scope of argument would be unintelligible. But to the economists, who consider that the true mode of determining a colonial account is, first, by the balance between the dealings of the colonists and the merchants of the mother country; and, secondly, the strength which the supreme government derives from having the means

* The British Dominions in North America; or, a Topographical and Statistical Description of the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Islands of Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, &c. &c. By Joseph Bouchette, Esq., Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, &c. 2 vols. 4to. London.

and resources of the colonists at its disposal,—the question assumes a very different character. For those who deny the value of colonies merely on account of the expense which their governments and maintenance causes, might as well deny the value of London to England, on account of its municipal and local establishments; or, in other words, might as well estimate the value of property by the cost of its protection. It is simply because BY THROWING OFF OUR COLONIES WE SHOULD CEASE TO BE MASTERS OF THEIR POPULATION, MEANS, AND RESOURCES, THAT THE POLICY OF RETAINING THEM IS TO BE DEFENDED.

But the anti-colonial question would take another shape, were the expense of colonies considered, not by what the mother country contributes towards their support, but by what they might themselves contribute.

Nothing can be more obviously just, than that every community should pay its own public expenses; and therefore, where that is not only not the case, but the contrary, as in the British North American provinces, there must be something erroneous in the system. There is a wide difference, however, between paying that expense and casting the colonies adrift, and, accordingly, we have endured the evil so long; for, until within a very short period, the practice has been to spare publicly the resources of the colonies, and at the same time to squander these very resources privately. The lands and woods in the colonies, for example, were surely worth something, else wherefore would grants of them have been so often solicited? and yet the ease with which these grants were obtained would lead to a different conclusion.

But besides the error of so wasting the colonial resources, another, as gross in policy, has been as uniformly committed—the mother country, by paying for public works in the colonies, has been as prodigal as in paying for their political expenses. Why, for example, has not the Rideau Canal, in Upper Canada, the greatest colonial undertaking since the building of the Roman walls across the island of Great Britain, not been constructed from the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, at least in part?—why was not a value set on these lands?—and why were not the emigrants em-

ployed in digging the canal, to pay for their locations? It would, however, ill suit our limits to enter at large into the policy to which these questions refer, or to dwell at greater length on the benefits that the mother country might derive from employing her emigrants on works of that kind, rather than by leaving them, with their slow, feeble, detached, and individual efforts, to clear patches for themselves in the woods, as their sole means and capacity to make returns for their grants.

We have been led into these reflections by finding on our table two very handsome quarto volumes, giving an ample account of the British dominions in North America—an important subject, to which the attention of the public has lately been particularly attracted. These dominions are interesting remnants of that extensive transatlantic empire which once belonged to the British crown; and of late they have engaged the attention alike of the statesman, the political economist, and the merchant.

Various causes have contributed to this: among others, the gallant manner in which the two Canadas came forward during the late contest with the United States, and the heroism with which Upper Canada defended herself during the invasion of the enemy. Since the conclusion of the war, other circumstances have continued the excitement; and perhaps none more than the discussion of the question of emigration, which has been so actively agitated ever since it was felt that the general use of machinery was diminishing the means of employment to manual labour; a topic which has become a controversy, by the propagation of that speculative parliamentary error committed by Mr. Wilmot Horton—an error which goes far to represent the diminution of employment (an effect of machinery) to be the same thing as a superabundance of population, even in the face of the artificial expedients to which the landed interest is obliged to have recourse to keep up the prices of provisions.

The question of emigration itself, and the general disposition to emigrate which the want of employment excited, directed many inquiries to be instituted as to the respective advantages which different countries presented to settlers; and for a considerable time

it was believed that the United States offered far greater inducements in institutions, fertility, and climate, than the British colonies. They were in consequence preferred, and the tide set with a strong current towards New York and her sister states. Only the more necessitous, whom the changes of society in the Highlands of Scotland were forcing from their mountains, or misery driving from Ireland, sought the Canadian shores, and the banks of the lakes and the St. Lawrence. Persons possessed of more capital, and accustomed to habits of more enjoyment, went to the United States. But at last it began to be suspected, that a residence in the wildernesses of the woods, whether in the Canadas or in the republic, could not be greatly different in its circumstances; and it also became more generally known, that there was not so wide a difference between the climates of the two countries as had commonly been supposed. The institutions, too, of the Canadas, were discovered to be quite as congenial to the British character as those of the United States. In all points of comparison the notion began to be entertained, that the advantages of seeking refuge in our own colonies were perhaps equal to those which had enticed so many emigrants to the neighbouring country.

In this state of things, circumstances originating in the invasion of Upper Canada by the Americans, had led to certain inquiries concerning the condition of that province; and from these inquiries Mr. Galt, the agent for the claims of the sufferers in the war, was led to undertake the formation of the Canada Company, for which it was of vital consequence that circumstantial information should be obtained. Accordingly, there has been, since that period, a constant increase making to the knowledge which the public had previously possessed of that country; and it is not now hazarding too much to say, that the circumstances of that remote province are as well known in England as those of Ireland. But though by innumerable tracts,* travels, and pamphlets, this has been for some time the case, still, no regular compendium of the information had been digested till the surveyor-general of

Lower Canada, Colonel Bouchette, undertook the compilation; and it is on his work—the one before us—entitled *The British Dominions in North America*, that we would presume to offer a few remarks. To these we beg leave, in a special manner, to premise, that although we have described the volumes as a compilation, they justly merit to be regarded as an original work; and one, too, on which time and talent have been employed with care.

This valuable addition to the stock of useful knowledge has been arranged from notes and memoranda, which the author has been many years in collecting,* as well as from other works in which statistics were not the primary object. With such materials, it will be allowed that Colonel Bouchette could not fail to produce an interesting and important book; but it will readily occur to the reader, that here and there descriptions will be found which do not *now* exactly apply to several places, although at the time when they were made no objection to their accuracy could be alleged. But as those descriptions are, with few exceptions, the best that can yet be found in print, the difference between them and the present state of the places cannot justly be imputed as any fault. We have here before us the result of many years' labour, and the points to which we refer owe their defect, as to existing circumstances, entirely to the chronological order in which they have been drawn up. Had it been consistent with the plan of the work to have affixed dates to the descriptions, this seeming blemish would have been obviated, and the notes might hereafter, to the antiquary, have been of greater value; but still, though in some respects they may differ from accounts subsequently formed, and though they be not very applicable to the state of things at the period of the publication, they are, nevertheless, founded on the personal observations of the author, and will hereafter be quoted as derived from his authority.

The work bears internal evidence, in every page, that it has been written *con amore*, and that, while engaged in compiling it, the author was so deeply persuaded of its importance, as something

* The Canada Company, it is said, have circulated upwards of sixty thousand, gratis, in the last year.

contributing to the future history of his country, that he sometimes overlooked the propriety of adhering in a dry work to a dry style, and has indulged himself in the enthusiasm with which he was animated, by endeavouring to rise into "the cerulean blue," when perhaps a lower region would have better suited his subject.

Nor should we be in a capacity to do justice to his zeal and industry, were we not to reduce another less obvious blemish to its proper insignificance—we allude to three or four historical and local mistakes, or rather imperfect statements; for the general fact in them is not so erroneous as to affect materially the reasoning upon them, and yet they are of such a familiar kind as to strike many readers at first-sight.

Colonel Bouchette has manifestly no great pretensions to any superiority in historical research, and accordingly it would be far from doing adequate justice to his merits to judge of his acquirements in that respect by his occasional reference to well-known facts in history. For example, what he observes in the very beginning of his first chapter, respecting the discovery of America, is very loosely put together, and is not correct as to fact, nor indeed in unison with the common knowledge of our own time. "Columbus," he says, "having taken possession of a great portion of the new continent in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, Sebastian Cabot subsequently explored the southern section of North America, on behalf of Henry VII., and thus secured it to the crown of England." This is inaccurate: Columbus never took possession of the continent as described; and Sebastian Cabot, it is now quite determined, was the first who discovered any part of all the two continents of America; nor was he an Italian, as Colonel Bouchette supposes, but an Englishman, a native of Bristol—his father, however, was a Venetian; nor was it the southern section of North America that he first discovered, but the northern. We have a note on this very point before us, relative to the first voyage of Cabot. "They set out," says Lord St. Albans, "in one Bristol ship and three others from London, and went as far north as the 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ th degree of latitude, on the coast of Labrador. He took the way to Ireland, from beyond the Cape of Labrador,

until he found himself in 58, and better; thence he sailed southward, along the shores of the western continent, as far as the Isle of Cuba, and so returned back to England." Moreover, Hakluyt, in the dedication of his second volume to Sir Robert Cecil, Secretary of State, in the year 1599, says, that not only the principal Spanish writers, as Peter Martyr ab Anglicia, Francis Lopez de Glommya, and the Venetian, John Baptist Ramusio, and all the Frank geographers, do all acknowledge that the mighty tract of land from 67 degrees north was first discovered by England. The President Thuanus, speaking of the first discovery of Florida (about the beginning of the next century), which the Spaniards claim, says:—"But what is more certain, and which very many affirm, long before this time Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian sea captain, not unskilled in astronomy, under the authority of Henry VII. of England, and in emulation of Columbus, did, in the year 1496, first of any arrive in this province."

It was not until 1497 that Columbus saw the southern continent, and he never saw the northern at all. The error in Colonel Bouchette's book is not important, but it is important that England should on all occasions be allowed the glory of having discovered the new world—a glory too long suppressed; nor does her right to this impair the honour of Columbus, who shewed her the way.

We are led to notice another curious fact, in which the colonel is probably more correct. A gentleman claiming the title of Earl of Stirling, and a stupendous inheritance in North America, has issued notices to the British crown, claiming all the remaining British territories in North America. This claim is founded on charters granted by King James I. of Great Britain to Sir William Alexander, the first Earl of Stirling, for purposes of colonisation, and confirmed in 1633 by an act of the Scottish parliament. Nova Scotia was then erected into a palatinate, to be holden as a fief of the crown of Scotland; and the dominions granted comprehended a vast extent of country, including the two Canadas, part of New England, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, together with the adjacent islands, including Newfoundland, &c.

Our private knowledge enables us to throw a little light on this most remark-

able subject. As far as charters and repealed law can give validity to property, there can be no question as to the Earl of Stirling's right; but a question of expediency has arisen upon it, springing from political causes, which will make the British government hesitate to admit the claim. The case may be briefly stated thus:—

The first Earl of Stirling exercised his right down to 1640, about which period he died. This right did not altogether flow from the royal grants, but was in fact acquired, and acknowledged to be so, both by Charles I. and James I., in consequence of a great outlay from his lordship's private fortune and resources, of one item of which we happen to know something. His eldest son, Lord Viscount Canada, married the heiress of Gartmore, in the county of Dumbarton. This estate was sold after the marriage, and the proceeds applied to the colonial projects of the earl. It is, now worth about seven thousand a-year; and it will be allowed that the outlay of the proceeds of one such property was even in those days equivalent in value to a large portion of the wild and savage territory it was employed to settle.

This first earl sold two baronies or sections of Nova Scotia to the Sieur St. Etienne de la Tour, a French Huguenot, reserving the allegiance of their inhabitants to the crown of Scotland. By the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, Charles I. restored all the tract of country granted by the earl, to Louis XIII.; but there was some ambiguity about the transaction, which Cromwell afterwards rectified, and re-asserted the British claim to Nova Scotia. The French, however, afterwards pretended that there was no such country as Nova Scotia—that it was an imaginary region—that the true country was Arcadia, which comprehended what was understood by Nova Scotia; and this opinion their ministers persisted in with great pertinacity, even so lately as the treaty of Utrecht. It does not, however, appear that in this question the claims of private property were involved—it was the sovereignty only; and it is a curious and important fact, that the English negotiators at the treaty of Utrecht made use of the charters of the Earl of Stirling to establish their claim to Nova Scotia. We say nothing here of the principle which acknowledges the right of property from

one man to another upon a subsequent acquisition: nothing, indeed, is more clearly established, than that if a man engages to give to another his right to a property which he does not then possess, but which he afterwards acquires, he is bound to fulfil his engagement. If, therefore, King James had no such country as Nova Scotia, which he gave to the Earl of Stirling, and if his successors afterwards acquired that country, it is quite manifest that they were bound to assign it to the earl. But his claim is clearer; for James had the country when he gave the grant; and although it was afterwards yielded to the French, and then again subsequently recovered from them, it does not appear that in these mutations any thing took place to vitiate the Earl of Stirling's right. However, it is not our business to enter more at large into this very curious question, farther than to remark two things: *first*, that it was not really till the treaty of 1763, by George III., that the countries comprehended in the charters of the Earl of Stirling came again into the undisputed possession of the British crown; and *secondly*, that since that period the king's courts have, in contempt of ancient law and charter, been established in those countries, by which the Earl of Stirling cannot go into them without acknowledging the usurpation made by them upon his charters. The case is altogether one of curious difficulty; for though the claimant may make good his descent from the first earl, there is no other alternative now but to abrogate his charter by act of parliament, and to repeal the Scottish act of 1633, indemnifying the earl for the consequences.

Of the descent of the claimant we cannot speak so positively, but it is also singular. His grandfather, who died in the reign of George III., was a collateral relation to the preceding earl. At this time the family was very poor. The gentleman was a clergyman in Ireland, and, on coming to the title, began to collect the family vouchers, in which he made some progress before his death. These vouchers are said to have been traced to the possession of the celebrated Mr. Stewart, who was distinguished in the great Douglas and Hamilton cause; but they have since been scattered. The mother of the present claimant was the daughter of the last earl; and after her death, her

husband, with her son, went to France, where they were long detained prisoners of war. It is only since the return of the young man to this country that his pretensions to the title and these great territorial claims have been revived — claims certainly the most extraordinary that any subject ever set forth, and which have undoubtedly all the ancient sanctions of charter and law that give validity to older estates.

But we must return from this digression. To whatever cavilling the historical information contained in the first chapter of Colonel Bouchette's work may be subjected, the geographical student will derive an accession to his knowledge from the second. The colonel estimates the still remaining fragments of the British American territory at four millions of square miles and upwards. On the parallel of the 49th degree of north latitude, their extent is not less than 3066 miles by 2150 in breadth — dominions of various soils and climates, and capable of receiving an inconceivable multitude of inhabitants. Of this immense superficies it has been computed that about 700,000 square miles are covered with water — a striking fact, from which the student, by his own ingenuity, cannot fail to deduce that the country must be in general flat, and, as such, must comprehend, on the shores of the lakes and streams, vast unexplored regions that await the arrival of emigrants.

In the remarks of the author on the Hudson Bay territory, and the possibility of the crown resuming the charter of that company, we think he has again deviated unnecessarily from his subject; not that we object to his speculative ingenuity, or feel disposed to controvert his opinions: but these little aberrations, as they may be called, draw the mind aside from the more valuable considerations offered in the geographical facts, especially when they, as in this case, touch principles in political economy by no means demonstrated, and even broach new ones that have only an imaginary foundation. When will the time ever come that the British government will think of *buying* the wide and wild tracts to which the Hudson's Bay Company lay claim? and for what possible purpose could ever such a fancy enter the imagination of a British statesman? But if these sorts of speculations now and then creep in, and far exceed the grasp of Colonel

Bouchette's theoretical notions on the economy of governments, the statistical details which follow are worthy of the gravest attention, and will render his book, for a long period to come, a standard work to geographers; and it will, moreover, interest the philosophic politician to observe how, piece by piece, we stripped the aborigines of their right, and in what manner retribution has come upon us by the dexterity of the American diplomats. Of the territory of Ossinaboia, sold to Lord Selkirk by the Hudson's Bay Company, comprehending 116,000 square miles, one half of it now falls within the limits of the United States, according to the boundaries determined by the convention of 1818 between the American government and Great Britain. But such things have ever been the case with all our negotiators. It is nothing remarkable, that although the Americans came off but second best in the war, they should have been, in our generosity, indemnified for the mortification which they suffered in Canada, by so handsome a slice of the Hudson Bay territory! We cannot for a moment suppose that our commissioners at Ghent were in the slightest degree ignorant of the boundaries and value of the country bestowed on the Americans. Their concession must have been made in policy!

In the third chapter, Colonel Bouchette proceeds with an account of Upper Canada. It may seem to cursory readers, that this implies some defect in his arrangement; but when it has been considered that he had previously spoken of the wild remote regions beyond, it will be seen, that although the latest planted of the British American provinces, Upper Canada naturally became the first to be noticed. As a compendious description of an extensive province, we are aware of few works that can furnish any similar thing so good as his general account of Upper Canada; and in the main, we are told, it is surprisingly correct and satisfactory. He has, it is true, in the fifth chapter, fallen into several errors; and, perhaps, some of them partake of an insensible influence on his taste. He gives, for example, a flourishing anticipation of the advantages to be enjoyed by posterity from the incorporation of the Canada Company; but he says nothing respecting the origin of that company, nor of the individual

whose views necessarily animated the spirit by which the association of the London share-dealers was actuated. He mentions him, however, as the founder of the town of Guelph.

Goderich, on lake Huron, is also another of Mr. Galt's* towns, and owes its name to the circumstance, we understand, of the site being fixed at the time when the news of his lordship's accession to the premiership arrived in the province. It is the remotest British settlement on the continent of America, out of the Hudson Bay territories.

The seventh chapter is exclusively devoted to an account of the river St. Lawrence, the great lakes, the gulf, and canals; and, considering the extent of the country described, the particulars detailed render this one of the most interesting portions of the work. It is not, however, very obvious why the description of the American Erie canal had any thing to do with an account of the Canadas; for we believe it has never yet been used by any trading vessel under the British flag. And we have also some reason to dissent from the eulogiums which the colonel pronounces on the Welland canal, which we have seen described as "a job at both ends, and a blunder in the middle." No doubt great praise is due to the singular perseverance with which a Mr. Hamilton Merritt assisted to raise the capital for this great undertaking; but Colonel Bouchette has not been correctly informed when he ascribes the project to that gentleman. Long before Mr. Merritt was heard of in the province, the practicability of making the canal had been ascertained; and his design was that only of a small boat canal, the cost of which was not estimated at more than 25,000*l*. The present enlarged scheme originated with the founder of the Canada Company; but facts of this kind are not important, further than that to ascribe to one man the suggestions of another is an inadvertency, which literary men, in recording the names of the benefactors of young nations, should carefully avoid. The author should also, perhaps, have noticed two other projects that have been broached, for no less a purpose than to turn the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence

into channels practicable for schooner navigation. The one is, by locking the *Petite Nation* river, which flows in a channel eight feet lower than that of the St. Lawrence, through the eastern district of Upper Canada, on the one side, and by connecting the St. Lawrence with the Chateauguay on the other, in Lower Canada. Projects of these kinds, however, are the notions of men who look far beyond this present time; and perhaps it is not too much to assert, that great enterprises, prematurely undertaken, do harm to the progress of improvement.

In the description of Lower Canada, Colonel Bouchette appears to great advantage. It is, we believe, his native country; and his details concerning it have evidently been accumulated with pleasure and industry. Besides the merits of his general description, he has subjoined in the appendix a topographical dictionary of the seignories. This portion of the work we cannot praise too highly for containing information in the utmost degree valuable to emigrants. The minute and available information contained in this dictionary ought to make the work the chief guide of those emigrants who prefer Lower Canada, and to whom social intercourse is still an object, although they seek the asylum of the forest.

The second volume of Colonel Bouchette's work relates to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland; and the statistical descriptions under each of these heads must be received as most valuable. They have one fault,—that of containing too much. This fault is, however, to the honour, in some degree, of the author. It has arisen from his anxiety to give as much information as possible; and these townships and names appear with a degree of importance in his statements to which their real condition does not entitle them. But blame, in this respect, belongs not altogether to Colonel Bouchette, but to the early geographers of every country. We had ourselves two ancient maps of England and Scotland, in which hundreds of places are laid down that no longer exist, having been swallowed up by the great modern

* The colonel states that the town of Galt is on the Canada Company's lands, whereas it was in existence long before the company was imagined.

farm system ; and in which many large and populous towns that have since sprung up have, of necessity, no place at all. The considerate reader is not to imagine, that because the names of many places exist in our author's description, that therefore all are of the same importance, more than that the maps which he may buy of Washington exhibit the actually inhabited metropolis : it is only a prospective plan, to be possibly realised in the course of many hundred years.

Colonel Bouchette's work ought to be in every public library in the empire, for it is by it that the truest conception can be formed of the value of our NORTH AMERICAN DOMINIONS, which very shortly will become the subject of deep and anxious consideration in Parliament.

Z.

One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-one.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

O EIGHTEEN Hundred Thirty-one,
Thou hast been an intolerable
Year for fume, for fudge, and flame,
For Burking and for Cholera !

I'm glad that *some* thine end have seen ;
And may Heav'n make thy follower a
Much better year than thou hast been,
With thy Fumes, Bill, and Cholera !

" Hold, Shepherd ! hold thy impious breath !
It would be most intolerable
thus to laugh at flames and death,
At Burking and at Cholera !"

Alas ! I neither laugh nor flout,
Nor give my tongue a toleration
either to deride or scout
The Burking, Bill, or Cholera !

I only pray this year may send
To chief, to hind, and scholar a
Relief to drivelling without end
'Bout Burking, Bill, and Cholera !

For all the years that I have seen,
A heartlesser and hollower a
Year than thou has never been,
With Burking, Bill, and Cholera !

Farewell, farewell ! I see a storm,
A fapper and a roller, a-
pproaching so fiercely 'bout Reform—
'Twill burk both Bill and Cholera !

Farewell, farewell ! God speed thy flight
Far o'er the regions polar ;—a
Long farewell to thee,—jade outright !
Thy Burking, Bill, and Cholera !

RESURRECTIONAL RECREATIONS.

BY A POOR DEVIL.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

To Mr. JAMES FRASER.

SIR, IN the first number of the *Spectator*, Addison happily observes, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor; with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. Now if this be true of the public (and who will doubt it?) how much more true must it be of the publisher? I do not, however, Mr. Fraser, feel disposed to gratify in its full extent the curiosity you must naturally entertain. It is not my intention to present myself before you in the flesh. My appearance is now so far from prepossessing, that it would win me little favour in your eyes. Age, dissipation, and misfortune, have done

their work upon features which were never remarkable for beauty; and my best suit (but why should I speak in the superlative?) my only good suit is at present under the avuncular protection. I shall therefore be content with giving you such a description of myself as may serve for an introduction to the paper I herewith offer to your notice; and prevent it from labouring under your contempt, as appearing not merely in the guise of a stranger, but in that of a nameless outcast, flung upon the world uncared for and disowned by all.

Do not suppose, however, that I mean to claim for my production any noble or lofty parentage; it is the offspring of one utterly undistinguished, save by the buffets of Dame Fortune. In sooth, sir, I might accurately explain to you my moral and physical condition in the words of Shelley:

Alas! I have no hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around;
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure:
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure."

Or I might, in the language of the compassionate, who never bestow charity or grant relief, emphatically describe myself as "a poor devil." But you most probably would prefer my speaking for myself, and dealing less in generalities.

"Poor devil," it is true, nearly amounts to the precision and expressiveness of a definition; devil being the *genus*, and poor —. But no; poor is too common an epithet now-a-days to serve for the *essential difference*: it is a *property*, or *accident*—the only property, by the by, possessed by numbers in our happy country; and an accident which decidedly should be married to its occasional adjunct, dreadful. Devils, too, are of various hues, and forms, and aspects—as is yet to be read, and was formerly to be seen, through the veil of the flesh, when the body of the possessed hap-

pened to be tenanted by several demons, who, under the adjurations of the exorcist, were compelled severally to display their proper hideousness by the contortions of the human countenance. Let me, then, simply inform you of my present condition, habits, and pursuits, and relate to you some few passages in my mortal pilgrimage.

I am one of those unfortunate persons barely supplied with the necessities of life, and those few comforts which an advanced state of civilisation throws within the reach of all, excepting the veriest wretches belonging to the soil. I am not like the ancient Fenni—yet I envy them; and, indeed, have often thought of betaking myself to a savage life: but a consideration of my increasing years and lost activity as constantly restrained me. I have (or may have, if I manage properly) a tolerable dinner to eat, a warm bed to

lie in, a coat good enough to keep off the cold—*depellere frigus*, and I am peaceable in my habits and gentle in my bearing; yet I entirely sympathise with the philosophic barbarians:—“Fennis mira feritas, fœda paupertas: non arma, non equi, non penates: victui herba—vestitui pelles—cubili humus.” But what was their feeling? “Id beatius arbitrantur, quàm ingemere agris, illabbarè donibus, suas alienasque fortunas spe metuque versare.” And what was their reward? “Securi adversus homines, securi adversus deos, rem difficillimam assecuti sunt, ut illis ne voto quidem opus sit!” But, alas for me! albeit as little disposed as these same Fenni “ingemere agris, illaborare domibus, meas alienasque fortunas spe metuque versare,” I have not the reward. I am cursed with many wants unsupplied, with many wishes unattainable, with many tantalising insulting spectres of by-gone happy hours, of rapturous enjoyments, and of proud passages in mortal existence, when man, half free of his humanity, feels his spirit spread abroad in majesty and in power, and knows himself “in intellect a god.”

I am cursed, too, in being the veriest slave of Circumstance. I am in the condition of a beast driven through a field, upon which plenty and luxuriance smiles, but confined for enjoyment and support to the narrow limits and the coarse and scanty produce of the dull, beaten pathway, from which he must not wander; or if he does, even for a yard, he is driven back with many stripes, and so hurried onward in the ancient track, as to be unable to avail himself of the miserable browsing it affords. In other words, if I venture to indulge in anything approaching luxury—indeed, in any thing beyond the gratification of man's ordinary wants—I am destined to atone for it by some proportional privation. Thus, for instance, if I astonish my digestive organ with a pint of wine—which it dislikes not—I know full well, and feel most bitterly, that it must pay the penalty of this agreeable surprise,* by going dinnerless some day, before the commencement of the ensuing month ushers into my pocket the twelfth part of the annuity upon which I exist.

It is no very splendid annuity, Mr. Fraser; and yet I may (if to lead a sort of vegetable life be an advantage) consider myself fortunate to possess it.

I won it by gaming. Shrink not from me, sir, because of this avowal. I have long since ceased to gamble, and gambled only for a short period. I was then, sir, an unhappy, and disappointed, and solitary man, conscious that nearly half my days had run to waste, and that on those which yet remained it was scarcely possible that hope, or love, or fame, or friendship, could shed one glorious gleam.

I had tried all things, and in all had I found little but bitterness and disappointment. I had been robbed by my guardian, jilted by my lady-love, betrayed by my friend, thwarted, crossed, ruined in my ambition. Oh, sir, for me life was utterly stripped of its illusions!

At first I had recourse to drinking; but in this I found little relief. A man must be sometimes sober, and then, in moments of deep despondency of mind and dread prostration of physical power, he pays an awful retribution for even hours of reckless excitement and forgetfulness of evil. I soon discovered this, and abandoned the wine-cup. One other stimulus remained for me—one, too, which was sure to last as long as I was worth a shilling to supply it withal—and that is to say, thought I, as long as it will be worth my while to be a breathing man. I'll be a gambler—I'll play with caution, with coolness, upon a regular system. I'll go to Paris—rather let me have recourse to this vile stimulus in a foreign land than in my own. And if I win a fortune, as a man so passionless as I now am can scarcely choose but do, I'll purchase at least the fame of Sostratus the architect, by leaving my name inscribed upon some structure of utility and splendour, which shall command the admiration of posterity, though it fail to win its gratitude. Thus, Mr. Fraser, thus will we, in our passionate longing after immortality with a world we perhaps despise, cling even to the hope of that mute and worthless remembrance of our name, and our mere name only, which can be transmitted to other ages by a chiselled stone!

Well, sir, I did go to Paris, taking with me some 7000*l.*, the relic of an ample fortune, and then did I truly commence “*meas alienasque fortunas spe metuque versare.*” I played upon a regular system, which I had bought from a ruined gambler for 100*l.*, and

which certainly did as nearly as might be approach that perfection which would ensure success to one playing with a large capital, and content to win a small stake.

It is true, the condition of the original proprietor was not calculated to encourage a man to put much faith in the system; but then he had been only enabled to perfect it precisely at the moment he had lost his last *sous*.

My 100*l.*, too, soon disappeared under its auspices; but no wonder! it wanted the other cipher to give it proper weight. If it had been a thousand, he must have made a fortune.

I played on, and every day was I witness to metamorphoses almost as foul as Circe's. The "jolly caster" of one evening was the despised and insulted looker-on of the next. I saw that, independent of all unfair play, it was impossible—from the say 2 per cent to the table upon every transfer of money from one hand to another, and from the fact of men having to play against a great bank, and worst of all, against their own passions—it was impossible to win without a large capital and a safe and steady system. Many a finely-woven scheme, too, did I see fail. But these I will not attempt to explain. Again, some always bet on the black, others on the red—some always backed the caster "in," others always backed the caster "out;" and I found the difference to be precisely that laid down in the philosophic apologue: "FABRICIUS ALWAYS BACKED THE CASTER 'OUT,' CATO ALWAYS BACKED THE CASTER 'IN.' THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM AT THE LAST WAS, THAT THE HAIR OF FABRICIUS HAD GROWN THROUGH HIS HAT, AND THE TOES OF CATO HAD GROWN THROUGH HIS SHOES."

My system, however, flourished. I brought my whole capital into the market each night, and was content to win 100*l.* The moment I had secured this I retired, unless, by the chances of the last event, I had some surplus. To this I gave a shy, having first irrevocably buttoned my pocket on all beside. If I won, I played on—when I lost, I departed under the protection of a gendarme I kept in pay.

The excitement was perpetual, and great even to pain. Sleeping or waking, my thoughts ran upon cards and dice. If not actually playing, I was calcu-

lating chances with reference to the infallibility of my system, from the events *pour et contre* of the night before; or if asleep, I was dreaming of play. The dice were rattling in my ear, followed ever and anon by the monotonous bass sounds wherewith the familiars of the hell announced joy or sorrow to a crowd of panting hearts.

During this period I lived in the most retired manner—scarcely tasted wine—frequented no place of public amusement—was in no society;—in short, lived, breathed, moved, and had my being merely for the purposes of play. At length, on one disastrous night, fortune delivered me over to my evil genius: I lost the greatest part of my large capital by a combination of unlucky circumstances, so wonderful, so apparently impossible, that my scheme had not provided against them. With Fortune, Prudence speedily deserted me: these divinities can never remain long separate. I lost my self-command—all power of calculating—almost all power of thinking. In half an hour, every thing I had in the world was gone, except one Napoleon, which I had set apart in my waistcoat as a present for my gendarme. I did not need his company that night—I should never want it more. I flung down the miserable relic on the colour which had ruined me, and sunk back into my chair, sightless, speechless, motionless. The bitterness of death was upon me. In the near approach of dissolution, my soul seemed free from its fleshly bonds to roam abroad unlimited by time, or place, or distance. My brain was flooded with recollections—a vision of my whole life was rolled athwart my mind—the old hall in which I was born—the dear familiar faces of my childhood—the adored shades of my parents were before me; but my father looked sad upon me, and my soul sickened when I thought how bootless, how worthless had been my existence—how little had I justified his fond hopes, his proud paternal aspirations!—

"Light after light in my soul had died—
The early glorious dreams!"

And, O merciful Heaven!—

"The holy prayer from my thoughts had
The prayer at my mother's knee!"

My poor mother ! And my love, my false love, was there—and my faithless friend—and the awful immensity of shadow-peopled space was yawning around me.

I know not how long I remained in this state—I had fainted. On awaking, I found myself in an adjoining apartment.

There was an exceedingly bitter taste in my mouth—it had been filled with salt ; and my head was supported by a very fair but erring sister of charity, who held her smelling-bottle to my nostrils. She was an opera-dancer, in whose society I had been in the habit of passing some of the few leisure hours in which I could tear myself from my occupation. She was a beautiful and gentle creature—a flower that, if nurtured in another soil, the proudest might have felt honoured and delighted in taking to his bosom. I admired and pitied, and, in another condition, should have loved her ; for in form, and feature, and intellect, she had every thing which could make woman lovely ; and she was the victim of circumstances, not of evil dispositions ; yet she was dissipated and extravagant, and, lastly, like myself, a gambler, and almost always unfortunate. Hence our acquaintance. It was in the *salon* I had first met her ; and on a thousand occasions had I repaired her imprudences, supplied her exigencies, and gratified her fancies with a lavish hand. She was not ungrateful. The first words I heard, uttered in the deep yet soft and gentle tone of woman's intensest feeling, were, "*Et vous avez tout perdu!*" "*Oui, Eulalie,*" I gasped forth, "*j'ai tout perdu.*" A mute and gentle embrace was the only reply ; but it well assured me that, wretched as I was—destitute as I was—hopeless as I was, there breathed one fond being upon the earth who would not shrink from me in my misery. It touched me—and I could have wept like a weary child. But the savageness of destitution forbade me to give way to any kindly emotion. My heart was seared ; I muttered a farewell, and attempted to rise and leave her ; but she clung to me, and whispered in my ear that I should not part from her—that she would have ample means to support us both until I should retrieve my fortunes—and that, by both abandoning the vice to which we had been victims,

we should be enabled to live together tranquilly and happily, and for ever. I could not avoid smiling, well pleased at the poor girl's enthusiasm, and pausing on the idea of self-destruction while there was yet in the world a being so single-hearted and so lovely, who took interest in my fate. On the moment I half forgot my destitute condition, under the influence of her endearments ; and, by a strange revulsion of feeling, that reckless gaiety

"Which makes the scaffold echo with the jest,"

swelled within my bosom as I remembered the advice of the silver-footed Thetis to her sore-afflicted son ; and I exclaimed, "Well, then, dearest Eulalie, I will to-night accept the shelter of thy roof, and be happy—let my fate to-morrow be what it may!"

We rose to depart. In passing through the *salon*, I carelessly observed, "Eulalie, before I thought of dying, I threw down my last Napoleon on this colour: let us see what became of it before we go." It was yet there, but multiplied to the twelfth power. Twelve times in succession had the cards turned up in my favour ; and the packs being then out, I was saved the chance of losing what I had so strangely won. My Napoleon had 5296 companions ; and yet—shall I confess it?—will you believe it?—my first exclamation was a curse that this run had not taken place while I had my usual large stakes to win upon. My better feelings, however, immediately prevailed ; I seized the sum thus thrown back to me, as it were, from the very jaws of hell, and flew away rather than skimmed the earth with my delighted Eulalie, solemnly vowing that we would never gamble more.

Behold me now in a new and rather embarrassing position—the protector of an opera-dancer whom I had always liked exceedingly, and now had leisure to love. Eulalie was gentle, beautiful, accomplished, witty, gay, good-humoured—the most enchanting of companions ; and I had full possession of her heart. But she was a coquette by nature, by practice, and by inveterate habit. Happiness was not to be my lot : with love sprung up jealousy, the deadly giant-weed, and I was miserable when she was absent from my sight. I prevailed upon her to abandon the opera—to forego the

adoration of the Parisian million—to leave Paris. We retired to a small town in the south. Still I was not happy; still was she a coquette. The poor girl cheerfully and readily made every sacrifice I required, and I adored her for it. I knew that she loved me fondly as woman ever loved; still I could not avoid fearing that, from ineradicable lightness of character, she played me false. We were miserable, though neither ever breathed a murmur of complaint to the other. We were wasting away in the flames of our excessive passion. I resolved to leave—to release her. She was fading on my bosom, like a delicate flower in an ungenial clime.

I wrote to her, stating that, to preserve her life and restore her peace of mind, I bade her farewell; and that, for the very love I bore her, she should never see me—never hear of me more. The letter, containing words to this effect, and two-thirds of my remaining fortune, I left under her pillow as she slept; and kissing her sweet lips for the last time, I threw myself upon the world, once more a wretched, solitary wanderer.

I came to London, and purchased with the money I had reserved an annuity of 130*l.* a-year, payable monthly. My only desire had been to secure the necessaries of life. I have of course, from my own income, little more—and from friends I derive no assistance, for no friends have I. Neither, if I had, am I, like many I have met, learned in the art of living upon them for one half of the year, and upon the public (*i. e.* credit) for the other. Like the friend of Juvenal, *nulli comes exeo*. I live in the midst of a busy world, wholly ignorant of its proceedings. My straitened circumstances compel me to lead an anxiously systematic life; and, like the same Umbricius, I have as yet found *nulla emolumenta laborum* to make those circumstances more easy.

Sometimes, it is true, I see a paper at the cheap dining-houses I frequent; but this happens so rarely, from the crowd of applicants, that it is truly to me as a solitary sibylline leaf, save that it treats of the past, and not, oracularly, of things to come. Formerly, too, I was wont to converse with any decent person I might happen to find masticating at my side; but this gratification I was compelled to forego, in

consequence of an occurrence which alarmed and afflicted me exceedingly. I was in the habit, for nearly two months, of meeting a young foreigner at one of these houses. His talents, as has been written of Pitt, were rich in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination! He was painter, poet, and musician; he had studied much, had travelled in many countries, and possessed conversational powers never yet surpassed. Many a time have I been betrayed into the extravagance of drinking an additional go of gin by the fascination of his discourse; and when my purse was at the lowest, often have I remained sipping my pint of porter after the most protracted fashion, to prolong to the utmost the enjoyment I derived from his society. At last we became in some sort friends. He used frequently to take me to the Italian Opera, by orders he procured from one of the chief singers, and accompany me to the gallery, my costume not being suited to Fop's Alley. Imagine my dismay, sir, when, on entering the dining-room one day, I was informed that he had been taken up for attempting to steal a lady's reticule in the squeeze-room the night before, and was recognised at the police-office as a person long suspected. It was too true. He had committed petty larceny, been detected and punished for it, in almost every capital in Europe. He was tried at the Westminster sessions, convicted on the fullest evidence, and transported. He must have been labouring under mono-mania. It was positively proved he did not steal from want. I, however, was perfectly disgusted with the acquaintance of strangers, and felt thankful that I had escaped being with him; for had I been brought before the worthy magistrate, he would have infallibly sent me to the tread-mill for being poor and friendless.

Having, however, related so much of my past history, Mr. Fraser, you will perhaps think it time that I should say something about my present pursuits. They were suggested to me by the very nature of the sauntering life I am compelled to lead.

I am a book-collector—you smile; but I really am, and moreover master of an extremely curious collection, though I have rarely ventured to give more than a shilling for any single volume. Time and industry have

made up, in a great measure, for want of funds. I am possessed of some truly valuable books, which I shall leave to the British Museum; and thus, probably, after all, obtain some trifling portion of that humble fame to which I have before alluded. At least, I fondly entertain the hope. I am as constant in my attendance at old book-shops, as fond of rummaging old volumes, as that truly distinguished collector, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. I call him distinguished, because his search is after books as implements of knowledge, not as playthings of pride—not as liveried menials, to stand in prim order and gaudy trappings upon a Liston Bulwer's shelves, but as friends, and companions, and counsellors, and oracles of lofty thoughts and glorious things, and mighty power, for those endowed with art and wisdom to interrogate them well. I call the editor a distinguished collector, too, because, unlike the stupid herd of mere bibliomaniacs, he looks, in purchasing a volume, simply to the soul within, careless in what shape or form, or hue or colour, it may be bodied forth. I sympathise then, sir, entirely in this gentleman's tastes and feelings on these matters—but can only follow him at a humble distance, expending sixpences where he spends pounds, and suffering considerably in my bodily gratifications even by this indulgence. I share with him, however, the advantage of running over, in those exploratory expeditions, many books which we do not deem it prudent to purchase, and, meeting frequently, we have become in some sort acquainted; for he is not too proud to acknowledge a man because he is poor and ill-dressed. On the contrary, he is extremely affable and good-tempered, rich in pleasant anecdote and mirthful observation, learned without ostentation, kind without parade, and independent without insolence. In short, Mr. Fraser, he is not the least like a Whig; and indeed, sir, it has oftentimes been matter of much marvel with me, how a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of genius, could belong to such a rotten party as

that now in power—or rather let me say in place. It is pleasant, however, to observe that he flogs the donkeys as he follows them.

With this gentleman it has lately, been my fortune to hold several conversations, wherein I learned much concerning the modern political and literary world in all its various departments. Truly does Chateaubriand say of men living at this period, “*Nous sommes sur les bords d'un monde qui finit, et d'un monde qui commence.*”

Abroad, the events of centuries seem to have been curdled into a few months; kingdoms have been created, and kingdoms have been destroyed; the vilest rabble on the face of the earth have been declared a nation; and a race as brave and noble as ever breathed have well-nigh ceased to be a people. Thrones sacred by the honours of centuries have been swept away, and stools have been erected on their ruins, whereon are seated certain miserable creatures who the likeness of a kingly crown have on—who are shivering at their own elevation, and who, like the first of a new dynasty in our own country, seem to have been raised to their “bad eminence” simply because they happened to be mean and miserly, and to have incurred the possibility of running their heads against a congenial lump of lead in the *mêlée* of one or two celebrated battle-fields.

At home, every thing seems suffering change. I had some idea of this, however. For a time, I could walk in no thoroughfare without encountering our gracious Sovereign; and I heard every body around him shouting “The King and Reform!” At first, I fancied they were raising their voices in gratulation of his Majesty's reform (they, of course, idly imagining there had been room for it, from his having in former days disagreed with the rabble and the *Times* newspaper, upon the affair of Queen Caroline and some other matters), and that now they were lauding him as a fifth Harry—falsely believing the while, in their own minds, that the new state of things and course of events might be described in the old king's words:—

“For now a time is come to mock at form —
Harry the Fifth is crowned! Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!”

And, indeed, the truth of the comparison whereunto I have alluded seemed

to gain some colour from the fact of his Majesty having, as it was said,

conferred office upon a judge who had once apostrophised him as a slanderer* before the assembled peers of England, and from the fact of his Majesty's being at present tremendously popular; while in the reign of his predecessor, hisses and curses loud and deep were his constant greeting from the ruffian mob whenever he appeared. But I soon discovered it was nothing of the sort; and that the cry of "*The King!*" meant in some mouths *nothing*—in others, *no king*; and that "*Reform,*" though of more extensive meaning, when correctly interpreted simply signified *robbery, revolution, and republicanism*. In a word, I found that the wizards who would fain persuade us that by a species of Medea's wondrous alchemy they can renew the form and beauty and vigour of the constitution, by first tearing it in pieces, might well address that dread phantom of Reform, which bestriding, they endeavour to drive forward its terrible career, and say to it, in the language of Béranger's Cosaque to his horse,—

"Efface, efface, en ta course nouvelle,
Temples, palais, mœurs, souvenirs, et
lois.

Hennis d'orgueil, mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les
rois."

Therefore, you will perceive that I had some notion of what was going forward, though I had no distinct idea of the actual state of affairs; but now I learned much. The Whigs were in; how they got there, though, was to me a profound mystery. The Frenchman facetiously observes, that the only things necessary to make great politicians are

"Le talent de chasser les autres —
L'esprit de les remplacer."

But even of these humble qualities I knew full well the Whigs were not possessed. Speedily, however, I was made to understand that their predecessors had kindly condescended to save them all trouble. And so the Whigs got in—Grey at their head, who, like the Pylian sage (as that villain Pope translates *Nirowe iduswe*), had witnessed the disappearance of two generations of articulately-speaking men, and is now reigning (as *erl-king*) amongst the third. With the first generation he was remarkable for *sans-culottism*,—I speak figuratively, not

meaning to state that he affected the Highland costume; with the second he was notorious for *la morgue aristocratique* which generally attaches itself to upstart nobility; and with the third, bating the accident of his empty title as Premier (for he has no power), he is chiefly distinguished for the conscientious discharge of his duties as an old croaker, in ruthlessly laying the whole country under contribution to provide well and daintily for his young rooks. Then there is Milord Durham, a dingy coxcomb, whose intellect is as opaque and muddy as his face, and that seems to have borrowed its hues from the brush of Turner; and our sapient Goderich; and our Mecænas of the mawkish and maudlin in prose and rhyme, Holland; and our mighty euphuist, Lansdowne, who keepeth his two grains of mildewed wheat so sedulously concealed in the two bushels of chaff; and our dainty Palmerston, sublimely ignorant of every thing a foreign secretary should know, and who, in all the pride and pertness of office, doth yet wear his old resemblance unto a dandy footman kicked out of place for taking liberties with his mistress—(this undoubtedly arises from his neither feeling himself secure nor easy in his seat); and Althorpe, *front de cochon*, as Brougham used to call him, and decidedly his countenance is not unlike that of the learned pig; and Lord Johnny, the perfect personification of pestilence and famine—a biped whom, if the nation were to worship cholera morbus, as the devil was formerly worshipped to avert his wrath, would make a most admirable study for Chantrey in his attempt to body forth a symbol of that lean and filthy disease;—and Jamie Graham, who would fight with nobody but the man who would not fight with him;—and all the rest of the Whiglings.

"But two we did except from that dull throng."

Stanley was described to me as being always rough and ready, like a staunch wire-haired terrier, but, like the same, also somewhat too snappish, and not always equal to his work. As for Brougham, he is decidedly a great man—a chancellor *à l'improviste*, capable of hearing causes in his sleep,

* Come forth thou slanderer."—*Bland Anthology*, by Mr. Denman.

and deciding them by a yawn or sneeze upon his waking—a minister who considers it his bounden duty to abuse his wooden-headed colleagues at all times and in all places, and through every vehicle of publicity—and, finally, a lord-keeper who deems it necessary to the due discharge of his official functions to worry a peer or two daily. I knew Brougham many years ago: he was then a very pleasant fellow. I felt gratified at his good fortune, and delighted to learn it had not altered him. In his youth, I rather think he entirely agreed with Jack Falstaff, when that philosopher declared, “A good sherriesack hath a twofold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered o’er to the voice, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.” Of the second effect, deeds of courage and valour, it may be as well to say nothing, since, from his idiosyncrasy, it appears never to have been produced upon the Chancellor; but, nevertheless, the opinion of his earlier years he has never yet foregone. He entirely defeated Sir Robert Inglis, when that worthy baronet wanted to introduce into the beer-bill a clause from the statute of James I. against conviviality; and more recently expatiated from the woolsack, with great satisfaction, upon the fact of his knowing *practically* that people preferred frequenting houses where they could get ale plus gin to houses where they could get ale only. Their lordships cried “Hear! hear!” and laughed, but nobody attempted either to deny the correctness of his position, or to question his knowledge, or impugn his authority, upon such a subject. From certain of his friends whom I met under strange circumstances, which I will relate to you anon, I was led to the conclusion that a description of him might be in some sort given in that of the rector of the University of Salamanca, whom the archers picked out of the gutter—a situation, however, in which nobody but Sir Robert Inglis* ever contemplated the possibility of Brougham’s

being placed, and which for my part I beg to disclaim ever having even imagined. Except a trifle of mulled port during a long speech, and a cheerful bottle at the White Horse in the Strand (both of which may, in the eyes of strangers, appear to affect his lordship, though they really do not), I am well convinced he never drinks more than a solitary pint of champagne d’Ay; and, indeed, if by any possibility his lordship could get physically drunk, there cannot be a shadow of doubt that he would nevertheless remain mentally sober, which is all that can be reasonably expected from a Lord High Chancellor. But now for the quotation:—“Eh! c’est le seigneur licencie Guyomar, recteur de notre université. Tel que vous le voyez c’est un grand personnage, un génie supérieur. Il n’y a point de philosophe qu’il ne terrasse dans une dispute; il a un flux de bouche sans pareil. C’est dommage qu’il aime un peu trop le vin, le procès, et la grisette.” Il revient de souper de chez son Isabelle, où, par malheur, son guide s’est enivré comme lui. Ils sont tombés l’un et l’autre dans le ruisseau. Avant que le bon licencie fut recteur, cela lui arrivait assez souvent. Les honneurs, comme vous voyez, ne changent pas toujours les mœurs.”

But I promised to tell you how I chanced to meet those gentlemen who described themselves as acquainted with the Chancellor; and as you are a staid and sober man, like myself, it may not be unpleasing to you to hear of a scene which you are never likely to witness. One night, at twelve o’clock, I found myself out of doors without my latch-key. I feared to knock at the door, lest I might rouse the terrible ire of my landlady, to whom I was something in arrear for the rent of my apartment. I accordingly wandered about the streets for some hours, and at length, about four o’clock, espied a humble house of entertainment already open in the vicinity of Covent Garden. The extreme moderation of the charges (twopence for coffee, fourpence for a chop, and so on, with other *objets de consommation*) which were placarded without, induced me to enter. I passed through a large

* On the debate on the beer-bill, already alluded to, Sir Robert affirmed, that if Mr. Brougham were found drunk in the streets, he ought to be taken to the watch-house. Mr. Brougham replied, that if he were so taken, under the circumstances he would consider himself an extremely ill-used gentleman.

room thronged with the porters and other the like *habitues* of the market, and was shewn into a small parlour, which was also crowded, but by a different class of persons. At a table covered with eggs and bacon, and chops and coffee, sat several young gentlemen in full dress, and evidently of the highest fashion. They had been at a dinner-party—the opera—a pot-house called the Clarendon or Constitution—and were now come to complete their debauch in this early breakfast-house. At another table, almost as well covered, sat two men, who, from their over-much finery of dress and decoration, and their evident effort to assume a jaunty air, I concluded to be pickpockets. They were in company with two ladies who were doubtless anxious to inculcate the maxim

“Laissez Cupidon aux Graces —
Contentez vous de Venus.”

There were likewise with the young gentlemen three persons who seemed to have shared only in their Constitutional festivities: one an old, lank, Pharisaical-looking man, whom they called Zachy—an ill-favoured dog (on whose brow a seer would have little difficulty in fancying he saw the galleys in bold relief) denominated Baby—and a gentleman whom they addressed sometimes as “captain,” sometimes as “Sim.” The last-mentioned was something stricken in years, and remarkably negligent of his apparel; but his air and bearing were essentially high-bred, and his head was one of the finest whereon I have ever gazed. The forehead was ample and bony, and admirably chiselled; and indeed all the features were excellent, and their expression highly intellectual. While looking on him, I was irresistibly reminded of the head of Julius Cæsar, as it has been transmitted to us by the medals. When I came in, he was singing, with excessive sweetness, an ancient and in some parts plaintive ballad, touching the amatory adventures of a comely tinker (peradventure alluding to the fifth James of Scotland, while flirting with his fair and lowly lieges under one of his many unseemly disguises); and his song he embellished occasionally with an *obligato* accompaniment which would have puzzled Puzzi, and which, in neatness and precision of execution, delicacy of taste, and the happy introduction of wild and

imaginative but most harmonious chromatic passages, far exceeded any thing which has ever been effected by a wind instrument. I placed myself in the only vacant seat, and got some coffee and a chop. I remarked that the young men had all an extremely dissipated look, but were, at the same time, undoubtedly scholars and gentlemen; by virtue of their university degrees, masters of all the arts and sciences, and by the two great sources of human knowledge, observation and experience, during their residence in the metropolis, “up to every thing, from pitch and toss to manslaughter,” as one of them observed when Mellish (so did they name him) nearly killed the larger pickpocket with a blow for insinuating his hand into his coat-pocket. This event, however, created little disturbance. The *chevalier d’industrie* was led by his party, after some “chaffing,” to the apothecary’s; the gentlemen finished their breakfast, and, this done, resolved to “re-commence the evening.” Mellish was appointed chairman, and intrusted with the concoction of a bowl of punch. A bottle of rum, ditto brandy, a trifle of water, plenty of sugar, and an abundance of limes and lemons fresh and fragrant from the neighbouring market, formed an admirable compound. I consented to partake of it, in obedience to a most cordial invitation, and had no reason to regret it. They were exceedingly pleasant fellows. The punch being made and approved of, “pennillion,” as the Welsh call it, commenced, each man improvising in turn a verse to the air of “The three Dames of Spain.” Then came separate songs. A Bob-Logic-looking young fellow sang a right merry song about a Kerry agriculturist, a parish priest, and Prince Hohenloe; Mellish chanted the adventures of a friar in Hades: there was a grand chorus to this air, beginning with “Chickcherry chow;” Lord Lewson sang a German song—not a bad melody, but he evidently knew nothing of the language; Zachy sang concerning a passage in the history of King David; Baby tried to sing “*Les deux Oreilles*,” but broke down; the captain chanted a glorious ditty touching the apparition of an ass: it was evidently an animal renowned in story; but whether it was the ass of Scales, that was done to death—or Sterne, that was found dead—or of Ludovicus Vives, that was ruthlessly

murdered by the clown for drinking up the moon as it lay reposing in a pail of water, I could not exactly understand. I could not sing; but a noisy young gentleman, addressed as Lord Spencer, volunteered to sing for me and Farinelli, who was labouring under a cold; and this he did with right good-will, and in excellent style; until Zachy, from his hatred of all monopolies, objected to his monopolising the harmony. In the intervals we had a great many funny stories. Sid's told us how he recovered his watch from the gripe of Dobree the pawnbroker, by knocking him up every night to know what o'clock it was; the man being most happy to free himself from the responsibility of according this periodic information, by gratuitously resigning the custody of the captain's "ticker." He likewise related many anecdotes of his campaigns. And we had much conversation about politics and politicians; and here it was I heard so much about the Chancellor. Baby (one of the gentlemen whispered me) was a sort of flunky to him.

But I fear I grow tedious. Let me at once inform you of what I could collect respecting the literary world. A set of wooden-headed fellows, libels upon their heavenly father in intellect, and upon their earthly parents in form, appear to have perched themselves upon a dunghill in Burlington Street, whence they send forth certain thin and cracked crows, which they would fain pass off for the most exquisite and refined melody; and these wretches seem to have befouled and encumbered every open walk of literature, from penny-a-lining for the *Courier*, or purloining for Covent Garden, to inditing genteel satires, and penning fashionable novels. In a word, the only works of real merit which I could hear of having recently appeared were Napier's *Peninsular War* and *Fraser's Magazine*. The latter I was fortunate enough to borrow; and oh, sir, how delighted was I with the wit, and wisdom, and learning of the thrice-illustrious Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Tydus-Pooh-Pooh, Ned Culpepper, Morgan Rattler, and a host of others.

An ambition seized me to contribute to this glorious periodical. I knew I had abundant materials at hand; and I was encouraged by learning it was not all written by one able-bodied man like *Blackwood's*,

or by an exclusive swarm of pigmy proserers like all the others. I am the more anxious, too, Mr. Fraser, to join your illustrious band, because, as the poet hath it,

"From my youth upward I have loved a row,"

and I was informed that you are at present minded to chastise some fœtid animals (and chiefly one Liston Bulwer) who have attacked you with the means of offence proper to their filthy nature. It would appear (as clearly as I can understand) that, for the diversion of an idle hour, you one fine evening, in the sportive gaiety of your heart, pursued in the Magazine an animal called Lytton Bulwer, or Liston Bulwer, as the good-natured Jesuit, Dobrizhoffer, did the zorillo, or *bête puante*, in the plains of South America. In both cases the beast lay quiet, after a short run, as if to be fondled; but upon being touched gently with a stick, he forthwith discharged his shower of filth and fled. As the Jesuit happily relates it,—“Nec mora, levato confestim cruce Stygiam in me exonerat pestem, maxillam sinistram liberatiter permittit undique, cursuque citatissimo fugam capit.” Great, sir, however, as may be his speed and practice in running away—safe as he may consider himself in the stench he has raised—caught he must be, and annihilated. I shall feel the greatest pleasure in joining in the chase. I am still like an Homeric hero, *βοῶν ἀγυδάς*, and can at least cheer you on. Meanwhile I beg to lay before you

RESURRECTIONAL RECREATIONS,

By a Poor Devil.

Subject the first.

Do not be deceived by this title; it has nothing to do with the profitable trade of body-snatching, nor does it in the most remote degree allude to the pastimes of the late Burkers, Bishop and Williams. “The leading journal” has completely forestalled me in all matters relating to the graduated atrocities of their drinking-bout, and their diabolic dealings with their CHILL WARE. It were sacrilege to touch a subject which the Thunderer hath sanctified.

No, sir; the resurrections which I propose to perform shall be in the spirit, not in the flesh. Apart from the busy world, living, as it were,

amidst the shadows of the past, I have made me friends of the ancient dead. Of these some have been forgotten that ought to be remembered—*nam multos veterum velut inglorios et ignobiles oblivio obruit*. I would fain communicate to them, in some slight degree, the advantage of an historian. Many others there are who have been grossly misrepresented in the freshness of hate, in flattery to prejudice, or tyranny, or democratic rage—these I would fain evoke from their dishonourable graves, and place before the world in their true lineaments and bearing. Many passages, too, in the history of the sufferings, and labours, and actions, and achievements of men have been in like manner falsified, and even these also would I gladly reproduce in the divine hues of truth. Thus you may perceive I propose to myself no mean vocation should my first effort meet your approbation.

I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,
A POOR DEVIL.

THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

β, of Worcester College, has sent us the following poem. He has been "reading hard," in the hope of getting a double First Class; and an overwrought mind has given birth, we suppose, to melancholy forebodings.

O. Y.

I AM sick of the bird,
And its carol of glee;
It brings the voices heard
In boyhood back to me:
Our old village hall,
Our church upon the hill,
And the mossy gates—all
My darken'd eyes fill.

No more gladly leaping
With the choir I go,
My spirit is weeping
O'er her silver bow:
From the golden quiver
The arrows are gone,
The wind from Death's river
Sounds in it alone!

I sit alone and think
In the silent room,
I look up, and I shrink
From the glimmering gloom.
O, that the little one
Were here with her shout!—
O, that my sister's arm
My neck were round about!

I cannot read a book,
My eyes are dim and weak;
To every chair I look—
There is not one to speak!
Could I but sit once more
Upon that well-known chair,
By my mother, as of yore,
Her hand upon my hair!

My father's eyes seeking,
 In trembling hope to trace
 If the south wind had been breaking
 The shadow's from my face ;—
 How sweet to die away
 Beside our mother's hearth,
 Amid the balmy light
 That shone upon our birth !

A wild and burning boy,
 I clomb the mountain's crest,
 The garland of my joy
 Did leap upon my breast ;
 A spirit walk'd before me
 Along the stormy night,
 The clouds melted o'er me,
 The shadows turn'd to light.

Among my matted locks
 The death-wind is blowing ;
 I hear, like a mighty rush of plumes,
 The Sea of Darkness flowing !
 Upon the summer-air
 Two wings are spreading wide ;
 A shadow, like a pyramid,
 Is sitting by my side !

My mind was like a page
 Of gold-wrought story,
 Where the rapt eye might gaze
 On the tale of glory ;
 But the rich painted words
 Are waxing faint and old,
 The leaves have lost their light,
 The letters their gold !

And memory glimmers
 On the pages I unroll,
 Like the dim light creeping
 Into an antique scroll,
 When the scribe is searching
 The writing pale and damp,
 At midnight, and the flame
 Is dying in the lamp.

Worcester College, Dec. 20.



James Hall

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT."

JAMES HOGG.

CLEAR ye your pipes, O Muses, and sing of the Shepherd of Ettrick —
 Hogg, from the mountain of Benger) invading the city of London!
 Opposite see he stands, wrapt round in pastoral mantle,
 Covering his shoulders broad. His hand is graced with the bonnet
 Such as the shepherds wear in the lowland country of Scotland.
 Comelily curled is his nose; his eye has a pleasantish twinkle.
 Open his honest mouth, whence flowed such rivers of verses,
 (Whither, we need not say, flowed in such gallons of toddy).
 So does he look in the morn, ere yet the goblet or tumbler
 Pours forth its copious stores, and puts a cock in his eyelid.

Hail to thee, honest bard! — the bard of *hazy* Kilmeny!
 Author of *Hogg on Sheep*, in fifty magazines writer,
 Song-maker *sans* compare, who sang of Magillivray Donald!

But really, in writing a sketch of the life of a Scottish shepherd, whose fame is built on his intense knowledge of his own vernacular, and not in the slightest degree tainted by any suspicion of his having any "Bits of Classically" about him, it is, we must admit, somewhat out of place to make use of the ponderous verse of Homer or Virgil, or Dr. Southey. We should sing him, if it were in our power, in the manner of a Border ballad, and celebrate his irruption into the south, as his predecessors on the banks of Tweed sang the march of the Douglas

"Into England to take a foray"

We need not trouble ourselves with writing the life of Hogg. We may say, with the Grub Street author mentioned by Horace Walpole, that not even Plutarch himself, much less a cat, has had so many lives as Hogg. He has written three or four himself; Wilson, Lockhart, Dr. Morris, Grey, and half a score others, have biographised the Shepherd. And at the great dinner given to him last week, he favoured the company with a sketch of his personal history, which was so minute as to supply the details of his birth, the moment at which that auspicious event occurred, and the various adventures of the howdie upon that memorable occasion. It would be repeating a twenty-times-told tale to explain that Hogg was reared a shepherd — that at twenty years old he could not read or write — that at forty he had published those poems which have been so familiar to all the world ever since — and that he has since continued to labour with hand and head, putting a stout heart against a stiff brae, and year after year accumulating fresh fame. All this is sufficiently known to the inhabitants of the old world and the new.

He has been ever and always a true and consistent Tory, which we mention to his great honour; although it confers little honour on the Tory party, that his exertions in their cause should have been so lightly rewarded.

Had Hogg taken the other side, that to which it might have been conjectured his humble origin would have inclined him, and turned his song-making talents to Whig or Radical purposes, we hesitate not to say, that he might have been a dangerous man in the bias he could have given to the lower ranks of Scotland, a country in which such songs as his have always had great influence. Instead of that, he, though of the soil, clung to the Tory cause, and through good report and evil report has been constant and earnest in his sincere adhesion to the party. Therefore we say that he *has* done the state some service; that he has done himself any, we should scruple to assert, but that we know that the approbation of a man's own mind for honest, honourable, and disinterested conduct, is above all praise.

We wish him success in his new speculation, and hope that his series of works will sell off in tens of thousands. We were gratified to see his countrymen rallying round him in such numbers at the dinner which they gave him; but we trust that their admiration of his talents and his honesty will be shewn in some more substantial style.

Adieu, kind Shepherd! — sixty years have pass'd
 Since through this world you first began to jog;
 Five dozen winters more we hope you'll last,
 The pastoral patriarch of the tribe of Hogg!

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND — WHO ARE THEY ?

THE ideal painter of the excellence of English law, Sir John Fortescue, draws a contrast (highly favourable to his countrymen of his time) between the commons of France and of England. Of the commons of France he asserts, that they "are so impoverished and destroyed that they can scarcely live; they drink water; they eat apples, with bread right brown, made of rye; they eat no flesh, but a little lard, or the fat of bacon, or the entrails and heads of beasts, slain for the nobles and merchants of the land;" whilst, on the other hand, he represents the inhabitants of England as "rich in gold and silver, and in all the necessities and conveniences of life; they eat plentifully of all kinds of fish and flesh, with which their country abounds; they drink no water, unless upon a religious score; they are well provided with all sorts of household goods and implements of husbandry; and every one, according to his rank, has all things conducive to make life easy and happy."

Grateful as this picture may be to a patriotic mind, it must be confessed to be altogether as ideal as the other representations of its author, and is, indeed, at variance, with the best contemporary testimony. Numbers of English poor, in years of scarcity, often died of hunger, or of diseases contracted by the use of unwholesome food; as they were accustomed to collect herbs and roots, which they dried, and made into bread. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., relates, in one of his letters, that none of the inhabitants of a populous village in Northumberland, in which he lodged (1437), had ever seen either wine or wheaten bread, and that they expressed great surprise when they beheld these delicacies at his table. It appears also from a line in Piers Plowman's Vision, that "old wortes, or cabbage," was a usual dinner—a diet that would not be considered very substantial in any age.

These statements, therefore, of Sir John Fortescue, must be taken as pictures of the general prosperity which would flow from English law, if it were acted upon in the spirit of his ideal representation, and properly reinforced by that law of right reason,

which might always be called into manifestation. Of the actual and real influence of this idea, or law, the existence of Fortescue's book was itself an evidence sufficient to demonstrate that the principles of limited monarchy were as fully recognised in the reign of Edward IV., whatever particular acts of violence might occur, as they had been under the Lancasterian princes.

But it is for another purpose that we quote this great jurist's authority. He has in this description given his idea of what a people, as a people, and in particular the English people, ought to be. A people, to be properly denominated such, should be in a certain advanced state of civilisation. They should be rich in gold and silver, and in all the necessities and conveniences of life; they should abound in all the kinds of flesh and fish which their country produces; their drink should not be elementary merely, but a generous composition; they should be well provided with all sorts of household goods and implements of husbandry; and every one, according to his rank, should have all things conducive to make life easy and happy. This is the old jurist's abstract idea of the English people as they ought to be; in addition to which, he patriotically intimates (and what patriotic heart will not join in with the suggestion?) that they should, in all these respects, be better off than their neighbours, the French.

In all these respects the people of England have surpassed surrounding nations: in all these respects long may the people of England excel every other people! In the course and progress of their history, what a contrast do they present to those of France! How surely and how wisely have they won for themselves the privileges and the rights of men! In one instance only are they censurable, when, urged on by a fanatical spirit, they proposed to establish a commonwealth on the ruins of the throne, and permitted a usurping faction to strike its roots easily, in a soil softened by the blood of a martyred monarch. But this bad example was, on a subsequent occasion, well redeemed by the magnanimous spirit in which the settlement

(wrongly called the Revolution) of 1688 was effected. Compare with the former period the horrors of the first French Revolution—compare with the latter the bloodshed of the second. The battle between the aristocracy and democracy of England was conceived in a more generous spirit than that which raged between the corresponding classes of France during her revolutions. It produced no reign of terror—no Danton, St. Just, or Robespierre, sprang to birth from the convulsion—no Bastilles innumerable rose in place of one overthrown—no daily executions of hundreds of victims—no immuring of hundreds of thousands of captives in revolutionary dungeons:—"on horror's head horrors accumulated." Popular passion never descended to popular frenzy. No! the people of England were formed of more *heroic* stuff; they refused, notwithstanding the talents of the philosopher of Malnesbury, to learn the doctrine, that all power was founded on fear; for they felt no fear, and therefore a reign of terror was impossible. The horrors of the French revolution originated in the cowardice of the people, or their leaders-- fear had driven them mad. And why feared they? Because the prevalence of a superstitious church had abused the influence of conscience, and thus made cowards of its votaries. The right use of conscience, be it known, is not to make cowards of us all; notwithstanding Hamlet's authority to the contrary. In this case, however, he is no authority; for he used the word "cowards" improperly—in the sense in which his frenzy at the moment read it, not in that in which his better reason would have used it. "It was not Hamlet, but his madness" spake it. Conscience prevented him from committing suicide, and this he called cowardice; to have committed the crime, however, had been greater cowardice—had been the only cowardice. Truly, he was restrained from despising the canon which the Eternal had planted against self-murder, from the impulse of fear—but it was the fear of God. This is a fear, which, whoso feels, knows no other fear. True courage of mind lives only in this salutary fear; for true courage of mind can live only in a faith of something above itself. We may have been told—and we have been told—that

It is only timidity that looks upwards for protection, for consolation, and for happiness. The contrary, we are bold to say, is the only true state of the case. The heaven-expected look is peculiar to the Christian hero, and is only possible with the consciousness of moral integrity, and the hope which is the result of determined perseverance for the future, and temptation overcome in the past. For this right use of conscience the people of England have been always, even in times of greatest peril, distinguished. They need not be told by history, nor to learn from experience; they know from their own hearts, that fear, of itself, is utterly incapable of producing any regular, continuous, and calculable effect, even on an individual; and that the fear which *does* act systematically upon the mind, always presupposes a sense of duty as its cause. It has been well said, that the most cowardly of the European nations, the Neapolitans and Sicilians, those among whom the fear of death exercises the most tyrannous influence relatively to their own persons, are the very men who least fear to take away the life of a fellow-citizen by poison or assassination; while in Great Britain, a tyrant, who has abused the power which a vast property has given him to oppress a whole neighbourhood, can walk in safety unharmed and unattended, amid a hundred men, each of whom feels his heart burn with rage and indignation at the sight of him. 'It was this man who broke my father's heart'; or, 'it is through him that my children are clad in rags, and cry for the food which I am no longer able to provide for them.' And yet they dare not touch a hair of his head! Whence does this arise? Is it from a cowardice of *sensibility*, that makes the injured man shudder at the thought of shedding blood? or from a cowardice of *selfishness*, which makes him afraid of hazarding his own life? Neither the one nor the other! The field of Waterloo, as the most recent of a hundred equal proofs, has borne witness, that,

* * * * *
 'bring a Briton fra his hill—
 Say, such is royal George's will,
 And there's the foe;
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubting
tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees
him;
Wi' bloody hand a welcome gies him;
And when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin leaves
him

In faint buzzas.'

"Whence, then, arises the difference of feeling in the former case? To what does the oppressor owe his safety? To the spirit-quelling thought: the laws of God and of my country have made his life sacred. I dare not touch a hair of his head! 'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all; but, oh! it is conscience, too, which makes heroes of us all."

In these particular qualities of our national character, the people of England act in conformity with the principle which nature, *men* of men; and, thus acting, earn for themselves the right to be considered as such, and to be intrusted with the rights of such. This principle is indeed no other than a universal law which extends throughout creation, from an angel to an atom; and thus proves its validity. Man, says Hooker, refers to something simply desirable out of himself—an infinite good, which is none other than the Divine Being. In the same way, every created thing has reference to some other thing of greater perfection. Of the universality of the law, Lord Bacon was well aware, when he argued, that "they that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for, *take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a god, or melior natura*; which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain." A higher authority also has said, "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." In these animals there is thus, as it were, a dawning of a moral na-

ture; which, however, is referred for its further development to something higher, both in kind and degree, in man. But this is only one instance of that dependence of being upon being, and of all the parts of creation on each other, which in their co-ordinate whole compose the system of the universe—a dependence which requires for each the simultaneous existence of all. Thus, a vegetable derives its nourishment from inorganic bodies, and alters their inert substance, which is unfit for the food of animals unless it has previously undergone the influence of vegetable life. All the kingdoms of nature, in the lowest forms of being equally as in the highest, manifest symbols, each in its own way, of this universal law. Every inferior scale presents a deficiency, which is supplied in that immediately above it. Inorganic bodies thus melt into the organised, and vegetables approximate to animal existences; nature rises in gradations from the mineral to the vegetable, and from the latter to the animal kingdom. Even so,

"unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

In whatever degree this elevation of the human character has been effected, in that degree, and in that only, has a multitude of men acquired the right of being esteemed as a people. Wandering tribes are not a people, but the elements of a people. A settlement must be effected—a social contract made or implied—law promulgated—government projected—the arts of life experimented, and science in some sort professed, before any approximation is made to that state of existence which should characterise a people. Nay, a higher constitution even than this is necessary. In the Old and New Testaments they are represented as no people who are not the people of God. "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light: which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God." 1 Peter, ii. 9, 10. St. Paul is equally explicit in his Epistle to the Romans, chap. x. ver. 19. "I will provoke you to jealousy by them that are no people, and by a foolish nation I will anger you." By which last passage the

apostle intends that the gospel shall be preached to Gentile nations, who shall thus become a people. It is a noticeable fact, that the northern hordes became not a people until they conquered more civilised nations, to be themselves conquered, though not physically, yet morally—adopting, as they mostly did, the customs of the countries which they vanquished. The Germanic nations, almost constantly resisting the Roman yoke, awaited the beneficial influence of Christianity, in order to their later but more effectual civilisation. Then they passed, as Madame de Stael well remarks, “instantaneously from a sort of barbarism to the refinement of Christian intercourse.” The same eloquent writer gives a decided superiority to the English over the rest of the different people who are of Germanic origin; though she contends, and perhaps rightly, that the same touches of character are constantly to be met with among all. “They were all distinguished,” she says, “from the earliest times, by their independence and loyalty; they have ever been good and faithful; and it is for that very reason, perhaps, that their writings universally bear a melancholy impression: for it often happens to nations, as to individuals, to suffer for their virtues.”

However this may be, much of the difference between the national characters of England and France, as also in the course and tendency of their revolutions, may be traced to the difference of their origin. The Italians, the French, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese, deriving their civilisation and their language from Rome, were the earliest civilised, and still bear, as the same writer observes, the character of a long-existing civilisation, of Pagan origin. Addicted to the pleasures and the interests of the earth, their arts of dominion, like those from which they had their origin, belong to the policy of a period superseded by Christianity, and have yet to recede before the genius of a better dispensation, against which they struggle, but in vain.

Now as, according to Lord Bacon and the prophet Isaiah, man stands in relation to the inferior animals as a *melior natura*, so is it the genius of Christianity that every individual should look up to a more excellent nature as a guide and example of its

own. But this more excellent nature must possess a homogeneity and a community with the inferior, or the medium of relation will yet have to be bridged over, and no influence can exist between things which have no connexion. In religion, as we all know, this community is produced by the exhibition of a Being in whom the human and divine are intermingled and interfused. At the same time that he was “*over all, blessed for ever*,” he was a sufferer with his fellow-men; and even now that he is “*exalted to the right hand of the Majesty on high*,” he is “*touched with a feeling of our infirmities*.” In politics it is necessary to produce and preserve the same sympathy between the better and inferior nature. It is by slow gradations, and by a community in certain qualities, that every rank of being ascends in the scale of creation. Even so should it be in politics; even so must it be—or anarchy will ensue, and society be resolved again into its primitive chaos. Nature abhors a void, and there must be no links omitted in the chain, or a gap will be made, to stand within which a mediator will be with difficulty found. No one, we suppose, can doubt for a moment as to what we mean by the better and inferior nature, in a political sense. The term, used only for the sake of analogy, can merely imply the different ranks of society, as in its physical application it applies only to the ranks of being ascending in the scale of creation. Nevertheless, there is something more than bare analogy in the application of the phrase. Christopher North has well remarked, in one of his *Noctes*, “that in all countries where there is an hereditary peerage, that their’s is a life under the finest influences; and that in the delicate faculties of the mind, in its subtlest workings, in its gentlest pleasures, in even its morbid sensibilities, we are to look for the principles which govern their social condition. In like manner, the literature of this country is a bulwark of its political peace; not by the wisdom of knowledge thus imparted, but by the character it has impressed on the life of great classes of its inhabitants, drawing the pleasures of their ordinary life into the sphere of intellect. By a control, then, of whatever kind, exercised upon the most finely sensitive faculties of the mind,

the higher classes of civilised nations are bound together in the union of society. But the cultivation of this sensibility is a work that is continually going on among themselves, and is carried to greater perfection, as they are less disturbed by intermixture of those who are strangers to their own refinement. It goes on from one age to another; it is transmitted in families; it is an exclusive and hereditary privilege and distinction of the privileged orders of the community." We are not, however, prepared to go the length of this writer, and argue that the intermixture of the lower, but aspiring classes, is an evil. On the contrary, we believe it to be exceedingly beneficial. It is a part of that principle by which "every thing strives to ascend, and ascends in its striving." The inferior class gets much ~~more~~ improved by the intermixture than the superior deteriorated. Commerce, which is continually raising up multitudes of men far above the condition of their birth, may have "thrown up such numbers into a high condition of political importance, so that they have begun to fill what were once the exclusively privileged orders with sometimes rude enough and raw recruits." Rude enough they may be, but these recruits increase the number, and consequently the power, of the aristocracy; and endeavour to imitate, and by imitation confess, the better manners of those to whom they wish to become associated. The next generation finds their children as polished, or nearly so, as those of families of longer standing. But what is better than all, their introduction introduces the *real* into a state of society which the *ideal* is all too apt to engross; and, in those same children of whom we have spoken above, both the *real* and *ideal*, in which the perfection of art and morals consists, become united, as they ought to be, and as they are in the works of Shakespeare, which, on that account, excel all other productions of the kind. Thus the improvement of large and yet increasing bodies of men progresses from generation to generation; and if it also render it necessary that "aristocracy of rank must be supported by aristocracy of talent and virtue," it is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," and not deprecated. At any rate, it is well, ay and not only expedient but necessary, that in order to preserve the

connexion and consequent influence of one rank on the other, they should intercommunicate, and so constitute one community—this, we say, is as necessary as that a certain distinction should be kept up between them. It is for this reason that Burke includes, in his definition and description of the people, the aristocracy, as necessarily generated from a state of civil society.

The beautiful order contemplated by this sagest of the statesmen of England is broken up, in principle, by the advocates of that exclusive aristocracy, which fears contamination through an addition to its numbers by those classes of society from which it was generated, and to which it is an object of generous emulation—a *melior natura*—a something instead of a god—through which they are inspired to "put on a courage and generosity, which courage is manifestly such as they, without that confidence of a better station than their own, could never obtain."

Equally subversive of the same scheme of things are, in the other extreme, those opinions which would set up even the inferior grades of society against those who "bear rule in realms," and thus

"let in the daws

To peck the eagles."

Hazlitt, in an eloquent passage, describes in glowing colours the people considered as disjunct from the aristocracy and its influence, and uses, on the occasion, terms in their praise which the class that he supposes (for none such in old states exists in reality) would by no means justify. This he seems to have felt; for, in a continuation of the subject, he feels it necessary to say, that "It is not denied that the people are best acquainted with their own wants, and most attached to their own interests. But then a question is started, as if the persons asking it were at a great loss for the answer; Where are we to find the intellect of the people? Why, all the intellect that ever was is theirs. The public opinion expresses not only the collective sense of the whole people, but of all ages and nations—of all those minds that have devoted themselves to the love of truth and the good of mankind—who have bequeathed their instructions, their hopes, and their example, to posterity—who have

thought, spoke, written, acted, and suffered in the name and on behalf of our common nature. All the greatest poets, sages, heroes, are ours originally and by right. But surely Lord Bacon was a great man! Yes; but not because he was a lord. There is nothing of hereditary growth but pride and prejudice."

Now no one will deny the claim of such as Lord Bacon, or even of those who are capable of appreciating him—most surely of such whose public opinion expresses not only the collective sense of the whole people, but of all ages and nations, of all those minds that have devoted themselves to the love of truth and the good of mankind. But are there not large classes, the most numerous and the most multitudinous, who are incapable of appreciating the intellect of a Verulam, and whose public opinion is but a reflection of the narrowest habits and the lowest mental degree of cultivation? Very, very few indeed are they whose minds reflect the wisdom of ages; very few have the opportunity, still fewer the inclination, of acquiring the requisite knowledge, though the number is increasing in every age. But be the assumption granted—what then? We find our republican tells us, that "the tide of power, constantly setting in against the people, swallows up natural genius and acquired knowledge in the vortex of corruption, and then they reproach us with our want of leaders of weight and influence to stem the torrent;"—and that "even Burke was one of the people, and would have remained with the people to the last, if there had been no court side for him to go over to. The king gave him his pension—not his understanding, nor his eloquence." What would these opinionists have? Would they wish that the genius and public services of a Bacon and a Burke should not receive public reward and honour? Be it that they were of the people, they did not cease being so because rewarded by the guardians of the public-gratitude, or by receiving aristocratic honour. This is a thing for the people to be proud of, to look up to; by this they should be attracted to "strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving." Let every man be incited to benefit his country by his genius or virtues, secure that from his grateful countrymen he shall receive the guerdon of his labour.

Thus we shall keep alive a spirit of high endeavour and of enterprise in Englishmen, without which they may be a populace, but cannot be a people. The man who sinks beneath this standard of character looses his hold upon society, even in the sphere in which he moves, soon forfeits the rights not only of a freeman but of a man, and is of too poor a spirit to look even his equals in the face. The established institutions of society are thus expressly adapted for the improvement of the individual, and are well calculated to call forth the general mind of the race, for they correspond with the very constitution of the mind itself.

Society must be necessarily divided into those who possess the matter, those who bestow the form, and those who legislate respecting both, and for all. Nature and labour ~~matter~~ and form, are the sources of all production and all wealth. Wherever there is man, there is an artist, of some sort, furnished with materials capable of being reduced by him from a chaotic into a creation state. He has, by nature, a right to pitch his tent in any unoccupied place he can find for it, and may apply to his own maintenance any part of the unoccupied soil. There he is to *form*, by the force of a gradually improving art, the comforts and conveniences of social life. Every degree of elevation effected above the savage state is so much clear gain to human happiness; it is so much plenty and enjoyment which in the savage state had no existence. In the primitive state of society, the proprietor and former of the matter would be one and the same individual; but as his family relationships increased, he would divide the labour of this formation with those who would require to share in its produce; or, as more produce would be required, larger portions would be cultivated. But such cultivation would want but few labourers of the many which its produce was capable of supporting. Besides, as the social arts become invented, not only is the intensity of human welfare greatly increased, but greater numbers can be maintained in a given district; for where savagism will feed ten, civilisation will feed a hundred. In this state of things, the original proprietor of the soil (or matter) will grant permission to other labourers (or formers) to work up certain portions for their own use, on condition

of imparting to him a share of the result for such permission. Thus leisure will be procured to the original proprietor, whose attention will thus be naturally directed to the relations of property, and to whom, for that reason, all disputes will be referred as to the validity of different tenures. Thus will be formed the three ranks of society, the third growing out of the other two. This third again will be divided into different departments, according to the different sections into which the subjects upon which it is called to legislate are divisible. These subjects will not concern man's physical interests alone, for there is a spirit in man which is eloquent of a higher state of being; neither has the Deity left himself without a witness in any age or country of the world; and, by and by, both the one and the other will form the separate subject of contemplation, according to their different genius, of different men. Then will commence two orders of aristocratic rank, and that divarication between church and state obtain which marks an advanced period of civilisation. In process of time, these two orders may possibly become separate from the proprietors of the soil, but will be maintained by such proprietors in consideration of the obvious services which they are set apart to render to the temporal and eternal interests of all classes. Thus it is that property, government, and law, not to say religion (which is the *root* of all), are commenced and constituted. Such is the simplest state of society; but as ages roll on, the forms of its constitution become more complex, yet not so intricately, but that the philosopher can, by a process of analysis, reduce the concrete mass to its original elements.

It is needless to say, that the history of our own country opens at an age of the world when society had progressed, for good or for evil, far beyond the elementary state just described.

When the race of men become too numerous for the means of support afforded by a certain district, it will be needful for the surplus population to emigrate to another, as we find they actually did, "in families, after their generations, in their nations; and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood." Emigration still continued (as it still continues) after the earth became thickly peopled, and

the migratory families had no means of colonising but by forcibly displacing the previous possessors. It has pleased historians to call these wandering tribes barbarous; but, in fact, they will be found in almost all instances to have brought with them a considerable share of civilisation, though most assuredly not so much as they often found, and of which they afterwards wisely partook. Civilisation accepted in them more vigorous supporters than in the people whom they had superseded;—art received that infusion of wild nature which was necessary to repair the damage that the luxury which accompanied its progress had induced. In all these dispensations of Providence, the improvement of the race was evidently the ruling design of Heaven. Since the introduction of Christianity, the same scheme of events was adopted to communicate the knowledge and the blessings of the true faith to brave and vigorous tribes who were capable of becoming a generous and powerful people. "Gog and Magog gathered themselves to battle, the number of whom was as the sand of the sea; and they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city; and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them!"—that is, they were baptised, not with water only, but with spirit and with fire, and were absorbed into the social system, which they only temporarily disturbed, to permanently amalgamate with, and became christianised.

Such is the history of the Saxons, who, in the days of Hengist, when still pirates and pagans, overwhelmed the British people—to be themselves subdued by a people sprung from the same stock. The pirates from the islands of the Baltic Sea, or from the mountainous coast of Norway, speaking a dialect which could be understood by both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks, yet despising these signs of ancient fraternity, made incursions without remorse, whether on Saxon, Britain, or Frankish Gaul, or the territory beyond the Rhine, anciently the patrimony of the Franks, and still inhabited by men of the Saxon race and language. Glorifying still in the title of the sons of Odin, the northern Teutones considered the converted races as bastards and renegades, and confounded them with the very nations whom they had sub-

duced; but afterwards became themselves converted.

The permanence of the state of England having been secured by the firm establishment of an agricultural interest, its progression also was, ere long, likewise provided for by the institution of the mercantile, the manufacturing, the distributive, and the professional classes. Of these two orders are the people composed. The people thus composed have a right to a voice, either personally or by their representatives, in all acts of legislation. The *vox populi*, as proceeding from these classes, whenever it is intelligibly expressed, must be admitted to be the *vox Dei*.

The reform now proposed to be introduced into the representation of this country is intended to be directed against certain *apparent* defects and imperfections in the realisation of the constitutional idea. We are decidedly unfavourable to any opinion that would effect an opposition between the aristocracy and the order called the people, as if the aristocracy were not itself a portion of the people, and could have any real interests separate and disjunct from that of the people. Public opinion is as open to the influence of one rank as of another, and the resources of the press are not confined to any party in the country. The higher classes are censurable for not taking that advantage of those resources which is in their power. They suffer writers to expend fine energies in addresses to the lower classes of society, among whom they find recompense and reputation, but offer no encouragement to the literary man who would elevate his mind beyond the smoke and stir of popular prejudice, and by exciting in his own person first that "divinity which is in man," awaken next, by the contagion of sympathy, a divine impulse in others. It is proposed, however, as a make-weight on the other side, to deprive those very low classes of society — which consist of the mere labourers, who now return the members in populous cities and boroughs, such, for instance, as Liverpool and Coventry — of their ancient rights and privileges. This is said to be a revolutionary measure indeed, but one in favour of property. Yet who would not exclaim with Burke, "I do not like to see any thing destroyed, any void produced in society, any ruin on the face

of the land?" That property should be represented, is clear—that the middle classes should form a part of the constituency of the country, is equally clear—but it is not so clear that the poor should be unrepresented. We have said above, that the institutions of society, which are the growth of ages, conform to the very constitution of the mind itself. Yes—they bear the impress of the signet by which they were stamped. Matter and form constitute all that the mind recognises in nature. The first is communicated by the medium of the senses, the second is supplied by the understanding. Form implies intelligence, and cannot exist without it. It is one principle of representation, that intelligence should be represented. Now, the labourer, whatever his occupation, down to the lowest tiller of the soil, inasmuch as he is engaged in *forming* the rude materials of nature, is in the exercise of such intelligence. Of course, there are degrees in intelligence; and it may be doubted whether the lowest degree should be *virtually* or really represented; but there can be no doubt that it should be represented in some manner. Let us beware how we establish it as a constitutional principle, that it is fitting to grind the faces of the poor. The proposed sequestration, however, will operate principally against the out-voters, respecting whom it is said that they hold the privilege of voting which they enjoy by usurpation. It is true that the common law, which is common reason in the first place, supposes the right to be in the inhabitant householder only; but then that supposition, reasonable as it is, is as rationally permitted to be qualified by strict evidence as to any custom through which the right is extended to others. By means of the outvoting system, the suffrage descends frequently to the poorest of the poor. This, perhaps, is the class of society, after all, whose rights require most support; for if they have not much to lose, they have very much to gain—and the little which they can lose, be it remembered, is their *all*. The widow's mite is as important as the rich man's masses of accumulation. It is possible that the suffrage may even go farther than this, and include those who, being labourers of no kind, can have credit for intelligence of no kind—the mere outcasts of society. Of this class we intend to speak, but

have now no space: it must be reserved for a future opportunity.

If the suffrage, however, now possessed by the poor man were not originally intended, but has grown up accidentally, should this fact not be placed to the account of that progression which is essential to the gradual development of the constitution? Too much is attempted, in these days, to be brought about by external appliances and mechanical aids. Every thing, from a poem to a parliament, must be cast in a mould. But such is not the process of Nature: all her influences proceed from within. The tree has a vital principle in itself, by which it reduces the elements of its sustentation to its own purposes, and according to which it takes its shape and proportion. The tree of the constitution should not, any more than any other tree, be suffered to grow up wild, but should receive, at ~~various~~ ^{different} periods, the care of the gardener, be grafted, and pruned, or transplanted, according to the necessity of the case, or the nature of its construction. "Every branch that beareth not fruit, let it be taken away; and every branch that beareth fruit, let it be purged, that it may bring forth more fruit." But inasmuch "as the branch cannot bear fruit in itself, except it abide in the vine," let no vital parts be cast forth as useless branches; for then will they surely "wither, and it will be necessary that men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they must be burned." But beware! this process will not be found so easy a matter in the reality as in the illustration; for these excised branches being not the mere branches of a tree, but human flesh and blood, will not be summarily disposed of without the shew of some resistance, and some loss, and some agony, on the part of those unskilful gardeners, who will persist in cultivating their vine upon a mere mechanical principle, to which they would wish its shape and proportions to conform, instead of that law by which it is what it is, and which is not to be overruled, but obeyed.

We have written a long paper, yet how much have we been compelled to omit of what would properly belong to a history of the English people. The history of the English people! — a subject this, surely, rich enough, but for which no historian has yet been

found. No! it has been customary to construct the histories of nations on the plan of kingly succession, though a reign can only occupy a part of an age, and the story of a court is not the story of a people. Of much more importance in the history of the race than wars and conquests are the process of invention, by which the arts of life have been produced, and the progress of science, by which the mystery of truth has been unfolded. We want an account of the means by which the mass of men increase in intelligence, in wisdom, and grow, age after age, more and more fit to become recipients of political power. (Of their growth in grace, in intelligence, in generosity, we want to be told. The inspired historian disdained not to inform us who was the father of such as dwelt in tents and had cattle, or of such as handled the harp and organ, and who was the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. This is a field of information over which that writer should travel who would adequately report the history of his country. Among the visions which it has been our ambition to realise, this frequently has visited our pillow at night, and been remembered with pleasure when we awaked in the morning.

Such a history would shew us, better than any dissertation, who were the people, and who were not. Most assuredly it would not exclude the noblest of men in mind as in name from the definition. Our part is to reconcile all classes together, to demonstrate how they are members one of another, how they have a common interest, and constitute one community; and not to divide, and enfeeble, and set in opposition. We preserve for the people the honour of the great names which adorn our history — the Burkes and the Bacons, with the Sidneys and the Hampdens, the Russells and the Raleighs — and restore to them that credit for national gratitude and public generosity, of which their pretended advocates would, with the honour for which we have just contended, deprive them. The spirit of schism — the fatal spirit of schism — which now overruns the country, might indeed expect to attain an ultimate triumph, were it not met, and successfully resisted, by the truly catholic spirit of OLIVER YORKE, and the widely-extended influence of REGINA.

A GOOD TALE BADLY TOLD*

BY MR. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

How many a good tale is marred in the telling! This old but true observation occurred to our mind on perusing the Pelham version of Eugene Aram's extraordinary history. In our memory, the name of this remarkable criminal awakens our first and most cherished associations, for in his neighbourhood our early youth was passed. It recalls to our recollection St. Robert's legendary cave, where we trembled in childhood as the hoary cottager told us of the foul deed of blood therein committed—we wander once more around the Gothic ruins of Knaresborough Castle—we still muse in childish wonder at her powers over Mother Shipton's petrifying well—Fountain's more distant abbey, and all the placid beauties of Ripon, present themselves afresh to our view—and the sound of the Nid, with its babbling brooks, is in fancy heard once more. Well acquainted with Aram's true history, and unwilling to dispel the pleasing illusions of youthful, but innocent, remembrances, we refrained from perusing Mr. Bulwer's book until a murmur reached our ears of its immoral and mischievous tendency. For, in honest truth, as we have often told our readers, we are no admirers of modern fashionable novels—we more especially nauseate the silver-fork school, and entertain no high opinion of Mr. Bulwer's powers even in that department. Owing him no courtesy, having no book connexion to subserve, and pressed with original matter of more sterling stuff, we should not have adverted to this novel at all, had not a sense of our obligation to propagate the principles we advocate, and denounce those we condemn, constrained us to the by no means pleasing task. "Apples of gold in pictures of silver," are alike admirable;

but a good story overlaid with tinselled frippery, spun out into tedious dialogue and vapid declamation, is to a sound taste in writing as unpleasant as is a glass of curaçoa diluted in a pint of water to an unvitiated palate.† Our simile may be a homely one, but it exactly illustrates our opinion of Mr. Bulwer's production, which we will forthwith proceed to review with all possible candour, assuring our readers that the plain truth will be more condemnatory than any sarcasms we could induce our good nature to deal forth. We must, however, speak seriously; for we consider the work before us, though for the most part feebly executed, of evil and ~~of a bad example.~~ But well for Society is this feebleness, and well as it for innocence and helplessness; that in the moral, as in the physical world, it has pleased the Almighty Disposer to apportion the power and malignity of his creatures. He has given venom to the viper, but clothed the noble horse's neck with thunder. In our last Number, we admitted the sportive correspondence of a friend, announcing Bulwer's intention to novelise the *Newgate Calendar*, knowing nothing then of our own knowledge of his *Eugene Aram*, but believing such an employment well suited to the capacity of a man who cannot invent, and concluding, from his former productions, that the personages introduced in that venerable repertory were more congenial with his taste than higher and more refined topics. But it is for example's sake that we now discuss this novel at large, lest the unguarded may be thereby unconsciously injured, and lest more powerful malignity may be tempted to follow in the same hurtful track.

We refer our readers to the little

* Genuine Account of the Trial of Eugene Aram for the Murder of Daniel Clark, late of Knaresborough, &c.; to which are added, the remarkable Defence he made on his Trial, his own Account of Himself, &c. 12mo. Knaresborough, 1814. pp. 82.

Eugene Aram; a Tale. By the Author of Pelham, Devereux, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1832.

† We often marvel at Hook's drinking curaçoa and cold water. To us it seems a muddy, unenlivening beverage. For curaçoa in *puris naturalibus* we have a high esteem.

book that stands at the foot of our first page for an authentic account of Eugene Aram, where they will find a plain, lucid narrative of facts, in themselves stranger than fiction. We will, however, briefly state the heads of Eugene's history, as we can thus place it more concurrently with the novel in our reader's view.

Eugene Aram was born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale, in 1704. His maternal relations had been substantial and reputable in that dale for many generations. His father was a skilful gardener, and also an excellent draughtsman, who was successively employed by many persons of rank, and at last died, respected, in the service of Sir W. J. Ingilby, at Ripley, in Yorkshire. Eugene moved about with his father and mother to different places for several years, evincing from his earliest youth an eager desire for learning. First mathematics, and then languages, were his favourite subjects of study. At the age of sixteen he was employed as a book-keeper in a merchant's counting-house, in London, where, after a year or two's continuance, he took the small-pox, and suffered so severely from it, that he was obliged to quit his engagement, and returned to breathe his native air in Netherdale. Here he shortly after engaged in a school, and married, and to his wife's misconduct imputed, to use his own words, "his prosecution, his infamy, and his sentence." Witnesses, however, with ample opportunities for observation, and of unimpeachable veracity, assert that his wife was an innocent, industrious poor woman, whom Eugene always treated in a barbarous, inhuman manner. We thus dwell on minute details, in order presently to shew Mr. Bulwer's powers in adorning and drawing moral deductions from truth. In February 1744, Eugene Aram was resident in Knaresborough, and among his acquaintance there was a shoemaker of the name of Daniel Clark, and a flax-dresser named Richard Houseman. A conspiracy was entered into by these three individuals to defraud the tradesmen of the place of goods and plate; and Clark, as a man of the best credit of the confederates, was selected to carry their schemes into execution. By a succession of tricks and pretences, which we need not here enumerate, Clark obtained possession of money, plate,

and goods, to a considerable amount. On the night of the 7th of Feb., 1744, he suddenly disappeared, and left no trace behind him. Aram and Houseman, however, in consequence of certain suspicious circumstances, for the detail of which we refer to the reported trial, were examined before the magistrates, but for want of evidence were both discharged. Shortly afterwards, in April of the same year, Aram quitted Knaresborough, and came up to London. For thirteen years he was engaged in different situations as a teacher of mathematics and languages, and, as far as we can gather, gave satisfaction to his employers. At last he settled as an usher in a school at Lynn, in Norfolk. We must now entreat our reader's patience while we recapitulate the circumstances that led to Aram's apprehension at Lynn, in August 1758. They are tolerably well known, but still curious and interesting, and a succinct analysis may spare some trouble. On the 1st of August, 1758, thirteen years from the date of Clark's disappearance, a labourer, in digging for stone at a place called Thistle-hill, near Knaresborough, found an arm bone and small bone of the leg of a human skeleton. On proceeding farther, he discovered the rest of the bones belonging to an entire skeleton, which, from its position, seemed to have been buried double.

This discovery having been rumoured about Knaresborough, excited a suspicion that these bones might be the mouldering remains of Daniel Clark, since no other person had disappeared from that peaceful neighbourhood for the space of sixty years. In consequence of this and other inducing suspicions, Eugene Aram's wife was examined before the coroner and jury. She appears at that time to have been a resident at Knaresborough; but whether she had been separated from her husband for the whole period of his absence, we are not enabled to state. Houseman's apprehension was the result of Mrs. Aram's examination, and he, on being placed in presence of the skeleton, suddenly caught up one of the bones, and hastily exclaimed, "This is no more Daniel Clark's bone than it is mine!" This strange exclamation induced so strong a presumption of Houseman's guilty knowledge of the cause of Clark's disappearance, that he underwent several examinations

before the magistrates, at all of which he gave so unsatisfactory an account of himself, and so utterly at variance with the distinct and direct testimony of Eugene Aram's wife, corroborated, too, by other witnesses in minute, but connecting particulars, that the magistrates committed him to York Castle. On his way thither he exhibited violent emotions, though we do not learn that the officers tortured him either by hope or fear; and on his arrival at York he made a full confession of his guilty participation, but charged that Eugene Aram's hand actually struck the fatal blow. He further described the spot in which Clark's body was deposited in St. Robert's Cave, and the position in which it was laid. A search in the place pointed out verified Houseman's statement in this particular. The officers of justice next proceed in pursuit of Aram, who is met with at Lynn, where, as we have already stated, he was an usher in a school, and carried him into Yorkshire.

After various examinations, he was committed to York Castle, and, together with Houseman, was put upon his trial at the summer assizes, 1759. Houseman was first arraigned, and being acquitted, was admitted evidence against Aram. The result of the trial was Aram's conviction. His ingenious defence is generally known; and Mr. Bulwer would have evinced more judgment had he accurately transcribed it from the single old book, which we prefer to his three new ones, rather than have garbled, and altered, and omitted, to suit his own fantastic phraseology. We need scarcely subjoin that Aram was condemned to die, and, after an ineffectual attempt at suicide, executed in pursuance of his sentence.

He left a paper of a page in length in his cell, which Mr. Bulwer has diffused over one hundred.

Now turn we to Bulwer's pantomime; for, in spite of our grave dislike to the general purport of his production, we must designate his impersonations marvellous as Harlequin's changes, though less amusing—the grotesqueness remains, the frolic humour has fled. Instead of Lynn, in Norfolk, we are presented with the "lovely and picturesque hamlet of Grassdale," where, in an old manor house, resides a widowed squire, with two daughters and a nephew, the son

of a brother who had long disappeared from his friends. Eugene Aram is no longer toiling amidst the unpoetical and depressing realities of a low day-school, earning a scanty subsistence by flogging the ungainly urchins of a provincial town, but metamorphosed into a recluse scholar, dwelling apart from the world, though sought out by visitors from every quarter of the globe; in personal appearance bearing about him the dimmed brightness of a fallen spirit, a lip of beautiful disdain, a forehead of commanding majesty, a grace of motion and power of nerve worthy of a hero. Mysterious musings occupy his morning rambles, and his muttered allusions startle the rustic who crosses his path. In his watch-tower, he is Manfred unsphering Pluto, and outwatching the bear. (Here we see a vast debt to the *Faust* of the venerable Goethe, and the part of Mr. Bulwer.) A chivalric mood, he discomfits raging bulls, and rescues villagers from winter floods. But we must quote Bulwer, to do his own hero justice. "He had built a city and a tower within the Shinar of his own heart, whence he might look forth, unscathed and unmoved, upon the deluge that broke over the rest of the earth." vol. i. p. 250. He scrupulously avoids, and thereby captivates the affections of Madeline, the elder, and of course the more imaginative, of the squire's daughters. (Here we have debt second to Sir Walter Scott's heroine in the *Pirate*, for Madeline is but a second-hand Minna.) How is it that novelists always make the eldest daughter pale, tall, with black eyes and hair, *pensive* in thought and demeanour, while the younger has invariably blue eyes and a sunny smile, with a bosom too pure and innocent for sadness? We love these younger sisters, inasmuch as we prefer the social, quiet, domestic virtues, to that high-wrought enthusiasm which, in female minds, always leads to error, and too often to crime.

But to return to our *dramatis personæ*. We must shift our scene to a village alehouse, where we find a priggish, psalm-singing landlord and a stiff old corporal drinking under a walnut-tree together (fifty such characters being in Scott, leaving alone older and more approved authorities); to them enters a dusty pedestrian, whose sinister aspect disgusts the respectable tapster and his guest, and, in a later hour

of the evening, terrifies the two heroines to take refuge from his scowl in the recluse's mansion, with whom, at midnight, the stranger seeks and obtains an interview to the scandal of the village gossips. The story goes on to unfold that the good Squire Lester, whose heart seems open to all human sympathies, invites Aram to his house, and Madeline falls duly and desperately in love with him. Walter, the nephew, the son of the long-absent brother, hates the scholar with an instinctive and grandly vehement abhorrence—why, we must yet abstain from revealing (though any body may guess)—and, after sundry quarrels with Aram, in whom he recognises a rival, sets forth upon his travels in search of his father, attended by Corporal Bunting. We introduced this worthy drinking with mine host, and we must waste a word upon ~~him~~ in justice to Mr. Bulwer, who brings him on the stage with a quotation from *Tristram Shandy*, evidently seeking to identify his corporal with the incomparable Trim. Mr. Bulwer's arrogant pretensions are too easily discernible to need pointing out; but in the present instance we will just observe, that Bunting is a starched old soldier, with all the selfishness and none of the wit or bravery of a freebooter. In tales and comedies, where intriguing valets are introduced, they are depicted with some redeeming traits: they love their master, and fight and cheat for him, and, in admiring their devoted fidelity, we almost forget their vices. But here we have a cowardly poltroon, without one spark of wit to enliven his dulness, or one flash of feeling to warm the cold selfishness of his nature.

“Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.”

When the author of *Pelham* affects to describe refined feelings and distinguished society, he forthwith labours and becomes overstrained; but among thieves and blackguards—in the tap, the ken, the hedge-row pot-house—in the purlieus of the Minorities and Whitechapel, he writes with an easy felicity of phrase that betokens an intimate acquaintance with the scenes described. On drawing-room fascinations he descants historically, as from tradition—the cellar and the garret he paints to the life, as one who loves and knows his subject. If the Bill is car-

ried, and a representative given to the Tower Hamlets, let Mr. Bulwer canvass them: he will be popular and appreciated there. We have small space for quotations; but we will illustrate Bunting by two of his own remarks:—

“ ‘You're a bitter fellow, Mr. Bunting: and pray what do you think of the ladies; are they as bad as the men?’ asks Walter. ‘Ladies—ugh! when they're married—yes! but of all them 'ere creturs I respects the kept ladies the most; on the faith of a man I do! Gad, how well they knows the world; one quite envies the she-roguess: they beats the wives hollow! Ugh! and your honour should see how they fawns and flatters, and butters up a man, and makes him think they loves him like winkey, all the time they ruins him. They kisses money out of the miser, and sits in satins, while the wife, 'drot her, sulks in a gingham. Oh, they be cliver creturs; and then they'll do what they likes with old Nick, when they gets there, for 'tis the old gentleman they cozens the best.’” Vol. ii. p. 43.

Mr. Bulwer says that the faults of our system of education are so many that their name is Legion; and in philosophic compassion to our old-age ignorance, he makes his man Bunting the vehicle of the subjoined reformed plan for educating the young nobles and gentry of the land.

“ ‘One should ~ to service to learn diplomacy, I see,’ said Walter, greatly amused. ‘Does not know what 'plomacy may be, sir; but knows it would be better for many a young master nor all the colleges; would not be so many bubbles, if my lord could take a turn now and then with John.’” Vol. ii. p. 212.

Walter and the corporal journey on, and arrive at Knaresborough exactly at the moment when some workmen are digging up, by accident, a human skeleton. The crowd around exclaim it must be that of Daniel Clark. At this instant a ruffian named Richard Houseman, the mysterious stranger of Grassdale, linked by some dark bond of secret guilt with Aram, and whom subsequent interviews with the recluse have introduced to us as a housebreaker and highwayman, takes up a bone, and exclaims, “This is no more Daniel Clark's bone than mine!” Sudden conviction flashes on young Walter's mind; he seizes on Houseman:—

"This is the murderer!" "He is the murderer!" responds the throng, in wise accordance.

Houseman, in terrified confusion, confesses to being privy to the murder of Clark, and points to St. Robert's Cave as the depositum of his bones, but accuses Eugene Aram as a principal. From previous inquiry on his route, coupled with subsequent investigations at Knaresborough, Walter recognises in the murdered Clark his long-lost father, who, after a life of fraud and debauchery, had settled there under an assumed name. He posts back to Grassdale on the very morning that Aram was to have married his cousin Madeline. The squire and Madeline believe Aram innocent, and hate Walter as one that interrupts happiness—nay, even charge him as instigated by jealousy to prefer this monstrous accusation. The trial, the defence, the attempted suicide, the execution, the bequeathed confession, are detailed almost in the words of the original; only we must avow our preference of Mr. Bulwer's plagiarism to his invention. Madeline is present at the trial, quits the court believing her lover to be a seraph, and dies heart-broken as soon as she reaches her lodgings. In a few months the grave closes over poor old Lester. Young Walter enters for a while the Prussian service, and marries our favourite fair-haired Ellinor on his return.

We have thus, in two or three columns, abstracted Bulwer's three volumes; and our readers will perceive that the machinery of the novel is substantially the same as the original history. Has the added fiction embellished the simple tale? Has it superinduced a moral lesson?

We will endeavour to answer these questions dispassionately, premising a subsidiary one. When is it justifiable or allowable to dress truth in the garb of fiction? For the purposes of innocent recreation, elevated amusement, or the attainment of a moral end. Have any of these results been attained in Mr. Bulwer's *Eugene Aram*? Decidedly none. And as we are not used, like liberals and Whigs, to dogmatise without assigning reasons, or theorise without established precedent, we will point out the steps by which we have arrived at this conclusion. Much argumentation has been expended on the propriety of introducing

real historical personages in fabulous situations. When Sir Walter places Leicester and Raleigh, the lion-hearted Richard, or the stately Elizabeth, on his painted page, we are charmed by the verisimilitude of his characters, and elevated by the moral combination of the incidents his fertile imagination supplies. But are these grand and beneficial effects produced when a vulgar thief and murderer is drawn from the obscurity of work-day life—a man who incites a comrade equally humble, but less crafty than himself, to acts of fraud, and then destroys his accomplice to screen himself from punishment, and appropriate all the booty to his own vile uses?—who ill-treats, abandons, and with his dying breath calumniates an honest, and, in general estimation, innocent, wife? To attain what end is such a man represented as a "high-souled being, averse to all human laws, because indignant at the disparities of society, yearning after universal philanthropy, and destroying a worthless churl that he may diffuse in active benevolence the riches which the miser unprofitably hoards, or smiting a hoary sinner unto death because his virtuous sensibilities are wounded by dissolute and heartless lust? We may be told, that no such serious design was in the author's contemplation: we can only reply, that from beginning to end there is an ostensible labour to be didactic, philosophical, and practically moral—how successfully, we will examine by comparing a sentiment from his fourth page with real experience:—

"It has been observed,—and there is a world of homely, ay, and of legislative, knowledge in the observation,—that wherever you see a flower in a cottage-garden, or a bird-cage at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours." Vol. i. p. 4.

From page 47 of the authentic narrative we quote the following sentence:—"It is to be remarked, that Daniel Clark and Eugene Aram, in the early part of their acquaintance, were emulous to exceed their neighbours in the ornaments of a flower-garden; for which purpose, we are told, they had recourse to unlawful methods for procuring flower-roots, by ransacking the gardens of gentlemen and others round the country." O,

sie on such sentimental legislation! But thus it ever is with shallow theorists, who deduce a general proposition from a single example, construct a theory, and prove it by internal and abstract reasoning, which in a moment may be refuted and overthrown by facts and experience. Is a novel to be thus severely analysed? Perhaps not, where it is harmlessly amusing, and does not arrogate wisdom. But the tale of *Eugene Aram* is adopted by Bulwer as a basis for his moral and legislative sophistry, and therefore do we thus critically scrutinise it. To select objectionable sentiments, would be to transcribe one half of the volumes before us; and these not put into the mouths of characters to preserve their personality — as Milton's Satan or Shakespeare's Iago — but solemnly ~~announced~~ in the author's own person. "When Fate selects her human agents, her dark and mysterious spirit is at work within them; she moulds their hearts, she exalts their energies, she shapes them to the part she has allotted them, and renders the mortal instrument worthy of the solemn end." (Vol. iii. p. 34.) A Protestant clergyman is represented uttering prayers for the dead (iii. 73). Was this ignorance or design? A doubt is thrown over the duration of future torments (160). For what purpose was this introduced? We hate this tampering with hallowed topics. Added to all this, there is a habitual tampering with sacred subjects, and a constant hankering after profanity and blasphemy in the person of the parish-clerk of Grassdale.

Finally, we dislike altogether this awakening sympathy with interesting criminals, and wasting sensibilities on the scaffold and the gaol. It is a modern, a depraved, a corrupting taste. Readily do we admit, with Burke, that "the annals of criminal jurisprudence exhibit human nature in a variety of positions, at once the most striking, interesting, and affecting. They present tragedies of real life, often heightened in their effect by the grossness of the injustice and the malignity of the prejudices which accompanied them. At the same time, real culprits, as original characters, stand forth on the canvass of humanity as prominent objects for our special

study. A collection of such would exhibit man as he is in action and in principle, and not as he is usually drawn by poets and speculative philosophers.

But this knowledge is to be acquired for actual use, and from real and not imaginary existence, and must be sought by those who need its acquisition — by the lawyer and divine, who without it cannot adequately discharge their arduous offices. Their experience must be sought not only in the putrid lanes of poverty, but in the dungeon of guilt — they must listen to the horrid outpourings of a criminal conscience — they must be calm to learn, while the felon's fetter smites on their ear, and his curse of blasphemy or yell of remorse tortures their heart. There was deep knowledge of human nature couched in the Roman satirist's caution — *Maxima debetur pueri reverentia*.* Let not innocence be needlessly placed in proximity to vice, lest familiarity too soon produce its almost inseparable concomitant, contempt — let not maiden modesty be too soon taught to endure that which at first will shock, but eventually corrupt! We are dwelling on no imaginary terrors — we have no squeamish prudery — no silly, mawkish affectation, that is too often an index of internal impurity. We argue from facts and experience. The records of crime establish this fact, that on the perpetration of any novel or unusual crime there ensues a sequence of similar offences. The miserable wretches who bartered human life for sordid gain, and lately expiated their guilt in this world by an ignominious death, confessed that the report of the atrocities at Edinburgh first suggested their own. Where ignorance is innocence, great is his responsibility who imparts guilty knowledge! It may seem grand to a man seated by his comfortable hearth, and free from the temptations only fully felt by poverty, to imagine and describe the march of passion; but he little dreams of the lurking demons he may thus arouse. The fool scatters arrows, firebrands, and death, and says, "Am not I in sport?" Pity and terror, when their influences are dispensed by a master's hand, may purify the human heart; but the sublime may soon be

transferred into the ridiculous — pity may drive — and terror be only atrocious and disgusting. Mediocrity is not conceded in these loftier regions, to which only spirits of the empyrean order can soar. The weird sisters of *Macbeth*, and the shrivelled crones in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, are horribly terrific; but Bulwer's Dame Darkmans is only disgusting. Independently of this, it is a tame copy from a similar delineation in the last-named of Scott's novels. We perceive that Bulwer quotes Greek most copiously: let him endeavour to read Aristotle's *Poetics*, and thence learn, when striving to excite terror, how to avoid the *puerile*.

We have, on former occasions, strongly expressed our dislike to this dangerous trifling with human feelings, and intended to make further and more ample remarks on this head;

but the space we can conveniently devote to the discussion is already exceeded. We had purposed an exposure of this renewed but feeble attempt to revive the stale practice resorted to by Bolingbroke, with such injurious success, of combining every thing venerable on earth with the ludicrous — of treating virtue and vice with equally contemptuous indifference. Voltaire and Rousseau had powers that enabled them to assume and maintain for a while this lofty bearing, this superiority over humanity in the mass for either good or evil; they could successfully affect a freedom from all sympathy, and smile with cool scorn on the tears of the wretched and the laughter of the happy; — but it is not for the imps of darkness to imitate the Anakim of Hell — and it is not wonderful that Mr. Bulwer's attempt has ended in a complete failure.

THE GREAT AND CELEBRATED HOGG DINNER.

(Reported especially for *Fraser's Magazine*.)

THE accounts in all the newspapers of the Burnesio-Hoggish dinner, at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday last, being notoriously inaccurate, we feel it our duty, in compliance both with the dictates of our own consciences, and the urgently expressed requests of at least five hundred correspondents, to give a correct, simple, and straightforward narration of the events of that great day, on which the eyes, not only of the empire of Britain and its adjacent provinces, but those of the whole civilised world, were so steadily fixed with an earnest, deferent, and anxious gaze of astonishment.

It is, we should suppose, quite unnecessary for us, at this time of day, to explain the thorough faithlessness of the tribe of reporters. We have the testimony of many of the most celebrated senators, that their speeches, as delivered in the house, are by no means adequately represented in the morning papers; and the testimony of our senses proves to us, that those illustrious parliamentarians who do themselves justice in the journals of the evening, or in the *Mirror of Parliament*, perform the feat in a very different manner, and to a very different extent, from what is deemed actually accordant with verity in the eyes of the penmen of Lucifer, the star of the rising day. Not to recur to individuals of minor fame, are not the gentlemen of the press daily reviled by Mr. O'Connell for not "repporthing" him at a yard and a half length? and, to do them justice, do they not (such as those, at least, natives of the free-minded and unenslaved kingdom of Ireland) admit the truth of his reproach, by taking every opportunity of fawning upon him, and beslaving his footsteps, with an alacrity which demonstrates that he is not mistaken in their character?

Skip we, however, all prefatory matter, in order to come more hastily to the main business in hand. In brief, then, all the reports of these proceedings in

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| <p>A. Advertiser, Morning Age Albion and Star Athenæum Atlas</p> | <p>C. Chronicle, Morning Chronicle, St. James's Chronicle, English Courier</p> | <p>E. Englishman Examiner Figaro</p> |
| <p>B. Bull, John</p> | <p>D. Dispatch, Bell's Weekly Dealer, Plain</p> | <p>G. Gazette, Literary Globe</p> |

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| H. | N. | Standard |
| Herald, Morning | News | Sun |
| I or J. | O. | T. |
| Journal, Baldwin's | Observer | Tatler |
| Weekly | Omnibus, National | Times |
| Journal, Court | P. | Times, Sunday |
| K. | Packet, London | Times, Weekly |
| Kent and Essex Mercury | Parliament, Mirror of | Traveller, British |
| L. | Post, Morning | Town |
| Ledger, Public | Q. | U. |
| Life in London, Bell's | Quizzical Gazette | United Kingdom |
| Literary Chronicle | R. | V. |
| M. | Record | Vagabond |
| Messenger, Bell's | Register, Cobbett's | W. |
| Messenger, New Bell's | S. | World |
| Mail, Evening | Satirist | X. Y. Z., &c |
| Mark Lane Gazette | Spectator | |

—all the reports, we repeat, in all and sundry these vehicles of fact and fiction, (the latter, however, sadly predominating—*consult any one among them respecting any other,*) of this truly superb and most eventful entertainment, have been coloured by base adulation on the one hand, and by the still more abominable spirit of personality and detraction, which forms, we are sorry to say, one of the chief characteristics of the present times and the existing age. What, for instance, to come to particular examples, could be more detestable than the report in the ———

Just as we had got so far, a vassal of Moyes's came with the intelligence that the month was wearing late—that time was precious—that if we wrote long, we should displace matter already imposed in pages. Sir, said he, you will play the devil in the office—keep us at the chase all night, like the wild huntsman—stick us like hares in our forms—render us galley-slaves—make us into pic, although Christmas is over—and put us into low case indeed. Empty your galley then, sir, as fast as you can; and by setting us at rest, permit us to set you down as a composing-stick.

What I said I, (we, we mean,) devil as ye are, are you sent here to bid me write short?

Sir, said he, you write *nonpareil*, and therefore you should take up little room.

That devil, thought we, has much sense; and giving him a rupee, which we had won from Sir John Malcolm, on a bet as to which ear he was most deaf at when a Bombayer asked his quondam excellency a favour, we dismissed him to the Erebus of Moyes's. We pass, therefore, all the paraphernalia—if that is the right word, which we are tolerably certain it is not—of getting up the dinner. Briefly let us remark, that Burns was a person born in the kingdom of Ayr some time in the last century, on the same day with Hogg, we understand, which makes the Shepherd somewhere about a hundred years old. We may be in this calculation under a very considerable mistake, but thirty or forty years are of no consequence in the life of a poet. It would be by no means so wonderful a thing that Hogg should be five hundred years of age, which he certainly is not, as that he should have hit upon the exact day to be born as that on which Burns made his appearance.

We have also all account of the great and glorious procession of the literary tribe which attended Hogg to the Freemasons' Tavern. They mustered in great force, and were drawn up with considerable skill. In the front were the booksellers, Murray on the right and Colburn on the left; then the authors, arrayed according to the size of their works,—Lord Kingsborough, the Mexican, representing the folios, down to the Lord Brougham and the other pamphleteers. A multitudinous host of gentlemen of the press hovered behind, much reminding us, who made, as our readers are aware, the Russian campaign of 1812 under Kutusoff, of the Cossacks, especially in their shirtless attire, unshaven appearance, and predatory habits. These troops were commanded by the venerable Vincent Dowling, of *Bell's Life in London*. The Magazine-men lay on the flanks, and came out, as Magazines usually do, in numbers. The whole array was headed and led by Mr. Thomas Campbell and Mr. Edward Liston Bulwer, according

to the precedent of the first crusading army under the command of Walter the Penniless, who chose as their guides to the Holy Land a goose and a goat. In the procession we missed the company of Jack Mitford, but his place was amply supplied by his friend Jerdan.

Hogg's lodgings are at the celebrated sign of the Thistle and Three Pedlars, commemorated in *Roderick Random* as the house of call for Scotch members of parliament, Mr. Jobbry and the rest. The road, as is well known, from that noted hostelry to the Freemasons' Tavern is very intricate; but the sagacity of the animals in front, the Campbell and the Bulwer, triumphed over all difficulties, and the procession moved on in great order. Here and there, it cannot be denied that parties occasionally left the line for the purpose of refreshment, and the public-houses reaped considerable benefit from the deviations of the stragglers; but the main body remained firm, and wound along their toilsome way without a complaint. Tom Campbell led on through the devious intricacies of Clare Market, where the firmness and intrepidity of the venerable Vincen were sorely tasked to keep his army of the press from plundering the butchers' stalls and the potato-shops, at which the reporters cast many an eye of national affection. This danger past, another presented itself. The market is bounded by the house of Mr. Thomas Wood, who keeps there a flourishing tavern. The leading files, as they debouched from the market, passed on without any disorder, but the rear ranks, as they emerged, were seduced by their thirsty dispositions. A mutiny actually took place, and the mutineers demanded drink in all the eloquence of the four provinces of the most oppressed nation in the earth, the iligant island of the hairy, dirty bondsmen. Expostulation was in vain; and Dowling, after superhuman exertion, was obliged to allow them a pint of beer per gentleman; which having been duly supplied by the hand of Mark, the troops, considerably pacified, proceeded in double-quick time to join their comrades, then desiling under Newcastle House, on their progress to Cuff's.

Than that said Cuff there was not a more puzzled individual in England when he saw the literature of London thus let loose upon him. Anxiety for his spoons first seized on his soul—then the horrible apprehensions of the fate of his viands under the ravenous grinders of the Scotchmen, hungry from the hills, and, as was evident from the appearance of their jaws, the generality of them having fasted for a couple of days, in order to be prepared for this dinner. It was too late, however, to retreat; and Cuff, having hastily swallowed a large glass of brandy and said a short prayer, prepared for his business.

Mr. Maclean, the secretary of the Central Board of Health, on hearing that there was to be so large an assemblage of *pure* Scotchmen at the Freemasons', called upon Cuff, and told him it was his duty to guard against all chances of infection. Mr. Cuff was directed to wash the walls thoroughly with chloride of lime, both before and after the meeting, especially the latter, as a numerous party of masons would in a few days occupy the hall, in honour of the birth-day of the most worshipful grand master. Mr. Maclean handsomely presented Cuff with half a dozen bottles, and Cuff liberally bestowed fifty more. The hall has, we are informed, undergone a complete fumigation, so that there is no cause to fear that any ill consequences will arise from the circumstance of so extensive a body of our fellow-countrymen having met together.

But for the food—the dinner—how did Cuff execute that part of the business? In one word, then, most basely. We leave the description of the sufferings of some of his innocent victims to the eloquent pen of the *Morning Advertiser*. There is nothing in the whole series of the shipwrecks and disasters at sea so truly horrifying as the account of the calamities of the centre table.

"At seven o'clock, after the manifestation of considerable impatience, notwithstanding the assurance of Sir John Malcolm that 'he had not got any thing on his table yet,' the waiters began to lay the dinner; and the two tables on each side of the centre table were duly covered,—but the centre table was left with plates only! At first, this was heartily laughed at, being viewed as a very droll and curious sort of oversight; but when the upper table prayed, and most gravely, for a blessing 'on the good things set before us,' and accompanying precept with example, by setting to work in right earnest to devour the good things placed before them, the joke was by no means relished. So Sir John's attention was called to the emptiness of the centre table—and the craving character of the appetites of divers persons seated

thereat; albeit somewhat additionally sharpened by the smell and the view of the tureens, the elegantly covered dishes, &c., under which the upper and other tables 'groaned,' on comparison with the blank centre table. Sir John's attention was at last raised from the steadfast contemplation of the contents of his own well-supplied plate and table, by the loud complaint and the rattling of the plates, several of which were broken in the earnestness of the moment; but the only redress that the sixty or seventy gentlemen, seated at the said centre table, could obtain, was some expression of admiration of the 'spurring habits' of a portion of his company, which again called forth loud laughter, and in which the ladies in the gallery heartily joined; and well they might, for what great man is not witty, especially with a well-supplied table and willing audience? And nothing did they get for some time, notwithstanding the dreadful clatter kept up by means of the knives and forks against the plates—noise that was at last, however, attempted to be silenced, but not by tureens of soup—dishes of fish—or some comfortable joints—but by—what think ye, gentle reader?—the striking up of the *bagpipes*, as if the empty folks at the centre table were not sufficiently afflicted with internal and inharmonious grumblings! Such was the reception extended to those who had paid TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS each for their tickets. Those who did get any thing were indebted to the charities of the other tables. The first things placed upon the table were some tureens of *jelly*, then some dishes, the contents of which had been partly consumed at other tables; but some of them were indignantly turned back, with exclamations that they had not paid 25s. to be supplied with the leavings of any Sir John's table. ~~A very~~ indifferent supply was at any time obtained by this table, the gentlemen (?) at which said, 'There might be more company than the stewards expected or had ordered dinner for, but why was not the supply so spun out as to cover all the tables, if not fully, at least equally, instead of leaving one table entirely empty, making no apology or explanation for the occurrence, attempting no redress in the substantial way, but answering complaints by ordering the *bagpipes* to commence its grumblings. Against the house,' they added, 'we make no complaint; its character for supplying good dinners, when ordered, is known—we blame the stewards and the chairman.'—Such were the remarks of many persons within our hearing."

The retreat from Moscow, the shipwreck in *Don Juan*, is nothing to this. The woes of Ugolino, in Dante, sink into paltry fictions, compared with the agonies of the distressed reporter. Nothing to eat—nothing to drink—a dinner as unsubstantial as that which the Barmecide gave to Shacabac—insult added to injury, by the blowing of that abominable bagpipe, as if their unfortunate intestines were not already full enough of wind. And then, kind reader, consider if you had been fasting since breakfast, with peradventure but a pint, or perhaps at most a pint and a half of ale, taken in the course of the day—if your expectations of food had been raised by the character of the house, and a long list of distinguished stewards—if the keenness of your appetite had been whetted by the delay of at least three hours beyond the usual time of mastication, and when you ought to have been deep in your fourth tumbler, you were in fact not set down to your first mouthful,—we say, picture this to yourself, and then think what your feelings would have been, had a waiter, somewhat mollified in his stern nature, put down before you—what?—a plate of jelly! A plate of jelly! Talk of the middle passage—it is nothing to the misfortunes of the centre table. No wonder, then, that the *Morning Advertiser* bursts into wrath, and abuses all the proceedings of the dinner, and damns it as Tory. It is ill arguing with a hungry man. There is, however, no truth in the observation that they sent back the dishes already gnawed by the voracious jaw of Sir John Malcolm; nothing that had any thing edible on the face of it was rejected. It is what Mr. Shiel would call a rhetorical figure of speech, to say the contrary.

It is undeniable, however, that there was not every where so scanty a supply of provender, for the following impromptu of Hook's, descriptive of the hall, proves that there were some substantials at his particular table, where the Elchee presided. Hook wrote the lines on the back of a note that Bulwer had that morning sent him, inviting him to dinner, that he might suck the wit's brains.

In, in they rush, with heedless crush, the Sawneys grave and funny,

Demanding forth their penny's worth, for Sawney loves his money.

With heartsome glee appearing, see the turkeys, tongues, and pullets,

Here's haggis, brose, and, dear as those, here's wine to cool their gullets.

The evening fleets, secure your seats—that bottle quick uncork, sir!

Swift as he can, each trencher-man engages knife and fork, sir.

Sir John was, like most military men, considerably regardless of the sufferings of others, and foraged for himself. We have seldom seen that person who played a finer knife and fork than Elchee. A quart of mock turtle vanished as if by miracle, and the half of a turbot was soon engulfed into the maelstrom of Malcolm. Sir John was here observed to take a glass of sherry with John Murray, who took two in return. Refreshed by this, the G.C.B. opened the trenches against a saddle of mutton, from which he abraded about a pound and a half, duly seasoned by a pot of jam. In the course of this operation he swallowed two glasses of port, and called for a pint of porter. This done, his eyes glanced upon an unfortunate pullet, which fell a victim to his unappeased appetite; moistened off, at the same time, by a half pint of port. "May I ask," then said the Grand Cross of the Bath, to Sir George Warfender, "for that roast duck: don't trouble yourself, my dear baronet, with carving it—put it on the plate." The duck disappeared. "It is a shame," said Sir John, "that there is so little to eat; but this pudding is not amiss." The pudding was extinct in a moment. "Hook," said he, "my dear fellow, I know you are against eating cheese, but occasionally—" The consequence was obvious—a pound of Stilton was defunct that moment.

The fury of eating being in some measure thus abated, Sir John began the business of the evening.

[We should have mentioned before, that Paganiⁿ was one of the guests, and related the sad catastrophe that befel him. When the piper began to play, the Highlanders were in ecstasies; and Jemmy Logan, who attended, dressed in all the breechesless majesty—a kilt, repeated in raptures the first verse of Smollett's celebrated ode on *Independence*:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bottom bare," &c.

But the effect on the Italian was mortal. At the first note he fell senseless, after having uttered a piercing cry of despair. He was removed from the room speedily, and though medical attendance was immediately afforded, he lies now in a hopeless state, to the great advantage of the musical world. He said, in the choicest Italian, "Per Iddio, il bagapipo è uno strumento di diavolo. Oime! ah! lasso! Il bagapipo!" This event occasioned some disturbance; but Sir John, in his usual good-natured way, observed, "What the deevil have we to care about a dead fiddler-body? tak the loon awa." Paganini was removed, and the matter was forgotten.]

"The King!" said Sir John, winking with his left eye.

The king was drank *sans phrase*.

"The Queen!" said Sir John, winking with his right eye.

"Ho!" said the company. The wink is understood, and instantaneously rose a cheer that filled the room with its own melody. Who would not cheer for a queen?—and such a queen as we have?—a queen who, being without a fault, of course wants no reform.

"The Duke!" said Sir John.

Well, the country is Tory, after all. Not a word was said by Malcolm on the subject of politics—no hint about reform—no mention of the gripping Greys, or the robbing Russells—not a word of the Duke's anti-reforming spirit: but the company were not deaf, dead, blind. They took the hint. A shouting that could be heard as far as Holborn immediately arose: long and loudly was it continued. In different relays of uproariousness did it come. Anon, it ceased for an instant; and anon it burst forth again, like a rumbling of thunder. Then ceasing for a while, there came a shabby hiss, issuing from lips too cowardly to express any sentiment not worthy of the snake, very audible in one or two quarters of the room. It was the paltriest hiss that ever was ventured upon; it sounded like the filthiest fizzing of the filthiest water flung into the filthiest of fires. In short, it came from the unhappy centre table, where the wretched occupants, smarting under the want of food, were inclined to the basest notions of Whiggery, and other abominable things, by the regular squeezing of the belly and the bagpipe. Down, down, down was it put, by the all but unanimous buzzing of the room; and the shabby rascals (we except from our censure the

poor fellows, who, driven by hunger, knew not what they did) who hissed the Man of Waterloo, were struck dumb by the universal contempt with which they were surrounded. They were all gentlemen of the press. Let us triumph a little—we anti-reformers—in this; if the meeting had been one of cobblers, or resurrection-men, or tapsters, or tinkers, or the corporation of London, or the pickpockets of Covent Garden, or the National Union, or the blackguards of Barbican, or the tailors who return Burdett for Westminster, or the rascalment in general, the Duke would have been hissed without any ceremony. Now, God forgive us for it! we do not look upon the literary men of London as so many demigods, but we think that the stupidest among the persons present at Hogg's dinner was equal in opinion to Lord Durham. And at *their* meeting the Duke was huzzaed.

We disdain to say another word. Shall we compare the people who met at Burns's dinner with the Lumber Troop? No!

Then came Burns. "Gentlemen," asked the Elchee, "are you all charged?"

"Charged!" muttered Liston Bulwer, "yes, and a confounded deal too high, too! Five-and-twenty shillings, and nothing to eat!—a pretty go! Could have dined the whole family in Hertford Street for three-and-sixpence, beer included. Dinner here!—Gloucester mail!—taxed costs!—how can my wages stand it?"

"Silence that brawler!" shouted the Elchee in a voice of thunder. Bulwer sneaked close to Colburn.

"Burns," said Sir John, "was a decent excise body, wha wrot sangs, o' the whilk I jist mind ane, that in mony particklers points to mysell. It is in his gran' aepic, the *Jolly Beggars* :

'I'm a bold son of Mars, just come from the wars,
Wi' my body full of scars, I can count them as I come—'

"Whaur are they, Sir John?" said the Shepherd, awaking out of a lethargy, induced by an especially copious use of the caulkers so liberally supplied to him by an especial vote of the committee. "I say, whaur?"

"And echo answers, whaur?" said Sir John, good humouredly; "but let me proceed—

'Wi' my body full of scars, I can count them as I come;
This one was from the French, and this one from a wench.'

The hungry reporters, full of wind and venom, here interrupted the Elchee by a clamorous uproaring; and the company in general seemed to think it rather superfluous to talk to the assembled literati of Burns.

"Zounds!" said Lockhart, "what does Malcolm mean? I wrote Burns's life."

"Gob!" said Galt; "that's an article of mine he has said."

"Oh!" quoth Basil Hall, "Malcolm has stolen his speech from me."

"Pooh!" said fifty Scotchmen, "what can Sir Joan mean? Dinna we a' ken Burns, that an auld haveril is to gie us the history ower and ower again?"

It was useless to complain. Elchee havered, and Burns was drunk after death as regularly as he was drunk when living.

Mr. Robert Burns rose to return thanks for the compliment to his father. "He was *my* father," said he, much affected, "and I am father of —"

Here the barbarous piper struck up,

"The rantin' dog, the daddie o't."

Elchee again rose. "I give the health of the other light of Scotland, Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd." Sir John made many brilliant remarks about genius, and poetry, and good eating.

The language not only of England, but of Scotland, Ireland, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, would break down under us, if we attempted to describe the tempest of applause which followed this speech. The health of Hogg, like the shearing of his namesake, was attended by "a great cry."

The Shepherd mounted a chair, and opened his mouth—

"My heart tells me that I hae sae muckle to say in thanks, that I could talk 'twa hours by Shrewsbury clock."

The Chairman here whispered, "You misquote; it's *one* hour."

The Shepherd liked not the correction; and turning to the chair, thus addressed the G.C.B.:—

"Sir John Malcolm,—That y're a soldier an' a gallant lad I'm willing to alloo; that ye cannillie bamboozled the East folk wi' y're Elchees an' y're grey-hounds I'm nae ganging to deny, ony mair than I'd raise a question on y're fitness to write by the yard about India an' that haversing; and, Sir John, I vera weel ken that y're a Scotchman born an' bred, as well as y're bluff brither, Sir Pulteney there, wha's supping his grog like a gentleman;—but, Sir John, it does nae follow, because y're a' these, an' muckle mair if ye will, that therefore y're a poet: for there's nony a beastie o' twa legs an' mair, that's born in Scotland, wha's no a poet—d'ye ken that, Sir John? Noo, it's my creed that nane but a poet should quote a poet; an' I must say, that I tak' it to be an unwarrantable presumption, Sir John, when I condescend to quote a Southron writer, that ye, or ony ither individueal should dare to correct me. D'ye ken the transcendency o' genius, Sir John? I'll turn a verse o' Robbin's:

Frae kingly hands ye gems may tak',
An' garters, stars, an' a' that;
But kings can ne'er a poet mak',
For a' that, an' a' that.

"If ye'll look at Shackspeare, Sir John, ye'll find there '*two* hours by Shrewsbury clock;' an' if it is nae sae, it just ought to be, sae it's as broad as it's lang. Dinna ye interrup me again, Sir John, unless ye'll speak to me in Hebrew, an' then I'll reply to ye in Chaldee.

"Weel, it's a most extraordinary thing, gentlemen, how it happens that I was born on the vera day of the year when the famous Burns was born, some dozen years before mysel. It was a remarkable night that, although I canna remember aught about it; but I barely recollect my mither telling how that the howdie having taken an extra dose of a certain *agua* to fortify her, an accident happened. [Here there occurs a necessary hiatus.] But, gentlemen, whenever I found that I was born on the same day with Burns, I determined I would be a poet; and to this accidental coincidence, together with my own undoubted talents, I ascribe all my success. [*Great applause, and high commendations of the Shepherd's uncounted modesty.*] So great is the influence of a coincidence of this sort, that I am convinced, Sir John, there where ye sit, that if you would just try your hand to hae a son born on the same day that Burns was born, he would be a genius in spite of himself. For my part, I have done my best to effect this; but it would not do. So, gentlemen, having had the good fortune to be born on the same day myself, *I am* a poet, as you all know, and I have fully realised my determination. Gentlemen, I thought to hae made a long speech, and to hae said a great mony fine things, fit for the Lunnon folk to hear; but my memory has quite played me a plisk, and my tongue is as dry as a stick; so I'll sit down, saying that I'm extraordinary obliged to you for a' this honour and glory; and so I'll propose prosperity to the Land o' Cakes, wi' three times three. [*Loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Cries of "Song! Song!"*]

The 42d Wilson struck up a stave.

Tune — "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Shall Jamie Hogg be e'er forgot?
No! still he's kept in min'.
Shall Robbie Burns's mem'ry fade,
And auld lang syne?
O drink your wine, my dear,
O drink your wine;
We'll drink in turns to Hogg and Burns,
And auld lang syne.

Thoy twa were lads 'mang Scottish braes,
Nae lairdie callants fine;
But peasant chieft's that tented sheep
In days o' lang syne.
O drink your wine, my dear, &c.

The Ploughman's verse, the Shepherd's song,
 Shall ever be in prime—
 Oblivion and Neglect defy,
 And laugh at Time.

O drink your wine, my dear, &c.

And surely ye your song will gie
 As free as I gie mine,
 And shout in praise o' native worth
 And auld lang syne.

O drink your wine, my dear, &c.

And here's to him wha's gane frae us,
 And, Hogg, to thee and thine;
 And we toun this cup to Scotland's sons
 And auld lang syne.
 O drink your wine, my dear,
 O drink your wine;
 We'll drink by turns to Hogg and Burns,
 And auld lang syne.

Hogg was in tears, and finished his tumbler. [*Great cheers.*]

"Sir John," said the Shepherd, "if ye'd wuss to hear the praises o' our native country frae lips that can do them justice, there's a sly callant in the corner there wham I'd advise ye to ca' up wi' a commanding voice. I mean the Dominie—the chiel Picken. Ca' him up, Sir John."

The Elchee accordingly proposed the Dominie's health, with due honours. When the applause had subsided, the Dominie rose and said,

"Friends, countrymen, and fellow-authors—I am quite o'come wi' the honour you've done me—perfect confused and stupified—[*great applause*]—odd, I'm like to greet. [*Bursts into tears, and blows his nose. Enormous applause.*] This is the happiest day of my life. If ye wouldna make such a deevil o' a noise, I would make you a speech, although speaking's no my trade; for, as Burns said o' the prayers, 'I'm both dead swearn to try't, and wretched ill o't.' But this is an occasion that would draw speech frae a finger-post; and if ye let me run on about our ain country, Scotland, faith ye'll find me neither lame nor lazy to take her part, through thick or thin, in the face o' a' the bombastical blawthery that ever set up their impudent nebs to speak against her. There can be not the smallest doubt, in any conscionable man's mind, that our country is the best on earth, and Scotchmen the greatest, wisest, most educated, most talented, most ingenious, and most virtuous of all people. [*Thunders of applause.*] Is she not the very seat and origin of all the arts and sciences? Have not the Italians borrowed their music from her; the Germans their metaphysics; and even the French their cookery? For it is well known that the Scotch haggis is not only the highest achievement of the culinary art, but the root and first principle of all made dishes whatsoever; and is not the ambrosial broth of singed sheep's head the highest achievement of all watery diet, from *soupe maigre* to sour crout. The productions of her mountains and her floods are notoriously superior to those of all nations on earth. Can the isles of the sea produce a bird that eats so sweet as a Highland capercaillie? or did e'er a Roman emperor dine upon aught equal to a Lochfine herring? The English (with reverence be it spoken) are a nation of gluttons; yet they never could come up to the civilisation and *haut goût* of a Scotch penny-pie;—and as for drink, it is well known that when the continental princes visited our country, they abandoned all the vintages of the Rhine and Valentia for the nectarous delicacies of Edinburgh ale. [*Storms of applause, and roars for the waiters.*] And as for her people and their works, I think I see auld Scotland sitting on the top of Arthur's Seat, or anywhere else you please, and saying, in the words of an auld book, 'England is my crucible-pot, and over Ireland I cast my shoe;' for do not Scotchmen do every thing for both nations? Who invented the steam-engine, that brings England her wealth? Was it not auld Jamie Watt, a Scotchman? Who established the Bank of England itself? Was it not Jamie Patterson, a Scotchman? Who invented paper-money, and the blessings of public credit, and the national debt, but Davie Law, a speculative Scotchman? Who leads public opinion at this moment, and edits the *Quarterly*, and the *Edinburgh*, and *REGINA*, and *Maga*, and

even the 'Leading Journal' of radicals and revolutionists, but Scotchmen? Who writes Political Economy, and Phrenology, and Millenniumism, but Scotchmen? And John Black, of the *Morning*, preaches economy in the *Chronicle*. There he is—[*the Dominie pointed to the learned editor in the crowd.*]—Now, as to our general subject, gentlemen, let me ask you who wrote the *Waverley Novels*? Wha else but a sonsy Scotchman? And wha writes the *Literary Gazette*—(another great work)—but a Kelso Scotchman? [*Immense applause.*] And if Mr. Dilke, of the *Athenaeum*—where he is, an independent, sound-hearted fellow—be na' a Scotchman himsel, he kens weel frae what nation he'll get the cleverest chieft to help him wi' his sensible and flourishing journal! And isn't there Mr. Bell, o' the *Atlas*, and Mr. Rintoul, o' the *Spectator*, extraordinary clever lads, wi' hearts in their bodies, forbye wit and havens in their brains? The present expert system of Burking was invented under the genial sun of Scotland. And in roguery, when the Scotchman *chooses* to turn his talents that way, he shews his superiority in this department of genius as much as in any other.

"Regarding this peculiarity of our countrymen, namely, their orthodox and canonical use and pronunciation of their own mellifluous language, I have made a remark in the course of my experience which is well worthy of your most serious attention. It is this: that no Scotchman ever prospers, in this world or for the next, who offers to abandon his native-born mother-tongue, to which he is wedded by nature and practice, and dares to enter into an improper intercourse with stubborn jaw-breaking English, in which, moreover, he will never be successful. But the bare attempt at this is the mark of an inferior mind. Witness that upsetting, fiddler-legged body, Jeffrey, who, in his best days, was always flirting with the English language, which he could not be expected to understand; and neither in his pleadings afore the Inner Court, or his little bits o' prattling about literary matters at hame, had he ever the manliness to speak plain, broad Scotch, like a gentleman; and so signs on it, as our neighbours the Irish say. Did ever Jeffrey, during all the thirty years he ruled and reigned in that nest of scorpions, the *Edinburgh Review*, do one good turn for a brother Scotchman who was struggling to obtain distinction? Can Jeffrey be accused of ever making use of his formidable journal to help forward one man of genius? On the contrary, because he forgot his Scotch, did he not do his best to slay one or two of his then rising countrymen? Did he not do his best to crush Hogg, the honest Shepherd, who is now in our presence, at a time when a good word would have done the aspiring poet no slight service? [*Loud cries of Hear, hear! and great applause.*] Did he not turn a cold shoulder, and speak snappish and impertinent of my worthy and respected friend Galt? There he sits, looking through his spectacles, and seeing farther than most men, and yet not half rewarded as he deserves. [*Great applause at the name of Galt.*] Did Jeffrey, or his literary helps, not insult the memory of Burns himself, shortly after his death? Did he not prophesy that Sir Walter's poems would be failures? Did he or they not do the same, and much worse, with Byron? Did he not say of Moore, in that poet's early days, what I shall not repeat? In short, did he ever assist a man of talent, Scotch or English, in his struggling days? [*Hear, hear, hear.*] Are there not ten, perhaps twenty men, and Scotchmen too, now alive, whom the world and their country have hailed as men of genius, more or less, in their several lines, of whom, as far as the *Edinburgh Review* is concerned, that world would be ignorant of the existence.

"There is another man, of whom I regret to make mention, who, forswearing long ago 'plain braid lallans,' and betaking himself to knop English like a rotten stick, has, in the little power he had during his long magazineship, done no good to mankind or to Scotchmen. In all the time that Campbell served the *New Monthly* and Mr. Colburn, did he ever do a single good turn for a talented countryman? I ask you, gentlemen, for information, for I never heard of such a thing. But the poet is long dead to all good purposes;—and so God rest his soul! amen. And there are others even here present, who, in a small way, wish to play Cockney, and forget their countrymen. Bah! I despise such fellows. But this is all you may expect from Scotchmen who turn tail on their native dialect.

"Then, as to the quality of our manners, and our outward personalities, did not a good judge of man and woman-kind pronounce us to be a nation of gentlemen?

[*Loud applause.*] And as for the superiority of our intellect, that is well known, not only to the very batters by the size of our heads, but to the metaphysical phrenologists, by the number of the bumps thereon. Now, for the elegance of our language, and the musical euphony of our dialect, as spoken by the philosophic websters of the west of Scotland, the genteel souters of Aberdeen, or the bonnet-makers of Kilmarnock, or even the learned Athenians of the Cowgate or Candlemaker's Row, I have only to refer you to your own experience of these classic spots; and as for the singular expressiveness of our native phraseology, I need but remind you, not of Christ's Kirk on the Green, or any other production of the kingly muse, but of that epic production entitled *Watty and Meg, or the Loss of the Pack*; or the various lyrics of fiddlers, tinkers, and soldiers' ladies, to be found in that learned work called the *Jolly Beggars*, by an author who cannot be unknown to this meeting. [*ASTOUNDING applause, and loud calls for the fiddler's song.*]

"I cannot gratify you, gentlemen, in any thing musical," continued Mr. Picken; "but, talk of Ireland! what can she shew like us, either in men or in brogue, with her spalpeens, and her jakcens, and her smithreens, and her dirty, smoky poteen, whilk would make a dog sick at this very moment."

"What's that ye say against Ireland?" shouted a voice like the rushing of mighty waters. "It was Crofton Croker."

"His Irish soul was all in ire."

"I'll Burke you!—I'll pound you!—I'll sacrifice you to my rage, you false Dominie!" and here he aimed a double clencher at the Dominie's nose, which the latter artfully avoided, by bobbing his head within his coat-collar, like one of Bleaden's turtles. "No," added Crofton, seeing himself foiled, "I'll reserve the gratification of my vengeance till another opportunity—I'll review your next book: I will; and, by the powers! to spite you, *I'll praise it.*" Loud laughter followed this strange announcement of revenge, and Crofton was pacified.

"Oh, fie, Mr. Croker! fie, fie, Dominie!" said the benevolent Hogg. "This is no friendship and cordiality; there's the leddies up in the gallery, and bonnily their pretty eyes are blinking: but they're quite shocked at Mr. Crofton's conduct. Weel, Sir John, I never can talk o' the leddies without the tear starting to my een. Whatfor can that be, Sir John? Come, I'll gie ye a sang about the dear creeturs, sic as I used to sing by the hill-side, in days o' yore, when I felt a longing and a burning in my bosom which I couldna then account for; but I ken mair about it now, Sir John."

"The Shepherd's song!—Hogg! Hogg!—bravo!" was heard from all parts of the room. The toast-master proclaimed silence, and announced Mr. Shepherd's song, which caused much merriment. "Eh, the blundering blockhead!" said Hogg, and cleared his pipes.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

"Sweet's the luv o' bonnie lasses
At the blink o' rosy morn,
When the laverock's liltin' gaily,
And the dew's upon the thorn;
Though the wanton breezes blowing
'Mang my lassie's hair may twine,
Oh, their envious, stolen kisses,
Dare nae vie in warmth wi' mine!

Sweet's the luv o' bonnie lasses
At the hour o' sultry noon,
When the sullen kye reposing,
Freed frae labour, press the grotin';
Then, beneath the shade reclining
O' a beech, kind nature's bower—
Thus I pruve a bonnie lassie's
Luv is sweet at noon-day hour.

Sweet's the luv o' bonnie lasses
When the day-light rays depart,

And the quiet summer gloaming
Gently steals upon the heart;
Kings may boast o' heaps o' riches,
Chieftains revel in their ha'—
Oh, the luv o' bonnie lasses!
Surely, it is worth them a'!"

(Loud cheering.)

The Chairman here proposed the health of Mr. Mathews and English comedy, and afterwards the health of Lord Brougham and the English and Scotch bar. There was no actor present to return thanks for the honour done to the stage; but Lord Brougham rose, amidst loud applause, and spoke to the following effect:—"Mr. Chairman, this honour just done me, like all the blushing honours that I bear, was as unexpected as it was unmerited. But of that you, of course, must be a better judge than myself; for though as a chancery judge I have never been surpassed, yet, to pronounce judgment on my own merits is, I confess, beyond the grasp of my mental powers, stupefying though they be. Sir, I am as averse to self-panegyric as to flattery;—both are nauseous to me: but on such an occasion, when so many of my countrymen are met together to celebrate the birth of native genius, I think it my bounden duty to speak somewhat in praise of the talent I have been blest with from my youth upward, and the benefits derived therefrom by all classes of the human species. Sir, the Ettrick Shepherd has vaunted that he was literally a shepherd-boy;—I, too, have sprung from the people,—indeed, I may say, from the very dregs of the people; and now you behold me Lord High Chancellor of England—the accomplished orator, the honest statesman [*a titter*], the upright and the sound judge [*Sergeant Spankie exclaimed, "Hear, hear!" in a tone so peculiar that it excited much laughter*]. From my earliest years it has been my delight to encourage the ramifications of intellect, and to cherish the blossom of genius, that it might expand into a flower. [*Hear, hear.*] In those days, now past, when I was not only the friend (and so am I still) but the associate and the daily companion of one whom it hath delighted me to honour—I mean Lord Jeffrey—days of which I may truly say, in the words of the poet,

'We spent them not in lust, or toys, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy.'

[*Loud laughter, and cries of "Old," "Humbug," "Hackneyed," "Stale," "Common-place," "Clap-trap," "Oh, oh!" &c.*] "Well, gentlemen," said his lordship, "there is no occasion to quarrel with an old friend: let it pass. In those days I did a deed to which I have ever looked back with proud satisfaction, for its influence is felt by the literature of this country even to this day. When the lamp of poetry was flickering and almost rayless, or worse; when its light was assuming a hue which distorted and rendered unseemly the objects on which it shone, what did I do? I CALLED A NEW POET INTO EXISTENCE—yes, it was I who gave a BYRON to the world! I saw the genius lurking beneath the leaves of his *Hours of Idleness*—I knew that it was no common spirit—I knew that praise, the common incitement of common minds, would never arouse to energetic action the genius of a Byron. With a master's hand and a prophet's eye, I wrote a criticism in the *Edinburgh Review* (a periodical in those days well known) 'On the *Hours of Idleness*' of the youthful bard. My pen I dipped, not in the sweets of praise, or in censure subdued, out of consideration for his tender years. No! in the bitterest gall did I immerse it, and the gibe and heartless jest, the supercilious sneer, and an absolute denial of even a scintillation of talent, were the arts I used to call forth the latent powers of his wondrous mind. What was the consequence? It was as my omniscient soul foresaw: he wrote the *English Bards*, and *Childe Harold*, and *Lara*, and *Manfred*—works of which, after this statement, it is pardonable to say '*pars magna fui*,' and which from this day will blend in honour the names of Byron and of Brougham [*cheers*]; and posterity will be doubtful which the more to admire, the poet or the reviewer.

"There is one other subject to which I must address a word or two—I allude to my peculiar fitness for the Chancellorship, and the happy lot of the nation in having me to preside over the chief court of equity. I may without vanity assert,

that I equal in all points the most distinguished men who have ever sat as judges in equity. Of Sir Thomas More we only know that he was diligent, and surely I also am diligent. Have I not sat in court in the morning, at noon, and at night, before dinner and after dinner, whatever might have been my condition — *sine Cerere et Baccho*, and *Cereris et Bacchi plenus*? Do I not, in my legal, scientific, literary, and political attainments, rival the great Bacon? if not his superior, I am at least his equal—and if the resemblance between us is not complete in all things, it surely is not my fault, nor can it be laid as a sin at my door. Of Hardwicke, Nottingham, Cowper, Thurlow, Eldon, Grant, and all that inferior fry, I say nothing—I am not *their* rival — *exegi monumentum*. By my coolness and imperturbability, I have awed or disgusted, I care not which, that annoying lawyer, Sir Edward Sugden, and others of the rustling silk gown; and by my asperity I have effectually silenced the Outer Bar. Where are their briefs if they have not the ear of the Court? and what gains that, save submission? Of this be assured, that a wary self-confidence, and a countenance unchanging, will, to a judicious mind, be a fund of legal lore; and a well-timed asperity is the best collection of reports, which may be consulted without labour, and always with success." [The noble lord was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his animated speech.]

Allan Cunningham here volunteered the following song, after toasting the ladies:—

Air—"Ranting, roaring Willie."

"O! dinna ye like the lassies?
They're welcome aye to me;
O! weel shall I toast the lassies,
For welcome are they to me.
They're welcome still to me,
Though ever sae dowie and sad;
For mony a blithesome day
The lassies and I hae had.
O! dinna ye like the lassies,
When poorteth frets you sair?
Then winna a kind-hearted lassie
Best drive away dool and despair,
When she mingles a smile wi' a tear,
And points to good days at hand?
For, the smile o' her mouth and the tear o' her ee
My heart could ne'er withstand.
O! dinna ye like the lassies? &c.
Then, when we are prosperous and happy,
And seated round the fire,
Wi' a glass o' gude wine or gude nappy,
'Mid friends that we love and admire;
The lassies maun aye be beside us,
To share in our joys and our glee,
For the world would be naithing without them—
O! naithing without them to me!
Then wha wouldna like the lassies?
They're welcome aye to me;
O winna ye praise the lassies?
They're welcome aye to me.
If I should forget the lassies,
The world might say I was mad;
For many a ranting day
The lassies and I hae had."

[Cries of "Bravo, Allan!" and great cheering, particularly at the upper table, by Burns's sons, the Chairman, Sir George Murray, and others; while all eyes were directed to the ladies in the gallery, who now rose from their seats to acknowledge the compliment. Heading the front row, by the pillars, stood Miss Susannah Crump, who curtsied gracefully to the company, as did also the interesting girls beside her. But in the midst of all this, the black head of Susan Montgomery, who was playing the amiable behind, appeared looking over Miss Crump's shoulder, like his own illustrious hero himself.]

Sir John Malcolm then proposed the health of Mr. Edward Liston Bulwer, M.P., and the memory of that lamented gentleman, Mr. Eugene Aram. The Chairman observed, that he valued talent in whatever shape it might appear, whether in theory or practice. Mr. Aram had been his intimate friend, and one to whom he had been under great obligations.

Mr. BULWER.—“Sir, I rise possessed with feelings in a state of great excitement. I reverence your title, Sir John. I love a lord; and it is my delight to be a tuft-hunter. The honour that you have done to the memory of Mr. Aram has overcome me with gratitude, and made me a bankrupt in thanks. I'm not accustomed to extemporaneous speaking, so you will pardon my brevity, and accept a volunteer song that I have been practising the whole morning for this occasion.” [*Applause. The piper blows the key-note.*]

LISTON BULWER'S SONG.

“Though Fraser may call me ass,
I heed not the pitiful sneerer;
He freely opinions may pass—
Their value depends on the hearer.
An ass! yet how strange that the word,
Thus used in malevolent blindness,
I, blessed with adorers, have heard
In tones of affectionate kindness.

There's Colburn avows I'm an ass—
A torment of all that is clever;
Ask Hall—he affirms such an ass-
istant he never saw, never!
Cries Bentley, ‘My vigs, vot an ass-
emblage of talents for puffing!’
Thus all are agreed I am an ass—
A fig for REGINA's rebuffing!

Let. Landon declares I'm an ass-
onant to love and to beauty;
Cries Mrs. B. ‘O what an ass-
ociate in conjugal duty!’
There's Jerdan exclaims I'm an ass-
ayer of poesy's pinions;
And I, too, affirm I'm an ass-
enter to all their opinions.

The Parliament knows I'm an ass-
ailer of all that is Tory;
The Thunderer vows I'm an ass-
erter of Radical glory.
Though hitherto I've been an ass-
uager of rancorous speeches,
Yet still they will find me an ass-
alter when liberty teaches.

I own of myself I'm an ass-
iduous lover and praiser;
But make me of rhino the ass-
essor, and that is my way, sir.
Poor Colburn!—But see, I'm an ass-
assin of self by confession!
Dear traders! how quickly I ass-
imilate to the profession.”

Mr. Patrick Robertson's health (glorious Petrus Maximus!) being drunk, the learned advocate returned thanks in a short, but luminous speech. “Sir,” said he, “modesty is the rock on which my fame has been shattered; and therefore, with that diffidence which is my bane, and the basis of my nature, I rise to return you my thanks for the honour you have done me. [*Hear, hear.*] If I am tardy in my volubility of speech, ascribe it to the overflowing of a heart which glows

beneath the Hyperborean gusts of a fructifying gratitude. [*Cheers.*] The days of our progenitors are not our days; and the perspicacity of a triumphant delusion is the antidote to inferiority. [*Cheers.*] Such was it with Burns, such it is with Hogg, such with myself, and with every transcendent genius whose glory is the eclipse of a mundane transmigration. [*Long and continued cheering.*] But this cannot always last: the germination of the integral calculus is the superfecundity of man's brightest gem, and it will prosper and increase till the outpouring of the midnight oil accelerates the unctiousness of the wearied brain. Then will the beauty of science cease its sibylline contortions; and the steam engine of genius, flying on the rail-road of popularity, will prove the inherent value of whisky punch as an agreeable and universal beverage." [*Enthusiastic cheers.*]

Here the uproar became very great, and the grotesque eccentricities of several of the gentlemen present, though very creditable to their ingenuity, were more diverting than decorous. As a specimen of what took place, we may notice the actions of Mr. Bulwer, who, elated with the praise bestowed upon an elegant gilt chain which he wore round his neck, and affected, perhaps, by the copious draughts of rude port that he had imbibed, gave way to the fermentation of his feelings by mounting the centre table, where he danced for a quarter of an hour to the tune of "Maggie Lauder," played on the bagpipes, and, moreover, to the amusement of the whole company, puffing being, he said, his business. During the Pythonic excitement that he endured, he had the misfortune to break several decanters and a few glasses. Hereupon Cuff presented himself behind the M.P.'s chair, and when he had resumed his seat, handed him an account of the damage caused by the enthusiasm of his capering. Liston Bulwer could not deny that he had broken the glass, but he carefully examined every item of the account, and after haggling about the price of each article, reluctantly owned that he had not a sovereign in his pocket. Cuff said that it was his rule never to give credit to any literary gentleman; and he was about to give Bulwer in charge to a policeman, to be conveyed to Covent Garden watch-house, when the heart of Colburn relented. He bethought him that it was near the end of the month, when the services of his flunkies are the most valuable; so he valiantly took from his pocket-book a bill stamp, and drew a bill at six months' date in favour of Mr. Cuff, to pay for the mischief done by Bulwer. After much consideration, the bill being for the sum of 4*l.* 1*9s.* 7*d.*, Cuff was induced to take it on Colburn's credit, and Bulwer was released.

The noise and confusion increased. "What!" exclaimed Allan Cunningham, to a greasy-looking fellow standing near him—"picking my pockets! Pretty company this, indeed!" and Allan planted a jaw-breaker on the covey's dexter prog-mill. "Fighting at last, thank heaven!" said Crofton Croker—and, rushing into the midst, laid on promiscuously on all sides, alike impartial to friend and foe. *Vol de rol Trueba*, in his haste to shew his apt command over his legs, forgot his silver-headed cane, which was boned by a suspicious-looking fellow with huge whiskers, whom he had observed lurking about various parts of the room.

Croftie still fought on by the side of Cunningham: they fought like Trojans, for there were many *Greeks* to be encountered. Bulwer, who is no fighting man, took refuge behind Colburn. Jerdan and Pattimore engaged in mortal combat, but we did not hear the result. There was such cuffing and kicking, and profane swearing, that we were compelled to leave the room to the belligerents: so, leaning upon the Elchee's arm, we quitted the scene of tumult and disgrace; the Elchee gently humming "We're nae that fou," as we retired,

"With a stately step, and slow."

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M.DCCC.XXXII.

Junior United Service,
6th of the Calends of March (bis).

MY DEAR FRASER,

It is with regret I state that I have not time to write an article for you this month, as I am engaged in half a dozen of the most delicate negotiations all at once. However, as you have some devilish smart fellows about you, I may suggest the heads of a few articles. As to foreign affairs, the less you say about them the better; for, believe me, all this talk about Belgium, Portugal, Rome, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Turkey, Egypt, Hungary, &c. is merely nonsense, and nothing else. Every body is holding back his hand until spring, and all the world knows it. There is a game playing among the diplomatists, each fellow with a grave face humbugging the other, well assured in his own mind that the opposite party is up to him. In spring, when troops can move, we shall hear a different kind of music; until then keep your foreign correspondents in a loose rein—ready, however, to pull them up when the equinox makes its appearance. Palmerston must turn out, of course, as soon as any real business is to be done; just now, he is fit enough to be made a fool of by old Talleyrand. Ponsonby cuts a particularly shabby figure in that business of Vander Smissen's. I am sorry for it, because Ponsonby and I were old friends in days gone by, *sub regno Harriette*. Apropos, if you have any influence with the King of the Netherlands, drop him a hint that the sooner he gets rid of Falck, the better it will be for himself. They say, indeed, that Wilhelm Konig cannot shake off his gouty ambassador, because they are too deeply dipped together in stockjobbing, and some speculations in tan-pits and old clothes; but this I don't exactly believe. I can assure him that Falck does mischief to his cause here.

In domestic politics, keep your eye upon a new modification of the Charles Street Club, or, as its ill-willers call it, the Charles Street Gang. They are making it into a sort of regular Brookes's. One or two good fellows are on the committee—my friend Vyvyan, for instance—but otherwise they are doing every thing to insult the honest Tories, like you and me. Just think of their having the face to reject the Duke of Newcastle for a committee-man; and but that old Eldon made it a *sine qua non*, they had a notion of blackballing his grace even as a member. I do not wish to divide any farther a party which, Heaven knows, is divided enough already, so I shall not mention the names of the persons on whom, I fear, the blame ultimately rests; but the ostensible agent is Charley Ross, who, if all I hear be true, is well worthy of a flogging. This must be seriously thought on. More in my next.

As for the Plunkett job of which you write to me, never mind it. Plunkett is done. Even the ministers must give him up now. With respect to Hobhouse, why, my dear sir, who ever thought him any thing else but a placeman *determiné* or *prononcé*?—which you please.

The most important motion, after all—for reform is a humbug now—is Baring's for allowing M.P.'s to be arrested. Talk of the violations of Magna Charta after that! Why, Magna Charta is—consult Oliver Cromwell. But if M.P.'s are to be arrested, who the devil would go into parliament? *Haud ego vel Cluvienus*. Neither I nor Tom Duncombe. But I must break off.

Ever yours,

M. O'D.

The report that I am the commander-in-chief of the St. Giles's division of Don Pedro's army is wholly unfounded. Sartorius sacked all the money, and why should I go?

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Vol. V.

THE SPIRIT AND PRACTICE OF THE WHIG EXECUTIVE.

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

SIR,

THE invitation given me in so flattering a manner, by your introduction to my article on the Political Conduct of the Clergy, I readily accept under another signature, which will serve for all topics.

As I may again advance opinions in which you cannot concur, I will say a word of myself, that I may not be misunderstood by you or your readers. In respect of persons, I never was, whatever my partialities may have been, an adherent of party; and hitherto my pen has as often opposed and censured the Tories as the Whigs. I cleave, generally, to what was Toryism previously to the last ten or fifteen years; and because I do so, I find myself about as widely separated from the one party as the other. On several leading questions, including the reform one, which place them in conflict, I differ alike from both; and on others I perceive I must be a Whig, if I be a Tory. Neither conscience nor taste will suffer me to fight one class or interest against another for separate benefit, or to take the narrow ground of undeviating panegyric. If I be the friend of the aristocracy, the church, and agriculture, it does not follow that I am an enemy to the democracy, the dissenters, and manufactures; or that in defending them, I am to be silent on their errors and misdeeds. I feel, that to protect them effectually, I must protect all classes, bodies, and interests, in their just rights and privileges;

and when I know that their present peril has been produced, in a large degree, by their own misconduct, I cannot be ignorant that I shall be a worthless champion if I spare so deadly an enemy. If I must be classed, let it be with such men as Sir Edward Knatchbull, who profess to be independent between the rival combatants for office, and to belong to the party of the empire.

With the upright and tolerant part of my countrymen, this will shield me from misapprehension; if I occasionally speak even strongly against the Tories, and what they uphold, it will be ascribed, not to party hostility, but to regard for national benefit; I shall be understood to punish that I may reclaim, and oppose that I may serve. I come to your publication in search of that freedom of speech and discussion which is my birthright, and without which I can have no literary being: I must write what I think and feel, or nothing.

This paper will prove, that if I do not belong to the Tories, I am no Whig; and that I do not value the rights and weal of my country the less, from thinking meanly of party fetters and profit.

When the present ministry was formed, I ranked not with its enemies; in common with the body of the Independents and Tories, I mingled hope with doubt, and was anxious that I might be able to support it. My confidence in one part of the Tories was

lost; in the other, it was shaken to the base: and neither professed to differ materially from the Whigs in general creed and policy. I always understood, that on the essentials of the constitution, in both doctrine and fabric, Whig and Tory were agreed; and I was as ready to believe that Whiggism did not make a man an enemy of our monarchical and aristocratic institutions, as that Toryism did not make him a friend of arbitrary power. There were zealots on both sides, who plunged into wild and wicked extremes of principle and invention; but I was as little disposed to make the one creed as the other responsible for their conduct. In my eyes the Whigs were always, in respect of existence, as constitutional and necessary as the Tories—both were equally essential to form the great moving power of the constitution, and make its motion the source of freedom and happiness: therefore, when my partiality to the Tories was the warmest, I regarded the Whigs as a party which ought to be opposed, chastised, or assisted, according to its conduct; but not to be hated and destroyed.

When I looked at the general history of Whiggism, I found much to command my admiration and reverence; even its errors displayed something English, manly, benevolent, and virtuous, which had great weight with me in the way of palliation. Its name was engraven on the proudest institutions of my country—it was written in the great charters of my rights and liberties; a brilliant proportion of its sons appeared amidst the heroes who had bled for England, the sages who had filled her with wisdom, the patriots who had established her freedom, and the statesmen who had made her the first of nations. I was not the man to feel no pride in its glories because I did not profess it—to venerate its illustrious and mighty dead the less because I was no Whig—and to think its living professors capable of turning their hands against their country, and destroying what their ancestors had so largely contributed to raise, because I did not belong to them as a party.

In consequence, when the Whigs obtained office, I felt no little hope that their first care would be to purge their creed and character from the blots and suspicions which a long course of unhappy years had cast on

both. They had a splendid opportunity for doing it. On the one hand, the leading Tories and their periodicals were putting forth doctrines touching the French revolution and reform, which were as flatly at variance with the principles of the British constitution as with the common reason and rights of mankind. And on the other, the Liberals, foreign and domestic, were doing the same, in the opposite extreme of doctrine. Time and circumstance placed their rivals and adversaries in the wrong, removed every obstacle, and scarcely allowed them to take other ground than that of truth and wisdom. Never before were men so favoured.

In the convulsed state of this country and Europe, I expected that they would be impelled by honourable ambition to constitute themselves the teachers of freedom to mankind—that they would place before it the great principles of our constitution, and shew how widely the glorious sun of English liberty differed from the glimmering rushlights and consuming bonfires of continental licentiousness. I felt assured they would be led, by the slanders which had been cast on them, to give triumphant proof that a genuine English Whig had as little to do as a Tory with the foreign trader in rebellion and revolution. To me it seemed impossible for them to seek instruction from the ignorant, groping, grovelling, profligate, crazy projectors of other states; or to do other than turn to their great ancestors, and exhibit a system regulated by science, enlightened by experience, equally remote from absolute monarchy and pure democracy, rejecting every variety of tyranny, securing to all classes and interests an equality of right and privilege, and demonstrating how far England and her sons still transcended the rest of the world in the knowledge and practice of liberty. When patriotism, honour, fame, interest—every thing which can operate on the best and worst feelings of the human heart, commanded them to take the right path, how could I expect that they would choose another?

Most complete and bitter has been my disappointment!

These Whigs, on commencing their official career, renounced the essentials of Whiggism, in both doctrine and practice, as no better than rank Toryism: they cast from them all the great

Whig lights of older days, and treated Fox himself as no higher an authority than a Tory bigot. Had this been done for the adoption of something new, invented by themselves, perhaps the latter would have been in a trifling degree English—partly applicable to the state of the empire—not wholly false and destructive: but the object was totally different. On rejecting the stores of knowledge supplied by the annals of their country and party, they could do nothing as principals; and they made themselves puppets of, not the ancients of Greece and Rome, but the ancients of the French revolution. On degrading their country from the rank of leader and teacher, even in romance and experiments, they made her the passive pupil, and chained her to the tail, of revolutionary France. To them, as British ministers, their own sovereign knew nothing; but the French one was omniscient—the British parliament could do nothing right, but the French cabinet could do nothing wrong—British Liberals were dolts, but French ones were scers—British mobs were below notice, but French ones were unerring—and every thing done in France was, as a matter of course, necessary in England. In respect of domestic government, they made this empire practically a province of France, saving that they refused to copy the very few wise and necessary measures which emanated from French rulers.

In the most perfect system of government which human wisdom could contrive, freedom and right must always be largely at the mercy of the executive. Not only must the latter be endowed with a wide extent of discretionary power, but the best institution, the wisest law, and the truest principle, may be easily perverted into instruments of tyranny and wrong. Through the imperfection inseparable from earthly things, limitation and restraint cannot allow the ruler to do his duty, without enabling him to abuse his power. There must always be large bodies—a very great minority of the people, without sufficient means of self-protection, unable to enforce redress of grievances, and which he can oppress and despoil almost at pleasure; his power against this minority will often be the most despotic and dangerous, when it is the most feeble against the majority. Frequently, from

the errors and misdeeds of the sovereign, the ignorance, corruption, or bad feelings of the legislature, and other causes, he will be able to inflict grinding tyranny on the body of the people. Truly was it said by the Lord Camden of the last generation, "King, Lords, and Commons, are grand and sounding names; but King, Lords, and Commons, may become tyrants, as well as others."

Of course, for the due enjoyment of freedom; a proper spirit and mode in the ruler are as essential as free institutions and laws. To ensure them as far as possible, a code of maxims has been formed with us for his guidance, by which he is enjoined to recur continually to first principles, follow good precedents, look at intention rather than letter, bound the use of power by the dictates of duty, and give the benefit of doubt, in all cases, to moderation and the subject. By this code, which is intended to supply the place of legal and physical restraints, where they cannot have being or effect, he is taught to give operation to the constitution in a constitutional manner and for constitutional purposes; to administer the free form of government in such a mode as will make it to all a source of real and equal freedom. Unhappily, although it is as essential as the most sacred of our statutes, he must always be able to disregard it at will.

In obedience to it, for a long time previously to the death of that honest minister, the late Earl of Liverpool—what patriot now passes his tomb without a sigh?—it had become a settled rule with government to attend as much to the minority as to the majority. No great change was attempted, if obnoxious to any considerable part of the people. The weakest interest, or body, was as tenderly dealt with as the strongest; if any matter pressed specially on it, no parliamentary influence was necessary for obtaining it redress; any new measure affecting it exclusively, to which it strongly objected, was abandoned or modified, though sure of being carried in the legislature. If one large part of the community insisted on changes, to which the other was opposed, government acted as an arbitrator, but not as a partisan; it listened to both sides, exacted concession and compromise from both, and suffered neither to tyrannise. In placing their measures

before parliament, ministers were willing, as far as duty would allow, to alter, soften, and contract, at the suggestion of friend or foe, without thinking of the majority they commanded. Here, in my eyes, was long the great charm of Toryism; yet, alas! it was destroyed by a Tory ministry.

On the difference of spirit and mode in administering the constitution, stood the more important of the legitimate and eternal differences of creed between Whiggism and Toryism; the other points of difference between the latter related generally to matters not necessarily connected with party principles.

Let me recall to general remembrance some of the most striking characteristics which Whiggism, now a defunct creed, a mighty and glorious creation of human genius which was and is not, displayed. It professed boundless idolatry for the constitution. The terms constitution and constitutional were contained in every sentence of Whig reviews and newspapers; they flowed incessantly from Whig lips,—they formed the golden rules by which alone the Whig could speak and act.

Jealousy of, and hostility to, the power of the crown,—that is, the power of the executive of both the king and his ministers,—entered into the marrow of Whiggism. The Whigs everlastingly declaimed against this power, and laboured both to reduce its magnitude and restrain its exercise. As a necessary consequence, the protection of the people from its abuse, and of the legislature from its control, ranked amidst the fundamentals of their faith.

The most ardent attachment to liberty, they declared was their cornerstone; and they construed liberty to consist in making the subject to the utmost degree independent of the crown.

When the Whigs obtained office, they became essentially the crown. The mass of the population was in the deepest misery, and supplicating for the redress of grievances and removal of evils. Here was a magnificent opportunity for the practice of Whiggism, and proving its vast superiority over Toryism—for administering the constitution according to its spirit and the realities of freedom. What admiration would have burst from a grateful people, had they, like a truly

paternal government, promptly instituted inquiry, and spared no effort in banishing hunger and assuaging sorrow! But, alas! the Whig crown, like the fallen Tory one, was totally unable to discover that the constitution commanded attention to the people's complaints, redress for their grievances, and remedy for their sufferings; or that it was constitutional to suffer the legislature to discover it. It sternly refused inquiry and remedy. Some of its first measures were confessedly calculated to add largely to the loss and misery of different portions of the community, yet it obstinately persisted in them, in utter disregard of the evidence and prayers of those on whom their ruinous effects were to fall, and it defended itself by alleging, they had been resolved on by its predecessor.

What more could any despotism have done? Where is the despotism which disregards the complaints and sufferings of its subjects, and forces on them spontaneously changes for destroying their property and bread? Thus far, here was a total renunciation and reversal of Whiggism—an administration of the constitution in the most arbitrary spirit and mode—a virtual enlargement of the power of the crown into sweeping despotism.

The Whigs had the most happy combination of circumstances for disposing of the reform question that imagination could conceive. All discerning men saw that reform was as necessary for one party and interest as for another; and that without it, there could be no other than a most inefficient and ruinous government. The Tory leaders and publications, with a few honourable exceptions, stripped themselves of public confidence by protesting against all reform, and defending the most gross and odious abuses in the election of the House of Commons. The Tory body really desired a reasonably comprehensive plan of reform; the Whig one was willing to make large concession and compromise; and the Radicals had no hope that their demands would be listened to. It seemed to be scarcely possible for the executive to be so foolish or perverse, as to produce any other than a plan which would be warmly sanctioned by the mass of the community, and in itself cover Tory hostility with general scorn and indignation.

And what plan did it give birth to ? One which went infinitely beyond what the Whigs expected, which astonished the radicals by the extent of its surrenders, and which the Tories felt themselves wholly unable to support. A plan which was so unnecessarily sweeping, theoretic, and speculative, that it arrayed the knowledge and property of the country against it, gave to the Tory heads once more a potent party, and filled the realm with, not only party strife, but revolutionary convulsion and madness.

Let me here remind all honest men of the ground on which the leading Whigs always before this moment called for reform ; this ground was a reduction of the power of the crown, meaning by the word crown both the king and the ministry. In May 1797, Earl Grey, the present prime minister, made in the House of Commons a motion for reform, and he asked in his speech touching this house—"whether it had watched the conduct of ministers ? whether it had controlled the executive government in its operations ?" Because in his judgment it had done neither, he pronounced reform to be necessary. Another leading argument with him was—the power of the crown over the house had very greatly increased. He and his brethren never said a syllable against the power of the aristocracy in its independent character, and they only sought to destroy the aristocratic boroughs because the latter got into the hands of the crown. Their professed object was to reduce the power of the crown, and enlarge that of the people, especially in the House of Commons ; but not to weaken or injure the aristocracy in any manner.

When these Whigs became the crown, they fabricated a scheme of reform, which, on their own confession, was to make a mighty theoretic change in the working of our institutions—to take power from one vast division of the community, and give it to another—to make a radical alteration in the equipoise, connexion, and relations of society, and also in the person, spirit, and conduct of the general government. Demonstrably, its consequences were so much matter of doubt and speculation, that the predictions of its opponents were as likely to be realised as those of its supporters. On the admission of Lord J. Russell, its proposer, it was largely fraught with peril ;

and on that of the whole executive, it was, if its opponents predicted truly, of a most ruinous character.

A scheme like this was placed before, perhaps, the very best House of Commons for dealing with it, that ever existed, or could exist. This house was elected to make, and was sincerely in favour of, reform ; it was not bound by pledge or prejudice to any specific plan, therefore it was free to examine and deliberate dispassionately. Beyond precedent, it was independent of both the government and party, the fair representative of every class and interest, anxious to dispense impartial justice to all, and inclined to err on the side of moderation, caution, and safety. As to the close borough members, the one division balanced and neutralised the other. I believe that England never before had a House of Commons which made so near an approach to perfection in all its attributes.

When it is remembered that the scheme was a measure of the crown, that its character was what I have stated, and that the crown had a deep interest in making it delusive and injurious—the ministry had mighty private, sordid, vicious reasons, for framing it to sacrifice the weal of the empire to its own party power and individual aggrandisement ; it will be readily admitted that it was a measure which above all others called for the most severe scrutiny and unsparing modification on the part of the House of Commons. Well, the existing house began to examine and deliberate—for what purpose ? Not to reject the measure wholly or essentially, but to correct and prune it,—to harmonise conflicting claims,—to give equal protection to jarring interests,—to exact from both sides a fair proportion of concession and compromise,—to attend duly to the rights of all parts of the people,—to improve it into a plan comprehensive enough to satisfy all honest reformers, and yet impartial, safe, and acceptable in the main to all parties. Some credulous soul will here exclaim,—Was not Earl Grey in raptures when he found a House of Commons willing to "watch" and "control" the executive—such a house as his patriotic bosom had so long sighed for—already in existence ? Were not the Whigs intoxicated with delight when they found in the flood of good fortune which had overwhelmed

them a really reformed House of Commons—a house independent and jealous of the crown, and determined to act for the people at large? Listen, deluded man, and never again believe that truth can fall from the lips of party leaders!

The executive, on placing a measure like this before the house, declared that it would suffer no alteration of moment to be made in it, and that it would leave nothing undone to pass it without such alteration. Here was a practical suppression of the legislature at one stroke; the crown, in effect, thus addressed the two houses of parliament—"This sweeping measure of mine, which is to establish a new system of government, you shall not examine, or discuss, or amend; and I will compel you to pass it." The house—eternal honour to its memory!—treated the despotic language with disdain, and decided on an alteration which did not in the slightest degree affect the general principle of the measure; whereupon the executive instantly dissolved it. It cannot be necessary for me to shew that it was destroyed because it would not be the passive menial of the crown, and to obtain another which would be such menial—that it was destroyed to render the crown perfectly despotic over the legislature in respect of such a measure as this plan of reform.

Here was Whig reverence for the constitution—Whig obedience to what was constitutional—Whig hostility to the power of the crown—Whig anxiety to place the crown under the control of the House of Commons! What! Whiggism sanction this?—no; had that noble, independent, and daring faith yet lived, it would have breathed every vein in crushing the tyranny!

Another page of this dark history now presents itself. A new House of Commons was to be formed, picked—practically elected by the crown. As I have mentioned, when Earl Grey and his brethren were in opposition, they called for reform to reduce the power of the crown, but not to injure the independent power of the aristocracy. Matters now were changed; they were themselves the crown, therefore it was necessary to give reform new objects. These very men actually set up the cry that reform was essential, not to weaken, but to strengthen the crown—that the crown was fettered, enslaved,

and could only be set at liberty by reform,—that the independent power of the aristocracy was alone the power to be reduced and annihilated by reform, in order to give potency to the crown as well as to the people! Their press and other instruments conjured the multitude, by every thing dear to it, to combine with the crown, to root the aristocracy out of the system of government; and to treat every man as an enemy who might dare to vote against the crown. The king's name was used in the most unwarrantable manner,—falsehood and delusion were propagated without bounds,—atrocious appeals of every kind were addressed to the guilty passions of the lower orders,—and the ignorant, infuriated classes of electors were taught to drive the intelligent virtuous ones from the hustings by brute force, and to pledge their representatives from all exercise of judgment on the reform scheme. Be it observed, on these enormities:—

1. The executive scattered the flame of revolution through the land at a time when disaffection prevailed to an unexampled extent—incited the people to detest their institutions—instructed the humbler orders to regard the exalted ones as robbers and tyrants—and headed the physical power of the country in an aggressive war for the overthrow and change of institutions and laws.

2. The executive moved the democracy to destroy in effect the aristocratic state of the realm—to regard the aristocracy as a deadly enemy, and cast it beyond the pale of right, privilege, and freedom.

3. The object of the executive was to make itself the real elector of the House of Commons, in order that the house might be its menial in all matters as well as the reform one, and that it might be enabled to command the peers—in other words, its object was to make the crown virtually despotic over the legislature, and of course the empire.

These enormities were perpetrated by your pretended Whigs, who always, before they grasped power, protested that they knew nothing but the maxims of the constitution, and adored nothing but that constitution which consisted of King, Lords, and Commons—in-sisted that the crown ought not to interfere with elections, and that the House of Commons ought to be inde-

pendent of, and to *control* it—vowed that they only sought to reform this house, to make it more independent of the crown—and maintained that there could be no liberty, if both parliament and the community in general were not independent of the crown to the utmost! Yet, let it cast no shame on the illustrious dead; despised and renounced by all men, Whiggism slept with its fathers, when under its hal-
lowed name the impostors committed their iniquity. French liberalism suggested the thought and furnished the precedent, contrived the trick and invented the legerdemain. English party guilt was always in its worst fits open and straightforward; it disdained to ally its crimes with vices; it smote the face but spared the back, robbed but did not swindle, slaughtered but did not assassinate; juggling it never could learn; and the last thing it was capable of was—forcing on England a kingly tyranny under the pretence of giving her freedom.

Need I point to the constitution, and the most obvious principles of reason and right, to prove that the House of Commons ought to represent fairly all parts of the people, to protect the interests of all, and to legislate for the general good? Nevertheless, by such means as I have detailed, the better part of the citizens were deprived of their share in electing it; the lower part elected it avowedly to disregard and destroy the interests of the other, and to sacrifice the general good to partial. The crown intentionally was the real elector; tell not me of the multitude! I must look at realities, and not appearances—at the hand which directs, and not the machine which obeys. I say the crown was the real elector, and of necessity it gained a House of Commons restricted from deliberation, and bound to yield it implicit obedience. Its minions crowded into the new house, solemnly pledged before the world to obey it, as the beasts which drag the dung-cart obey their driver, on a measure for making a vital change of institution and government! Am I told that these men were not aliens, whose breasts not a drop of English blood warmed and ennobled? I will not believe it—I spurn from me the libel on my country.

Well, the House of Commons was now in constitutional uses and duties

suppressed; name and form were retained, but life and essence were extinguished: of course it triumphantly passed the reform bill without alteration. This bill was then brought before the other branch of the legislature, which, presuming on the doctrines of Earl Grey to watch and control the executive, rejected it. Let us look dispassionately at its grounds of rejection.

The peers were almost unanimously willing to sanction a less sweeping and speculative scheme of reform, and a large majority of them were willing to extinguish the nomination boroughs: the question between them and the executive, as the newspapers of the latter avowed, was only one of kind and degree, and what points of difference did it really comprehend?

The peers were willing to give to the people in the aggregate all that the executive wished; and they differed, not on the bulk of the gift, but on the mode of distribution: the executive sought to bestow it on certain classes and descriptions of the people, and the peers desired to confer it partly on other classes and descriptions. The next point of difference was, whether the plan should take effect gradually or at once. Professedly they agreed on the necessity of maintaining the equipoise between the aristocracy and democracy; they only differed in this—the peers thought the scheme threw too much into the democratic scale. I speak of the majority, and notice not other matters of difference put forth by the minority.

What did the constitution and common justice command the crown to do? Undeniably this. As the executive, to suffer the legislature to make all reasonable alterations and improvements in its measure. As one estate of the realm involved in conflict with another, to make as much concession and sacrifice as it required the other to make. As the crown judging the claims of two mighty divisions of its subjects, to exact surrender, compromise, and security, as far from the one side as from the other. Or to abandon its measure. It could easily have made such alterations in its plan as would have obviated the more weighty objections of the peers, without lessening concession to the people in the body, and especially to the lower orders.

And what did it do? In terms, or virtually, it declared that the plan should be passed without alteration of moment, and then closed the session. In this country, the newspapers of the executive are really a part of it; they circulate its words, are prompted by it, act as its tongue and hands, and enter into its substance. These publications gave the signal to the countless host of government engines throughout the three kingdoms, and a tremendous attack was made on the internal peace and institutions of the empire in the sacred name of the king himself. The official organs and supporters, high and low, of the crown, held up the peers as plunderers and enemies of the country, and the clergy as unprincipled men, who, from the worst motives, opposed and betrayed the people; they insisted, that both ought actually, or otherwise, to be restricted from sharing in the management of public affairs. Up to this moment, the prints of the Treasury have regularly urged, that the power of the aristocracy is highly pernicious, and ought to be annihilated.

Here, then, under our monarchy — under our form of government, which consists of King, Lords, and Commons, and declares that the aristocracy shall have as much share in governing as the democracy — that the consent of the peers to legislative changes is as necessary as that of the people, — the official organs of the crown, in its name, not only made the aristocracy and clergy objects of national animosity, but called for their suppression in their public character. The crown was made the leader in an exterminating war against the aristocracy and church. And what were the crimes of the latter? Constitutional opposition to the crown — defence of the independence of the legislature, and the rights of the subject from the crown.

They were pretended Whigs — sham patriots, who affected to be hostile to the power of the crown, and ready to shed their blood in defending the independence of parliament and the country against it — who were guilty of this; but they were not taught it by that daughter of independence and virtue, Whiggism. This chaste and haughty virgin knew not the gross debauchery and grovelling servility; — to the last, her Roman spirit erred on the side of purity and freedom. The

goddess of these men was a French trull, picked up in the streets of Paris, and only familiar with the language and deeds of the lowest brothels and the most grinding kinds of slavery.

When parliament again met, a new bill was laid before it, which, instead of exhibiting proper amendments, was more objectionable than the first; and it was speedily ascertained that it could not pass the peers. What was to be done? Here no populace could be employed — no indirect means could be resorted to. The crown took the monstrous resolution of making, directly and openly, in substance, a new house of peers of its own creatures to carry such a perilous change; of course this was equal to the total suppression of the upper house of parliament as an independent deliberative body. At the time when I write, this resolution has not been put in force, but it is officially announced that it is taken — that the king's consent has been formally obtained, and that it will be acted on: the guilt, therefore, is committed, and it will not be the less heinous if no new peers be made.

Thus the crown, first by unconstitutional and corrupt means, makes itself the elector and dictator of the House of Commons — then, by its own will alone, it makes the house of peers its passive slave — and then it makes a vital change of institution and government, framed exclusively by itself, at the suggestions of its interest and caprice, and to which the mass of the better classes of its subjects are strongly opposed. As an Englishman, a man who belongs not to the Tories, and whose limbs never knew the degradation of party fetters, I ask, What is this — tyranny or free government? An absolute monarch makes his will law, and this is called tyranny. A limited monarch converts the legislature into an instrument of his will — changes his limitations into means for making his will even more despotic than that of the absolute one, and what name does this deserve? If the one be tyranny, so must be the other. The crown in this country, by the most unjustifiable means, gains arbitrary dominion over the legislature, and then takes from a vast portion of its subjects possession and privilege — wastes private fortunes — annuls charters — destroys individual rights — abolishes laws — and radically alters institution

and ruler. If this be not despotism, the world never saw any.

Its parents call themselves Whigs; they pretend to follow that sacred creed which knew nothing—loved nothing—lived in and for nothing, save the constitution of England! They are the men who so long declared that they only sought reform as a means of reducing the power of the crown in all respects, but especially over the legislature, and that it was tyrannical for the crown to influence, even by the use of the king's name, the decisions of parliament. Let it be repeated, until every urchin in the land casts its scorn on the cheats!

How are these proceedings defended? Were they called for by irresistible state necessity, to which it was the duty of statute and usage, right and freedom, to bow? No. Before the first bill saw the light, the body of the reformers would have been satisfied with such a plan of reform as the first House of Commons and the peers would have passed. If the crown had framed this bill with more moderation, or had permitted the Commons to modify it, the question would have been settled at once. The revolutionary fury in favour of the bill was produced by the executive and its organs. When the measure was rejected by the peers, the Treasury prints actually declared, that if ministers suffered any delay of moment to take place, ferment would cease, and the people would become indifferent on the question. What more triumphant evidence than this could be imagined for shewing that the clamour was a momentary one, which the executive alone could keep in being, and that the latter was fully at liberty to make such alterations in the bill as its success with the peers required? Up to the last moment the crown had full freedom of choice; it felt no necessity, saving what it created and kept from extinction.

But Earl Grey and the ministry, not excepting its underlings, were pledged not to consent to any other scheme of reform which should give less to the people. Did an unconstitutional and reprehensible pledge like this, which took from parliament all power of deliberation and judgment, extend to the suppression of parliament? Did it follow that because the latter was not to be suffered to examine and alter, it was to be compelled to sanction?

The two houses of parliament were involved in conflict. Granted, but on what? They agreed on the general question, and only differed on extent and mode. Could they only be reconciled by giving the upper one a mortal stab in the back, and sending it to the tomb? Such a modified bill as the peers would have passed would have been cordially sanctioned by the Commons. But who produced the war? When they were in harmony, the crown attacked both, though in detail; it smote and made an instrument of the Commons, and thereby generated the strife. I am to believe that, by so doing, it acquired a right to deal in the same way with the peers. The crown, then, has only to plunge in any guilty manner the two houses into discord, and thus gives it a right to enslave both. Monsieur Anglo-French Schoolmaster, the matter is too hard for me: on my life, I can quaff no such knowledge!

Now comes the thunderbolt—the reason by which dissent is to be crushed to atoms. It is triumphantly urged that the crown only did this in obedience to the people's will, and to restore them their rights. I will not argue the matter on strict law, maxim, or precedent; I surrender all the benefit this would give me. If it can be fairly shewn that the crown was justified by the spirit of the constitution, reason, justice, and equity, I will acknowledge that it acted properly. Is, then, obedience to the popular will, in disregard of every other, enjoined by the theory or practice of the constitution? I turn from Toryism, as an authority which will be disregarded. Foreign creeds I disdain to notice—therefore let Whiggism answer me. Ours, as the world knows, is the mixed form of government; it is composed of King, Lords, and Commons, which are each to have a share in governing. No laws are to be enacted or annulled, no changes are to be made, without the free consent of all; the democracy is to be as much prohibited from controlling the whole as the aristocracy. Thus in the form—the letter of the constitution, it directly, deliberately, and strictly commands, that the will of the people shall not be obeyed, unless it be concurred in by the aristocracy. No one can need informing, that if the popular will be made despotic, our form of government must be rendered in practice a pure

democracy. Does Whiggism say it ought to be the latter in operation? Burke with some is yet an authority, and he says, "I cannot help concurring with their opinion (that of the ancient authors who had seen the most of pure democracies, and the best understood them) that an absolute democracy, no more than absolute monarchy, is to be reckoned among the legitimate forms of government. They think it rather the corruption and degeneracy, than the sound constitution of a republic. Of this I am certain, that in a democracy the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with much greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from a single sceptre." This is strong evidence that a pure democracy is a far more savage and destructive tyranny than an absolute monarchy. Pass we to Fox. On his memorable rupture with Burke, and when he was a passionate admirer of the French revolution, he said in the House of Commons, "He was averse from all extremes, and a friend only to a mixed government like our own; in which, if the aristocracy, or, indeed, either of the three branches, were destroyed, the good effect of the whole, and the happiness derived under it, would in his mind be at an end. True liberty could only exist amidst the union and co-operation of the different powers which composed the legislative and the executive government." I need not quote farther from Whiggism; and if more evidence be necessary, I will even call Earl Grey and Lord Brougham. These ministers have again and again declared, during the discussions on the reform bill, that the aristocracy ought to retain its full share in the government; and it matters not if their acts belie their words—if, after declaring this, they throw the aristocracy out of the government. All living men must allow that the peers can have no effective share in governing, if in essential matters they be compelled to yield implicit obedience to the popular will.

According, then, not only to Toryism, but to Whiggism and the Gallic liberalism of the existing executive, the will of the people ought not, in the

letter or the spirit of the law, in justice or expediency, to be despotic, to predominate, or to be acted on, if not freely and fully concurred in by the aristocracy.

Turn we to the alleged restoration of the people's rights. No one contended that the owners of the close boroughs had a right to their power of nomination. The question touching these boroughs really was, in transferring their members, to what portion of the people shall they be given? and this only formed a part of the general question. The latter also really comprehended these: Shall the privileges of a very large part of the lower classes be taken from them, and given to the middle ones? Shall numbers of charters possessed by the people be destroyed or invaded? Shall the wealthier and the town people be made heavier in the balance against the more indigent and the village people? Shall the people engaged in manufactures and trade be aggrandised at the cost of those engaged in agriculture? Who constitute the people? When we speak of the king and his people, we mean by the latter term all his subjects—the whole population; at any rate, it must include all below the peers. The despotism of the crown, then, has not been exercised in the smallest degree to restore to the people a right, because the peers in the majority were willing to transfer the members of nomination boroughs; but it has been exercised to take trust, privilege, and legal right, from a vast portion of the people.

But it is urged that this conduct in the executive will greatly benefit the people as a whole, by increasing their power. Tyranny cannot advance a step without the aid of falsehood and delusion. Let us put aristocrats of every kind, all rich men, wholly out of sight, and then look at the matter. Beginning with the lower classes—those whom counterfeit Whiggism and polluted Liberalism represent to be almost exclusively the people—what is to be the amount of their gain? By the first bill they were to lose even more than the aristocracy; they were to be, in a great measure, deprived of franchise and power. Proceeding to middling and small landowners and farmers, what gain are they promised? Their power is confessedly to be much reduced. Passing to the fundholders, colonial proprietors, shipowners, and

almost all descriptions of manufacturing and mercantile capitalists, how much gain are they to grasp? It is proclaimed that their power will be mightily diminished. The lower classes, and the owners of landed, funded, and almost every kind of property, are avowedly to have, in one way or another, an enormous part of their power taken from them by the reform bill. An insignificant fraction of the people is to receive a gigantic increase of power at the cost of the body, as well as of the aristocracy; and it is to use it in trampling on and tyrannising over the one as well as the other.

It is asserted—what will not tyranny and its minions assert?—that the peers have no right to interfere with the reform question, because they have a separate, private interest in it. The fact is admitted, that the nomination boroughs belong to a few individuals—in truth, they belong in no small degree to commoners—and that the body of the peers have none. The peers, almost without exception, were willing to transfer the members of these boroughs; and they only contended that they should be legitimately distributed amidst the people, in a mode different from that resolved on by the crown. Of course they have only a general, corporate interest in the question, which partakes far less of a separate, individual character than that of the people; consequently, if they be disqualified by interest for interfering, a much more grave disqualification of the same kind sits on the people. The great object of reform, to which the demolition of nomination boroughs is subsidiary, is to make such a change of institution and government as will radically alter the equipoise between the aristocracy and the democracy, both and the crown, the three estates of the realm, agriculture and trade, and the lower classes and the more wealthy ones—between the different parts of the government and the different divisions of the people. Putting the aristocracy out of sight, reform amidst the citizens is intended to turn the scale against the better part of them—against the part possessed of property and real independence. With a change like this, according to the slaves of the executive, the aristocracy—the house of peers of our mixed form of government—the aristocracy which, in the opinion of Mr. Fox, must have its full share in

governing, or there can be no true liberty and happiness, must not intermeddle, because (O lame and impotent conclusion!) it has an interest in the matter. To make such reasoning the more triumphant, these slaves proclaim that the change will strip the aristocracy of all effective share in the government for ever. The democracy (lovely pet!) is to have every thing it whimpers for, because it only craves the possessions and rights of others; but the aristocracy (odious creature!) is not to utter a word, because it wishes to defend itself from robbery and ruin. Most voluble Anglo-Gauls of the crown press, what public question can be named, which, upon this logic, the peers have a right to interfere with? Cannot you, messieurs, dress up your faded, deformed French trumpery in a less repulsive manner?

But if the people's will, and the people's rights, and the aristocracy's interest, cannot be pleaded, there is prerogative. What! pretended Whigs plead prerogative!—men who on their own confession have through life bared the breast, emptied the purse, risked the neck, and braved every peril which the most devoted heroism ever encountered, in order to reduce the power of the crown, take their stand on prerogative!—patriots who always, up to this moment, clamoured for reform as a means of curtailing the power of the crown, make a weapon of prerogative! Oh, France, France! spare thy vagaries, if it be only in compassion for thy Cockney disciples in England. Well, let us hear our Anglo-Gauls on prerogative. They, say these astonishing foreigners, know nothing of the constitution, who think the power of the crown to create peers is only to be exercised in conferring honours and rewards; it is to enable the crown to call to it counsellors, and bring the two houses of parliament into union whenever they may chance to differ. Tory bigots, apostles of “divine right,” how are ye outstripped by Whigs and Liberals! I can find enough of this doctrine in the new French constitution, but the old English one presents me with something wholly different. The latter declares that the peers shall have their full share in governing the empire, as well as the commons and the crown—shall be as independent of the crown as the commons—shall not have their deliberations influenced in any manner

by the crown—and shall form a barrier, not only to the crown against the commons, but to the commons against the crown. Yet, in the teeth of all this, our Gallic Whigs maintain that it empowers the crown to exercise over them despotic authority. Whenever the crown may please, and especially whenever it may be able to enslave the commons, it has a right to march any number of its minions amidst the peers, in order to place them under its dictation. ~~Domesticate~~ outlandish trash like this is circulated by its fabricators as taught by the hallowed constitution of England.

Counsellors!—describe to me the kind, sage messieurs of French liberty. The crown creates forty or eighty peers for the express purpose of enabling it to carry the reform bill; and what counsel are they to give it? They are to take from it, not only counsel, but command; they receive their coronets on condition that they will yield it the implicit obedience exacted by the articles of war from the private soldier to his commanding officer. No examination are they to venture on—no power of deliberation are they to possess—no murmur of dissent from the despotic mandate are they to breathe; and in this manner they are to counsel the crown. Foreign and French may be the mode, but to the constitution of my country it is only known as tyranny and crime.

The crown has a right to create peers at pleasure, to place the two houses of parliament in concord! This right, as a matter of course, it will never exercise, save when it is in concord with the commons; it may be trusted for not creating peers to produce parliamentary union, when the commons and itself are at variance. Whenever it can by any means enslave the commons, this will give it a right to enslave the peers also. Whenever the lower house, instead of watching and controlling it, as the prime minister declares it ought in duty to do, shall become its instrument, when it will have a right to make the upper one its instrument also. On this very reform question, because it destroyed a house of commons which attempted to watch and control it, and by indefensible means obtained another willing to obey it, it acquired a constitutional right to assume despotic control over the house of peers. Let it acquire, no matter how,

a house of commons willing to alter the succession, abolish the peerage, put down the church, or sweep away popular liberty, and this alone will justify it in compelling the other house to assist in the crimes.

The world knows that the crown has prodigious means of influencing the election of the commons. I extract the following from a speech of Burke *against reform*: "About the close of the last parliament, and the beginning of this, several agents for boroughs went about, and I remember well that it was in every one of their mouths, 'Sir, your election will cost you three thousand pounds if you are independent; but if the ministry supports you, it may be done for two, and perhaps for less;' and, indeed, the thing spoke for itself. Where a living was to be got for one, a commission in the army for another, a lift in the navy for a third, and custom-house offices scattered about without measure or number, who doubts but money may be saved? The treasury may even add money, but indeed it is superfluous." This was the state of things in his time, and every one knows it has since become worse. Here reform is to apply no remedy. The crown can influence elections in another manner. In 1793, Earl Grey—yes, the very identical prime minister of the present hour—stated in the house of commons, "When Mr. Pitt moved for an addition of one hundred members to be added to the counties, he could not carry his motion; and yet he had contrived to procure the nomination of forty members by indirect means; *for he had added to the house of peers thirty members, who either nominated directly, or by irresistible influence, that number of members of the house of commons.*" Although reform is to destroy direct nomination, it is confessedly to spare both county and borough influence. Thus, on Earl Grey's own shewing, the power to create peers is indirectly one to command votes in the commons. Let the executive at this moment make forty or eighty new peers, taking care to select them from such men as under the reform bill will have the greatest share of election influence, and at the next election this will secure it a large number of votes in the commons. To the power possessed by the crown of influencing elections by patronage, bribes of money, selecting

of time, use of the king's name, the clergy, civil functionaries, &c., give it that of buying up the representatives through the creation of peers, and it will commonly have the house of commons under its dictation.

Let justice be done to the dead; whatever the nomination boroughs were in other respects, they placed on the crown perhaps the most effective limitation in our system. They sent into the house of commons a powerful phalanx of talented men, incorruptible to it, and always on the alert to watch and restrain it; from this phalanx the people at large drew the best part of their ability to resist its encroachments. The crown by reform is to be freed from this limitation; and although it is to lose certain votes in one way, it is to gain perhaps more in another. It must be observed that this power to create peers at pleasure, on the pretext of obtaining counsellors, or producing legislative harmony, may be as effectually employed in buying existing members of the house of commons as in acquiring control over elections. The crown finds itself opposed by the house, therefore it needs a new batch of hereditary counsellors; it offers coronets to some twenty or thirty influential members, and lo! the house miraculously becomes its humble servant; this involves the two houses in discord; and then to restore peace it selects another batch of counsellors from men who have the largest permanent influence over the commons. It is evident that it may thus draw as much positive gain from prerogative, as it will lose from the destruction of its boroughs; and to this must be added the great negative gain which will flow to it from the destruction of the boroughs of opposition.

Thus, on the admission of the prime minister himself, this new right of prerogative may be as easily employed in enslaving the commons as the lords. Not only will it give the crown eternal control over the upper house of parliament, which in itself is no small matter towards giving it eternal control over the lower house, but it will enable it to march its minions into the latter at will to enforce obedience. It merges the aristocracy in the crown, and utterly destroys the independence of parliament. It not only destroys the peers as a means of supporting the commons against the crown, but con-

verts them into an engine for enabling the crown to gain arbitrary authority over the commons. And this is the manner in which our foreign architects reform parliament to make it independent of the crown, and exempt the commons from the influence of the aristocracy. Compared with them, that tinker excelled in the arts of repair and renovation, who, in stopping a trifling leak in the kettle's side, beat out its bottom.

But these sage people assure us that prerogative is only to be used in this manner by a patriotic king and ministry to obey and serve the people. Enlightened messieurs, how am I to distinguish a patriotic king and ministry? I consult the constitution, and it sternly declares that he alone is a "patriot king" who makes no strained use of prerogative—holds laws and institutions sacred—protects the independence of both houses of parliament—maintains the equipoise between the three estates, and also between the aristocracy and democracy—dispenses impartial justice between the majority and minority—and makes no distinctions amidst his people, but treats all ranks and conditions with equal favour. It speaks in the same manner touching a ministry. And how am I to know when the people are obeyed and served? The crown, by its newspapers and other engines, spirits up the multitude to clamour for this or that surrender of the possessions of the better classes; and am I to say that obedience here will be obedience to the people? I will utter no such falsehood. The lower orders call for one thing, and the middle ones for another—the agricultural and manufacturing people are hotly at issue; and which division am I to regard as the people? Must I admit it will serve the people to suppress at their call the house of peers, make the crown omnipotent against them, or sacrifice one portion of them to the other? Most learned foreigners, I must be excused.

Oh, but the power is only to be used by a professed Whig or Liberal executive, which may easily be distinguished from any other. Granted, but this perplexing difficulty presents itself, the power is tyranny—no matter whether it be exercised for good or evil, it is tyranny—therefore it follows, that with a Tory king and ministry we are

to have our free form of government; but with pretended Whig ones, we are to have something much worse than absolute monarchy. Who are the Whigs and Liberals, that I should surrender to them my liberties? Who is Earl Grey, that he should be my despot? or Lord Brougham, that I should be his bondsman? I cannot get over this difficulty; and another presents itself equally startling. As no effective restriction can be created, Tories will ~~thrust~~ themselves at liberty to follow the example of Whigs; a George III. will deem himself as patriotic, and as competent to judge of the people's wishes and needs, as a William IV. Of course, instead of occasional, we must have constant tyranny; and our foreign teachers will own, that in the hands of Tories it must be of a fatal character.

Still, the cup of comfort is held to our lips. The tyranny is only to be exercised on grave and rare occasions. This in plain English means, that it is to slumber when the crown can compass its ends without it—that it is only to be used when those limitations which distinguish a free from an arbitrary government would, if not made a dead letter by it, have real operation—that it is only to be used as any foreign despot uses his power. Small consolation do I find here. But on this point an appalling difficulty raises its hideous head. Although the crown only exercises the tyranny to carry a single measure, it draws from it permanent power to carry any other. If forty or eighty peers be created to pass the reform bill, will they, on its triumph, sink again into commoners? No, they will remain to carry any other bill the crown may resolve on. They will naturally be selected for, and pledged to, servility in all things. In truth, none but thorough-paced slaves, reptiles capable of any iniquity, would accept a peerage as the polluted price of a vote, and the vile reward for assisting in rivetting chains on the aristocracy and suppressing the house of peers. If then the crown, after the passing of the reform bill, think fit to oppose the people, or adopt measures in the highest degree obnoxious and injurious to them, the creation of these peers will give it the control of one house of parliament, and mighty influence over the other against them. In such case the tyranny now so

successfully used to make them despot, will be used with equal success to render them powerless. Let it not be forgotten, that a very few years ago the present king and his ministers fought as fiercely against the people on a vital matter, and that one of aggression—one of the exercise of power—as they now affect to fight for them.

Never did delusion like this disgrace and mislead any former generation. A republic in a great measure, and a pure democracy wholly, prevent the existence of an aristocracy. Whether wise or the contrary, this is free from trickery and deception—the surface belies not the core; if the thing prohibited exist not for good, it at any rate exists not for evil. But in this French Whig scheme of government, the aristocracy is only destroyed as the opponent of the executive; and ally of the people; it is merely disabled for resisting the former and aiding the latter. As the ally and instrument of the executive, and the enemy of the people, it is not only spared, but rendered far more powerful; it is preserved in gigantic potency solely as an engine of evil. On the pretence of enabling the people to dictate to both parliament and the executive, one house of parliament, and no small portion of the other, are secured forever to the executive; on the pretence of restraining the aristocracy from opposing and injuring the people, it is thrown into the scale, and incorporated with the crown against them. The brilliant discoveries and refinements for rendering the science of government and the enjoyment of popular liberty perfect to the last touch amount to this,—the executive is to be freed from its most regular and stable checks and limitations, endowed with a new engine of corruption worth all the rest in the aggregate, and empowered to hold in chains both the aristocracy and the legislature. A limited monarchy is invented, refined, and restrained into a tyranny far more active, fierce, and comprehensive than an absolute one.

The pretexts are worthy of what they cover. The crown is invested with constant arbitrary power, merely that it may gratify the people for a single moment in respect of a single measure; the executive is made regularly despot, because for the hour it consists of men who pretend to be allies of the

people. And there is no security that the tyranny thus created will not in a week's time fall into the hands of the Tories. And it is quite certain that the existing ministers can cast off the people at pleasure—are infinitely more friendly to prerogative and the power of the crown over the legislature, and more hostile to the great essentials of popular freedom, than the Tories. In exchange for mighty statute and impassable physical barrier, we have no better securities given us against the abuse of this tyranny than flimsy promises—the king will only be a bad boy this once! Ministers cannot be despots, because they call themselves Whigs and Liberals! France, in the English meaning and use of the thing, never possessed an aristocracy, and never had any knowledge of the nature and working of one; therefore the idiotic folly of her quacks, may be in some degree excused on the score of ignorance. But what are we to think of our English quacks, who gravely maintain that an hereditary aristocracy is from nature regularly opposed to the liberties and weal of the people? These facts are before the eyes of every man who is not intentionally blind—the aristocracy is regularly as much divided as the democracy, and half of it acts with the popular party; the popular party finds in its division of the aristocracy its leaders, its protectors, the pith of its power. This party has, under the constitution, really the same means as the other for keeping up its force in the house of peers. The aristocracy, as a whole, has at least as deep an interest as the democracy in maintaining general freedom and good government. A very large part of the aristocracy must always in the nature of things be in opposition, and anxious to obtain office; therefore it must have a stronger private interest than even the lower classes in watching and opposing the executive, supporting a free press, and protecting freedom of election, &c. Nevertheless, our quacks, on the baseless pretext that the aristocracy must necessarily be opposed to the people, enable the executive to corrupt, enslave, and bind to itself the popular division of it; they throw the popular part with the other into the scale with the crown, to give it to the people, or at least to neutralise it!

Thus, not on law, maxim, or precedent, but on nature and effect,

I regard this creation of peers as an act of tyranny, which converts the monarchy into a regular despotism. I see that by means of it at this moment the independence and power of parliament are destroyed—the crown is freed from its limitations and restraints—the power of impeachment is swept away, therefore the responsibility of ministers is swept away also—the executive is placed above the control of the legislature, and enabled to reconstruct both divisions of it, in any manner best suited to its own guilty interests, and to set both it and the country at defiance. I see the present ministers gain from it power to keep their places in utter scorn of the people; and, in disregard of the assertions to the contrary, I am convinced that if one party use it from choice, another must from necessity, and that it will become a regular rule to be acted on annually, if occasion prescribe, in total subversion of the liberties of the subject and the restraints of the ruler.

From the Tory writers, who prompted the Polignac ministry, and invented apologies for it in its attacks on French liberty, I differed as strongly and indignantly as any pretended Whig or liberal. I held that this ministry, by its conduct, released the people from their allegiance, and justified the revolution. The constitution and laws of my country—my own individual rights and freedom—are based on the great principle, that the social compact is as binding on the ruler as on the subject; and never will I abandon it. The Polignac ministry smote the House of Commons, the Grey one smites the House of Peers; the former obeyed the aristocratic will, the latter obeys the popular will; the one gains as much arbitrary power from its conduct as the other gained: the measures of the English ministry are, in reality, as hostile to general liberty as those were of the French one; and while this took the rights of the humbler, that grasps the rights of the better classes of the people. Am I to believe that, under our constitution of King, Lords, and Commons, the popular will has any more power than the aristocratic one, or even the king's, to release alone the ruler from his sacred obligations? Never, while I have reason. I cannot discover the least real difference between the conduct of the Polignac ministry and that of the Grey one. On

one deduction which this prompts I am silent, but I will speak on another: if this reform bill pass into a law through the creation of peers, it will practically be destitute of the sanction of one estate of the realm—of one house of parliament,—therefore it will have no validity. Power may enforce submission to it, but disobedience will not be crime. Let it not be forgotten that, if the Grey ministry can torture prerogative, the Polignac one could torture law into an instrument of defence.

This executive, then, of pretended Whigs, has cast to the winds the sacred constitutional maxims which commanded it to discharge its duties with mildness, moderation, and impartial regard for the rights of the subject. Its spirit and practice throughout have been of the most arbitrary character. Whenever the constitution and laws have stood in its way, it has trampled on them; and by this it has placed itself above limitation and control. This creation of peers and its reform bill must give it the power to do any thing. What—important is the question!—have we farther to expect from it?

Its press, as I have said, is virtually a part of itself; therefore, let us consult the more exalted of the ministerial newspapers. The peers oppose it, and its press cries, "Cast them out of the political system; create fifty or one hundred new ones, to bring them into bondage." The commons oppose it, and its press cries, "Dissolve the House, and let the crown by prerogative send as many additional members into it as will secure the majority." The prelates oppose it, and its press cries, "Strip them of their seats in the legislature." The church opposes it, and its press cries, "Cut her down, and let her no longer enjoy political influence." Lord-lieutenants of counties, and other magistrates, oppose it, and its press cries, "Expel them from the magistracy." This press regularly declares, that henceforward the peers, and better classes generally, will be deprived of all effective share in the government, even for self-protection.

It is in England where these atrocities are perpetrated—it is in England where the official prints of the executive proclaim, that opposition to its will is a crime to be punished with confiscation and bondage—it is in no

eastern land of slaves, but in England, where the polluted wretch, who fattens on the wages of power, calls on the crown to suppress, in effect, the legislature, church, magistracy, and every independent institution, for disobedience to its mandates; and insists that law and right depend on its breath for existence. And, in the name of Whiggism, the hallowed faith of the independent, the patriotic, and the free, is the crawling, filthy, foetid sycophancy uttered, and the consuming tyranny threatened and invoked.

Here is abundant assurance that the executive will persevere in disregarding the sentiments and efforts of the minority; that it will suffer the better part of the citizens to exercise no more power than the subjects of a despotism; and that every thing it may resolve on will be accomplished.

And how will this unlimited power be used, according to its official prints? Even before the reform bill is passed, they almost daily hold up the corn-law as one to be destroyed without delay. The aristocracy is to be allowed no breathing-time—estate is to follow parliamentary being and influence,—and the whole landed interest is to be cast with it into the vortex. Such is the mandate of the Treasury press, and where is the power of resistance? Not in the Commons, nor in the Peers; let the latter murmur dissent, and they can be scourged into submission by a new creation. Blind must he be who cannot perceive, that, as matters are going, this law is on the brink of dissolution. As a necessary and even just consequence, the laws for restraining the importation of provisions, butter, &c., must accompany it to the tomb. The executive is pledged to sacrifice the timber colonies; the sugar ones must follow them; and the shipping interest must be a victim with both. Many small trades and manufactures are also under sentence. Defence is out of the question—petition and remonstrance will not now, as they were wont to do, supply the place of strength—the executive not only has a giant's power, but will use it like a giant.

But will not this power be casually exercised for different purposes? The glove trade prays for relief under insolvency and hunger, but none is to be granted: the shipping interest and silk manufacture do the same, and receive

the same treatment. The body of the population is enduring grievous suffering; but not a single rational effective measure of relief is promised. Insufficiency of employment and bad wages fill the whole United Kingdom with misery, hunger, crime, and convulsion—they put the existence of the political and social edifice in peril—they form a greater national evil than political slavery, or almost any other; yet the executive makes nothing worthy of being called an attempt to banish or mitigate such an evil. What, in the name of reason, does government of any kind, and especially a free one, exist for, if not to make it a primary object to protect its subjects to the utmost from idleness, hunger, and nakedness? Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and their fellow-mechanics, peep out of the state workshop and exclaim, "People of England! are you insolvent? here are a new set of bankrupt commissioners, a new chancery court, a new mode of electing parliament, sundry new civil and criminal laws, and various sacrifices of class and interest for you. People of Ireland! are you in beggary? you shall lose your market for corn and cattle. Shopkeepers! have you no trade? here is the elective franchise for you to jingle on your counters. Labouring classes! are you idle, hungry, and naked? to give you work, fill your bellies, and cover your backs, here are reform, additional police, new tithe-laws, reconstruction of law-courts, gimcrack political privileges, cobwebs of abstract paradox, and the ruin of peers, landholders, farmers, colonists, ship-owners, silk-manufacturers, and glove-makers."

What—if the new mode of giving riches only empty the purse still farther—if the new kind of food will neither satisfy the appetite nor digest—if reform itself leave suffering undiminished—will happen? Every thing which ought not to happen.

I have not spoken as I have done from hostility to efficient and comprehensive reform; I think it necessary as a positive good in itself, and also as a means of removing perilous evils: I am not the man to say the general voice of my country ought to be disregarded on such a matter. But I must have such reform only as the constitution, and the three estates of

the realm, will duly sanction;—such as will be impartial and just between every interest and division of the community.

And I have not been prompted by enmity to the Whigs, or favour for the Tories. Nature cast me in no mould for captivating the fair nymphs of party by appearance, and she denied me the requisites for wooing them; the tender passion never visited us, and their licentious conduct of late years makes this to me a source of infinite grief. I care not who my critics may be, or what they may be called, provided they rule righteously and wisely. I would resuscitate Whiggism, rather than stamp on its ashes and scatter them to the winds. If the Whigs must remain in power, let them practise genuine Whiggism; let them abstain from wrong, abandon innovation, redress grievances, and spend their strength in manly, English, rational efforts to give the population prosperity and happiness, abundance of necessities, comforts, and religious, moral, and social instruction; and they shall find in me any thing rather than an opponent. As to the Tories, they must change their conduct; they must one and all solemnly pledge themselves before their country to a sound and comprehensive system of policy, directly the reverse of that which they, as well as their rivals, have so long followed, or I shall be slow to believe that they would be in office much more trustworthily and wise than the present ministers.

Out of parliament, the thick and thin followers of both parties have nearly vanished; and their scribes, I opine, will have small success in labouring to repair the broken chain, and restore the lost blindness. If any hope remain, perhaps it lies here. A union of the better classes, by which I mean all who have property to lose, as well as the great, without regard to party distinctions, for the purpose of insisting on a radical change of system, might, perhaps, be not wholly without influence. At least, it seems to be the only resource left, through which these classes may save themselves and the empire.

I am, sir, &c. &c.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.
London, Feb. 11, 1832.

THE CLIMAX OF CEMETERIES!

I AM the happiest man in the world this day! I have completed my sixtieth year, and an Undertaking which I devoted forty-five of those years to bring to perfection. I have travelled round the world, through every nation, studied every language dead and living, read every book that I could find, and spoke to every man that could afford me the slightest information on the subject dear to my heart. I am "a man of one idea." I have ridden my hobby-horse through air, earth, and sea—through "battle, murder, and sudden death;" and now I am about to enjoy my reward, in presenting to the world my precious experience in the noble science of BURIAL.

At the age of 15, whilst pursuing my classical studies at Oxford, my mind, which, even at that early age, had taken a decidedly economic bent, was struck with the singular *wastefulness* of the HEROIC ceremonial of interment. The rich offerings destroyed, the libations of wine spilt, the odours and spices permitted to "waste their sweetness on the desert air,"—the quantity of wood consumed in the pile, from which during combustion neither volatile nor solid products were saved,—all passed in review before my unsophisticated judgment as so many "dead losses." Not a particle of pitch, tar, rosin, oil of turpentine, naphtha, pyroligneous acid, pyroacetic ether, or charcoal, saved from the cedars of Lebanon or of Olympus! This hurt my feelings! I sought in vain through the writings of every reporter of the Pyre system, from Homer to Juvenal (Leigh Hunt had not written then), for any hint of the frugal application of the wood ashes as manure, or of the osseous *residua* as "constant white" paint,—as cupels for assaying gold, silver, and lead,—or as materials to afford phosphorus by distillation *secundum artem*.

My curiosity thus having taken an antiquarian turn, I gratified it still further, by a rigid inquiry into the defunct ceremonials of the Scandinavian tribes; and, anxious to learn if Odin,

in the laws which he gave to the Danes, Saxons, Sarmatæ, &c., had any scientific ideas in his head, I studied his black-letter laws till I made myself master of all the crude notions they embodied. His oldest testament, termed *Roisold* (the *first* age of burial), contains his laws at large for the burning of the dead; but I could not find a single hint therein indicative of a knowledge of any *physical* advantage to be derived from such combustion, beyond what might accrue from freeing the earth from so much decaying matter; so it must justly be reprobated as an unprofitable firework.

The WICKERWORK style of the Druids, I found, on accurate research, to be still more unscientific. It was a *wholesale* waste of gas, though certainly an ingenious way of getting rid of a superabundant prison population. It has been execrated as cruel, because the crowd of votaries shut up in the osier giant's bread-basket were all alive when their funeral rites commenced; but we must do our Druidical ancestors the justice to judge them and their worshipful processes by their own lights; and then their sacrificial style of burial will appear to be a point of piety, a *san-benito* case of conscience, but still, no doubt, wasteful in the extreme. The Hindoo *suttee* is a retail practice on the same principle: the loss comparatively trifling, but still a *loss*!

My college studies for the next three years comprised a complete course of funereal history. I think I know every thing that has been published on the subject; and that I may not, as I proceed, have occasion to disturb the narration of my adventures and inventions by any reference to the comparative ignorance of past ages,—I shall here briefly exhibit how little, up to the present moment, has been known of the true principles of funereal science.

Herodotus records a mode* (*Clio*, 216) practised by the Masagatæ (a Scythia-Lybian tribe), who piously entombed their deceased ancestors in their own filial stomachs (as I found

* They prescribe no limit to age; but when a man becomes very infirm, all his relations assemble and sacrifice him and various cattle at the same time. They then boil the flesh, and feast on it. This is regarded by them as the happiest end of life."

the natives of Sumatra doing last year), and resisted all the tempting offers that Cræsus, king of Lydia, could make to induce the legatees to forego their dutiful administration of the family supper. This plan, however, though confessedly reverential and *generally* nutritive, can never become *universally* applicable, as mine will. People are subject to diseases in these degenerate days, and such can hardly expect to grace the banquet-table. Dean Swift, indeed, recommended the rearing of herds of children in Ireland, instead of piggins, slinks, or lambs, as delicacies for the tables of the rich, and as a practical mode of alleviating the poverty of their parents. The New Zealanders, the Ashantees, the Hottentots, and several respectable tribes, with affectionate care bury their prisoners of war in locomotive and living tombs, appropriating the bones to various useful and ornamental purposes; but, whether with friend or foe, this mode of interment is rude and unscientific: I like it not.

THE EMBALMING style has left huge mementos of its prevalence some thousand years ago; but it was a mere magpie system at best,—a kind of hole-and-corner work, the soul of which was to hide!—as brainless as the subjects of its manipulation became ere they took their seats,—delivered and disemboweled,—packed, like blacking jars, twenty deep, in the Egyptian Omnibus “Necropolis,” carrying ten million inside, from the Nile broad stairs, through the Elysian fields, to eternity. The Arabs of the present day find that the ladies and gentlemen of the bituminous school of the catacombs split up into excellent fuel, very handy torches, pastilles, &c., most acceptable in a sandy region, devoid of forests, bogs, whales, or coal-mines; but the plan, though highly ingenious, will not bear the test of calculation. Allowing compound interest at even one per cent on the first cost of embalming, &c., in Rameses’ time (four thousand years ago, according to M. Champollion’s tables), it would have been far cheaper to have dug up all the coal strata in Great Britain, and laid them down on the Delta, than to have sunk so much capital in the artificial coal-pits of “the city of the dead.” Nay, more; my friend Captain Swaine,

who made an extensive series of experiments on the combustion of the human subject, in the county of Kildare, anno 1798, was of opinion that the proximity of bones, muscle, &c. (especially in the *living* state) rather retarded than promoted the combustion of bituminous matter, and that his new-invented pitch-caps burned quite as well *off* as on the heads of the rebel peasantry. Unfortunately for science, his experiments were cut short by a fire that broke out in the barrack at Prosperous, in which himself, his soldiers, pitch-caps, and valuable commentaries, were consumed.

THE CONSERVATIVE style was chiefly practised in Ireland. There is a beautiful specimen of a tanned Connaught man now exhibiting in the museum of the Royal Dublin Society. When fished up from the boghole in which it had lain for centuries, it had a curious toga of cow-hide wrapped around it in the ancient Milesian mode,—“the hairy side out and the fleshy side in.” It was evidently a *green hide* when appropriated by the Milesian; but such are the astringent virtues of bog-water, that it is doubted, by the best judges, whether the man or the cloak is the better specimen of native leather.

THE SCYTHIAN SOCIAL style is gone entirely out of fashion, and is not likely to revive in the present age of democracy. Notwithstanding the numbers of “life and fortune men” (and women too) who existed in the reign of his late most excellent majesty, I doubt exceedingly if the Board of Green Cloth could have prevailed on “his favourite concubine, his cook, his baker, his groom, and his most confidential servants,” to permit their throats to be cut and bodies buried in the same trench with their royal master,—“together with his horses, arms, money, birth-day suits, and choicest effects, wherein he might continue to derive solace and sustenance in the pilgrimage allotted to him.”* Odin’s second law for his Scandinavian children, though less social, was more chivalrous. According to it, each Norseman was buried (in the age of *Tumuli* or *Hai-gold*) under a single heap, with his horse, arms, and all his treasures. This ordination had its origin partly in Odin’s consciousness of the poverty of his airy hall at Nova Zembla, to

* Herodotus.

which the deceased pirate must ride under-ground, and partly from his own experience while on earth, that the best method of making children industrious is to leave them destitute.

In the funeral arrangements of the famous Indian chief Blackbird, of which I was a spectator, a slight deviation from the Scythian practice was made. He had been a famous "*medicine man*" (or conjuror) in his day, and ruled his tribe of Pawnees chiefly by the terror which his magical renown inspired,—poisoning a few of his disobedient wives and subjects now and then, to confirm his divine right of inflicting disease by a process very analogous to that claimed by the civilised adepts in animal magnetism, viz. the volition of pure malevolence. It was his command to be buried seated and tied on his horse (for he had grown very corpulent), in a cave in a high bluff overhanging the banks of the Mississippi, that he might continue to exercise his kingly and priestly *surveillance* over his people, and receive their homage at a becoming elevation. I ventured to hint that there was no precedent for building-in the chieftain's horse *alive*; but they assured me, as they closed up the mouth of the cave, that they dare not disobey Blackbird's positive injunction! He would strike them all with the small-pox, if they failed to execute his orders. Sinbad the sailor, too, was buried alive with the corpse of his unconscionable wife, in a matrimonial spirit beyond the rigour of the law of our day, which only promises fidelity "till death us do part." The Roman vestal virgins also, when *accidents* occurred, were interred alive, with food, drink, and a light, all which were speedily overwhelmed by the burial clay thrown in ere the lamp was well lighted! And similar practices among the more modern Romans, while assisting brethren and sisters to "*depart in peace*," are rather anomalous, and I must confess I cannot clearly explain them on any physiological principles, natural or supernatural.

There is also the SCYTHIAN SOLO style, or aerial mode. During one era it was the fashion to suspend the bodies of deceased friends singly from branches of trees; a method imitated by Ali Pasha at Joannina, with the addition of *quartering*, which he considered an improvement. The merits of this system were, it appears, questioned

by the ancient Greeks, and defended by Plutarch. "Of what consequence is it to Theodorus," he asks, "whether he rots in the earth or upon a tree? Such with the Scythians is the most honourable funeral." It matters not to Theodorus, I admit, whether he wavers in the wind or is the "earth-worm's prey;" but very much to his king and countrymen, who lose a good *subject*, in several senses of the word, by this aerostatic style, as I shall demonstrate in setting forth the comparative advantages of *my* mode.

THE PONDICHERRY VULTURE style is of great antiquity. Its origin and primitive meaning is lost in the mysteries of the Magi and Ghebers; but, like many other religious ceremonies, it has suffered a transition from a conquered to a conquering creed, and may daily be seen in practical operation half a league from Ispahan, where I found it on my travels, "working well" for the vultures. There stands a round tower, built of a kind of freestone, thirty-five feet high and ninety feet in diameter, open to all the feathered scavengers of heaven, that daily find a banquet let down to them of pious Persians, whose last will and testament it was to be carried to Eden in the maws of Mahomet's birds of Paradise. There must be some oversight in the doctrine, for the believers' bones are left behind. Besides, the plan of stall-feeding vultures and carrion-crows is most improvident and unpoultry-like. In my travels in Ireland I became aware of an economical adaptation of the human subject, which exhibits a striking comparative advancement in mercantile knowledge. In the rebellious year 1798, when the Irish swine "roamed masterless" to feed on the slaughtered peasantry, the surviving natives, more nice than wise, refused to eat ham, pork, or bacon; but an enlightened provision-merchant (vulgarly termed a pig-jobber), bought up thousands of hogs, a *dead bargain*, pickled and smoked them daintily, and, having a monopoly of the swinish multitude, supplied the London market and the British navy next year, at cent per cent profit. This was ingenious and mercantile, but neither the pig-jobber nor the Irish nation can claim credit for the mode of interment—that was purely accidental.

THE JEWISH GIGANTIC style is worthy of notice for its magnificence, the

unapproachable scale of its operations rendering it only a matter of theoretic admiration in these degenerate days. Take one specimen from the pen of a most veracious rabbin, in the *Targum* : viz.

"One Abas Saul, a man of ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliath, in which he thought proper to bury himself : and so he did, all but his head, which the giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive."

The fertilising properties of an individual in the *chemical* stage of his existence, seem only to have been fully recognised since the memorable battle of Waterloo ; the fields of which now annually wave with luxuriant corn-crops, unequalled in the annals of "the old prize-fighting ground of Flanders." I have no doubt, however, that the cægalia of *La Belle Alliance* would have been much more nutritive if the top-dressing which the plain received during the three days of June, 1815, had not been robbed of its stamina by London dentists, who carried off the soldiers' teeth in hogsheads ; and by Yorkshire bone-grubbers, who freighted several transports with the skeletons of regiments of troopers, as well as troop-horses, to be ground to dust in Kingston-upon-Hull, and drilled with turnip-seed in the chalky districts of the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire. The corn of Waterloo is thus cheated of its phosphate of lime ; but the spirits of Cyrus the Great and Numa the Wise, who had a fair knowledge of the fructifying capabilities of the "human form divine," must rejoice in beholding how effectually the fertilising dust pushes the young Globes, Swedes, and Tankards into their rough leaves, that bid defiance to that voracious "Yorkshire bite" the *turnip fly*.

Superficial observers might, on a hasty comparison of this mode with the existing European style, probably flatter themselves that some similarity prevailed between them ; but this would be a most erroneous conclusion. In the present, which I term the *RESURRECTION* style, the chief object seems to be, *not* to benefit animated nature by going hand in hand with her "chemical re-creations," through which

(as Sir Humphry Davy expresses it), in the progress of the *transmigration of bodies*, "we might hope to blush in a rose, or invigorate a cabbage." But our endeavour is at least among the unenlightened, to keep the mouldering fabric so tight together, by any makeshift of marble, mortar, iron, wood, brick, or lead, that it may have little or no trouble in gathering itself up at the sound of the last trumpet, in the spirit of Shylock's distich :

"Fast bind, fast find :

A proverb never stale, to thrifty mind."

I did not venture to condemn the *RESURRECTION* style without deep and patient research into its history, memorials, and endless variety of ceremonies. But truth is sacred. Socrates, after a life of study, declared that he had learned nothing ; and I rose from the perusal of all our English histories—from the epoch of St. Augustine, who introduced Christianity and coffinus into the island A. D. 596, to that of Charles II., who gave his royal assent to the law* which commanded, on pain of 5*l.*, that as much wool as would make a shroud should be buried along with each corpse—I could not trace a single economic or remunerative funereal idea, beyond what sufficed to cut out work for the undertaker. *Propos* to the prosperity of the woollen manufacture (which his most sacred majesty graciously designed to promote by the said burial edict), I found in my travels through Ireland, that a very patriotic landlord, Squire Henry, of Straffan, county of Kildare, had hit on a similar expedient to benefit the wool-growers in general, and his numerous tenantry in particular. Knowing that market value is in the direct ratio of demand and scarcity, he annually buried the wool shorn from *his own* sheep, lest it might interfere with the profitable sale of his tenants' fleeces. But, alas ! this generous system of self-sacrifice did not "work well." The result was—though Squire Henry never suspected the existence of such turpitude in the human heart—the ungrateful tenantry dug up by night what he buried by day : wool never rose in price, and they never were able to pay up their arrears of rent.

From musty records, untinged by the faintest colour of science, I turned to mouldy barrows—delved into those dumplings of earth which lie in hundreds on the plains of England, the hills of Wales, and the sands of the Orkneys, humble imitations of the “giant graves” that bespread the shore of the Hellespont—I poked into the *kist-baens*, or stone coffins, containing the scathed and crumbling fragments of humanity—undermined the raths and forts of Ireland—scattered many a moss-covered cairn and sea-lin (Fingall’s seat)—and, finally, found proofs of less constructiveness than the merest insect displays in its sepulchral cocoon, or chrysalis. In the great plains of Wiltshire and Cornwall I found as much earth raised in *tumuli* as would have sufficed to fence them round. In Ireland, as many raths as, if thrown on its bogs, instead of into honorary heaps, would have reclaimed them. It was no satisfaction to a man of science like me, to be told that these unprofitable wens were the *mementos* of an epidemic frenzy of the survivors, who wrought day and night to swell “the gathered heap,” and exclaimed in conclusion, “*Sit tibi terra levis!*”—Be the earth light on thee!

In France, anno 1789, I found my correspondent Fourcroy and a score of chemical *élèves* up to their necks in the burial tanks *des Innocens*, braving with scientific ardour the *piquant effluviu*m arising from masses of mortality twenty feet square by thirty feet deep, investigating the mellowing effects of time on their ancestors, and tracing the gradual growth of *adipocire* in these hotbeds, where it had lain ripening from fifteen to thirty years, according to circumstances. The fame of this French spermaceti had spread over Europe, and it was a topic of conversation and congratulation in every *café* in Paris, for an entire week, that “man’s ultimate destination” had advanced to the dignity of a wax candle. But the length of time? *Savans* set to work to cut short the process. The indefatigable *pouletier de la Salle* found that a body gibbeted in his boudoir underwent the desired change in *ten years*; Fourcroy found that people placed in moist soils became of the proper consistency, not distinguishable by sight from cream cheese, in *three years*; my friend Dr. Gibbs, of Oxford, found that a subject enclosed in

a perforated mould coffin, and *dipped* in a running stream, became fit for the chandler in *one month*; and, finally, Fourcroy himself discovered, that by the action of nitric acid the most refractory individuals could be converted in *three days*! But, alas! this is the age of weight and measure. It was shewn by Vauquelin, that in these processes there is a dead loss of nine-tenths of the personal properties, so that no chandler could hope to realise a living profit. But to resume.

I nearly fell a martyr to my spirit of chemical investigation in this fruitful vineyard of the science. Anxious to obtain some of the gas which occasionally bursts the bodies in the open trenches *des Innocens*, with an explosion rivalling musketry, I requested the old grave-diggers to assist me in procuring some. They politely refused me: they would do any thing to oblige a *savant Anglais*, “*mais cette odeur abominable!!! C’est absolument impossible, monsieur!*”

Lavoisier opened his purse in vain; Vauquelin appealed to their patriotism, their science, their glory, in vain; the eloquent Fourcroy denounced them as *mauvais sujets*, worthy of the galleys, in vain; Berthollet offered to volunteer along with us—all in vain! They turned pale, crossed themselves, blasphemed their saints, and declared, trembling in the horrors of memory, they would rather die than “*encore souffrir cette puanteur infernale!*” So, our curiosity being excited to the utmost, we resolved to gratify it at all hazards, and return *en masse* next day with pneumatic apparatus to tap and analyse a bellyful. This being settled, we were quietly pursuing our researches in a thirty years’ pit—Fourcroy was demonstrating the completeness of the transformation of brain, skin, muscles, nerves, tendons, fat, blood-vessels, &c. into *adipocire*, the class looking on attentively, the grave-diggers rolling up the bodies from head to foot—when on a sudden three *burstions* were heard in a recent pit beside us! The grave-diggers jumped out, crying “*Sauve qui peut!*” while the lecturer and his class elevated their noses in the ecstasy of expectation, exclaiming “*Voilà! tenez ferme!*” O for the pencil of Cruikshank to depict the varied traits of dismay and terror that frowned frightfully in the features of the possessed! As for me, I was seized with nausea,

hemi-cranium, delirium, vertigo, and coma, so that I must be excused from rendering any very distinct account of the gas, and, on awaking, found myself and a dozen amateurs undergoing counter-revolutionary fumigations in *Hôtel Dieu*. I did not revisit des *Innocens*.

On my grand tour I found myself at Naples on the *fête* of St. Januarius, and joined a funeral procession going to the great cemetery. While the assistants deposited the body in the vault, I asked a bystander, "Have any improvements in the art of burial been effected in Naples lately?" "*Sì, Signor!* the most dignified improvement. This cemetery has 365 separate cells, and departed cavaliers are not liable to intrusion for a twelvemonth. Behold my brother yonder, as imperturbed as when interred a year ago! Allow me to introduce you. Happy are those buried on the 19th of September! Pray present a candle to the saint for his soul's repose!" On attempting to explain my economical burial-places to this gentleman and others who attended the ceremonial, I found them so unprepared to appreciate scientific applications, and so tenacious of their own peculiar customs, that I thought it safest to leave Naples that night, and not to enter it again.

I visited the famous Ursuline convent at Cologne, of whose virgin mummies Lord Byron makes respectful mention in the tenth canto of *Don Juan*—the old catacombs at Rome—the brick and marble tombs by the Appian way, bearing their ominous and brigandine salutation, "*Siste Viator*"—the trenches (Puticuli) where the deceased Roman slaves were thrown promiscuously—the disinterred sarcophagi of Pompeii and Herculaneum;—thence coasted Italy and Greece, to visit the ceramicius of Athens—the triumphal barrow of Marathon—and the graves of Salamis, to which Solon's appeal was made in proof of the Athenian origin of the colony (the *substratum* of Attic bodies all lying most religiously with their heads to the west, and the *superstratum* of Megarean invaders at random, heads and tails). But suffice it to say that I saw all that still remains of classic antiquity in Italy, Greece, Persia, Palestine, Arabia, India, and Egypt, without deriving therefrom a single economical or useful burial idea. I didn't burden my memory or note-book with other considerations; and even if I

had, I would not recapitulate them now, to divert the confiding reader's attention from the progressive steps of my splendid discovery.

The first light broke upon me in Russia. I found that dead animals, frozen by the cold of winter, are brought to St. Petersburg from more than a thousand miles distant, and exposed for sale on the ice of the river Neva, in which state fish, flesh, and fowl, will exist unchanged for an indefinite length of time—I say *indefinite*, for the flesh of the extinct species of elephant, discovered by myself and my fellow-traveller Professor Pallas, in a block of ice on the coast of Siberia, was in excellent preservation; and though the professor only told the Empress Catherine that our dogs had partaken of it, I can assure the gastronomical world that it was too tempting, and we were too hungry, to allow the dogs to eat it all!

I reached China before I attained a second step in the path of improvement. I was struck with delight at finding the tombs were the favourite ornaments of the gardens and pleasure-grounds of this judicious people, who thus turn the inevitable losses to account, change painful into pleasing ideas, by the mere mode of their indulgence, and transform to a source of the most refined mental luxury what, amongst Europeans (saving the mere Irish), is an object of sorrowful speculation—a weight on the spirits—an embargo on the sallies of wit and cheerfulness—and often the cause of superstitious fears, melancholy, and despair. *Père la Chaise* is a humble imitation, in the promiscuous-public-boulevard style; yet even this does away with much of the disgustfulness of death, and proves the possibility of arranging the "house of mourning" in better taste than what we are blindly accustomed to reverence in our dismal, dreary, dirty, dark, and dangerous dungeons at Westminster, Windsor, and St. Paul's.

These two ideas (conservative and ornamental) were all that I picked up in my travels through Europe, Asia, and Africa, with the exception of a hint, obtained rather by study than travel, of an economical practice formerly prevalent among some ingenious Arabians who produced the best soap in the world. They resided in the neighbourhood of the celebrated *Magnetic Mountain*, which attracted all the

ships that came within three days' sail of it, by the iron used in their construction, till on their near approach the nails were drawn by "natural magic" to the embrace of the seductive mountain, and passengers and pilot were left to paddle the loosened planks to shore as well as they could. A path led from the most accessible landing-place of this iron-bound coast to a city of soap-makers, who hospitably took in the shipwrecked mariners; and having said grace—"Allah il Allah!" ("God is good! see what he has sent me!")—tossed them into the soap-pans, where the boiling ley instantly "*killed*" them, as the phrase goes in the trade to the present day; expressing only to the ignorant artisan the idea of the saponification of the tallow by the action of the alkali. Beckmann ought to have taken notice of this in his *History of Inventions*. But to proceed.

We arrived at Otaheite just in time to witness the funeral ceremonies of the pious chief Omaree. He was lying in state at his house above the harbour where we landed, and we were invited to assist at the obsequies. His *viscera* were removed, and his *remains*, properly speaking, were laid on an elegant palanquin or hanging bier, highly perfumed; around which, and through the apartment, odorous oils were burning. Several of his old friends came to see him, and complimented him highly on the state of his looks and his good condition in various respects. They presented him with numerous and tasteful gifts, which they assured him were sincere tokens of their esteem, and hoped he would accept them as such. Omaree replied by the mouth of an old priest who acted as master of the ceremonies—assuring the good company, in return, that he was "as well as could be expected," felt particularly flattered by the kind attentions of his friends and visitors, and hoped they would make themselves quite at home. "By the hand of my body," exclaimed the captain, sitting down to a bowl of fresh Palmetto wine, and lighting a pipe at the foot-lights, "this is the *dacentest* wake I ever came across out of Ireland! Noble sir, your good health and snug lying to you!"

After a conversation with Omaree on various interesting topics, his friends and family proposed taking him to see his property in another part of the island: he gratefully assented to the

proposition, and requested the good company to avoid fatiguing themselves by travelling too rapidly, as he was in no hurry to leave them. He was then borne in state for some miles, preceded by dancers, singers, knuckle-drummers, strewers of flowers and leaves, &c., to a pretty spot by the sea-side, where he had lately made a tobacco-plantation, and which, he remarked, "would be scarce worth the plucking, as he had not been able to attend to it of late;—however, he hoped his venerable and disinterested friend and spiritual comforter, the priest, would accept the crop, such as it was, as a slight testimony of his eternal gratitude." Hereupon the crowd clapped their hands with delight, the singers shouted, the drummers thumped, and the dancers vaulted their admiration of the piety and generosity of Omaree.

Here he was placed in an easy sitting posture, in a commodious arm-chair that commanded a view of the plantation and the Pacific; where, sheltered from the meridian sun by a lofty arbour of the climbing *coba* and wild vine tastefully trained through a cluster of cocoa-palms, he was invited to witness a dramatic representation containing incidents which they knew his memory reverted to with pride and pleasure. This drama, in which a great company of performers took part, was carried on with much taste and spirit. The old priest undertook to translate the most interesting passages for my edification (still acting as the mouthpiece of his deceased friend), with the exception of a few "love-passages," as Queen Elizabeth would have called them, the import of which was sufficiently perspicuous without verbal comment.

Whilst remaining at Hayti, I took an excursion, on foot and alone, through the mountains one day, to visit this interesting spot. The ascent to the cavern was steep and toilsome. I was obliged frequently to change my course, and pursue a more lengthened route than what my eye had anticipated; but at length I reached the place, and, pausing a few minutes to rest after my weary journey, struck a light, and, with lantern in hand, entered the awful cave. A large stone had been so placed within the entrance that it might have served for a stopper occasionally. Even in its withdrawn position I passed it with difficulty. "Now," I exclaimed, "I shall behold with my own eyes the

aboriginal style of burial in these sacred and almost inaccessible recesses, which that unsatisfactory historian, Ferdinand Colon, was too lazy to inspect with his own eyes, and which his father had never seen in all his hunting-matches. Indeed, I don't think his blood-hounds could climb the ascent to this cave." As I entered, I felt myself treading on bones! I looked around the narrow chamber of death; and every where bones — human bones covered the rocky floor; but no sign of art or trace of religious obsequies rewarded my scrutiny. "Bless me!" said I, "what a journey I have had for nothing! This is merely the ordinary HOTTENTOT-HOLE style, with a stone instead of a thorn-bush to exclude wild beasts!" So I hastened forth, blaming the easy credulity that drank in traditionary tales of aboriginal tombs. At the entrance I found a negro standing, leaning on his musket; a brace of pistols were stuck in his girdle, and a sword hung by his side. I was rather startled, for the man possessed a fierce and threatening aspect, and I was perfectly defenceless. Nevertheless there was an air of manly dignity about him which assured me that he was not likely to be unnecessarily savage. "*Qui vive?*" demanded he, sternly. I explained my views in coming to this secluded spot, and in a few words gave him a general outline of the nature of my researches and my unbounded philanthropy. He unbent his dark brow on hearing that I was an Englishman.

"Behold that noble expanse!" said he, changing his tone and language together. "The guileless race whose bones whiten this rocky den once ranged o'er that lovely landscape in peace and freedom. The white savages came, and were received as brethren. They threw off the mask, and repaid friendship and love with bonds and tortures. The red man was too innocent, and too ignorant, and too feeble, to co-exist under the same sky with the cunning and ferocious white demon — and he retired to his caves to die! His race is extinct, for he knew not the use of arms!" He clasped his musket to his breast with emotion, and remained silent. "Who are you that feel so much for the exterminated Haytiens?" I inquired. "Their avenger!" he replied, "and the champion of a darker race whose wrongs can never have vengeance enough. Christophe!"

"You shall see the '*Dead men's feast*,'" said Logan. I followed him in silence, till we reached the southern bank of the Ohio, not far from his own residence. The tribe was seated, in a beautiful and secluded prairie, that just afforded a vista of the river through the cypress swamp between. A number of men and women seemed busily engaged in the decoration of others with belts, beads, and brilliant-coloured garments; and these latter seemed passive or asleep. Logan laid down the load he carried in his blanket, and unwrapped the burden that had so long attracted my attention. "'Tis my grandsire!" said he: "he has only been two years buried; — I have brought him far. Aid me to cleanse the brave old limbs and skull from these worms, that his spirit may rejoice o'er the feast with his red children. Hasten! my father yonder is painted and dressed already."

Before I quitted Kentucky, I made a point of visiting the celebrated and immense nitre caverns or catacombs of the limestone region. Here I found the mummies of the pigmy race that once inhabited the gigantic valley of the Mississippi, adorned with strings of shell-wampum and turkeys' feathers — seated in death like the ancient Nasomenes, grinning at me with their long inhuman fore-teeth — and came out as wise as I went in.

"O," said the captain, "a burial in Canada is no trifle in winter. Just before you arrived, our drummer died, and we mustered spades, picks, and shovels, to dig a grave for him; but the ground was one rock every where, and after trying twenty places we found — that we had spoiled our tools. It took the armourer next day to steel them all. The third day we got down four inches and a half, in the softest soil we could find; but it would only grind up pinch by pinch. The fourth day the armourer was at work again. The fifth day the whole company turned out in a rage with the ground, and having got under the frost in some degree, sunk the grave full nine inches more. This night another soldier, a corporal, died; and his comrades were almost dead with disappointment and vexation. The bodies would keep in the frost very well; but we had not a spare room in the barrack; and their

comrades wanted to get them out of the way of a wedding. Well, sir, the sixth day I divided the garrison in two, and set them at separate graves; but, unluckily, they drank to keep up their spirits in the battle with the frost, and fought about the corporal's right of priority, and the freezing point of brandy. Worst of all, they forgot to cover the new picked surfaces with straw and blankets, so that when they came in the morning the points of attack were as invulnerable as ever. In despair they buried both in one grave—the corporal undermost—without further efforts to attain a decent depth. As to six feet, it was quite unfathomable. They heaped all the stones they could loosen over the bodies, and the chaplain read prayers at last, after a 'week's preparation' and suspense, 'snow to snow, and ice to ice.' That night a herd of wolves came prowling by, and carried the corporal and drummer along with them. The fiser—an Irish rascal—was laughing heartily the whole week; and it was he set up the corporal's claim to the deep grave, to have his joke out. When all was over, the sergeant reported him to me, for bragging 'that he could have buried them six feet deep himself in two hours, and have covered them up so *nately* after, that the devil couldn't stick a tooth in them; but he had kept the secret to be revenged of the corporal, who had 'listed him one day,' and of the drummer who had 'flogged him.' 'Please your honour,' said he, when called before me, 'I was *sertain*, you wished to find work for us this *could* weather, and it wouldn't become *me* to say what your honour knew as well as myself—that a rousing fire would soften any frost; and sure, only I know you compassionated the poor starving wolves, I'd have thrown a few buckets of water through the grave-stones, and clinched 'em as tight as the bars of Newgate.'

* * * *

But now to enrich the world with *my* plan, which combines all the glorious associations of the *HEROIC* method with the scientific, mercantile, and pious desiderata of the march of intellect in the present day. Let us suppose a company, formed on the plan of the NATIONAL CEMETERY ASSOCIATION, funds invested, and a convenient site chosen, as near to London

as can be obtained. The proceedings of this company should be—

1. To erect a magnificent rotunda, with chapelries around, for the use of the various sects and parties who might wish to perform their own funeral rites separately over the several deceased "persons of quality" that would in the Christmas fogs, perhaps, arrive on the same day to honour the cemetery with their custom.

2. To erect a number of gas retorts, with suitable receivers of the various products arising from "the destructive distillation" of the human body, in connexion with the rotunda.

3. To erect machinery for the compression of the gas, and provide elegant, portable, un-shaped gas lamps, on which inscriptions might be engraved, and votive wreaths and tablets hung in the most classical style.

Now suppose the whole apparatus ready to set to work. A noble lord arrives with a splendid train of mourning coaches; they are driven into the rotunda, and the emblazoned coffin is transferred from the hearse to the bier, in one of the magnificent chapels adjoining, where the noble body may lie in state as long as it pleases, according to its last will and testament, and all the imposing ceremonial be witnessed by the crowd in the rotunda without intrusion. From thence it is borne to the retort (which, to accord with the most classical association of ideas, is cast in the form of a sarcophagus), and literally BURIED there, with any further rites the friends of the departed may deem fit and needful. The lid is then screwed down, and the retort is at once lowered into the oven, where, by a very ingenious, though simple mechanical contrivance of my own, it slides at once into connexion with the proper gas-fittings, and the distillation commences without a moment's delay. His lordship's gas (in the German, "*ghost*") finds its way to a receiver, from whence it is pumped and condensed into the portable urns, surmounted by lamps; and thus his lordship's most sublimed ethereal essence may be preserved to his latest posterity. At the moment of his transformation he may (if it so pleased him to ordain) lie in state, lit by *himself*; or be preserved inurned, "in strict entail" for the enlightenment of his heirs, to shine forth on birth-days, &c., in illustration of the moral splendour

which he diffused whilst living. Indeed, it will be only necessary to turn the cock at any time, for half a second, without lighting the lamp, to enable his descendants to refresh their memories, through their senses, with the peculiar properties and remarkable qualities of their ancestor.

The other volatile products of his lordship are all carefully received and separated. The sal volatile will no doubt be highly prized. The pungent association of ideas and sensations it will present to the survivors, must afford certain relief to the most adust eye. Each smelling-bottle will become eventually a *luchrymatory*; and even the bitterest foes of the deceased must drop a tear, and "wonder why they weep," as, touched by its overpowering sensations, their unwonted emotions evince their deep sense of his virtues, and the penetrating power of his relics. The acetate of ammonia (or *spiritus mindcreri*) is of remarkable efficacy in modifications of the cholera; and the oil of dippel is a remedy of great power in nervous affections. There is also that peculiar species of naphtha resulting from this process, on which Mr. Faraday has made such interesting experiments. It is fluid only at the freezing point of Fahrenheit's thermometer, and springs into vapour at the ordinary temperature of our atmosphere. It forms a material for the supply of lamps, far superior to alcohol, oil, naphtha, or any other fluid we possess, as it burns without a wick, in consequence of its volatility.

The solid proceeds of his lordship may be withdrawn from the sarcophagus, as soon as it has been removed from the oven and cooled to a touchable temperature. Here will be found the bones in the state of animal charcoal, fit for the nicest purposes, the clarification of wines and vinegar, the purification of sugar, sea-water, &c., and capable of imparting, by the splendid manipulation of Professors Day and Martin, a polish to the boots of his descendants that will daily revive their filial gratitude, and preserve the lustre of his house unsullied. Happy, henceforth, are the heirs that will possess such bright *mementos* of their fathers, by which, as Shakespeare says, "they may dress themselves, as in a mirror!" Happy are those who shall die henceforth in the consciousness that, though whilst alive they were as dull as other

mortals, yet, after death, and through long ages (if some mischievous boy doesn't turn the cock and leave it open), they may from time to time illuminate the world, and shed brightness through the festive hall and on the joyous board, while their great grandchildren dance round and fall under it!

Numerous modifications must of course take place in the arrangements, according to the circumstances of the deceased. The Irish customers will very naturally wish to have friends and survivors dancing at their wakes. Paupers, who must have gratuitous burial, may be distilled in a caravan-sarcophagus, and the olifant gas produced "*en millefleurs*" may go into a large tank-reservoir, on the usual plan, for the supply of the public. As winter is setting in, it may be advisable to form an ice-house, for the safe keeping of the superabundant population, till they can be conveniently spiritualised. I would never wish to shock the feelings of any one, however poor, and propose to employ asbestos shrouds to wrap the bodies of those who shall be packed in the common retort, that they may be recognised after the process by those who may wish to preserve their remains in urns, or, as before said, turn them to useful and ornamental purposes. The shrouds shall be numbered with indelible ink, and a duplicate given to the undertaker, so that no mistake can arise.

I have calculated with the greatest care the mercantile results of this novel style of Burial, and find that, even if my Cemetery Association charged nothing for accommodation to Irish visitors and those who wish to lie in state for a while, it would realise a profit, by the sale of the various products, of from 20 to 30 per cent on the needful outlay, including handsome gratuities to "bringers in" (though this would soon be unnecessary), advertisements, defensive paragraphs and sermons, defensive suits to indictments under the Nuisance Act, and litigation with existing gas companies, &c.

I expect, in a few years, that a mercantile reaction will take place, and that customers will demand a regular price for their remains, to be handed over to their heirs as a part of their *personal property*; but by the time that the public mind has made this step in "the *economy* of human life," the association may avail itself of the

growing spirit of toleration, trade, and science, to set up a school of anatomy in the gas-work, and furnish pupils with an unrivalled supply of subjects "*à discrétion*," by which arrangement it may be able to afford a price approaching to the real value of the article, and still realise a safe profit; for all that the surgeons can do with any body will not deteriorate him as a raw

material in the manufacture of gas and ivory-black.

But I could expatiate for ever on the merits of my system; suffice it to say, that if the statesmen of the next generation possess any talent for finance, it will furnish them with a hint for paying off the national debt by the debt of nature.

LONDON.

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE, LATE SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

For London, for London! how oft has that cry
From the blue waves of ocean been wafted on high,
When the tar through the grey mist that hung on the tide
The white cliffs of England with capture descried,
And the sight of his country awoke in his heart
Emotions no object but home can impart.
For London, for London! the home of the free —
There's no port in the world, royal London, like thee!

Old London, what ages have glided away
Since cradled in rushes thy infancy lay!
In thy rude huts of timber the proud wings were furl'd
Of that spirit whose power now o'er shadows the world;
And the grey chiefs who raised and defended those towers
Were the sires of this glorious old city of ours.
For London, for London! the home of the free —
There's no city on earth, royal London, like thee!

The Roman, the Tudor, the Norman, and Dane,
Have in turn swayed thy sceptre, thou Queen of the main;
Their spirits, though diverse, uniting, made one
Of nations the noblest beneath yon bright sun.
With the genius of each, and the courage of all,
No foeman dare plant hostile flag on thy wall.
For London, for London! the home of the free —
There's no city on earth, royal London, like thee!

Old Thames rolls his waters in pride at thy feet,
And wafts to earth's confines thy treasures and fleet;
Thy temples and towers, like a crown on the wave,
Are hailed with a thrill of delight by the brave,
When, returning triumphant from conquests afar,
They weave round thy altars the trophies of war.
For London, for London! the home of the free —
There's no port in the world, royal London, like thee!

Oh, London! when we, who exulting behold
Thy splendour and wealth, in the dust shall be cold,
May sages, and heroes, and patriots, unborn,
Thy altars defend, and thy annals adorn!
May thy power be supreme on the land and the wave,
The fallen to succour, the feeble to save;
And the sons and the daughters now cradled in thee
Find no city on earth like the home of the free!

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

No. III.

"O LIBERTY!" said one of the victims of the French revolution, "what crimes are committed under thy name!" O Liberty! say we, what bubbles have been put forth under thy shadow! When the Emperor Napoleon, in the plenitude of his wrath, termed us a nation of shopkeepers, he paid the highest compliment he could to that industry, by the fruits of which his hosts had been scattered, his mighty men discomfited, his power broken, and by which, subsequently, his dominion was prostrated. Had he survived and ruled some ten years longer, he might with real contempt and justified indignation have termed us a nation of fools and gamblers. Beneath the specious cry of Freedom have the locusts of the Stock Exchange advanced against the *capital* of England, carrying by assault the pounds, shillings, and pence; and then, by *sapping* and *mining*, obtaining possession of John Bull, until he has sunk beneath the weight of their *bonds*. Like the pilgrims of old have the deluded dupes resigned their worldly wealth, taken the "*scrip*," and turned their thoughts only to the *other world*. With the shopkeeping habits of our forefathers—alas! their honesty and indefatigability have disappeared—it became, through the temptations and promises of "a hell," not even paved with good *intentions*, the fashion to ape a station which anticipated success in Utopian scheming already seemed to have placed in the grasp of the dupe. The humble court, so long the scene of plodding gain and deserved success, was abandoned for the court-end of the town; the lane, up which the creaking waggon bore its profitable burden, was left to its solitude for the bleak and stately square. Nor did the mode of living alter less. The homely pipe of tobacco gave place to the nose-singeing cigar; the social bowl was banished to make room for the evaporating champagne; and every honest citizen seemed, on the strength of Stock Exchange prognostics, determined to "WRIGHT him down an ass."

Of the fifty-four millions lent direct by the English people, through the agency of the Stock Exchange, about

thirty millions have been loaned to states since insolvent, and paying, up to this moment, no interest whatever. Had the rate of usance agreed upon been duly paid, sixteen hundred and ninety thousand pounds more per annum would have been in circulation—not to mention compound interest upon the arrears, or even about nine millions, which are somewhere near the total of the accumulation of dividends. The absence of these sixteen hundred and ninety thousands per annum cannot but be severely felt by trade; and when we consider the numberless channels into which wealth works its way, it is impossible to estimate the good such a sum would do society at large. It therefore behoves, not only the unfortunate creditor of the bankrupt governments, but every native of our country, to suggest and aid any plan by which the loss now sustained may be alleviated, since all are evidently interested in the in-pouring of money, deriving, as we all must, directly or indirectly, advantage from such receipts. It may be as well, before we proceed further, to take a bird's-eye view of the time the different states suspended payment, the reasons why they did so, and the amount for which they stand indebted:

The republic of Columbia "stopped" in January 1826, owing at the time 6,750,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of 405,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 2,170,000*l.*

The republic of Chili "stopped" on the 31st of March, 1827, owing at the time 1,000,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of 60,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 285,000*l.*

The republic of Mexico "stopped" on the 4th of July, 1827, owing at the time 6,400,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of 352,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 1,580,000*l.*

The republic of Peru "stopped" on the 1st of October, 1825, owing at the time 1,800,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of 108,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 648,000*l.*

The republic of Buenos Ayres "stopped" on the 12th of July, 1827, owing at the time 1,000,000, or a yearly interest of 60,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 270,000*l.*

The republic of Guatemala "stopped" on the 4th of July, 1827, owing at the time 1,400,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of about 90,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 405,000*l.*

The republic of Greece "stopped" on the 1st of July, 1826, owing at the time 2,800,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of 140,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 580,000*l.*

The kingdom of Spain "stopped" on the 1st of November, 1823, owing at the time 8,000,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of 400,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 3,200,000*l.*

The kingdom of Portugal "stopped" on the 1st of December, 1827, owing at the time 1,500,000*l.*, or a yearly interest of 75,000*l.*; the arrears of which amount to about 300,000*l.*

Now let us recapitulate:—First,

Amount of Arrears of Dividends to the credit of the Bondholders, and to the discredit of the enfranchised bond.

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| Due by Columbia..... | £2,170,000 |
| „ Chili | 285,000 |
| „ Mexico | 1,580,000 |
| „ Peru | 648,000 |
| „ Buenos Ayres..... | 270,000 |
| „ Guatemala | 405,000 |
| „ Greece..... | 580,000 |
| „ Spain | 3,200,000 |
| „ Portugal | 300,000 |

Total amount of arrears... £9,438,000

Secondly,

Amount of yearly Interest which ought to be in circulation.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Interest yearly on the Co- } lumbian debt | £405,000 |
| „ Chilian debt | 60,000 |
| „ Mexican debt | 352,000 |
| „ Peruvian debt | 108,000 |
| „ Buenos Ayrean debt | 60,000 |
| „ Guatemalan debt..... | 90,000 |
| „ Greek debt | 140,000 |
| „ Spanish debt | 400,000 |
| „ Portuguese debt | 75,000 |

Total amount of interest }
due yearly by the in- }
solvent states

£1,690,000

Thus, it will be seen by the above statement, that we have not only been deprived of the presence and use of fifty-four millions of capital, advanced to governments abroad, and of nine and a half millions of arrears, but likewise of sixteen hundred and ninety thousands per annum—a sum which the presence of the fifty millions would soon have engendered, in whatever

manner this amount might have been employed, had it never left the kingdom.

We have before stated the great aid derived by the schemers of Capel Court from the popularity Liberty and Co. enjoyed when this loaning was first set on foot. The unfortunate subscribers to the different advances must indeed have been most completely hoodwinked, or utterly dazzled by the delusions of Mammon, when they furnished, with an expectation of profit, six millions seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the republic of Columbia. From what source could it possibly be expected that such a country could pay a yearly sum of four hundred and five thousand pounds? Whence could this state have suddenly derived the power of meeting such a claim? This, of course, was a matter of no moment to the "gentlemen of the Stock Exchange;" but it ought to have been of some importance to the investor. Had the latter, instead of associating with the harpies of Bartholomew Lane, and lending a ready ear to the fables they invented, and which, alas! possessed no moral, but used his own discretion, he would have found, that he had lent his money to some two or three hundred military adventurers, who, with a view of bettering their condition—which could scarcely be worse—had persuaded certain other subordinate desperadoes to attack a decaying government, and what they called "emancipate" themselves. He would have learned, that so far from possessing the power of paying four hundred and five thousands per annum, that breeches were nearly as rare among them as unicorns; and that a clean shirt, or indeed a shirt at all, was among the most desired of their luxuries. He would have heard also, that when so far successful as to drive out their sovereign's forces, and pillage and possess his then flourishing and happy towns, instead of forming a code of laws and a system of government, so that peace might resume its labours, and commerce rise again, phoenix-like, from the ashes of war, that they otherwise employed themselves in cutting each others' throats, denouncing each others' authority, establishing each on his own account a Lilliput state; and that, though all were willing to receive the money

sent, none took the liberty of acknowledging himself the debtor for the supply. He would have found all this, and more; and if he had paid his share of 2,000,000*l.*, which was the amount of the first loan, for his experience, he would have saved himself from being duped into the second, which was to the tune of 4,750,000*l.* But no; he trusted to the statements of the "gentlemen of the house," with whom Columbia was a very pet republic. Not that, in truth, partiality is ever suffered by these worthies to stand in the way of gain; but still, where profit and partiality go together without jostling, a little additional invention is brought to bear: and Columbia, we repeat, was a very pet republic. This arose, in all probability, from its being the first on the revolutionary list; and, consequently, having the honour of being the Adam of South American loanees. Grateful, indeed, ought they of the House to be to that state by which an example was set, enabling the "House" to turn into its coffers the money of the nation, by which the Stock Exchange was made a sort of filtering-stone for fifty-four millions of money; to which machine, no doubt, a considerable portion of "the dust" adhered. By the loan-planners of Capel Court, Bolivar, the first insurgent commander, was pronounced a far superior warrior to Alexander the Great; while, in point of disinterestedness, Cincinnatus was a complete grasper to him. The valuable estates he had abandoned to act the patriot, it would have puzzled George Robins himself to have adequately described; and the list of slaves he had unshackled, to aid him in his laudable efforts to overthrow his master, was sufficient to have made him an honorary member of the Anti-Slavery Association for ever and ever. The enfranchised state itself was described as a perfect Paradise; corn, wine, and oil, teemed in every direction; and if it was not indeed the original Eden, no one could entertain a doubt but that it ought to have been. Nor did the terms held out to those disposed to be the creditors of this new nation fall off in eloquent promise from the other statements. From seven to eight per cent was the usance proffered, payment to be punctually made half-yearly, and the principal to be as safe as though it

were deposited in the Bank of England.

With so virtuous a hero as Bolivar, so heavenly a country as Columbia, and such protestations of faith as were in the contract, what could be desired more? The money was lent, the money was spent, and *presto* the scene changes. No dividends are forthcoming—the pacificators of Columbia, like famished wolves, turn upon each other—the remonstrance of the creditor is treated with contempt—even the great Bolivar himself is deposed, and his life in danger; which, as some of the O'Learys, O'Flanaghans, and other O's (all officers in the Columbian service) would say, he only preserved by dying of a fever. The country, in truth, has been, ever since its separation from Spain, rent with intestine divisions, and a prey by turns to every desperate soldier who can collect some fifty ragged vagabonds together, by the promise of plunder. General Paez one day, General Urdaneta another, General Salvador a third, rules the roost; General Sucre gets his brains knocked out one morning, and General Somethingelse his, the next: and it is to a country thus governed, the holders of Columbian bonds have to look for the present payment of their interest, and the future liquidation of their principal.

Let us reflect upon the situation of South America now, and what this beautiful portion of the earth presented when under the dominion of the Spanish crown. It does not imperatively follow, because we deprecate anarchy, that we are therefore the supporters of despotism. But there are certain modes of government, such as that of our slaves in the colonies, which, though averse to the general principles of our nature, we ought to be cautious of interfering with;—modes of government adapted to the character and views of the governed, and which, however revolting to the eye, will be found upon close inspection to be not only necessary, but in reality less objects of abhorrence, than the distant or casual view inferred. Such we consider to have been the sway exercised by Spain over her Transatlantic possessions. That it was harsh, we believe to be a fact; but that the harshness and jealousy displayed were uncalled for, we are by no means prepared to admit. The immense extent of terri-

tory the new world offered to ambition—the fertility of her soil—the distance from the mother country—the envy with which the possession was viewed by other nations—the great power intrusted to individuals representing the sovereign—all conspired to introduce a system of exclusion, which kept to the peninsula the wealth of her colonial dominions, and preserved for centuries, with a few partial interruptions, the immense and invaluable vice-royalties of that distant hemisphere. And during this period cities sprung up and flourished; and marble palaces, superb squares, magnificent churches, and all the usual results of wealth, prosperity, and peace, displayed themselves. The treasures poured by the new world into the parent nation, seemed not in any shape to impoverish the donor; and if the strong hand of power was kept over the restless, the designing, and the reckless, it is evident, by what has since occurred, that the preservation of order depended upon it, and that this, and this alone, prevented riot, pillage, and destruction.

But at length the "march of intellect," as the existing disposition for change is called, inspired some "patriots" of the vice-royalty of Granada to unfurl the banner of revolt, and, with little to complain of, bring over one of the richest regions of the earth the tide of that most fatal of dissensions, civil war.—arm brother against brother—and prostrate for years that commerce which had told its success in the lofty buildings of her towns, in the activity of her ports, and in the wealth abounding on all sides. But these adventurers, who thus strove to rend asunder the tie by which South America was united to Spain, would have met with partial triumph but for the "gentlemen of the Stock Exchange." Spain had been struggling against that giant power, which, in the storm of its ambition, sweeping from east to west, from north to south, seemed gifted with an appetite for dominion the government of the world would scarcely satiate: her coffers were impoverished, her armies nearly annihilated, her navy utterly so, and, like an aged parent in distress, she was at this hour of need less a protector than a suppliant to her colonies. This was the time chosen by the "patriots" to throw off what they termed the yoke of the mother country,

and in this laudable effort they were assisted by "the House." As we have before said, the exploits of the military adventurers by whom the insurrection was executed were trumpeted forth by the Stock Exchange speculators and their minions; glorious victories were gained at certain unpronounceable places; and impregnable castles, with names long as their carronades, fell one after the other into the power of "the liberators." Yet even in her distress there can be little doubt but that the Spanish government would ultimately have quelled the rebellion, as the insurgents had nothing to promise other than the pillage of the places they pretended to liberate—a practice which, if carried to any extent, might make the country rather too hot to hold them. At this juncture the Capel Courtiers, who saw the tempting harvest, came forward with their project of "a loan." John Bull was already dazzled by the victories gained, the forts taken, the territory "emancipated," and the luring prospect of not only getting an enormous per centage for his money, but also of obtaining a market, hitherto utterly closed, for his merchandise. Two millions of money were taken from his till, and sent out to the "liberating" government, together with a respectable cargo of Irish colonels and captains (in the Columbian service), who, when they heard of the transmission of the money, were suddenly seized with a desperate love of liberty and patriotism. This sum of money turned the scale against the lawful sovereign, and followed, as it was, by nearly five millions more, rendered the game desperate. Aided by the hundreds of adventurers who, led by the hope of gain, daily joined him from all parts of the world, and who, possessing no stake in the country, trusted only to the fortune of the die, and cared nought for what might be the ultimate fate of the emancipated territory, Bolivar succeeded in driving from the vice-royalty, in which he first planted his standard, the scattered and insufficient force of his sovereign. We repeat, that by foreign adventurers was the sway of Spain overthrown—a sufficient proof that the natives themselves were not so dissatisfied as the diurnal records of "the House," in their bulletins, thought fit to aver; and the gratitude shewn by the emancipated states of Columbia is upon a

par with the service really rendered. The debt was early disputed, and the sum of money first raised was only fully acknowledged when the Stock Exchange "gentlemen" were able to effect the advance of a second loan, of more than double its amount. The acknowledgment was worse than no profit to the English nation; for they lost by it the amount of the second loan, which was raised in 1824, and on which no interest has been paid since January 1826. The yearly dividends on the two loans to Columbia amount to 405,000*l.*, a sum so totally out of the power of the *quarterly* governments (for they seldom last longer) to meet, that the chance the unfortunate creditor stands at present, of liquidation in any way, is faint. The arrears of dividends on the two loans, since the suspension of payment of the first, in May 1826, and of the second, in January 1826, amount to *two millions one hundred and seventy thousand pounds*; so that the Columbian government really stands indebted to the English people eight millions six hundred and seventy thousand pounds. In the present desperate situation of the insolvent republic, there is but one course to adopt. All hope of payment of the arrears of dividend, as stated above, must be evidently useless, and it therefore behoves us to think what can be done with them. We should advise the public holding the bonds to select from among themselves a deputation of some two or three to remonstrate, in the first instance, with our government, and use every effort to obtain their countenance, and then that the deputation do proceed to Bogota, to confer with the existing government there. As the interest now due amounts to so large a sum as to render its payment impossible, the only feasible scheme is, to fund this two millions one hundred and seventy thousand pounds with the original debt, this additional sum to bear interest at 6 per cent from the date of such funding. The eight millions six hundred and seventy thousand pounds, thus forming the Columbian debt, would then entail a yearly charge upon the republic of about five hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Evidently impossible as it is for Columbia to furnish any such yearly disbursement, it becomes necessary to find an equivalent; and this can only present itself

in one shape. As the above amount of interest becomes due, the Columbian government must be induced to issue vouchers to the extent of the claim for such interest; and these vouchers must be allowed as good and lawful payment for duties and other charges levied by the Columbian government upon merchandise and produce exported from or imported into that state. We do not mean to say that even this would be any thing like an equitable adjustment for the creditor, or be by any means a realisation of the advantages held out by the borrower to the lender when the loan was first contracted for; but, the case considered, it would be as much as could be expected under existing circumstances, and the mode of payment of the usance fully as strict as the impoverished means of the republic would be able to meet. In transactions of this description, we are not only to consider the just demands of the creditor, but also the available assets of the debtor, and the possibility existing of the latter meeting his engagements without entailing upon himself utter ruin by their fulfilment. We consider the issue of these vouchers would be as much as the bondholders of Columbian stock could expect in the present order of things, and that a compliance with such a demand on the part of the indebted would rescue him from the stigma under which he now labours. Two other advantages would result from the adoption of this plan, both of which would tend to the immediate and future benefit of the republic. The existence of vouchers of the description we have stated would be an incentive to shipment of merchandise, &c. to the Columbian market, and be the means of infusing animation into a commerce now languishing almost to dissolution; while, in the second place, the withholding, by the payment of such duties, thus, of so much *bond fide* money from the revenue of the republic, would inculcate a system of economy in its government most necessary in a young state, and not to be deprecated in an old one. We hope, for the sake of that credit which ought to be as dear to a nation as to an individual, and without which neither the one nor the other can prosper, that something of the kind will be adopted. At all events, it behoves the bondholders to throw off that extraordinary indolence

by which they are at present governed—an indolence so marked and so suspicious, as almost to justify the Columbian government in the position it occupies. We have stated that a deputation on the part of the bondholders ought to be appointed, to bring the measure we have projected to maturity; and we now add, that the parties interested ought to be especially careful that this deputation does not consist of “gentlemen of the House.” It must be formed of actual honest creditors of the Columbian republic—of individuals who have invested certain sums of money in Columbian stock upon the faith of the state. If it is formed of “gentlemen of the House,” it does not require one from the dead to tell us that, instead of the claims of the bondholders being advanced by the appointment of such representatives, they will be sacrificed to the speculations of Capel Court, and that each member of the deputation will be more anxious to avail himself of the information, favourable or unfavourable, his situation may afford him the means of obtaining, to “buy” or “sell,” according to its tenor, than to give his thoughts to the interests of those who in their folly imagined the gambling propensities of the Stock Exchange could be cast off like an old habit. No, no! the men appointed to the task we have laid down must be honest men, men of repute, real sufferers; and a committee of such would probably have the open sanction of the government, when a committee of gamblers would fail; or they would at least have such aid from our consul in Columbia as would give weight to their remonstrances, and in all likelihood insure success to their endeavours. All this plan might be put in practice at a small expense; it would add but little to the heavy loss the bondholder now so passively puts up with, and might be the means of relieving him from a part of the burden. If unsuccessful, the holders of Columbian stock would stand in no worse situation than they do at present; and the republic would be openly shewn as utterly deficient in every principle of integrity, regardless of its most sacred engagements, and lost to every sense of honesty and justice. We cannot, however, for a moment shut our eyes to the real difficulty of an effectual settlement, in consequence of the present political position of the

state of Columbia; but we again repeat that the precarious situation of affairs there ought to put the creditors of the nation more on the alert, and induce them, at the now very early stage of separation between Venezuela and the Bogota government, to set forth their claims, and learn what portion is acknowledged by the one division, and what is to be put down to the debit of the other. What is more, a proper arrangement with the bondholders here would probably give solidity to the two governments of Bogota and of Venezuela, by the intimate chain of connexion it would form between a moiety of the first commercial people in the world, and the rulers of two states by whom great advantages must be derived from confidential intercourse; it would strengthen, without doubt, the hands of either government, and tend to aid the establishment of *civil* rule—that so-much-to-be-desired dominion in regions where drum-head law has too long reigned, and the word of a soldier been paramount. It is time that the usurpation of the knot of military chieftains living by the sword, and consequently anxious for its remaining unsheathed, should cease; and the bondholders, by forming a social compact with the public authorities of the now separated districts, may complete this desired work, tending not more to their own advantage than to that of their at present impoverished debtors. We have but again to urge the exertion of energy on the part of those holding Columbian stock, and to renew our opinion, that a temperate and determined application, through the medium of representatives who will, unswerved by individual interest, advocate unflinchingly the interests of the many, can hardly fail of success, desiring, as it does, so little, and causing so slight a difficulty in the way of compliance.

We will next turn our attention to the republic of Chili, which, in the year 1822, became indebted (thanks to “the House!”) in the sum of *one million* sterling to the English people, and which in 1827 stopped payment, and is, at the present moment, in arrears of dividend to the extent of two hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds, being four years and three-quarters’ interest. The annual charge of usance for the Chilian debt did not exceed sixty thousand pounds per annum; and it proves very forcibly the penury of the state,

when so small a stipend is not procurable. This republic, to which Nature, by affording a long line of coast, a salubrious climate, and other most powerful advantages, has done her part towards forming a flourishing people, has been, since the throwing off "the yoke" of Spain, a prey almost yearly to intestine commotion. The sabre has been the only real legislator, and *canon* law alone has been obeyed.

Arrears of dividend can here be as little expected as from Columbia; and these must therefore, as in the case of that republic, be funded and added to the original debt. This will increase the obligations of the government of Chili to one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds; the interest of which, at 6 per cent, will entail a yearly expense of rather more than seventy-five thousand pounds. Here, also, the same plan adopted with regard to Columbia must be attempted: a committee must be formed, a chain of communication opened between the creditor and the indebted, a display of honest energy put forth, and the real sufferers by the suspension of payment must shew themselves to the insolvent. Surely the amount of the loan and yearly amount of dividend are worth some little exertion, and none has yet been used in any way calculated to effect the purpose of liquidation. We say again, none has yet been used; for hitherto any efforts to obtain either principal or interest have originated in the Stock Exchange, and these have speedily merged in the great principle of buying or selling "for time," according as appearances warranted; and the real object of the application has been frittered away into the making of so much per cent in such and such bargain "for the account," until the parties forming the committee or deputation have made as much as they could by the information derived through their agency; and the unfortunate represented out of "the House," though gifted with a patience far exceeding that of Job, has abandoned the payment of the expenses in despair, exclaiming with every sale of stock made by those behind the scenes, and who were by no means scrupulous upon such occasions, "Lo! another decline." This republic was another of the, we may almost term them, misbegotten whelps of the Stock Exchange, as, but for the funds furnished through the

medium of Capel Court, it is less than problematical that the power of the Spanish monarch never would have been overthrown. But with English money and Irish colonels, aided by Spanish apathy, this beautiful and heretofore flourishing region was devoted to freedom and fasting, to constitutions and short commons, to independence and insolvency; and the splendour which reigned when Chili was a gem of the crown of Spain has been exchanged for the beggarly formula of mock majesty displayed by some self-elected president, the duration of whose dominion seldom exceeded that of Abou Hassan. We are not able to give (nor do we imagine the deficiency could be supplied) a statement of how many different constitutions, as they are called, Chili has been blessed with since the separation from the mother country; nor are we able, though compelled by our vocation to watch the arrival of every particle of intelligence from this, among others, of the South American states, to communicate just at present who is the existing head of the government, or if the government has any head; or, if it has a head, whether there is any thing in it; but (and we regret it for the sake of the bondholders) we believe we may safely affirm, from what we do see, that the nation will be found marvellously deficient in bottom. Still, if the creditors kick hard, something may arise therefrom; and it is evident, quietude is but an unprofitable virtue, and but teaches the undisturbed debtor to think that, as respects the bondholders, "sufferance is the badge of all their tribe."

We have but one plan to submit, as respects the South American republics (Mexico excepted), the situation of each being, unfortunately for all parties, so similar. A brief review of their several obligations to our countrymen will not, however, be out of place. The central republic of Guatemala, it appears, stands indebted to the English nation to the amount of one million four hundred and twenty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-one pounds eight shillings. No dividends have been paid since the year 1827, and the amount of arrears from that time is four hundred and five thousand pounds, the yearly interest being ninety thousand pounds. As a matter of course, these arrears must be added to the original loan, which will then amount, in round numbers, to one

million eight hundred thousand pounds; and this combined sum, at the rate of 6 per cent (the interest originally agreed upon), will entail upon the government of Guatemala an annual charge of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. We confess our ignorance of the resources of this state, or of any means by which they can meet this latter demand. We do not know whether they have any commerce, any constitution, any custom-houses, or any honesty. We know they have had the above loan; but for which, in all probability, neither ourselves nor the bondholders would ever have known any thing about them. We certainly do remember receiving, some twelve or eighteen months back, by way of Honduras, intelligence from Central America, as it is called, in which some two or three hundred demi-savages demi-armed, *sans culottes* personages had entered some principal city, the name of which we do not remember, and overturned or re-established the legitimate government, we are unable to say which; two or three being killed in the encounter, which certainly appeared, from its bloodless display, to be in reality a *civil* war. We believe this to be the government (!!!) indebted to the British people in the sum of one million eight hundred thousand pounds, and, should this prove correct, would recommend *no* deputation to venture thither for the purpose of preferring the claims of the Guatemalan bondholders; for, from the tenor of these advices, we should apprehend the deputation would stand some likelihood of having the claim discharged after the fashion that Baillie Nicol Jarvie thought Duncan Galbraith, of Garschattachin, would settle his, had it been mentioned to him during the fray at the clachan of Aberfoil. We may as well observe here, however, that great difficulty of communication exists with this central state, and that all parties having demands upon it would do well to set on foot some inquiry as to its present situation, the extent of its resources, and the existence of such form of rule as would lead to an idea that any application for justice would be recognised.

The republic of Peru stands indebted to the English people in the sum of one million eight hundred and sixteen thousand pounds, or an annual interest of one hundred and eight thousand pounds. This loan was

raised part in 1822, part in 1824, and the remainder in 1825; and in the latter year the republic suspended payment. The arrears of dividend are to the extent of six hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds, which, added to the original loan, will bring in the Peruvian people our debtors for two millions four hundred and sixty-four thousand pounds, entailing upon this republic, at the rate of 6 per cent, a yearly charge of about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. From all the accounts we are able to collect, Peru is in a most miserable state, a prey to anarchy, without any stable mode of government, rent by intestine division, impoverished by want of trade, and altogether forming a melancholy contrast of what it was before "emancipation." Yet such are the natural resources of this wealthy region, that we should not despair of ultimate reimbursement, did actual industry undertake the task, and could the government once be brought to a sense of its own honour. This can only be effected in the manner we have pointed out; and we again say, that when the small amount of expense necessary to be entailed is considered, a trial of its efficacy is most desirable. When Cantarac, the last of the royal commanders, was compelled to abandon this beautiful region, we well remember the hailings of the stock speculators; who, if they did not expect that the wealth of the galleons of old would be thrown into Capel Court, at least affected to believe it, and baited the trap accordingly. But so far are they from being borne out in one item of their pretended advantages, that there is scarcely any part of that extensive and once bountiful territory, which under Spanish rule poured from her treasured womb wealth throughout the world, in so pitiful a plight as is Peru. Lima, the proud residence of her prouder viceroys, where munificence held court, and pomp paraded in magnificent security, is now a gloomy grave for bankrupt traders—a glutted warehouse of undemanded goods—the habitation of foreigners struggling in vain to recover desperate debts; or of unhappy natives, who, already sinking under the pressure of a perishing commerce, receive the finishing blow in the shape of forced loans and arbitrary levies, raised by some desperate adventurer, by whom the supreme rule

has been seized, to satisfy his marauding followers and save his throat.

The republic of Buenos Ayres is indebted to the English nation in the sum of one million sterling, or an annual interest of sixty thousand pounds. This loan was raised in 1824, and the government stopped payment in 1827. The amount of arrears of dividend is two hundred and seventy thousand pounds, being four years and a half interest, at 6 per cent. These arrears, funded to the original debt, will bring in the Buenos Ayres republic our debtors to the extent of one million two hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling, which, at the above interest, entails a yearly expense to that government of about seventy-five thousand pounds. This can only be met in the way we have pointed out already; for this republic, or federal state, or whatever it may now be called, is in no shape better off than those we have before named. The Argentine republic, as the ancient vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres is called, is divided into as many factions as it possesses cities. Cordova, Santa Fé, the city of Buenos Ayres, and various others, have each set up for themselves in the independent line; and, in consequence, civil war has been almost general since the "throwing off the Spanish yoke." The results are seen in the beggary of the government; the paper money of the state is worth little or nothing; and there is absolutely no trade doing. Almost all the merchants have failed, or are on the verge of bankruptcy; and the situation of things here is most pitiable.

According, however, to the last advices from this part of the republican hive, where the drones appear to rule supreme, a sort of general treaty had been patched up by the different leaders of the Argentine state; and therefore it behoves the bondholders to take advantage of the calm, and endeavour to obtain something like justice from the heads of the government. Under the Spanish sway, Buenos Ayres was a place of very great importance, one of the principal outlets for those riches which excited at that time the cupidity of the rest of the world. It now excites but the pity or the contempt of those who know its real position; the advantages of situation have been neglected, commerce has been annihilated, and the Rio de la Plata, instead of being crowded

with vessels, and bearing on its bosom those millions which floated there of old, has been the scene of some miserable naval engagements—as the trumpety skirmishes of a ragged flotilla of horse-marines are termed—in which a fishing-smack is run down, an old gun burst, some few hundred pounds' weight of gunpowder wasted, a Bobadilish bulletin scrawled in bad Spanish, to be printed on worse paper, and an illumination got up, in which more fire is shown than was displayed in the battle. "But they tell us these things are over now; and it is the place of the bondholders to see into the veracity of this, and what profit they may derive by the change, if change there be.

We come now to the republic of Mexico, the only one of the states of the new world opening a prospect in the slightest degree cheering to those who have ventured their property in El Dorado scheming. The obligations of the Mexican republic to the English nation amount to six millions four hundred thousand pounds, or an annual interest of three hundred and fifty-two thousand. The payment of the dividends was suspended in the year 1827, and the arrears of interest amount to one million five hundred and eighty thousand pounds. But efforts are making on the part of the government of this state to meet the claims of the creditors. On the 1st of July last year, a notice appeared from the Mexican minister in London, stating that the agents of the Mexican government (Messrs. Baring) having agreed to advance the small amount deficient, the bondholders might receive the one half amount of the *coupons* due that day; and on the 24th of December last, a second notice appeared, stating that the agents having agreed to advance the deficiency in the remittances necessary for the January dividend, the same would be paid upon demand.

This bears upon the face of it a most gladdening prospect to the bondholders, proving that the internal resources of the country are undestroyed; for were it not so, they may rest assured no contractor would advance five farthings to redeem the credit of any republic for which he had acted agent. We should like much to see Messrs. Hullett, brothers, the contractors of the Chilian loan; or even (the contractors of the Mexican loans) the Messrs. Barings, who likewise brought

out the Peruvian loan, advance any sum towards the liquidation of the claims upon those two states. They know too well the actual rottenness of both, to refund any of the per centage obtained by their contracts; they are fully aware that public confidence is too much shaken ever to be redeemed but by the payment of the whole accumulation of interest—a process far more expensive than any future emolument or gain would remunerate, and, consequently, entirely out of the question. This advance, then, of Messrs. Baring, brothers, on behalf of the Mexican republic, proves beyond doubt that time, and time only, is required to invigorate the means of this state, and place it upon the footing its importance and wealth imperatively demand.

For who at present watches over the interests of the bondholders? Is it the contractors? and is it left to them, and them alone, to urge the rights of the creditors to a speedy settlement? Have the sums recently remitted proceeded from the exertions of the contractors, or from the honest designs of the government of Mexico? In what manner have the Messrs. Barings obtained a single dollar on behalf of those who have invested in the stock of the republic? and is not the transmission of the monies alluded to the voluntary act of the heads of the republic? If it does not proceed from the exertions of the contractors—and who will say it does?—the bondholders have but indifferent security for future exports of specie from Mexico, for they are in reality unrepresented there; and any change of government may produce a change of measures, unless there were some one on the spot to guard the rights of the creditors from such invasion. A large sum of money is at stake; a disposition to discharge this sum exists, to the no small amazement of “the gentlemen of the House,” on the part of the debtor. Let the bondholder only evince a similar disposition to receive, and display a future expectation of disbursement on the part of Mexico, and all will be well.

The holders of Mexican stock should without delay call a meeting of their members, form a committee with no Stock Exchange people upon it, select a deputation unalloyed by any of “the House,” and forthwith commence
* a direct negotiation with the Mexican authorities. The latter, with the eyes

of interested parties upon them, would be fortified in their good resolutions, the day of liquidation would be hastened, the large accumulation of interest would disappear, and this once effected, the available powers of the republic, unshackled by civil war, and directed into their proper channels, would in all probability prevent any recurrence of insolvency again.

What can we think of any men, or set of men, who could introduce to the British people plans of advancing money to mushroom governments, the stability of which, if they did inquire into, they must have been aware to be non-existent; and of which, if they made no inquiry, they proved themselves, to say the least, false and careless introducers?

But when the Stock Exchange became the channel through which the advances to South America flowed, it was known to the promoters of this mode of exhausting the fund accumulated by industry here, that there was in reality no government in any of the states to authorise such loanings. Some unknown “man of the mountains,” issuing from fastnesses as savage as his followers, was the idol of one day, while the next saw him an outlawed fugitive, a desperate brigand, or an executed traitor. Yet, if he held the reins of “the state,” and recognised the loan, his rule became as sacred in the eyes of the Stock Exchange negotiators as that of the father of mischief, their revered patron and friend. The guarantee for reimbursement was entirely overlooked; the word of a swaggering brigand passed as current as though it was that of Mr. Rothschild; and General Anything his (X) mark was looked upon as an ample receipt for the millions proffered. In fact, there can be little doubt that to the money of the Stock Exchange, or, in more correct words, to the sums humbugged out of the people by its agents, South America, as well as England, owes the greater part of her distresses. But for the support the self-created military despots of the new world derived from the monies so advanced, they could not for any duration have held the rule they one after the other did over a region so fitted for commerce, but so unfitted for war. They would have been long before compelled to resort to open robbery, and the civilians of each state would have risen and crushed them—a price would have

been set upon their heads, and a legal and true government established. But aided by the funds raised by the Stock Exchange money-lenders, these mushroom chieftains surrounded themselves with desperate bands of aliens and adventurers; and after expelling the troops of Spain, and expending the money thus received, they have since resorted to every expedient, even to that of open pillage, to support their clan of followers, whose numbers, ragged though they be, are sufficient to keep down that strength enjoyed by those classes suffering from their visitations, and to set them at defiance while they plunder them of their property. Even had patriotism (to which we demur) so aided these men of the sword, as to have enabled them, by native indignation and love of freedom, to have effectually driven the royal banner from the Spanish colonies, it would not have aided the Russian soldier in his future rule of anarchy and desolation—the merchant would not have buckled on armour to aid in crushing commerce—the grower of cotton would not have desolated his neighbour's grounds, when his own would on the morrow have been placed in similar jeopardy. It was left for the Stock Exchange so to deceive the British nation, as to induce it, under the specious plea of supporting a brave people in their struggle for freedom, to furnish funds to avaricious soldiers, and by so doing to enable them to raise those troops of mercenaries, who, having first made their employers masters over those they opposed, then enabled them to trample on those whom they affected to have taken up arms to rescue. By these means have the different states of the new world been for the last ten years under the influence, and at the entire mercy, of certain bands of armed men, who depose one government the one day, and its successor the day following, as the whim or the idea of gain may direct; and thus has trade, that vital principle of every country, become, as regards the majority of the new states, a by-word or a mockery,—a phantom which they knew in days gone by in its substantial form, but which they have now ceased to regard in its true character. It can scarcely be supposed that such rulers as we have described would, while they had the power of obtaining millions by merely signing unperformable promises, or issuing valueless

paper dignified with the name of bonds—it can scarcely be supposed, we repeat, that they would await the tedious ordeal of commerce to produce its thousands. They had been taught by the speculators of the English Stock Exchange how little was the worth of money—how easily without industry it could be obtained—how potent was the influence it possessed; and thus was each new government initiated in its noviciate in a system of wasteful and profuse expenditure, certain to end in ruin and disorder. And thus it was that when the sums so easily obtained had been with equal facility squandered, and the fund whence they had been derived was closed against a further supply, that the governments which had been tutored to exhaust wealth, and not to devise measures for its accumulation, were unable to resort to those legitimate means for obtaining sufficient to meet the expenses of their rule. They had been taught a prodigal system, and years even of successful commerce would not place at their disposal the amount of the expenditure of one. Hence the lawless chieftain, who in the first instance might have given one regret to the fading prospects of his country, had been incapacitated, by his coalition with Capel Court, from such a course. Money he had been accustomed to expend—money was required—and, to meet the demand, a commerce, which might have rivalled that of the most favoured nations, was blighted in the bud.

And it is to the “gentlemen of the House,” to those Janus-faced sellers of both the borrower and the lender, that the bondholders have trusted, and continue to trust their interests and future hopes. But we opine that this will now cease—that even at the eleventh hour the real sufferers will undertake their own cause; and then, if their efforts fail of procuring any remunerative return, they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that every exertion had been used to procure a different result.

Once more we say to the investors in Chilian, Colombian, Peruvian, Guatemalan, Buenos Ayrean, and Mexican stock, form committees, remonstrate with the different governments, demand with firmness your money, be true to yourselves, be united, and, above all, cut with the “gentlemen of the House.”

A NATIONAL ODE,

In Commemoration of the proposed General Fast.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

"REpent, and be forgiven,
 Ere the monstrous Curse have birth!"
 Thus cried the Angel of Heaven
 To the Angel of Earth:
 "Proclaim a solemn Fast,
 A solemn Fast proclaim!
 Repent ye for transgressions past,
 In sorrow and in shame!"

In spirit thus rebuked,
 Earth's Angel upward looked:
 Looked upward, and desied
 The heavens opened wide.

Behold! in heaven the atoning Angel stands.
 Amid the holy convocation there,
 The golden censer in his hallowed hands,
 At that great altar, Intercessor dear,
 Whose fire, from lower fane, he scatters here.
 For as descending from that loftiest shine,
 Whence he with fire his golden censer stored,
 Another Angel to that priest divine
 A golden vial gave, which incense poured,
 And from his hand to God its odour soared.
 Out from the atoning Angel's hand, as he,
 Upon the table of gold before the throne,
 Offered of saints the adoration free,
 The smoke ascended up, in many a cone,
 Before the Highest, where He sate alone!
 The hour was hushed, and deepest silence awed
 Heaven, while the atoning Angel ministered
 The prayers of saints ascending unto God;
 And then into the vial—nought else heard—
 The fire from the great altar he transferred.
 On the sad bosom of maternal Earth
 The fire he scattered of that holiest shrine;
 Then voices, lightnings, thunderings had new birth,
 And Earth quaked to her centre, at the sign
 Of law promulged, in dread of wrath condign.
 "Make ye atonement!" thus the elders sang—
 Thus sang the cherubim in convocation,
 At sound whereof the orb'd echoes rang—
 "For the sanctuary make ye expiation,
 For the altar and the priests, and for the congregation."

"It shall be done!" the mournful Mother said;
 And straightway o'er her limbs the sackcloth spread,
 And strewed the penance-ashes on her head.

"Repent, ye children of Earth!
 The Curse, awaiting birth,
 Hovers on verge of heaven;
 Repent, and be forgiven!
 Proclaim a solemn Fast,
 A solemn Fast proclaim!
 Repent ye for transgressions past,
 In sorrow and in shame!"

Past transgressions—oh, the sum!
 Shun we in the time to come!
 Called she not?—"Twas Freedom's
 voice!
 Shame on the soul that dared not rejoice!
 Alas for Freedom! are the good
 Only, only worthy thee?
 By the bad misunderstood,

Oh, the true alone are free !
 Error's way is serpentine,
 And she leaves a slimy line :
 Prostrate thing ! her living scales,
 Through all forms, in dust she trails.
 Weak, dragon-crest and panoply !
 No ! she might not look on high.
 The curse on her, she could not be
 Or the faithful or the free ;
 And, striking though at powers not
 good,
 By her own evil was subdued.
 Corruption clings all evil things—
 Each one dies with that it stings ;
 Suicide, whose deadly strife
 Wars 'gainst its own and other's life.
 Did her saturnalia
 Make the nations strong ? Away !
 What gave them strength that also sunk.
 Her cup !—it made the people drunk !

Full of madness to the brim—
 Wine of Power, ungiven by HIM,
 Source of majesty and might,
 By whom kings reign, and rule aright.
 My country !—ah, heart-cheering
 thought !

By thee was deliverance wrought :
 Well were thy magnanimous men
 Fam'd by the poet then.
 Thanksgiving, brighter than the morn,
 Prevented the uprising sun,
 Heaven entering ere the lark, and won
 Station with seraphim unborn.
 Let Painting and let Sculpture both
 Praise actions of heroic growth
 On canvass, or on pedestal,
 In palace, temple, and in hall,
 By guardian niche, or hallowed wall.
 Alas ! for glories soon forgot—
 That they have been, and should be not !

Forgot ! or worse—their recollection
 Shrunk from like memory of Guilt—
 How Gratitude doth perish with Affection !
 Who weeps for him our brethren's blood who spilt ?
 Who o'er Napoleon's tomb indignant bends ?
 He grasps a dagger bloody to the hilt ;—
 Alike assassin both of foes and friends !
 Fond robber ! he despoils his father's hearth,
 And on his elder brother's board descends,
 Vile harpy !—stranger on the face of earth,
 Though of the world the boasted citizen,
 Yet owning not the country of his birth,
 Self-outcast, and the most forlorn of men !

Therefore with kindred ties,
 All natural sympathies
 Lose old relation to the human heart,
 And Pity spreads her lithe wings to depart ;
 For in the soul wherein she once was guest
 Hath Murder's cuckoo-brood defiled her nest,
 And Sin for Science caters in such mood,
 As turns to quills the hair, to ice the blood.

And that antique Harmony,
 Which at first did edify
 And cement society,
 Is changed to discord, and new Revolution.
 Presumes to reawake the arm of Retribution.

What wonder, then, the Lord of Life and Death
 Is wroth, and that to Pestilence he saith,

“ Go down among mankind—away !
 Thy thousands and ten thousands slay !”

The fiend swoops down.

At her approach, dim Agony
 Seizeth upon the doomed to die—

The demon's own !

What wonder, then, on mutual rapine bent,
 Smit with remorse, but moved not to repent,
 In faction's struggle and the party feud,
 The famished poor—of speech and manners rude—
 Rise from despair in bitterness of scorn,
 And kindle with wild joy the *alien* corn ;

That,—day and night,—

Unto Thee my prayer ascends,
 And Thy mercy downward bends.
 I implore Thee, by Thy ways
 To the men of elder days :
 By the thrice forty days and nights
 (Trahce-wrapt wherein Fast delights,)
 Moses did in Horeb bide,
 Or in Sinai sanctified,
 When the tables of the law
 By God's fingers writ he saw—
 For the golden calf as well,
 Though the sin of Israel—
 And again, though human hewed,
 When the tables God renewed—
 By Joshua's grief for one retreat,
 And Israel's for that twice defeat—
 By the Fast at Mizpeh held,
 Whence the Philistine was quelled—
 By the words thine angel spoke
 To Elijah, when he woke,
 And discerned a-nigh his 'head,
 Cake and cruise of water spread,
 Wherefrom he the strength derived
 That long abstinence survived ;
 Such as in the wilderness
 Christ endured, with like success—
 By the fasting and the weeping,
 Closer to earth's bosom creeping,

Which King David, that his child
 Might to God be reconciled,
 And the Lord his offspring spare,
 Seven long days sustained with prayer—
 By Elijah's prophecy,
 And Ahab's humility—
 By the book Thou didst inspire,
 But the monarch doomed to fire—
 By Jehoshaphat's wise fear,
 Fatal to the sons of Seir—
 By Nehemiah's woe well-doomed,
 For the gates with fire consumed,
 For the bulwark broken down,
 Of Jerusalem o'erthrown—
 By the Fast he did dispense—
 By Esther's three days' abstinence—
 And by Daniel's prayerful yearning
 For the captive's home-returning,
 Not by Gabriel unheard,
 Who with him thereon conferred—
 By Ezra's, where Ahava ran,
 And, for strange wives, in Canaan ;—
 Oh ! by all and each of these
 Ways of thine—oh, may it please
 Thee, good Lord ! us to deliver,
 And we will praise Thy name for ever !

Now the solemn rite is ended—
 Thy prayers, my country ! have ascended
 Unto God, like incense up
 From the angel's golden cup :
 Odour acceptable ! Not small the need
 For lamentation—for the rite decreed.
 Well might we weep, with sackcloth girt, in sooth,
 Like virgin for the espoused of her youth.
 What though the field were wasted not, nor languish
 The oil and wine, yet men's hearts throb with anguish.
 Joy from the sons of men had withered, and
 The harvest next had perished from the land.
 Rich men were howling for corrupted wealth,
 Moth-eaten robes, gold cankered, unemployed,
 And silver rusted, eating, as by stealth,
 Into the flesh, unused and unenjoyed.
 Ay, all these evils had begun to cling
 Peasant, and prince, and senator, and king.
 The labourers' hire from the reaped field had cried,
 'Gainst those who lived in pleasure on the earth,
 And He had heard their suffering, and replied ;
 Yea, had deprived the wanton of their mirth.
 But He will surely pity and forgive
 All who acknowledge sin. Repent, and ye shall live !

SCHILLER, GOETHE, AND MADAME DE STAËL.

IN this age, by some called the Locomotive, when men travel with all manner of practical, scientific, and unscientific purposes; to fish Mexican oysters, and convert the heathen; in search of the picturesque, in search of cheap land, good groceries, bibliography, wives, new cookery, and, generally, though without effect, in search of happiness; when even kings, queens, and constitutions, are so often sent on their travels; and what with railways, what with revolutions, absolutely nothing will stay in its place—the interest that once attached to mere travellers is gone: no Othello could now by such means win the simplest Desdemona. Nevertheless, in Madame de Staël's Travels there is still something peculiar. Shut out from her bright beloved Paris, she gyrates round it in a wider or narrower circle. Haunted with danger, affliction, love of knowledge, and above all with *ennui*, she sets forth in her private carriage on two intermingled errands: first, "to find noble characters;" secondly, "to study national physiognomies." The most distinguished female living will see face to face the most distinguished personages living, be they male or female; will have sweet counsel with them, or, in philosophic tourney, "free passages of arms;" will gauge them with her physiognomical callipers, and, if so seem fit, print their dimensions in books. Not to study the charters, police, and economy of nations; to stand in their council-halls, workshops, dress-shops, and social assemblages; least of all, to gaze on waterfalls, and ruined robber-towers, and low over them, as the cattle on a thousand hills can do, is she posting through the world: but to read the living book of man, as written in various tongues; nay, to read the chrestomathy and diamond edition of that living polyglot book of man, wherein, for clear eyes, all his subordinate performances, practices, and arrangements, or the best spirit of these, stand legible. It is a tour, therefore, not for this or that object of culture, this or that branch of wisdom; but for culture generally, for wisdom itself: and combines with this distinction that of being a true tour of knight-errantry, and search of spiritual adventures and feats of intel-

lect—the only knight-errantry practicable in these times. With such high-soaring views, Madame first penetrated into Germany in 1803; and could not miss Weimar, where the flower of intellectual Germany was then assembled.

The figure of such a three as Goethe, Schiller, and De Staël, to whom Wieland, Müller, and other giants, might be joined, rises beautiful in our imagination, and throws powder in the eyes; and perhaps, for merely poetic purposes, it were best if we left it invested with that rose-coloured cloud, and pried no deeper. But insatiable curiosity will nowise let the matter rest there; Science, as well as Fancy, must have its satisfaction. The "spiritual Amazon" was a mortal woman; those philosophic joustings and symposia were also transacted on our common clay earth—behind that gorgeous arras, of which we see not the knotty side, who knows what vulgar, angular stone and mortar lies concealed! In the sixth volume of the *Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe*, lately published; still more, in the thirty-first volume of Goethe's *Works*, even now publishing, where, under the title of *Tug und Jahres Heft*, is a continuation of his autobiography, we find some indications and disclosures. These the British world, for insight into this matter, shall now also behold in juxta-position, if not in combination. Of Madame in London there are some sketches in Byron's Letters, but more in the way of daubing than of painting; done, too, not with philosophic, permanent colours, but with mere dandyic ochre and japan, which last were but indifferently applicable here. The following are in a more artistic style, and may be relied on as sincere and a real likeness.

We give the whole series of notices, which we have translated, long and short, arranged according to the order of dates, beginning with the first note of distant preparation, and ending with the latest reminiscence. Goethe is, for the time, at Jena, engaged in laborious official duties of a literary kind, when, on the 30th of November, 1803, Schiller thus finishes a letter to him from Weimar:

"Madame de Staël is actually in Frankfort, and we may soon look for her here. If she but understand German, I doubt not we shall do our part; but to preach our religion to her in French phrases, and standing the brunt of French volubility, were too hard a problem. We should not get through so cleverly as Schelling did with Camille Jourdan. Farewell."

The next will explain themselves:

"Jena, 13th December, 1803.

"It was to be foreseen, that when Madame de Staël came to Weimar I should be called thither. I have taken counsel with myself, that the moment might not surprise me, and determined on staying here. For the laborious and dubious business that now lies on me, whatever physical force I have, especially in this bad month, will scantily suffice: from the intellectual surveyance down to the mechanical typographical department, I need to have it all before me. * * * You, my dear friend, see, not without horror, what a case I am in; with Meyer, indeed, to comfort me, yet without help or complete fellow-feeling from any one: for whatever is so much as possible, our people look upon as easy. Wherefore I entreat you, take my place; guide the whole matter for the best, so far as possible. If Madame de Staël please to visit me, she shall be well received. Let me but know four-and-twenty hours beforehand, and part of the Loder apartments shall be furnished to lodge her; she will find a burgher's table, and welcome; we shall actually meet and speak together; she can stay while such remains her pleasure. What I have to do here is transacted in separate half-hours; the rest of my time shall be hers: but in this weather to go and to come, to dress, appear at court and in company, is, once for all, impossible, as decisively as ever you, in the like condition, have pronounced it.

"All this I commit to your friendly guidance, for there is nothing that would gratify me more than to see this distinguished lady, and personally make acquaintance with her; really glad were I, could she spend these two leagues of road on me. Worse quarters than await her here has she been used to by the way. Do you lead and manage these conditions with your delicate and kind hand, and send me an express when any thing decided occurs.

"Good speed to all that your solitude produces, as yourself could wish and

will! For me, I am rowing in a foreign element; nay, I might say, only splashing and spluttering therein, with loss for the outward man, and without the smallest satisfaction for the inward or from the inward. But after all, if it be true, as Homer and Polygnotos teach me more and more, that we poor mortals have properly a kind of hell to enact in this earth of ours, such a life may pass among the rest. A thousand farewells in the celestial sense!

"GOETHE."

"Weimar, 14th December, 1803.

"Against your reasons for not coming hither there is nothing solid to be urged — I have stated them with all impressiveness to the duke. For Madame de Staël herself, too, it must be much pleasant to see you without that train of dissipation; and for yourself, under such an arrangement, this acquaintance may prove a real satisfaction, which were otherwise a burden not to be borne.

"Fare you heartily well, keep sound and cheerful, and deal gently with the pilgrimess that wends towards you. When I hear more you shall learn.

"SCHILLER.

"P.S. The Duke gives me answer that he will write to you himself, and speak with me in the theatre."

"Weimar, 21st Dec. 1803.

"The rapid and truly toilsome alternation of productive solitude* with formal society, and its altogether heterogeneous dissipations, so fatigued me last week, that I absolutely could not take the pen, and left it to my wife to give you some picture of us.

"Madame de Staël you will find quite as you have, *à priori*, construed her: she is all of one piece; there is no adventitious, false, pathological speck in her. Hereby it is that, notwithstanding the immeasurable difference in temper and way of thought, one is perfectly at ease with her, can hear all from her, and say all to her. She represents French culture in its purity, and under a most interesting aspect. In all that we name philosophy, therefore, in all highest and ultimate questions, one is at issue with her, and remains so in spite of all arguing. But her nature, her feeling, is better than her metaphysics; and her fine understanding rises to the rank of genial. She insists on explaining every thing, on seeing into it, measuring it; she allows

* Schiller was now busied with Wilhelm Tell; on which last and greatest of his dramas this portion of the Correspondence with Goethe mainly turns.

nothing dark, inaccessible; whithersoever her torch cannot throw its light, there nothing exists for her. Hence follows an aversion, a horror, for the transcendental philosophy, which in her view leads to mysticism and superstition. This is the carbonic gas in which she dies. For what we call poetry there is no sense in her: from such works it is only the passionate, the oratorical, the intellectual, that she can appropriate; yet she will endure no falsehood there, only does not always recognise the true.

"You infer from these few words that the clearness, decidedness, and rich vivacity of her nature cannot but affect one favourably. Our only grievance is the altogether unprecedented glibness of her tongue: you must make yourself all ear, if you would follow her. Nevertheless, as even I, with my small faculty of speaking French, get along quite tolerably with her, you, with your greater practice, will find communication very easy."

"My proposal were that you came over on Saturday, opened the acquaintance, and then returned on Sunday to your Jena business. If she stay longer than the new-year, you will find her here; if she leave us sooner, she can still visit you in Jena before going."

"The great point at present is, that you hasten to get a sight of her, and so free yourself of the stretch of expectation. If you can come sooner than Saturday, so much the better."

"For the present, farewell. My labour has not, indeed, advanced much this week, but also not stood still. It is truly a pity that this so interesting phenomenon should have come upon us at the wrong season, when pressing engagements, bad weather, and the sad public occurrences over which one cannot rise quite triumphant, conspire to oppress us."

"SCHILLER."

Goethe, having finished his work, returns to Weimar, but not in health. We find no mention of Madame till the 4th of January, and then only this:

* * * "Of the Lady de Staël I hear nothing: I hope she is busy with Benjamin Constant. What would I give for quietness, liberty, and health, through the next four weeks! I should then have almost done."

"SCHILLER."

* This will explain itself afterwards.

† Oknos, a Greek gentleman (of date unknown) diligently plaited a reed rope, which his ass ate diligently. He (Oknos) is supposed to have had an unthrifty wife. Hence Schiller's allusion.

(Apparently of the same date.)

"Here come the new periodicals, with the request that you would forward them, after use, to Mayer: especially I recommend No. 13 to notice. So there is nothing new under the sun? And did not our accomplished pilgrimess assure me this morning, with the utmost naïveté, that whatever words of mine she could lay hold of she meant to print. That story about *Rousseau's Letters** does her no good with me at present. One sees one's-self and the foolish French petticoat ambition as in a diamond-adamant mirror. The best wishes for you."

"GOETHE."

(No date.)

* * * "Madame de Staël, in a note to my wife, this morning, speaks of a speedy departure, but also of a very probable return by Weimar."

"SCHILLER."

(No date.)

* * * "Madame de Staël means to stay three weeks yet. Spite of all her French hurry, she will find, I fear, by her own experience, that we Germans in Weimar are also a changeable people—that every guest should know when to be gone."

"SCHILLER."

(No date.)

* * * "De Staël I saw yesterday here, and shall see her again to-day with the Duchess's mother. It is the old story with her: one would think of the Danaïdes' sieve, if Oknos* with his ass did not rather occur to one."

"SCHILLER."

"13th January, 1804."

* * * "Be well and happy, and continue by your noble industry to give us a fresh interest in life: stand to it tightly in the Hades of company, and plait your reeds there into a right stiff rope, that there may be something to chew.—Greeting and hail!"

"GOETHE."

"14th January."

* * * "Your Exposition has refreshed me and nourished me. It is highly proper that by such an act, at this time, you express your contradiction of our importunate visitress; the case would grow intolerable otherwise."

"Being sick at present, and gloomy, it seems to me impossible that I could ever hold such discourses again. It is positively a sin against the Holy Ghost to speak even one word according to her dialect. Had she taken lessons of Jean Paul, she would not have staid so long in Weimar: let her try it for other three weeks at her peril."

"SCHILLER."

— "24th January.

"To-day, for the first time, I have had a visit from Madame de Staël. It is still the same feeling: with all daintiness she bears herself rudely enough, as a traveller to Hyperboreans, whose noble old pines and oaks, whose iron and amber, civilised people indeed could turn to use and ornament.

"Meanwhile she forces you to bring out the old worn carpets, by way of guest-present, and the old rusty weapons to defend yourself withal."

"GOETHE."

— "26th January.

"What are you busy with for to-day and to-morrow? That long-projected French public reading of Madame de Staël's takes place, I hear, to-morrow evening. However, if you are at home then, and in the mood, I hereby invite myself, for I long much to see you."

"SCHILLER."

"Madame de Staël was here to-day with Müller, and the Duke soon joined us; whereby the discourse grew very lively, and our first object, that of revising her translation of *The Fisher*,* was rendered vain."

"To-morrow evening, about five, Benjamin Constant is to be with me. If you can look in later, it will be kindly done. Wishing you sound sleep."

"GOETHE."

— "8th February.

"Can you visit me to-night, mention to the bearer at what hour you would like the carriage."

"GOETHE."

"Being in quite special tune for working to-day, I must make a long evening of it, and doubt whether I shall get out to you. Unhappily I have

to struggle and make up beforehand for the loss of to-morrow, being engaged, to dine with Madame de Staël then."

"SCHILLER."

(On, or after, the 21st of Feb.)

"To-night we shall meet at Madame's. Yesterday we missed you sadly. Many a merry matter turned up, which we will laugh at by ourselves some day."

"SCHILLER."

(On, or after, the 12th of March.)

"It is a right comfort to me that you offer to take charge of *Tell*. If I be in any tolerable state, I will certainly come. Since I saw you last time at the rehearsal, I have not been at all well: the weather is not kind to me; besides, ever since the departure of Madame, I have felt no otherwise than as if I had risen from a severe sickness."

"SCHILLER."

With clipping and piecing we have now done, but, by way of hem to this patchwork, subjoin the passage from Goethe's Autobiography above referred to, which offers us a summary and brief synopsis of the whole circumstances—written long afterwards, in that tone of cheerful gravity, combining the clearest insight with tolerance and kindly humour, to which no reader of his *Dichtung und Wahrheit* can be a stranger.

"Madame de Staël came to Weimar in the beginning of December, while I was still at Jena busied with the Programme. What Schiller wrote me on the 21st of that month served at once to instruct me touching the relation which her presence would give rise to."

"As I could not move from Jena till my task were finished, there came tidings and delineations to me of many kinds how the lady bore herself and was received; and I could moderately well prescribe for myself the part I had to play: yet it all turned out quite otherwise, as in the next year, which we are now approaching, must be shewn."

1804.

"Winter had come on with full violence, the roads were snowed up; without strong effort was no travelling. Madame de Staël announced herself more and more importunately. My business

* ————— Das Wasser rauscht' das Wasser schwoll
Ein Fischer sass daran; &c.

—a celebrated little poem of Goethe's.

† Here follows Schiller's Letter, which we have given already *sub dato*.

was concluded, and I resolved for many reasons to return to Weimar; but this time, also, I felt the unwholesomeness of winter residence in the castle. The so dear-bought experience of 1801 had not made me wiser: I returned with a bad cold, which, without being dangerous, kept me some days in bed, and then weeks long in my room; on which account, a part of this distinguished lady's stay was for me historical only, as I learned what happened in society from the narratives of friends; and afterwards, too, our personal intercourse had to be managed first by billets, then by dialogues, and, later still, in the smallest circle — perhaps the most favourable way both for learning what was in her, and imparting, so far as that might be, what was in me.

"With decisive vehemence she followed her purpose, to become acquainted with our circumstances, co-ordinating and subordinating them to her ideas, to inform herself as much as possible concerning individuals; as a woman of the world, to gain clear views of our social relations — with her deep female spirit to penetrate and see through our general modes of representing man and nature, which is called our philosophy. Now, though I had no cause to simulate with her, as indeed, even when I let myself have free course, people do not always rightly interpret me; yet here there was an extraneous circumstance at work, that for the moment made me shy. I received, just at that time, a newly-published French book, containing the correspondence of two ladies with Rousseau.* On the secluded, inaccessible man, these fair intruders had played off a downright mystification — contriving to interest him in certain small concerns, and draw him into letter-writing; which letters, when they had enough of the joke, they lay together and send forth through the press.

"To Madame de Staël I expressed my dislike of the proceedings; she, however, took the matter lightly — nay, seemed to applaud it, and not obscurely signified that she meant to deal with us much in the same way. There needed no more to put me on my guard, in some measure to seal me up.

"The great qualities of this high-thinking and high-feeling authoress lie in the view of every one; and the results of her journey through Germany testify sufficiently how well she applied her time there.

"Her objects were manifold: she wished to know Weimar, with its moral,

social, literary aspects, and what else it offered, to gain accurate acquaintance; farther, however, she herself also wished to be known, and endeavoured, therefore, to give her own views currency, no less than to search out our way of thought. Neither could she rest satisfied even here; she must also work upon the senses, upon the feelings, the spirit — must strive to awaken a certain activity or vivacity, with the want of which she reproached us.

"Having no notion of what duty means, and to what a silent, collected posture he that undertakes it must restrict himself, she was evermore for striking in — for instantaneously producing an effect. In society there must be constant talking and discoursing.

"The Weimar people are doubtless capable of some enthusiasm — perhaps, occasionally, of a false enthusiasm; but no French up-blazing was to be looked for from them, least of all at a time when the French political preponderance threatened all Europe, and calm thinking men foresaw the inevitable mischief which, next year, was to lead us to the verge of destruction.

"In the way of public reading, also, and reciting, did this lady strive for laurels. I excused myself from an evening party when she exhibited *Phædra* in this fashion,† and where the moderate German plaudits nowise contented her.

"To philosophise in society, means to talk with vivacity about insoluble problems. This was her peculiar pleasure and passion. Naturally, too, she was wont to carry it, in such speaking and counter-speaking, up to those concerns of thought and sentiment which properly should not be spoken of except between God and the individual. Here, moreover, as woman and Frenchwoman, she had the habit of sticking fast on main positions, and, as it were, not hearing rightly what the other said.

"By all these things the evil genius was awakened in me, so that I would treat whatever was advanced no otherwise than dialectically and problematically, and often, by stiff-necked contradictions, brought her to despair; wherein, truly, she for the first time grew rightly amiable, and in the most brilliant manner exhibited her talent of thinking and replying.

"More than once I had regular dialogues with her, ourselves two; in which likewise, however, she was burdensome, according to her fashion, never granting, on the most important topics, a moment of reflection, but passionately demand-

* See above, under date the 4th of January. . † See above. Date 26th January.

ing that you should despatch the deepest concerns, the weightiest occurrences, as lightly as if it were a game at shuttlecock.

"One little instance, instead of many, may find place here:—

"She stepped in, one evening before court time, and said, as if for salutation, with warm vehemence, 'I have important news to tell you: Moreau is arrested, with some others, and accused of treason against the tyrant.' I had long, as every one had, taken interest in the person of this noble individual, and followed his actions and attempts. I now silently called back the past, in order, as my way is, to try the present thereby, and deduce, or at least forecast, the future. The lady changed the conversation, leading it, as usual, on manifold indifference; and as I, persisting in my reverie, did not forthwith answer her with due liveliness, she again reproached me, as she had often done, that this evening too, according to custom, I was in the dumps (*maussade*), and no cheerful talk to be had with me. I felt seriously angry, declared that she was capable of no true sympathy, that she dashed in without note of warning, felled you with a club—and next minute you must begin piping tunes for her, and jig from subject to subject.

"Such speeches were quite according to her heart; she wished to excite passion, no matter what. In order to appease me, she now went over all the circumstances of the above sorrowful mischance, and evinced therein great penetration into characters, and acquaintance with the posture of affairs.

"Another little story will prove likewise how gaily and lightly you might live with her, so you took it her own way:—

"At a numerous supper party with

the Duchess Amelia, I was sitting far off her, and chanced this time also to be taciturn and rather meditative. My neighbours reproved me for it, and there rose a little movement, the cause of which at length reached up to the higher personages. Madame de Staël heard the accusation of my silence, expressed herself regarding it in the usual terms, and added, 'On the whole, I never like Goethe till he has had a bottle of champagne.' I said half aloud, so that those next me could hear, 'I suppose, then, we have often got a little *elevated* together.' A moderate laugh ensued. She wanted to know the cause. No one could or would give a French version of my words in their proper sense; till at last Benjamin Constant, one of those near me, undertook, as she continued asking and importuning, to satisfy her by some euphonistic phrase, and so terminate the business.

"But whatever, on reflection, one may think or say of these proceedings, it is ever to be acknowledged that, in their results, they have been of great importance and influence. That Work on Germany, which owed its origin to such social conversations, must be looked on as a mighty implement, whereby, in the Chinese wall of antiquated prejudices which divided us from France, a broad gap was broken; so that across the Rhine, and, in consequence of this, across the Channel, our neighbours at last took closer knowledge of us; and now the whole remote West is open to our influences. Let us bless those annoyances, therefore, and that conflict of national peculiarities which at the time seemed unseasonable, and nowise promised us furtherance!"—*Goethe's Werke*, b. xxxi. ss. 170—6.

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LIFE OF WICLIF.

THE "Church in danger!" is the cry among Protestants; and yet they supinely look on, while its buttresses and firm pillars of support are being, one after another, levelled with the ground. Ere many lustrums shall have passed over our heads, that venerable fabric, the stones of which have been cemented together by the precious blood of a thousand martyrs, will be tottering on its baseament and threatening a fall. Blinded by a sense of security, common to men who slumber over possessions long retained, long enjoyed, and undisturbed, they, for the most part, are sunk into a state of apathy, in nowise suitable to the stirring and perilous times in which we live. Some few, however, are actuated by feelings which force them into a line of conduct, that is equally reprehensible with the indolent repose of the larger number. These make sweeping and general answers to the charges of the enemies of our Protestant Church, and do by their over-zeal as much mischief to the cause which they have at heart, as the bitter animosity of its deadliest opponents has been able to accomplish. They exclaim that all accusations against the Protestant Church are the result of barren hatred, and are unfounded in truth. To what audience do they so address themselves? To their own body;—for this exclamation, which is laughed at by their adversaries, creates little or no effect unless strengthened by corresponding testimony; or, rather, the issue proves that it is most pernicious to the church, as by the stubborn advocacy of the accusers we gradually see old dissenting sects increased, and new springing up, to detract further from those who have been numbered among true believers.

That our church system contains many abuses, and that a sound reform is in some shape required, we shall not be rash enough to deny. We, however, do deny the extent of the abuses pointed out, and the sweeping reform required by our opponents. This is not only a grave, but a wide

subject to enter upon; and ere long we intend to dive into the inmost depths of the controversy. What we have to dread most is, the ascendancy of the Romanist faith in this country. All the dissenting sects put together cannot do us so much mischief as can the Roman Catholic religion, if it once more begin to spread its influence over the multitude of England. The multitude, the ignorant and the unthinking, the licentious, the vain, and the profligate, the weak-minded and the superstitious, compose the greater portion of the population of every country; while the thoughtful and the truly religious will be the smaller number. The worldly advantages of the Roman faith are so manifold, it suits so well the consciences of men, that, if it once gets footing in a country, it gains innumerable converts. The sophistry of its casuists is so subtle, that it exceeds the scope of the ingenuity of most men; and if it did not, still men are too apt to be listless over the gravest concerns of life. The two state religions in Europe must be the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. In new countries, like the United States, schemes of ecclesiastical, as of popular, government may be attempted; but in old countries, especially in these days, when absolutism in monarchies is departing for ever, it is equally difficult to root out an established religion, as an established system of lay government. But even in the United States, according to the testimony of Captain Basil Hall and the Duke of Weimar, all dissenting sects are slowly, but gradually, merging into Protestantism. It is in vain to suppose that government in Europe can exist without its co-existent national church; a fact which Mr. S. T. Coleridge has most ably and eloquently proved in his late volume upon *The Constitution of Church and State*. And the only two religions which are of sufficient importance to enter into collision or conflict for mastery, are the Romanist and the Protestant. Whether the former shall gain ascendancy within

* Theological Library. No. 1. Life of Wicklif, by Charles Webb Le Bas, M.A. London, Rivington.

these realms, depends on the conduct of our rulers and our hierarchy. It must form a settlement in some place; for, from recent accounts, it is taking its departure from its old seat on the seven hills of Rome. We have all heard of the insurrections in the lands of the Church. There a deep-rooted hatred to the Papal domination has shewn itself in acts of daring and defiance; and though the continental powers of France and Austria may endeavour to curb the rebellious to silence, still it is to be presumed that the political state of Europe generally, and of each country particularly, will not allow of any vigorous assistance to be rendered to the Popedom. Strange to say, yet most true is it, that almost every man of genius produced by Italy has been a consistent and determined opponent to the power of the Pope. Their reasons of exception are well set forth by Spanzotti, as quoted by Mr. Coleridge: "Ecclesia Cattolica non, ma il Papismo denunciarno, perchè suggerito dal interesse, perchè fortificato dalla menzogna, perchè radicato dal più abominevole despotismo, perchè contrario al dritto e ai titoli incommunicabili di Cristo, ed alla tranquillità d'ogni chiesa, e d'ogni stati."

These few thoughts have been suggested by the perusal of Mr. Le Bas's *Life of Wiclif*, which is the first volume of the *Theological Library*. There could not have been a more useful undertaking than this one; for the furtherance of which the names of the publishers and the editors are a sufficient guarantee. Amid some petty faults of diction and style, the merits of Mr. Le Bas's volume come forth with striking effect. We recommend the volume strongly to the general reader and the friends of Protestantism. What the defects, what the crimes, of the old Catholic religion was, will be seen to exist in their fullest latitude at the present day. There has been no reform, and there can be no reform, in the Romanist system. To innovate upon it, would be to destroy its unity of absurdity and superstition; and thus, through narrow loopholes, by letting in the glorious light of Conviction and Truth, to scare away the brooding Darkness of Error. Once more we call on our hierarchs, and all friends of Protestantism, to speak boldly, and act boldly, against all enemies. What Luther has, in his usual blunt yet powerful manner,

said, there is much truth in: "We tell our God plainly, If he will have his church, then he must look how to maintain and defend it; for we can neither uphold or protect it. And well for us that it is so: for in case we could, or were able to defend it, we should become the proudest asses under heaven. Who is the church's protector, that hath promised to be with her to the end, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her? Kings, diets, parliaments, lawyers? Marry, no such cattle!" Though this be as true as the Word of Life, still the influence of God will not be wanting where there are fervent hearts and sincere ministrants. Our religion is built upon a solid rock; and if we only keep proper watch and ward around it, it will defy the fury of the elemental war, and the desperate machinations of men.

The family of Wiclif were settled, from their earliest time, at the small village of the same name, about six miles from Richmond in Yorkshire. They were the lords of the manor, and patrons of the rectory. Here, or in the immediate vicinity, was John Wiclif born, about 1324. It is probable that the reformer was a member of the Norman family. Doubts as to the fact have been, indeed, raised, but to little purpose; for which of the noblest of the families of reformed Christendom would not now be proud of descent from so famous and venerable a stock? Sensible persons inquire after the actions of great men, and leave the work of genealogy to the labours of the antiquary, and the elucidation of high family connexion to the petty vanity of the worldly-minded and the meanly proud.

Nothing is known of Wiclif's childhood. Oxford was the arena of his first scholastic exhibitions, and of his future fame. He was originally admitted of Queen's College, established in 1340 by the munificence of Queen Philippa, through the persuasion of Robert Eglesfield, her chaplain. For reasons unknown, Wiclif removed thence to Merton College—a society rendered illustrious from the several distinguished characters which it produced. Thomas Bradwardine "*the Profound Doctor*," Simon Mepham, Simon Islep, Walter Burley "*the Perspicuous Doctor*," and William

Occham "the *Singular Doctor*," were all of that foundation; and here, also, Wiclif acquired the title of "the *Evangelic or Gospel Doctor*."

Wiclif had early applied, with unceasing labour, to the scholastic philosophy. His powers of memory were great, and he had had the patience to acquire by heart the most intricate passages of Aristotle. His bitterest enemy, Knighton, the canon of Leicester, was even forced to describe him as "second to none in philosophy, and in scholastic discipline altogether incomparable." With the works of the schoolmen, he acquired a proficiency in the civil and canon law, the mastery of which was absolutely necessary for the reputation of a consummate divine. His reading was also extended to the municipal laws and customs of his own country; while his theological principles were formed by an examination of the primitive Christian writers, and principally of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Basil, and St. Gregory. Among modern divines, the highest in his estimation were the celebrated Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln in the early part of the preceding century, and Richard Fitzralph, formerly Chancellor of Oxford and Professor of Divinity there, and promoted to the see of Armagh about the year 1347. "But," says Mr. Le Bas, "the studies of Wiclif were most nobly distinguished from those of his contemporaries by his ardent devotion to the sacred volume itself."

Manifold were the obstacles in the path of a teacher of true theology. On one side stood the power of the pope in scornful defiance; on the other he encountered the contemptuous scowl of scholastic philosophy. The theologian who had the hardihood to stand by the strict letter of Scripture was either without an audience, or else treated with derision and contumely. The rigidly scriptural teachers, according to the testimony of John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, "were not only rejected as philosophers, but unwillingly endured as clergymen—nay, were scarcely acknowledged to be men. They became objects of derision, and were termed the bullocks of Abraham, or the asses of Balaam."

Wiclif's first trial of strength against the errors of the time was in 1356, when he put forth a small tract, entitled *The Last Age of the Church*. This was

occasioned by recent national calamities. The pestilence, which broke out in Tartary in 1345, desolated Asia and Africa, and swept away one-third of the population of Europe; added to this, nearly the whole of the western continent had been convulsed with earthquakes; and although England escaped by a happy lot, still the country was deluged by incessant rains for many months, until it at last lay a victim to the fury of the plague. The malady first appeared at Dorchester, in August 1348; by November it had reached London, and thence spread southward. Wiclif was then about twenty-five years of age; and while many looked upon the miserable condition of the earth as a prognostic of the final doom; his mind, also, exalted by the study of certain ancient predictions ascribed to Joachim, a celebrated Calabrian abbot who had foretold the destruction of popedom and the advent of a purer era, under the appellation of the age of the Holy Ghost, and by the pernicious influence of the recent plague, was brought to a conviction that the world was indeed approaching its period of destruction, and that that period was the fourteenth century. In support of the notion that between the first and second advent of Christ four seasons of tribulation were to intervene, he relied on the authority of Bede and St. Bernard. "Of these tribulations," says Mr. Le Bas, "the first was the furious and repeated onset of persecution; the second, the pestilential infection of heresy; the third of these calamitous trials was to originate in what Wiclif terms 'the secret heresy of the Simonists;' the last was to include the final triumphs of Antichrist; 'the period of whose approach,' he adds, 'God only knoweth.' The whole, however, of these two final visitations was to be crowded into the space of the fourteenth century, which is accordingly designated by Wiclif as 'the last age of the world'—and so gives its title to the treatise."

As a book of prophecy, the work is entirely worthless; but it was an evidence of his integrity, energy, and dauntless courage. Thoughtful men, having been awakened by the recent calamities to a contemplation of the dealings of Providence, fancied they perceived the cause of God's wrath in the manners and fashions of the period. Contemporary writers furnish ample

information of the follies and extravagance of the higher portion of society. They mention "the silken hoods," "the parti-coloured coats," "the deep sleeves," "the narrow waists," "the bushy beards," "the long tails," and "the sinful prolongation of the pointed shoes," which were in vogue with the exquisites and coxcombs of the day: while the female sex were denounced for "the enormous height of their head-dress, with its streaming ribands," "their tunics half of one colour and half of another," "their costly girdles, profusely decorated with embroidery and gold," "their exchange of the ambler palfrey for the prancing charger," and "the unbecoming boldness or levity of their demeanour." These matters were severally regarded as indications of an age ripe for destruction.

But Wiclif looked more deeply into the moral condition of mankind: he investigated the character of the clergy, and loudly and keenly arraigned their vices.

"The whole community, he maintained, was corrupted with the fermentation of their pernicious leaven; and against their worldliness was to be directed the public execration for spreading that degeneracy, which had provoked the Lord to send his judgments upon the land, and which would provoke him to send judgments yet more intolerable. He speaks of 'the pestilent smiting together of people, and hurling together of realms, because the honours of Holy Church are given to unworthy men; a mischief so heavy, that well will it be for that man who shall not then be alive.' 'Both vengeance of sword,' he affirms, 'and mischiefs unknown before, by which men in those days shall be punished, shall befall them, because of the sins of priests. Hence men shall fall upon them, and cast them out of their fat benefices; and shall say, he came into his benefice by his kindred, and this by a covenant made before: he, for his worldly service, came into the church, and this for money. Then every such priest shall cry, alas! alas! that no good spirit dwelt with me at my coming into the Church of God!' In those days, 'men of Holy Church shall be despised as carrion; as dogs shall they be cast out in open places.'"

This was only the prelude to greater exertions and a more vigorous attack on the papal authority. In 1360 he commenced his exposure of the men-

dicant orders; and his zeal, activity, and extraordinary display of courage, firm bearing, and subtle argument, soon pointed him out as the most conspicuous reformer of the day. Dr. Lingard has, in his history, been pleased to use the following expression in regard to this controversy:—"It was about the year 1360 that the name of Wiclif is first mentioned in history: he was then engaged in a *fierce but ridiculous* controversy with the various orders of friars." This is the cool and unhesitating manner in which the popish historian writes of one of the most momentous transactions in the annals of this country!

The order of mendicant friars was established in the preceding century. The papacy gladly accepted the services of men who exhibited habits of self-denial and primitive simplicity—professed a contempt for riches and the comforts of life, and boasted of being unflinching advocates for a thorough ecclesiastical reform. The church was thus "provided with a hardy and devoted militia, thoroughly prepared for all the various exigencies of her warfare;" and her native and inveterate profligacy was hidden under the cloak of the sanctity of the mendicant orders. While she was struggling for worldly domination, by working on the ignorance and superstitious fears of princes, by the establishment of this fraternity she could facilitate the suppression of heresies. At first, the mendicants fulfilled their duty to the pope. Their efficiency is thus described by Wiclif's new biographer:—

"The genius of the system penetrated, quickly, into every department of ecclesiastical enterprise and occupation, whether high or low, whether obscure or eminent. It intruded itself into the region of parochial duty; it seated itself in the confessional; it seized on the chair of the university; it grasped the crosier of episcopacy; it held the seals of civil office, and the portfolio of diplomatic intrigue; till, at last, it appeared probable, that the confidence and veneration of nearly the whole Catholic world would be transferred from their established guides to these professors of primitive sanctity and perfection.

"It was not to be expected that the secular clergy, or the ancient religious orders, would regard without the bitterest jealousy the reputation and the prosperity of their rivals; and, as might have been reasonably anticipated, symp-

toms of degeneracy began speedily to develop themselves among the new societies, and to animate both priest and monk with the hopes of a successful resistance to their power. In the first place, the distinguished honours heaped on the mendicant system had enormously multiplied its numbers; and such was the rapidity of this accumulation, that it threatened almost to overwhelm the power which had called it into existence. Accordingly, in 1272, Gregory X. found it necessary to repress these '*extravagant swarms*' of holy beggars, and to confine the institution to the four denominations of Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Hermits of St. Augustine. But the immoderate increase of their numbers was not the only circumstance which tended to impair the respect of the world for their itinerant instructors. In the course of time, these professors of poverty were often found transformed into prodigies of opulence. Men beheld with astonishment that the barefooted brethren, to whom property was an accursed thing, which they were to *touch not, and handle not*, became gradually, by some strange legerdemain, the lords of stately edifices and ample revenues; and appeared in a fair way to rival the hierarchy in wealth, as effectually as they had rivalled them in authority and influence. And this manifest and shameless abandonment of the original spirit of their system, naturally provided their adversaries with another formidable ground for complaint and opposition."

In 1221, the mendicants first made their appearance in England, under the conduct of Gilbert de Fresney, who, with twelve Dominicans, obtained an establishment at Oxford. They were patronised by Bishop Grossetete, who, however, lived to repent of his conduct and pronounce them the greatest curse to Christianity. They quickly became quarrelsome, proud, rapacious, and notorious for their avarice and turbulent disposition. Matthew Paris gives a frightful description of their influence; and we quote the passage, that our readers may be aware of the immense services rendered by Wiclif to the cause of humanity and true religion:—

" 'It is a matter of melancholy pre-sage,' says Matthew Paris, 'that, within the four-and-twenty years of their establishment in England, these friars have piled up their mansions to a royal altitude. Impudently transgressing the bounds of poverty, the very basis of their profession, they fulfil to the letter the ancient prophecies of Hildegard, and exhibit inestimable treasures within

their spacious edifices and lofty walls. They beset the dying bed of the noble and the wealthy, in order to extort secret bequests from the fears of guilt or superstition. No one now has any hope of salvation, but through the ministry of the *preachers* or the *Minorites*. They are found at the court, in the character of counsellors, and chamberlains, and treasurers, and negotiators of marriage. As the agents of papal extortion, they are incessantly applying the arts of flattery, the stings of rebuke, or the terrors of confession. They pour contempt on the sound orders of Benedict and Augustine; and, according to their estimate, the black-cowled brethren are as much superior to the monks, as the disciples of Epicurus would be to so many simpletons and boors.' "

The practices of the mendicants had become so intolerable in 1357, that Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, arraigned the order before the pope at Avignon—charging them, among other things, with attempting to allure into their fraternity the youths from our universities, insomuch that a violent alarm having been occasioned by their arts, the students at Oxford had decreased from 30,000 to 6,000.

The substance of Wiclif's opposition to the mendicants is found in a small treatise "*Against the Orders of Friars*." His charges and objections are given under fifty heads. His life, from his first appearance as a controversialist and reformer, was one continued hostility to the acts and existence of this body. "To his latest breath he never ceased to denounce them as the pests of society—as the bitter enemies of all pure religion—as monsters of arrogance, hypocrisy, and covetousness;—in short, as no other than the tail of the apocalyptic dragon, which was to sweep away a third part of the stars from the firmament of the church."

Wiclif's biographer has very properly passed over the particulars of the treatise, since the limits of his work precluded very minute mention. One of their practices, however, is too remarkable to be left unnoticed, and it is thus given by Mr. Le Bas:—

"The fifteenth of his objections charges them with deceiving and pillaging the people by their *Letters of Fraternity*, which he describes as 'powdred with hypocrisy, covetise, simonie, blasphemie, and other leasings.' These precious documents, it seems, were written on fine vellum, splendidly illumi-

nated, under the seal of the fraternity, and covered with sarsnet: and they conveyed to the faithful and wealthy purchaser an assurance of his participation in the masses, vigils, and other religious exercises of the holy brotherhood, both during his life and after his death. So that they provided the sinner, who was able to purchase them, with a sort of running dispensation, which always kept pace with the utmost speed of his transgressions. It should, however, be observed, that this imposture does not appear to have been peculiar to the Mendicants. They practised it in common with other religious societies, though possibly with more shameless enormity; as Wiclif, indeed, very plainly intimates: for he says of them, that 'they passen bishoppes, popes, and eke God himself. For they grant no pardon, but if [except] men be contrite and shriven, and of merite of Christ's passion, and other saints; but friars maken no mention, nether of contrition, ne shrift, ne merite of Christ's passion, but only of ther own good deeds.' "

To lessen the ill effects of their machinations, a statute had been passed at Oxford, forbidding any student to enter the order under eighteen years of age; but the contrivances of the friars, who were perpetually obtaining dispensations from Rome, soon destroyed the efficacy of this salutary regulation; and the quarrel between the mendicants and their enemies continuing to rage with unabated vigour, the matter was submitted, in 1366, to the decision of parliament. The result of this was an injunction that none of the orders should receive among them any scholar under the age of eighteen; "that the friars should take no advantage, nor procure any bull or any other process from Rome against the universities; that all controversies between them should be referred to the crown; and that all offenders should be punished at the pleasure of the king in council." But this was insufficient to curb the encroachments of the orders; for only nine years afterwards, a bull was obtained, by the convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, to enable them to dispense with a statute of the university, requiring persons to be regents in arts before they became doctors of divinity.

For his exertions Wiclif was rewarded, by Baliol College, with the living of Fillingham in the archdeaconry of Stow and the diocese of Lincoln; but

this he, in 1361, exchanged for that of Lutgershall in the archdeaconry of Bucks, of less value, but of more convenient situation, from its proximity to Oxford. In this same year he was promoted to the wardenship of Baliol; but, four years afterwards, he resigned it for the headship of Canterbury Hall, then founded by Simon Islep, metropolitan of all England. The foundation of this hall was designed for a warden and eleven scholars, eight of whom were to be secular clergymen; while the remaining four members, including the warden, were to be monks of Christ Church, Canterbury. The principal office was first bestowed on Wodehall, "a turbulent and untractable monk, who had already molested and disgusted the university by the disorderly violence of his temper." In 1365, most probably from the incompatibility of the tempers of the secular and monastic scholars, Archbishop Islep was induced to remove Wodehall and his three monks, and substitute in their place Wiclif as warden, and three seculars, William Selby, William Middleworth, and Richard Benger, to be scholars. This change he effected by virtue of a clause in the instrument of foundation, reserving to himself and his successors the power of removing the warden at pleasure in a summary manner, without process of law or any precise form of procedure. Islep died the following year, and was succeeded by Simon Langham, once a private monk, and subsequently Abbot of Westminster, and then Bishop of Ely. He was ready to listen to the appeal of the monks against the intrusion of seculars upon their foundation. The former protested to the new archbishop against the appointment of Wiclif, arguing that his nomination was made by Islep when incapacitated by infirmity; such nomination, moreover, being contrary to the charter of foundation. Wiclif's appointment was nullified, and one John de Radyngate instituted as his successor; and he, after a month's tenure, was displaced by Wodehall. But Wiclif refused to resign; the revenues were sequestered by Langham, and the former appealed to the pope. This proceeding proves that at that time Wiclif had not resolved on any settled opposition to the pontiff, in regard to his supremacy over the ecclesiastical affairs of Europe. Three or four years were consumed by

the process. At length the decree ratified Langham's proceedings, and pronounced that *none but monks* had any right "to remain perpetually" in Canterbury Hall; that the secular scholars should be removed; that Wodehall and other deprived monks should be reinstated; and that perpetual silence should be imposed on Wiclif and the ejected secular clerks.

The papal decision remained, till 1372, unconfirmed by the crown; and this was mainly attained through a bribe of 200 marks—a sum between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* of our present money.

The following are Mr. Le Bas's appropriate observations on this passage of Wiclif's life:—

"That Wiclif should be indignant at the iniquity of a transaction, so disgraceful both to the court of Rome and to the court of London, may very readily be imagined; and to his disappointment at the decision, some have not scrupled to attribute (*perhaps rashly*, according to the confession of a recent historian) his subsequent opposition to the papal authority. From a consideration of the following circumstances, it may reasonably be collected that something far more discreditable than *rashness* may be ascribed to those who have attributed the conduct of Wiclif to any such unworthy feelings. In the first place, not the slightest allusion to the subject has yet been found in any portion of his writings. So far as they have yet been examined, they furnish not a fragment of evidence to prove that the matter dwelt upon his mind, or raised a spark of worldly or factious resentment. It may be true (as it is most needlessly, and not very charitably, remarked by a Protestant historian of the church), that 'there was not much of the cross in this disappointment.' But it should be remembered, that Wiclif never set up for a martyr upon the strength of that disappointment, and never was known to raise an outcry against the sentence. It is allowed by the same writer, that he suffered in a righteous cause; and this is, probably, all that Wiclif would have claimed for himself; and is, assuredly, all that has been claimed for him by his most favourable historians. In the next place it must be recollected, that his deep sense of ecclesiastical abuse and corruption had, long before, found utterance in his tract on the *Last Age of the Church*, published in 1356. There is, furthermore, the strongest reason for believing that he had openly committed himself to decided hostilities against the Romish militia—the mendicant orders—

previously to the commencement of the dispute relative to the wardenship of Canterbury Hall (although there may be no extant writing of his on this subject to which so early a date can, with absolute certainty, be assigned); and that these hostilities were continued with unabated vigour, even while the appeal to Rome was pending. But the most triumphant defence of Wiclif, from the charge either of vindictive selfishness or of a worldly and calculating spirit, is to be found in his conduct relative to the papal claim of sovereignty over the realm of England, about that time revived by Pope Urban V.

"It will, of course, be recollected, that the foundation for this claim was the surrender of the British crown by King John to Pope Innocent III. Nothing, perhaps, could have occurred, to scatter more widely among the people of England the seeds of disaffection towards the papal tyranny, than this most ignominious transaction. That the submission rendered to it, both by the monarch and the people, was, in all succeeding times, bitterly reluctant, may be concluded from the fact, that the humiliating formality of homage was constantly evaded; and that, since the days of Henry III. the odious tribute of a thousand marks was often interrupted. In 1365, no less than thirty-three years had elapsed since the last payment had been made; and then, in evil hour, when the spirit of the nation was at its highest, the pope bethought him of demanding the arrears, and, with them, the due performance of feudal homage. On failure to comply, King Edward the Third,—the conqueror of France, the hero of the age, the mirror of chivalry,—was apprised that he would be cited by process to appear at the papal court, there to answer for the default to his civil and spiritual sovereign. The conduct of that monarch on this occasion was precisely such as became a king of England. He laid the insolent exactions of the pontiff before his parliament the next year (1366), and desired their advice on the emergency. The answer of the lords spiritual and temporal, and of the commons of England, to this demand of their sovereign, is such as, even at this distance of time, we can hardly read without feeling our hearts burn within us. 'Forasmuch as neither king John, nor any other king, could bring this realm and kingdom in such thralldom and subjection, but by common consent of parliament, the which was not done; therefore, that which he did was against his oath at his coronation. If, therefore, the pope should attempt any thing against the king by process,

or other matters in deed, the king, with all his subjects, should, with all their force and power, resist the same.*

"This solemn legislative renunciation of servitude and vassalage must have smitten with sore amazement the faithful adherents of pontifical supremacy. Their displeasure was speedily expressed by the pen of an anonymous monk, who immediately on the promulgation of the above resolutions, published a vindication of the papal claims, in which he challenged Wiclif, by name, to confute his arguments in support of those pretensions, and to maintain the recent decision of the parliament. What, then, is the irresistible inference from the bare fact of such a challenge, but that Wiclif was, at that time, publicly known as the avowed and determined adversary of papal encroachment,—as the champion whom, of all others, an advocate of the Romish power would be most anxious to overthrow? The case, therefore, stands simply thus. In 1365, Wiclif appeals to Rome against his ejection from the wardenship of Canterbury Hall: in 1367, while his suit is pending, he is publicly challenged to defend the independence of his country against popish usurpation,—a challenge which he promptly answers; and in 1370, the pope decides against him, by a final sentence of deprivation. Where, then, shall we find language to describe the rashness of the surmise, that he was driven to extremities against the papal authority, by his exasperation at the judgment which finally thrust him from his preferment?"

Wiclif made an intrepid stand for the resolution of parliament. We hear little of him from that period till 1371. A petition was then presented by parliament to the king, praying for the exclusion of ecclesiastics from offices of state, which had been entirely engrossed by the clergy. The king replied that he would act according to the advice of his council. His counsellors did not advise a total negation of the popular demand; for, shortly after, William of Wykeham resigned the great seal, and the Bishop of Exeter retired from the office of Lord

Treasurer. The practice, however, was continued till the middle of the seventeenth century. Bishop Williams was the last of his order who sat in the court of chancery, and the unhappy Laud the last prime minister of England.* To connect Wiclif with the petition to the king may appear difficult; but Mr. Le Bas has some very sensible observations on this point.

"If it be asked how we are to connect this petition of the Commons with the history of Wiclif, it may, perhaps, be difficult to furnish a perfectly conclusive answer. The want of certainty as to the dates of his multifarious writings, may render it next to impossible, at the present day, to estimate correctly the influence of his labours on that public feeling which expressed itself in this proceeding. Thus much, however, is clear; that the language and tenour of that petition were in full accordance with the sentiments to which he has given utterance in a variety of his extant compositions. It is, moreover, quite indisputable, that at this period he was no obscure and cloistered speculator. So long ago as the year 1356, as we have already seen, he committed himself to an open assault on the worldliness and ambition of the Romish hierarchy; about the year 1360, he was renowned for his prominent share in the controversy with the Mendicants; and in 1367, or 1368, he had further pledged himself to the conflict against papal usurpation, by vindicating the resistance of the parliament to the claims of tribute. These considerations, combined with the notorious spirit and tenour of all his publications, may reasonably warrant the conclusion, that his opinions were powerfully instrumental in giving strength to the impulse, which, in 1371, was carrying the public mind forward in the direction of improvement. This inference derives much confirmation from the circumstance that Fox, the martyrologist, does not appear to entertain the slightest doubt that Wiclif is alluded to by one of our ancient chroniclers, who ascribes to heretical counsels the measures adopted about this time to the disadvantage of the clergy; and who

* The same tendency in the clergy to desecrate themselves by every species of secular occupation is denounced, more than a century and a half later, by old Latimer, with his usual bluntness. "It is to be lamented that the prelates, and other spiritual persons, will not attend upon their offices. They will not be among their flocks, but will rather run hither and thither, here and there, where they are not called, and, in the mean season, leave them at adventure, of whom they take their living. Yes, and furthermore, some would rather be clerks of the kitchen, or take other offices upon them beside that which they have already. But with what conscience these same do so, I cannot tell."

very gravely denounces those proceedings as the sins which called down upon the king the troubles and reverses of his latter days! That the measure now under consideration was in strict harmony with the convictions of Wiclif, will sufficiently appear from the following extracts from his writings. The treatise termed the *Regimen of the Church* (which, if not Wiclif's own composition, is most probably a compilation from his writings), almost echoes the language of the parliament. 'Neither prelates,' he contends, 'nor doctors, nor deacons, should hold secular offices, that is, those of chancery, treasury, privy seal, and other such secular offices in the exchequer; neither be land-stewards, nor stewards of hall, nor clerks of kitchen, nor clerks of accounts; neither be occupied in any secular office in lords' courts, more especially while secular men are able to do such offices.' The inconsistency of such occupations with the spiritual function, is exposed by reference to the authority of St. Gregory, St. Chrysostom, and St. Jerome, and of the apostolic decrees. He further appeals to the language of St. Paul to the Corinthian Church, and to the admonition of our Lord addressed to his disciples."

In 1372 Wiclif was made doctor of divinity, and promoted to the theological chair of Oxford. He was now eight-and-forty years of age. Shortly after, he produced his *Exposition of the Decalogue*—a work of the utmost importance for the days in which it was composed. The country was raising a reclaiming voice against the oppressions and corruptions of Rome. From the time of William the Norman to this period, a continual struggle had been carried on, for supremacy and independence, by the pontiffs and the monarchs of England. The weak and contemptible John succumbed to the power of the former. From that date this country became, according to a Romish saying, "the pope's garden of delight," or, in other words, the convenient and ready object for plunder. The "papal provision" was a nefarious system, by virtue of which the pope disposed of the next vacancy to every ecclesiastical dignity and place. The riches of the country thereby became the prey of foreigners, who were the abject instruments of the pope, and some of whom drew lordly revenues from this island while living in the midst of profligacy in their native country. Appeals to Rome were multiplied, and the jurisdiction of the

royal courts contemptuously and perniciously invaded. In 1350, two acts of parliament were passed to counteract this destructive system: the statute of provisions declared void all collations to dignities or benefices which should be at variance with the rights of the king, the chapters, or any other patron; and the statute of *præmunire* forbade, under the severest penalties, the introduction or circulation of bulls or mandates prejudicial to the king or people, and all appeals to the papal court in questions of property, from the judgment of the English tribunals.

But these acts were unavailing; for, twenty-three years afterwards, on the urgent outcry of the people, an embassy was despatched to Gregory XI. at Avignon, which in vain attempted to obtain redress for the multitudinous injuries heaped on the church and state by papal usurpation. In the following year, an inquiry was instituted into the number of aliens possessed of English benefices; and the country was astonished at the result, which laid bare the enormous abuses that had been devouring the fatness of the land. Another embassy was sent to the pope: Wiclif was appointed second in the commission, and the conferences were fixed at Bruges. The negotiations were cunningly protracted by the instruments of the pope for two years, in the hope that Edward the Third would fall a victim to his infirmities; and they were unproductive of any salutary result.

"Their first fruits were a series of bulls, issued in September 1375, containing a very partial remedy of the alleged enormities; and their final issue was an agreement, that, in future, the pope should desist from reservations, and that the king should desist from conferring benefices by his writ of *quare impedit*. Respecting the independence of the chapters on papal confirmation, in the exercise of their right of election, not a syllable is to be found in the treaty. And that something like treachery had crept into the proceedings would appear from the fact, that John, bishop of Bangor, who was at the head of the commission, was translated by the pope's bull to Hereford, in 1375, and thence to St. David's, by the same authority, in 1389. By this attempt, therefore, the hide of the monster was, after all, but slightly punctured; and the 'poor malice' of its adversaries remained still in danger of its fangs. One beneficial consequence,

however, most probably must have resulted from the proceeding. It must have opened to Wiclif, in more distinct revelation, the serpentine mysteries of pontifical diplomacy. It must have brought his eye somewhat closer to the deformity of the queen and mother of all the churches, and must have moved his spirit to a sterner conflict with her abominations. That he enjoyed the unabated respect and confidence of his sovereign during these services, may be concluded from the circumstance, that in November he was presented by the crown to the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, within the diocese of Worcester, and some time afterwards to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire; an appointment which, for that turn, devolved on the crown, in consequence of the minority of the patron, Lord Henry de Ferrars."

The Good Parliament, in 1376, denounced the ecclesiastical abuses which had caused the country, "like a nation of patient and serviceable asses (such was the contemptuous Italian phraseology), to crouch beneath two burdens, impoverishment and disgrace." In their remonstrance to the king, they distinctly ascribed the misery, exhaustion, and depopulation of the realm, to the tyranny and extortion of the Romish hierarchy; and they called for a rigorous enforcement of the law against papal provisions, demanding that no "papal collector or proctor should remain in England, on pain of life and limb; and that no Englishman, on the like pain, should become such collector, or remain at Rome." In the following year, Wiclif had returned from Bruges, full of animosity against the pope, "the most cursed of clippers and purse-kervers." The English hierarchy felt themselves called on to silence the audacious heretic; and a citation was accordingly issued, calling on him to appear before the convocation assembled at St. Paul's, to answer to the charge of maintaining and promulgating erroneous doctrines. Wiclif appeared before the tribunal, in the company of his friends John of Gaunt and Lord Henry Percy, the earl marshal. A tumultuous scene ensued. An immense concourse had assembled to witness the proceedings, and with difficulty could a passage be made for the accused and his illustrious companions. The Bishop of London, observing the impatience of the earl marshal in forcing way, addressed him

in insolent language: to this the Duke of Lancaster made a haughty reply. When the parties had struggled into the space allotted for the court, the earl marshal requested Wiclif to be seated. On this, the Bishop of London, as old Fox has it, was "cast into a fumish chafe," and he ordered the reformer, in peremptory terms, to stand up. Much altercation was carried on. The Duke of Lancaster was loud in his invectives against the bishop—the bishop retorted; and the duke exclaimed, that "he would rather pluck the bishop by the hair of his head out of the church" than submit to his language. The surrounding citizens, who always suspected John of Gaunt of designs on their liberties, rose up for their bishop; a riot ensued, and the process against Wiclif was for a time suspended. The rioters spread over London, and confusion every where prevailed. A party assailed the Savoy, the duke's palace, reversed his arms as those of a traitor, and massacred a clergyman whom they mistook for the earl marshal. The mob was with difficulty dispersed by the Bishop of London; the mayor and aldermen were removed from their offices, and creatures of the duke filled up the vacancies.

The first parliament of Richard II., which assembled in 1377, complained bitterly of the spoliation of the papal agents, and that benefices to a very large amount were held by Frenchmen; and they prayed that the collecting of the first fruits, and the procuring the papal provisions, might be punished by outlawry; that all aliens, religious and otherwise, should be compelled to avoid the realm; and that, during the war, all their lands and goods should be appropriated to the discharge of its expenses. And a question was raised by the Commons, "whether the kingdom of England, on an imminent necessity of its own defence, might lawfully detain the treasure of the kingdom, that it be not carried out of the land; although the lord pope required it, on pain of censures, and by virtue of the obedience due to him." The matter was referred to Wiclif.

"In his answer, he tosses to the winds all merely human authorities, and appeals at once to the divine law. In the first place, he in substance affirms, that, by the ordinance of God, the principle of self-preservation, which belongs to individual creatures, is likewise clearly

extended to communities ; and that, consequently, our kingdom may lawfully reserve its treasure for its own defence, whenever its exigences may be such as to render that measure necessary. The same conclusion, he, secondly, asserts, may be drawn from the law of the Gospel. The pope, he says, 'cannot challenge the treasure of this kingdom, but under the title of alms ; and, consequently, under the title of works of mercy, according to the rules of charity.' And by these very rules, 'it were no work of charity, but mere madness,' to waste our resources upon foreigners, already wallowing in opulence, while the realm itself is sinking under domestic taxation, and in danger of falling into ruin."

These considerations were sufficient to settle the question ; but Wiclif protested against the avarice of the pope, and spoke in undaunted language against his temporal power. This advocacy of freedom drew over him the gloom of papal displeasure. By secret agents, the apostolic see was furnished with materials for accusation, and four bulls were issued for the suppression and punishment of the audacious innovator. Three were addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, to the effect that "John Wiclif, rector of the church of Lutterworth, and professor of the sacred page, had broke forth into a detestable insanity, and had dared to assert and spread abroad opinions utterly subversive of the church, and savouring of the perversity and ignorance of Marsilius of Padua and John of Ganduno, both of accursed memory." On these premises they were first to make secret inquiries ; and should full grounds of accusation be discovered against the denounced, he was to be apprehended and imprisoned, his confession was to be taken, kept strictly concealed, and transinitted under seal to Rome, the delinquent being himself detained until further directions. The fourth mandate was to the University of Oxford, commanding it to suppress all the innovating doctrines of Wiclif ; and a paternal epistle was despatched to the king, calling on him, by his secular strength, to support the spiritual authority of the pope. The English prelates were submissive slaves of the pontiff ; but at Oxford it was hotly debated whether the bull should be received or disdainfully rejected, as it was a manifest

violation of their privileges, and a peremptory demand for the sacrifice of the great champion of their rights, and the glory of the university. The mandate, however, was at length received, though with such lukewarmness, that Archbishop Sudbury wrote to the Chancellor of Oxford, ordering instant obedience to the pope's commands. Wiclif was consequently obliged to appear before the papal delegates assembled in the archbishop's palace at Lambeth. But when the commission was opening, crowds of the citizens invaded the palace, broke into the chapel, and threatened the delegates with vengeance if they presumed to lay violent hands upon Wiclif. Presently appeared Sir Lewis Clifford, from the queen mother, the widow of the Black Prince, forbidding them to proceed against the object of their vengeance. Thus Wiclif's rescue was effected, while the whole scene manifests the turbulent spirit of the times.

Wiclif had given the delegates a paper containing his answers to the charges of heresy ; and although strictly admonished not to preach his innovating principles, he presented another paper of like nature to the parliament in April 1378. His conduct here has been needlessly, though violently, attacked by Romish writers ; and, among others, the papal historian, Dr. Lingard, has not been wanting in his sarcastic insinuations, alleging that the reformer maintained the port of heroism "when danger was at a convenient distance, and lowered his tone precisely according to the urgency of its approach." Mr. Le Bas enters into a minute argument on behalf of Wiclif ; and while he proves to demonstration that Wiclif's courage was unabated under all circumstances of threatening or actual danger, he shews that the charges against him are the emanations of pointless and puny malignity. This vindication, however, is qualified by the following dispassionate observations :

"After all, however, it would ill become any candid biographer of Wiclif to claim unqualified commendation for the document which, on this occasion, he exhibited to his judges. It would be vain to deny that there is, in some parts of it, an air of obliquity, of confusion, of scholastic intricacy, which very greatly weakens its dignity and

effect. Whether this is to be partially ascribed to the peril of his situation, or whether it may more justly be considered as one unhappy symptom of the influence of the scholastic discipline upon his understanding, none can pronounce but He who searcheth the heart of man. In the formation of our own judgment, however, it should always be recollected that we have this paper just as it has been transmitted to us by his bitterest enemy, the historian Walsingham; that, nevertheless, with all its imperfections and obscurities, it contains an unflinching assertion of certain truths, which must have been as gall and wormwood to the adherents of the Romish hierarchy. Dr. Lingard, indeed, would have us believe that this explanation was received as *orthodox* by the prelates. If the paper was so received, their lordships must have been, beyond comparison, less fastidious than usual. The articles, for instance, which asserted the peccability of the pope, and the power of the Christian community to correct his moral aberrations, were propositions of no easy digestion to an *orthodox* and zealous churchman of the fourteenth century! And if the judges of Wiclif were able to receive that *saying*, it is tolerably clear that their capacity for it must have been powerfully quickened by the cries of the London mob, and the 'pompous' message from the mother of the king. But for these active stimulants, the conclusions of the reformer would probably have been rejected, with every symptom of abhorrence; and we have already seen that the popish chronicler deplores and reprobates the rapid effect of these applications to the *conscience* of the delegates. Even as it was, they felt it necessary to enjoin that he should, for the future, abstain from trying the effect of his pernicious preparations upon the moral constitutions of the people."

Shortly after, he was seized with an

"A better priest, I trow, no where there is :
He waited after no pomp nor reverence ;
He made himself no spiced conscience ;
But Christ's lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught—but first he followed it himself."

As a contrast to this, he gives an account, in his tract "*How the Office of Curates is ordained*," of the disgusting conduct of the lower clergy of his time. Surrounded by self-styled fellow-labourers, of the despicable character set forth in his description, Wiclif produced his celebrated TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE; and if all his other

alarming illness at Oxford, when his old enemies, the mendicants, flocked round his bed, and, attended and supported by the civil authorities, exhorted him to a free confession of his heresies and sins, and to a timely repentance. Their efforts were in vain, and they were dismissed with the assurance of the sick man, "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars:" a comfortable assurance for his persecutors, as he fulfilled his promise strictly.

Early in the fourteenth century the popes had removed to Avignon. The first of the pontiffs renegade to the holy city was Clement V., a Frenchman, who, being indebted for his elevation to Philip the Fair, removed, according to his wishes, the pontifical seat to his dominions. This removal was followed by a schism in the papacy, the particulars of which are foreign to our purpose; and Wiclif was, thus undisturbed for a season. But he was soon ready with *Schisma Papa*, in which he invited all the potentates of Christendom to "seize the occasion which Providence had sent them of shaking to pieces the whole fabric of the Romish dominion." This was a severe blow upon the papacy; and shortly after appeared his *Truth and Meaning of Scripture*, a work which boldly contended for the supreme authority and entire sufficiency of the Scriptures, and for the necessity of translating them into English,—and his *Postils*.* The zeal and fidelity with which he discharged his duties as a clergyman had become notorious; and some have supposed that Chaucer portrayed Wiclif's character when he wrote that description of a priest which ends with the lines—

labours and works were forgotten, this single performance on his part would rank him among the truest benefactors of his species. To unseal the Scriptures to the eye of the poor, the lowly, the miserable, and the afflicted, was to banish the darkness of ignorance from their hearts by the overpowering efficacy of the light of truth, and to unveil their

Postilla, a bastard Latin word, signifies a marginal annotation.

blighted vision to the superstitions of papacy, and the arrogant pretensions of the pope. Dr. Lingard, as *in duty* bound to his religion, makes a paltry and puny effort to rob the reformer of the merit of his labour. "Several versions of the sacred writings," he says, "were even then extant!" To this hollow and impudent assertion, Mr. Baber, in his *Historical Account of the Saxon and English Versions, &c.* prefixed to his edition of *Wiclif's Translation of the New Testament*, confidently asserts that no researches have discovered "any attempt towards a complete English version of the books of the Old and New Testament previously to the undertaking of Wiclif." Between the seventh and eleventh centuries, versions of different portions of the Scriptures had been rendered into the Saxon. Cadmon's is the earliest, although only a religious poem founded on the Bible. This effort was followed by literal Saxon versions by other men, among whom King Alfred holds a conspicuous station. To these performances may be added a few MSS. of the Psalter in Saxon and Latin, of uncertain date.

It is evident that, however faithful these partial translations may have been, they were useless, as their language had become obsolete. The earliest attempt at rendering the Scriptures into English, after the Saxon times, was a paraphrase of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, styled "Ormulum," from Orme or Ormin the writer. It was done in imitation of the Saxon poetry, without rhyme, but in language of the oldest and rudest form. Next is a large, curious volume, named *Sowle-hele* (soul's health.), referred to some period immediately before the thirteenth century. It is beautifully written on vellum, and contains a metrical paraphrase of the Old and New Testament. Coeval with this is another version, of a like character, comprising a large part of Genesis and Exodus, but the work of another hand, and composed in the northern dialect of the time. In the same dialect is a rhymed version of the Psalms, referable to the end of the thirteenth or commencement of the fourteenth century. No literal version of the Scriptures was undertaken till a later period. The first specimen of this kind was a translation of the psalms and hymns of the church, with

a comment on each verse, by Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, known by the name of Richard of Hampole, from his residence in a nunnery of that name near Doncaster. And at this time, by various of the clergy, were undertaken some portions of the Scripture; such as versions of the Psalter, of parts of the Gospel of St. Mark and St. Luke, of the Epistles of St. Paul; and in the British Museum is a translation, in the northern dialect, of the Dominical Gospels for the year.

Thus it may be seen that Wiclif first provided his countrymen with a complete version of the holy text. The only fact which can throw any suspicion on his claim to the glory of his achievement is a little work called *Elucidarium Bibliorum; or, Prologue to the complete Version of the Bible*. In the Bodleian Library is a MS. of this work, to which is annexed the date M.CCC...VIII. If this date be true, Wiclif has no pretensions to the glory of first translator. But it is evident that the interstice in the date was occupied by another numeral, of which there is a manifest erasure; and if, as is probable, the letter were a C, the MS. will be dated twenty-four years after the reformer's death. By many the *Prologue* has been referred to Wiclif himself. The sentiments, it cannot be denied, are in unison with those of the reformer; and the title-page of the printed edition of 1550 speaks of it as "written about 200 years before, by John Wyckliffe." If this fact were so, the reformer would again be robbed of the glory of being first translator. But there is internal evidence, in this work, that Wiclif was not its author: first, it appeals to the authority of Gerson (chancellor and canon of some church in Paris, and a renowned scholar in his day), under the name of Parisiensis. Gerson, however, was not born till 1363, and could not have arrived at the ripe celebrity of a scholar until after the death of Wiclif, which happened in 1384. In another place the writer complains of the impediments in the way of theological proficiency, occasioned by a regulation at Oxford which prohibited divinity till two years after commencing in arts; thus deferring it for nine or ten years from first entering the university. Though this regulation was as old as 1251, yet it had fallen into

disrepute, and was not revived till 1387, three years after Wiclif's death. Again, the work contains allusions to the articles exhibited to the parliament in the 18th of Richard II., regarding the reformation of the church; and this would fix the date of the composition after the year 1395, in which that parliament was holden.

From this it appears that Wiclif was the first translator; and the language of Knyghton is sufficient to overthrow all the cavillings of his enemies. "Christ," says the Romanist, "committed the Gospel to the clergy and doctors of the church, that they might administer it to the laity, and awaken persons, according to the exigency of times and the wants of men. But this Master John Wiclif translated it out of Latin into English, and, by that means, laid it more open to the laity, and to women who could read, than it used to be to the most learned of the clergy, and those of them who had the best understanding; and so the Gospel pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine; and that which used to be precious to both clergy and laity, is made, as it were, the common jest of both; and the jewel of the church is made into the sport of the people; and what was before the chief talent of the clergy and doctors of the church, is made for ever common to the laity."

Wiclif's translation was made entirely from the Latin text, the only one at that time in use. It is a pure specimen of our then existing language, and was sufficient for preventing its relapse into barbarism. Mr. Turner has declared that Wiclif's ordinary language is less perspicuous than that of Rolle, who wrote many years before his time. This may be attributed to his collegiate life, or his scholastic studies, or his want of facility of thought. Thomas Aquinas possessed "the rare merit of combining great perspicuity and purity of expression with all the refined distinctions and speculations of the schoolman;" while Wiclif, like Peter Lombard and Duns Scotus, "is neither classical (in the humblest sense of the word) in his Latin style, and not always distinct and vigorous in his English elocution." This is applicable to all his works except his version of the Scriptures; and there, observes Mr. Turner, "the unrivalled combination of force, simplicity, dignity, and feeling in the original, compel his old

English, as they seem to compel every other language into which it is translated, to be clear, interesting, and energetic."

It were in vain to suppose that Wiclif, single-handed, was competent to the stupendous task of translating the whole of the Scriptures: this would have been impossible for him, strong as he was in purpose and unwearied in action, had he directed the undivided power of his mind upon that one and exclusive labour. But Wiclif was perpetually divided between many difficulties: he was ever engaged in controversy, and his watchfulness constantly employed on objects of momentary dispute. It is natural, therefore, to conclude, that in his great translation he received some assistance; and this is evident from a note in one of the MS. copies of his Bible, at the end of a portion of the book of Baruch, where the following words are written:—*Explicit translationem Niclay de Herford.* This is done in a different hand, and with less durable ink. It is uncertain to what extent the reformer may have been thus assisted; but it is equally evident, from internal and collateral testimony, that he superintended and revised the whole performance, to such an extent that he became personally answerable for the contents of the translation.

The existing copies of this glorious work are numerous; and from this fact we may form some conception how eagerly bought up and widely circulated it was, when so many proofs have happily escaped the severe searches of papal exterminators. The work was hailed with loud joy by the friends of truth, while among the papal hierarchy it spread bitter hatred, confusion, and dismay. It was by the latter denounced as sacrilegious, and a bill was actually brought into the House of Lords to forbid the perusal of the translated Bible by the laity of England. This was, to his immortal memory, nobly opposed by John of Gaunt. "The people of England," said he, "would not be the dregs of all men, seeing all nations besides them had the Scriptures in their own tongue." But the work of the Heresiarch was nevertheless condemned by a constitution of Archbishop Arundel, which declares that "it is a perilous thing, as St. Jerome testifieth, to translate the text of Holy Scripture from one idiom to another; since it is no easy matter to retain in every ver-

sion an identity of sense; and the same blessed Jerome, even though he were inspired, confesseth that herein he had himself been frequently mistaken." Therefore was it enacted, that "thenceforth no one should translate any text of sacred Scripture, by his own authority, into the English or any other tongue, in the way of book, tract, or treatise; and that, no publication of this sort, composed in the time of John Wiclif, or since, or thereafter to be composed, should be read, either in part or in whole, either in public or in private, under the pain of the greater excommunication, until such translation should be approved by the diocesan of the place, or, if the matter should require it, by a provincial council. Every one who should act in contradiction to this order to be punished as an abettor of heresy and error." This was the decree of the convocation in 1408; and the forerunner of all those latter persecutions which demonstrate the agents as incarnate demons of hell.

The objections urged to the free perusal of the Scriptures must be familiar to all Protestants. However plausible, their sophistry is easily exposed. It was said that the word of God, when cited for refutation and defence, is degraded into the means of sacrilegious warfare, and that appeals to individual judgments engender arrogance. Later writers have asserted, that the innumerable sects which have sprung up under the prevalence of this spirit of inquiry are a pest, and manifest the displeasure of the Almighty against such insane presumption. To these charges the reply is simple: That apparent unity is dearly purchased by internal error and corruption; that schisms draw forth the powers of ratiocination and inquiry; whereas the system of uniformity was also one of prostration of mind and body to the rankest superstition. Wiclif himself defended his translation on the plea that the Scriptures were designed for the guidance of all Christians of every degree; and that they who denominate as heresy the translation of the Bible into English actually "condemn the Holy Ghost, that gave it in tongues to the apostles of Christ, to speak the Word of God in all languages that were ordained of God under heaven." To the complaint that levelling the Bible to the general understanding of the people was to put aside the

authority of the regular expounders of Scripture, he replied that "those heretics are not to be heard who fancy that secular men ought not to know the law of God, but that it is sufficient for them to know what the priests and prelates tell them by word of mouth; for Scripture is the faith of the church, and the more it is known in an orthodox sense the better." His vindication, indeed, discards the notion that there can be any authority in matters of faith co-ordinate with the Bible. The traditions of the church, the decrees of the bishops, popes, and councils—all are reckoned inferior to the pure precepts of the inspired writings. His maxim was, "The Scripture alone is truth—the Scripture alone is the faith of the church." The translation was triumphant against all cavillers, and copies of it were circulated in every direction; and this, in spite of the cost necessary for transcribing it, which, according to the testimony of Alnwick, Bishop of Norwich, was, for the Testament only, 2*l*. 16*s*. 8*d*. (i. e. about 30*l*. of our present money). This was, says Mr. Le Bas, "considerably more than half the annual income which was then considered adequate to the maintenance of a substantial yeoman." The cost, therefore, of the whole Bible must have been enormous. To the expense must be added the danger consequent on discovery of the possession of the translation. From the reign of Henry Bolingbroke to the Reformation, the owner of any portion of Wiclif's writings knew that his destination must be the dungeon or the stake; and yet, in defiance of danger and persecution, the writings spread, and the knowledge of the truth was more widely diffused.

The insurrection of the peasantry in 1381 was attributed to the influence of the writings of Wiclif; and by one historian this calamity was reckoned a sure indication of the anger of heaven against the earth's sufferance of the deeds of the Heresiarch, who had been promulgating the damnable doctrines of Berengarius. The causes of that insurrection, however, are easily demonstrable: it arose from the unmitigated system of villanage into which the bold peasantry of England had been degraded; and it was possibly aggravated by the growing impatience of ecclesiastical power. To ascribe it to the doctrines of Wiclif, would be as absurd as to attribute the frantic ex-

cesses of the anabaptists of Munster to the theological opinions of Luther.

"Up to this time," Mr. Le Bas very justly observes, "Wiclif had appeared as the advocate of the university, in defence of her privileges—as the champion of the crown, in the vindication of its rights and prerogatives—as the friend of the people, in the preservation of their property—and as the ally of the whole world, against the abuse of ecclesiastical power." He next appeared in a more difficult position, since he singly opposed the whole weight of papal iniquity. He assailed the Romish doctrine of the Eucharist. Hence difficulties multiplied around him. While he contended against the vicious absurdities of the Roman faith, the contumacy was within the scope of popular feeling and comprehension; but when he dived into the subtleties of the sacramental test, the dispute was removed without the pale of common understanding, and he had not only to cope against his old antagonists of Rome, but also against the deep-rooted prejudices of the people. He was considered as an insane or profane individual, who was waging a vain war against the immutable postulates deduced from the revelations of Truth. And hence, notwithstanding that we are told by the chroniclers that every second man to be met with was a Lollard, it came to pass that few of his followers had the hardihood to support him in this controversy; and the number of his adherents fell miserably short. The dispute respecting the mysterious presence in the eucharistic elements was of old standing, and had been keenly and angrily carried on. Up to the ninth century, as Mosheim observes, "both reason and folly had

been left free in this matter; nor had any imperious mode of faith suspended the exercise of the one, or restrained the extravagance of the other." The first who endeavoured to reduce the doctrine of the church to a certainty was Pascasius Radbert, afterwards Abbot of Corbey. He maintained that, after the consecration of the bread and wine, nothing remained of these symbols but the outward figure; under which figure the self-same body that hung and bled on the cross was really present within the symbols. This was opposed by Bertram and Johannes Scotus. The church, however, did not interfere with the disputants, and the controversy was left to exhaust itself as it might. In the eleventh century the dispute burst forth with virulence, and the cause of reason and truth found a champion in Berengarius, Bishop of Angers. This great and celebrated individual taught, that the elements after consecration preserved their natural and essential qualities, being nothing more than symbols or representations of the body and blood of the Saviour. Now, however, the priesthood of Rome had become aware of the importance of the sacramental rite being considered a prodigy, since by such an imposition their hierarchical dignity was upholden. The theology of Berengarius was, therefore, outrageously opposed. The terrors of papal power and malediction were levelled against him by Leo IX., Nicholas II., and Gregory VII. The heretic was forced to sign three distinct confessions, whereby he abjured his real opinions. His latter days were passed in severe penitence for his unworthy denial of the truth.*

It was not till the thirteenth century

* The lofty sentiments in Mr. Coleridge's *Reflection on the Last Words of Berengarius*, plead powerfully in his exculpation:

"LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS.

"No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the pope,
Soon shall I now before my God appear—
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.

"*Reflection on the above.*

"Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What though dread of threaten'd death,
And dungeon torture, made thy hand and breath

that all liberty of speech relative to this subject was suppressed. This was effected by Innocent III. In the fourth council of Lateran (in 1215), attended by a multitude of ecclesiastics, besides the ambassadors of nearly all the powers of Europe, the slavish and pernicious doctrine of transubstantiation was promulgated, and formally and for ever established. This word was before unknown—and was then coined as the exponent of the process of transmutation in the sacramental elements at the moment of consecration. The difficulty with thinking persons was, how the mere words of an earthly priest should alter the substance of those elements. That a change should take place, unrecognised by the senses—that the bread and the wine received by the communicant should retain the same colour, taste, shape, weight, and appearance, appertaining to them in their unconsecrated condition, and yet partake substantially in the divinity of the body and blood of Christ, was a subject of the greatest perplexity. But the mendicants adroitly brought metaphysics to the aid of superstition. They impudently maintained, that although substances “are usually known to us only by their sensible properties or accidents, yet no substance is, in its own nature, inseparable from its accidents. A miracle might disunite the qualities from their proper subject; and these qualities might continue to

act upon our senses, even after the subject itself had been destroyed or withdrawn. And such a miracle, they contended, was actually performed at every celebration of the eucharist. The *substance* of the bread was taken away the instant the words of consecration had passed the lips of the priest, and the *substance* of Christ's body was introduced in its place. Our senses, it is true, give us no intelligence of this substitution; for our senses take no cognisance of the interior essences of things. The substance of the body of our Lord, when invested with the sensible properties of the wafer, would, consequently, affect the senses precisely as the wafer itself affected them previously to its consecration.”

The opinion entertained respecting this mystery by the Anglo-Saxon church exists in an old homily of Ælfrie, Abbot of St. Alban's, and in two epistles from the same writer to the Bishop of Sherborne and the Archbishop of Canterbury. “The lively bread,” says the abbot, “is not bodily so, not the self-same body that Christ suffered in; nor is the holy wine the Saviour's blood which was shed for us in *bodily thing* (or reality), but in ghostly understanding.” With Lanfranc, the great antagonist of Berengarius, the doctrine most probably first found footing in this country. From that period to the time of Wiclif, this doctrine, as advocated by Radbert and

Inconstant to the truth within thy heart !
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life :
And myriads had reach'd heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true !

‘ Ye who, secure mid trophies not your own,
Judge him, who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of *recreant* Berengare,
O first the age, and then the man compare !
‘That age how dark ! congenial minds how rare !
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn !
No throbbing hearts awaited his return !
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell ;
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light :
And was it strange, if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey ?

‘ The ascending Day-Star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn !
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of our timid Dawn ;
Lest so we tempt th’ approaching Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our Morn.”

maintained by the mendicants, seems to have acquired all-powerful influence in the church.

The British reformer attacked in 1381 this bold and abominable heresy, from his chair of divinity at the university. A convention was called by William de Berton for preparing an adverse manifesto. The assembly, consisting of twelve doctors, eight being mendicants, pronounced a solemn decree, which first recites Wiclif's positions respecting transubstantiation, and then promulgates their own old articles of faith in their fullest extravagance; and concludes by denouncing imprisonment, suspension of scholastic exercises, and the greater excommunication, as the penalties of teaching any but that which they declare to be the only true doctrine. This instrument was despatched to the school of the Augustines, where he was seated as professor, enforcing the condemned positions, and there declared openly before his pupils. Wiclif made known his intention of appealing to the king.*

That Wiclif, on being charged with theological error, should not have appealed to either the pope, or the bishop, or ecclesiastical ordinary, but to the king, was thought unpardonable contumacy against the spiritual powers. The measure was not free from boldness; but it was the boldness of an original, vigorous, satisfied, and uncompromising* mind. Even his old friend, John of Gaunt, was astonished at the audacity of the reformer, and posted to Oxford to command his future silence on the subject of the Eucharist. His orders were disobeyed. Between this period and the meeting of parliament, he employed his time in composing a small treatise, denominated *Ostiolum*, or the Wicket; which exposed the absurdities of the popish doctrine, in blessing the bread and wine. The clergy had asserted that, by virtue of their office, they could *create God their Creator*; and their deduction from this premise was, that persons endowed with the stupendous power were above secular authority. Wiclif points out the enormity of this

position. If the sacerdotal benediction could effect the boasted and credited wonder, it must follow, that the Holy Agents must not only be elevated above earthly jurisdiction, but must also wax into masters above Christ himself, and be the dispensers of his substance; so that, since it is written, thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother, Christ would be bound to honour, with filial reverence, the priests, who thus became the fathers and creators of himself. He further exposed the absurdity, that each portion of the bread became the undivided body of Christ. This was illustrated by glass, shattered into fragments, each of which reflected the same countenance. This was ingeniously turned by Wiclif against his opponents. Each fragment of the glass, he observed, presented the image of a face, but not the face itself; so each portion of the consecrated bread represented the body of Christ, but was not that very body.

In 1381 the see of Canterbury became vacant; and to Simon Sudbury succeeded William Courtney, translated from the see of London. He was passionately devoted to the pontifical power. He called a synod, at the priory of the preaching friars in London, consisting of eight bishops, fourteen doctors of civil or canon law, and seventeen doctors and six bachelors of divinity, all mendicants or monks, and confirmed the condemnation of the ten conclusions which, it was asserted, had been publicly preached by Wiclif. These related chiefly to the sacrament and the mass—to the forfeiture of the priestly function and power by mortal sin—to the needlessness of auricular confession—to the unlawfulness of temporal possessions held by the clergy—and to the derivation of the pope's authority from the emperor. Fourteen other conclusions were pronounced erroneous. These maintained, that it was heretical for a prelate to excommunicate, without the supposed delinquent had been already excommunicated of God—that it was *treasonable* to excommunicate such as had appealed to the king—that the

* Dr. Lingard has taken care to speak of the coarseness of Wiclif's language. As a set off, hear what Walsingham says of the reformer: "At this time (A. D. 1381) that old hypocrite, that angel of Satan, that emissary of Anti-Christ, the not-to-be-named John Wiclif, or rather *Wickebeleve*, the heretic, continued his ravings, and seemed as if he would drink up Jordan, and plunge all Christians into the abyss, by reviving the damnable opinions of Berengarius," &c. &c.

Gospel might be preached without license from pope or prelate—that tithes are purely eleemosynary—that delinquent priests may be stripped of their endowments by the secular power—that to give alms to the friars is an excommunicable offence; and that the religious orders, whether endowed or mendicant, are sinful and unchristian.

Instructions were sent to the bishops of London and Lincoln to suppress these doctrines. The latter sent letters mandatory to all abbots, priors, the clergy, and ecclesiastical functionaries throughout the archdeaconry of Leicester, within which Lutterworth is situated. The primate's measures were seconded by the spiritual lords in parliament, who petitioned against the impieties of the Lollards. The doctrines here complained of, in addition to the foregoing, were, that Urban VI. was the son of Anti-Christ, and that there had been no true pope since the days of St. Sylvester—that they who trust in the pope's indulgences are accursed, and that none are obliged to obey his canons decretal—that the worship of images is idolatrous and execrable—that pictures of the Holy Trinity are not to be endured—that saints are not to be supplicated for their intercession—that priests and deacons are bound, by their orders, to preach, though they have no cure of souls—that clergy not administering the sacrament ought to be removed—and that ecclesiastics ought not to squander their wealth in self-indulgences.

This application produced a royal ordinance, which, without assent of either lords or commons, empowers sheriffs to arrest and imprison all preachers and abettors of the false doctrine. In the next parliament, indeed, the commons prayed that this might be annulled; but though the king assented to their petition, the spurious statute, as Mr. Hallam observes, still remains among our laws, unrepealed, except by desuetude, and by inference from acts of much later times.

Armed with the powers conferred by the statute, the primate assumed the title of Inquisitor of Heretical Pravity throughout the province of Canterbury, and determined on extirpating heresy from Oxford. Peremptory instructions were sent to the chancellor, Robert Rigge, commanding him to prevent the preaching of all persons suspected

of heresy; naming, particularly, Wiclif and his followers, Hereford, Repingdon, Ashton, and Redman. These were summoned before the synod at the Grey Friars; but Wiclif was overlooked, probably because he was still protected by the Duke of Lancaster. The reformer, however, appealed to the king, in November 1382. He was summoned to answer before the convocation at Oxford; and the duke his patron openly abandoned him. He delivered in two confessions, one in English and the other in Latin. His judges did not consign him to martyrdom; but letters were obtained from the king, condemning him to banishment from the University of Oxford. The short remnant of his days, he being now stricken in years, was spent at Lutterworth, between the discharge of pastoral duties and the toils of study. The pope, Urban VI., summoned him to Rome to answer for his heretical opinions. He had the hardihood to excuse himself. He was now struck with palsy; but disease and bodily infirmity had not power to check the ardour of his mind, or prevent him from the due prosecution of his appointed labours. "His energies," says Mr. Le Bas, "appeared to gather strength and brightness as the shadows of death were thickening round his temples. Never, perhaps, since the commencement of his warfare, was Wiclif more formidable than during the season of his final banishment at Lutterworth. Never was his voice more loudly raised in the cause of scriptural truth than at the approach of that hour which was to silence it for ever." On the 29th of December, 1384, he was mortally seized with paralysis, in his church, during the celebration of mass, and just about the elevation of the sacrament. The attack was so severe as to deprive him of speech, and to render him utterly helpless. Thus he lingered two days, and died in the sixty-first year of his age.

The space which we have unconsciously occupied, prevents us from further dilating on the actions of this great man. We are also obliged to forego mention of those circumstances which involve the names of Aston and Purney and Swindley, Repingdon and Hereford, Fleming and William Thorpe. Nor can we even dwell upon those high and mighty noblemen and knights, who reflected honour upon

themselves by enrolling their names among the disciples of the poor priest of Lutterworth. Among all these, the most illustrious—the most faithful among the faithful—was Lord Cobham. All know of his fate—how he gloried amid the agonies of martyrdom—how, when the flames, lighted by the hands of the persecuting and atrocious papists, enveloped and wracked and shrivelled each fibre in his frame—how, indeed, he had “the praises of God in his mouth, and the spirit of our Saviour in his heart.”

From the contemplation of these wretched subjects, and these times of terror, we are induced, not unwillingly, to turn away; but the multitudes that then, and subsequently, suffered for conscience sake, are an excellent testimony of the sincerity of those Englishmen who struggled and died, glorifying their ends, for the truth; and who, by their deaths, sealed the doom of papacy in England, and accomplished the overthrow of moral slavery and of political thralldom. Well has old Fuller said, “Thus, in the deplooming of the pope, every bird had his own feather; in the partage whercof, what he had gotten by Sacrilege, was restored to Christ; what by Usurpation, was given to the king, the church, and the state; what by Oppression, was remitted to each particular Christian.”

Those who read of Wiclif will naturally turn to Luther for a comparison. In one particular their glory is commensurate. Each gave the Scriptures to his countrymen in his native tongue. In high and mighty purpose, in impetuous zeal, and a soul equal to the conflict with the combined powers of earth and of hell, the antagonist of Tetzel was, doubtless, pre-eminent over the poor priest of Lutterworth. His was the temper of the Homeric heroes, combined with the conscious responsibility of a minister of the revealed God. Fearless at heart,—confident in his knowledge of the book of life,—he laughed to scorn the thunders of earthly potentates, and treated the papal bull of excommunication with derision and contempt. But Luther, however powerful in action and illustrious in exploit, was not the schemer of innovation. A cry had long before his time arisen, and been even echoed back from the interior of the imperial palace, against the wild superstitions, incoherent subtleties, and insane dogmas of popedom.

Men had been vainly endeavouring to elevate their minds to the pitch of resistance, but their hearts quailed through base fear when they regarded the formidable attitude and mighty strength of their antagonist. But when Luther appeared, he at once became the leader of their sacred war. Innovation, on the contrary, before Wiclif's time had not made the slightest possible way in England. The resistance to the pope by our kings, our barons, and our parliaments, was a negative resistance; and their conduct was that of politicians, who, by their subtle diplomacy, were constantly endeavouring to extricate this country from between the jaws of a fearful monster, whose fury might crush it to atoms. Groslete had longed for purer and better times; but the first and true innovator in England against the abominations of papacy was the priest of Lutterworth. Luther soon created a powerful party on the continent, and realised the poet's description:

“A kingdom for a stage, princes for actors,
And monarchs to behold the swelling
scene.”

But around Wiclif the influence of superstition had settled all things down into a numbing consistency. The papacy, whose weakness had not as yet been revealed by the councils of Pisa, of Constance, and of Basil, was in the full exhibition of its reign of fear in this country. It was Wiclif who wrenched it from its palmy seat of arrogance in England. And though not gifted with the wondrous superhuman fortitude, zeal, and boldness of the German, he nevertheless possessed that temperament—that talent, that strength of mind, and unwearied industry, which was sufficient for the mighty task he had determined to accomplish. He succeeded well, as the issue proved; for the inheritance of the “garden of popedom” was lost to the successors of the Keys of St. Peter for ever.

His writings spread over Europe, especially in Bohemia; and while John Huss and Jerome of Prague in gladness of heart commended them, they were reprobated by the council of Constance—his memory was consigned to infamy and execration—his body was dishonoured by the renegade Bishop Fleming, and publicly burnt, and the ashes were cast into the

adjoining brook of Swift. We cannot conclude better than by giving Wordsworth's noble sonnet, in the last lines of which he has only versified the powerful language of Fox the martyrologist:—

"Once more the church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed,
And flung into the brook that travels near.
Forthwith that ancient voice, which streams can hear,
Thus speaks, (that voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind),
As thou these ashes, little brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they,—this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed."

THE WARRIOR'S STEED.

WITH my glittering helm, and my corslet of steel,
The sword on my thigh, and the spur on my heel,—
How light was the touch on my steed's jetty mane,
As I leaped to the saddle, and loosened the rein!

"My courser, my courser! how gladly we fly
From the quiet of home to the shrill battle-cry,—
From the spot where my childhood contentedly strayed
To the thrust of the lance and the jar of the blade!

"The shriek of the wounded comes borne on the gale,—
The poor orphan's sob, and the sad widow's wail;
And soon may my father and sister deplore
A son and a brother they'll welcome no more!

"My courser, my courser! dash gallantly on,
Where the havoc is reeking and glory is won;
Unheard is the prayer, and unheeded the woe,
When vengeance is sought at the breast of the foe!"

He bore me through field, and he bore me through flood,
O'er the ranks of the slain, where the bravest had stood;
And spurned was the breach by my steed's foaming pride,
Where the desperate struggled, and noble had died.

But that victory, gained by the just and the strong,
And the joys which to conquest and glory belong,
Are swept from the mind; for new conquests and spoil
Since have honoured the freeborn, who fought for their soil.

The soldier's brow wrinkles with badges of war,
And his horse's broad chest will shew many a scar;
But both can remember their first bloody field,
Where the patriot taught the proud foeman to yield.

A wife now reclines on her warrior lord,
Who won what he hath with the blade of his sword;
And those parents are watching their children, who feed
With crumbs, from the casement, their father's old steed!

The eye of that horse will ne'er lighten again;
Yet it glows as the child strokes the long silken mane;
And the son of the soldier already will dare
To mount the old charger, in mimic of war!

Years! years! that have crippled the hardy and fleet,
That have sprinkled the brow of the soldier with sleet,—
Ye have not divided, nor lessened, the force
Of affection which rivets the knight to his horse.

ON RECENT MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

No. II.

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

HAVING narrated the circumstances under which this jewel of inestimable price was found amidst the neglected and forgotten stores of the Church, I must now describe as I can the beauty, and the worth, and the various glorious uses for which it is intended. The gift of speaking with other tongues, which hath been the occasion of so much sin to this generation of mockers, is the subject which, above all, hath rewarded my meditation with other fruit, whereof I shall in this paper endeavour to lay some part before my brethren. But first I would endeavour to describe the manner of it to those who have not had the opportunity of witnessing it—to many, alas! who have thought it beneath their notice, but will think otherwise when they have read this paper. After describing it according to the forms in which I have seen it exhibited hundreds of times, I will shew its perfect identity with that which is written of in the Scriptures, then set forth the results of my meditations upon it, and close with some reflections upon the gifts of the Spirit in general, and the obligations of the Church for the same.

From these words of the apostle Paul (1 Cor. xiv. 6), "Now, brethren, if I come unto you speaking with tongues, what shall I profit you, except I shall speak to you either by revelation, or by knowledge, or by prophesying, or by doctrine?" it would seem that there be four forms or uses of speaking with tongues: the first for revealing things hidden in the Word, concerning which we have much information in the second chapter of this Epistle; the second for bringing to the knowledge of the Church things which are taking place beyond the reach of ordinary communication, whereof we have many instances in the life of Christ, which was the complete manifestation of the Holy Ghost; the third for prophesying to the edification and comfort and exhortation of the Church, for the conviction and judgment, heart-searching and conversion, of the unbeliever, concerning which the fourteenth chapter of the Epistle quoted above is chiefly written; the fourth for doctrine, or teaching of those things which belong to the first principles and daily

practice of the Christian life—a gift proper to the office of the pastor or teacher, concerning which we have hints in divers parts of Scripture, as Rom. xii. 7; Eph. iv. 11, 12; Heb. v. 12—vi. 3. To these four forms of communication this gift of tongues was subservient, not so much to convey the intelligible matter, which it never could do in the Church, save when the gift of interpretation was also vouchsafed, as to shew that the person speaking from revelation, or from knowledge, or from prophesying, or from doctrine, was not speaking of himself, but by the Holy Ghost. Therefore he is set on to speak in a tongue "which no man understandeth," which speaketh "not unto men, but unto God," and comes out of that state into intelligible speech with an utterance, which you thereby know to proceed from the same hidden and invisible power which uttered the words unknown. That this is the case is manifest to the observer, and it is made sure by asking the speaker, who always declareth that the words uttered in English are as much by power supernatural, and by the same power supernatural, as the words uttered in the language unknown. But no one hearing and observing the utterance could for a moment doubt it, inasmuch as the whole utterance, from the beginning to the ending of it, is with a power and strength and fulness, and sometimes rapidity of voice, altogether different from that of the person's ordinary utterance in any mood; and I would say, both in its form and in its effects upon a simple mind, quite supernatural. There is a power in the voice to thrill the heart and overawe the spirit after a manner which I have never felt. There is a march, and a majesty, and a sustained grandeur in the voice, especially of those who prophesy, which I have never heard even a resemblance to, except now and then in the sublimest and most impassioned moods of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil. It is a mere abandonment of all truth to call it screaming or crying: it is the most majestic and divine utterance which I have ever heard, some parts of which I never heard equalled, and no part of it surpassed, by the finest execution of genius and

of art exhibited at the oratorios in the Concerts of Ancient Music. And when the speech utters itself in the way of a psalm or spiritual song, it is the likeliest to some of the most simple and ancient chants in the cathedral service; insomuch that I have been often led to think that those chants, of which some can be traced up as high as the days of Ambrose, are recollections and transmissions of the inspired utterances in the primitive Church. Most frequently the silence is broke by utterance in a tongue, and this continues for a longer or a shorter period, sometimes occupying only a few words, as it were filling the first gush of sound, sometimes extending to five minutes, or even more, of earnest and deeply-felt discourse, with which the heart and soul of the speaker is manifestly much moved, to tears and sighs and unutterable groanings, to joy and mirth and exultation, and even laughter of the heart. So far from being unmeaning gibberish, as the thoughtless and heedless sons of Belial have said, it is regularly formed, well pronounced, deeply-felt discourse, which evidently wanteth only the ear of him whose native tongue it is to make it a very masterpiece of powerful speech. But as the apostle declareth that it is not spoken to the ear of man, but to the ear of God—"he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God: for no man understandeth" (1 Cor. xiv. 2)—we ought to stand in awe, and endeavour to enter into spiritual communion with that member of Christ, who is the mouth of the whole Church unto God. Ah me! what a solemn thing it is to witness this utterance going forward, knowing that it is the Spirit of Jesus carrying on a discourse with the invisible Father through one of our brethren, who therein representeth the whole Church, and standeth as our foreman speaking and pleading unto God. They who are impatient, and set light by this part of the utterance, or scoff at it, know not what they do, and should be pitied, as you would pity a clown who should thrust himself forward into the presence-chamber of the king to gaze and laugh—should be rebuked, as you would the profane wretch who went up to the altar to scatter abroad the bread and spill the wine which the priest was consecrating. How often have I had to sit under this

offence! my only consolation, They know not what they do.

But, say they, of what use to listen to that which we understand not? The answer is manifold: to him who uttereth it it is very useful; "for he that speaketh in a tongue, edifieth himself," through the speech, "though the understanding be unfruitful;" and thou oughtest to rejoice in thy brother's edification, especially if in a few seconds or minutes he is about to edify thee with a message brought from God. Useful, brother?—It is most useful for thee, in order to get the better of thine unbelief and irreverence—to abate thy trust in thine understanding, by shewing thee a thing which it cannot enter into—to make thee feel and acknowledge a present God speaking by his Spirit—to make sure unto thee the union of Christ with his people, speaking in them and by them, not as empty instruments, but as conscious spiritual creatures. Ah me! it is the standing symbol of the "communion of the saints, and their fellowship with the Father and the Son," not by means of intelligence, but by means of the Holy Ghost. But because intellect cannot grasp it, intellect would dash it to the ground, and deny that there is a spirit in man deeper than the intellect—that there is a Holy Ghost binding God to Jesus, and Jesus to the Church, and the Church with one another, and back again to God. The unknown part of the discourse is the symbol of the fountain secret, unseen and unknown—the known part, of the stream which issues from the fountain to cherish the life of all creatures. Doth a man refuse to drink of the clear, flowing stream, because he knows not the hidden and secret cavern within the bowels of the earth from which it hath flowed out? Ah! what a miscreant generation it is, and what misdeeds they have done under the sight of these sorrowful eyes! I have seen God's sanctuary profaned, God's mysteries gazed on and laughed at, God's gentle and entreating voice set at nought—all because it issued from a fountain of unknown speech which they could not understand. In their ignorance they understand not that all which is known issueth from the unknown, in order that all knowledge may lead us to all worship.

"When I am praying in my native tongue," said one of the gifted persons to me, "however fixed my soul be upon

God, and him only, I am conscious to other thoughts and desires, which the very words I use force in before me. I am like a man holding straightforward to his home full in view, who, though he diverge neither to the right hand nor to the left, is ever solicited by the many well-known objects on every hand of him. But the moment I am visited with the Spirit, and carried out to God in a tongue which I know not, it is as if a deep covering of snow had fallen on all the country round, and I saw nothing but the object of my desire and the road which leadeth into it. I am more conscious than ever to the presence of God. He and he only is in my soul. I am filled with some form of the mind of God, be it joy or grief, desire, love, pity, compassion, wrath, or indignation; and I am made to utter it in words which are full of power over my spirit; but not being accessible to my understanding, my devotion is not interrupted by associations or suggestions from the visible or intellectual world: I feel myself, as it were, shut in with God into his own pavilion, and hidden close from the invasions of the world, the devil, and the flesh." In these few words the mystery and the end of the gift of tongues are accurately set forth.

In the same breath, in perfect continuance, sometimes in constant sequence, as word followeth word in common discourse, sometimes with such a pause as a speaker makes to take his breath, the English part flows forth in the same fullness of voice, majesty of tone, and grandeur of utterance. This is that with which we have properly to do—God and the speaker with the other: and as God speaketh in the Church for edification, this is always the largest part, four times, or ten times, or even twenty times, as much being known as is unknown. The unknown is, so far as concerneth us, the sign that the known is a message from God, prophesying under the power of the Spirit, speaking as one is moved by the Holy Ghost, and not any offering of the enlightened and pious mind for the benefit of the brethren—that it is Jesus, the Head of the Church, occupying the speech, and using the tongue of his servant, to speak the things which he desireth at that time to be spoken and heard. Wherein the person is not used as a trumpet merely for speaking through, but as an intelligent, con-

scious, loving, holy creature, to be possessed in these his inward parts, and used by the Lord of All, the indwelling Head of the Church. He yieldeth his will unto Jesus, to be used thus in his act of faith, self-resigning; and Jesus, using his will, doth, through the spirit and by the tongue of the man, utter forth what words he pleaseth to utter. In uttering the unknown, and in uttering the known part of the prophesying, he is equally and alike under the power of Jesus until the word comes forth—in both cases equally conscious in his speech to the thing which is uttered—filled with the joy or grief, with the love or hatred, with the entreaty, or reproof, or indignation—in one word, with the spirit of it. There is no difference in the state of the speaker; he is equally unconscious, equally unintelligent, equally possessed, and equally consenting to be possessed—aye, and until the word be uttered. He can refuse his will, and so quench the Spirit; or, being commanded by those who have the rule over him, he can cease to give his will, and so arrest the utterance of the Spirit. He is all the while a responsible agent; and according to his degree of willingness or unwillingness doth permit or prevent the largeness of the Spirit's utterance. He is all the while pleasing or offending Jesus; and Jesus hath delight and the Church profit in him accordingly—he himself satisfaction and clearness of conscience in the use of his gift. But the work of responsibility is entirely confined to the spirit or will of the person, which is, in fact, the only seat of responsibility, the mind, the understanding, and the feeling, or, as it is commonly called, the heart, being only a serving creature—a thing of the flesh, without which the spirit shall exist in the separate state—with which the spirit hath nothing to do but to keep it to its work and entreat it kindly—from which the spirit is as widely separated as God is from the dust. God is the fountain of the spirit, the dust the origin of the fleshly creature. I am not writing metaphysically, but describing a reality; yet such a reality as hath given me more insight into metaphysics than all books which I have read, and all lectures which I have heard. It seems to me always to realise the views of man's being that I was wont to hear from the mouth of

that most gifted philosopher and most profound thinker, our dear Coleridge, whom may the Lord abundantly bless in the decline of his days ! as he hath blessed me with more instruction than any other uninspired man, living or dead.

There is no difference, I have said, between the actual state of the speaker in uttering the unknown and the known words, the one being as pure an utterance of the Holy Ghost as is the other. And when the intelligible words are uttered, they become vehicles of meaning to his mind and to his heart, just as they are to the mind and the heart of the hearers. The unknown words are just as much unknown to him as to us, and the known words are just as much known. He becomes the subject of Christ's teaching just as we are, and he is now responsible for the lessons taught just as we are. This, no doubt, makes a great difference as to the degree of absorption which he hath in God, for now he is assailed by the associations and feelings which are connected with the thing he is uttering. And his faithfulness is put to a sterner proof: for as word draweth on word, and sentence followeth sentence, he may shrink from the consequences of going forward. His feelings of love, and friendship, and favour, to those whom he is called upon to rebuke, may arrest the current of his willingness. Every opinion, every prejudice, every passion, every affection, every infirmity, every fibre of the flesh which remaineth uncrucified, will now arise to prevent the Spirit from uttering what it is his mind to utter; for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit. The utterance in English is far more trying than the utterance in the unknown tongue to him who uttereth it. I can conceive a thousand temptations in the way of hinderance, and as many in the way of hastening beyond the mind and temper of the Spirit. We may minister to Him—nay, what even of the flesh is living will serve in to him fuel of its own; and it is only by the strong hand of the Lord upon the prophet that the utterance is not marred or mangled. But his care for his Church will, I believe, prevent such intermingling; as we see was the case of Balaam, who, if they would have given him the whole world, could not go beyond the word of the Lord.

Of those who have exercised the gift of tongues in my church, it is remark-

able that the females have it in the form of prophesying alone; the men have it in all the four forms mentioned by Paul, of revelation, of knowledge, of prophecy, and of doctrine. And this is according to the Scriptures, where it is prophesied that in the last days, which Peter declared to have begun at the day of Pentecost, "our sons and daughters should prophesy, and our servants and our hand-maidens." (Joel, ii. 28; compared with Acts, xi. 17.) And, at the same time, women are forbidden to teach (1 Tim. ii. 12.); nor to raise questions upon the things which are said in the Church (1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35); but to keep silence in all respects, except when moved by the Spirit to pray or to prophesy: in which case particular instructions are given to them (1 Cor. xi. 1—16) how to carry themselves, so as still to preserve their place of subjection to the man. Some would have it, that women are to keep silence always in the churches, even when the Holy Ghost comes upon them with power, interpreting the injunction in 1 Cor. xiv. as absolute and unlimited. This, I have no hesitation in saying, is an unsound interpretation, against the intention of the gift of prophecy, which is for edifying the Church—against the apostolic instructions concerning the manner of their prophesying (1 Cor. xi.)—against the spirit of the texts (1 Cor. xiv. 34; 1 Tim. ii. 11) quoted in its favour, which have both reference to taking authority upon themselves, and stepping out of their place—against the scriptural manner of speaking concerning persons under the Holy Ghost, which is, that not they but the Holy Ghost speaks (Matt. x. 20; Acts, ii. 4; v. 32; xx. 23; xxi. 11; John, xv. 26)—against the judgment of many interpreters, as Grotius, Locke, Scott, Brown, and the practice of the primitive Church, as expressly declared both by Tertullian and Cyprian—and against the practice of all churches, whereof no one using a liturgy imposeth silence upon women, or preventeth them speaking when even the men may speak in prayer. I am not arguing this matter at present, nor justifying the order which I have taken in the Church concerning it, but simply recording the fact, that while the speaking with tongues hath come to the men, seeking their utterance in all the four heads, it hath only come to women, seeking their utterance

in the one head of prophesying; which, therefore, I conclude the Spirit intendeth they should occupy, at all times and places, and in all presences, where it pleaseth the Spirit to bring the power upon them. If that word of the apostle (1 Cor. xiv. 24) had been intended of prophesying, it would have been written either "let not your prophetesses speak," or, "let not your women prophesy;" but being "let not your women speak," it plainly intendeth, let them not break silence of their own mind, nor take upon them in the understanding to utter any thing. To apply it to the Holy Ghost speaking in them, would be entirely to preclude them from the use of the gift; because a church, in the apostolic and true sense, means any two or three met together in the name of the Lord. It would actually reduce the women to silence, save when alone, and so subvert the proper nature of prophecy, which is for the edifying of the Church (1 Cor. xiv. 4, 31). Nothing more fully shews me what a letter-killed state the Church is come into, than the way in which the whole work of God has been resisted, upon the strength of that single precept, that "women should keep silence," which no Church till now hath interpreted in the letter since the world began. But, indeed, there is no longer a Church interpreting the word of God by the Spirit, but a number of intellects hammering away at the letter of a book. The Roman Catholic use of the Scriptures is nothing so frightful as the use which Protestants are now making of them. But to return to our delineation of the gifts.

The difference between the gift of prophesying, which is exercised mostly by the women amongst us, and the gift of revelation, standeth chiefly in this, that the former hath the Church, the latter the word of God, for its object. The prophet or prophetess speaketh from no text or passage of Scripture to reveal the mystery or the doctrine contained in it, as doth he who useth tongues for revelation, but doth address words of exhortation, edification, and comfort to the Church (1 Cor. xiv. 3), most frequently introduced by words in an unknown tongue, which are the sign of inspiration to those who have love enough to believe, or discernment enough to perceive, or previous acquaintance enough to know, that the person speaking is not making

feigned words, in order to pass off some invention of his own for an inspiration of God. To the Church, who recognise the speaker to be a brother or sister in Christ, the tongue answereth for a sign that he is coming forth with something from God—that he is speaking as he is moved by the Holy Ghost. And lest, after he cometh to the English part, we should relapse again into infidelity, and be hearing as if it were the word of the speaker only, it happeneth not unfrequently that he is carried back into the tongue for a short while, as it were to carry us back into the presence of the Holy Ghost, from which we are too ready to slip away. But in the case of revelation it is quite different. The person needeth to have the word of God before him, or to be listening to the reading it: the former is the most fruitful way of it. Then, even as he readeth, the spirit like inspiration darteth light into his mind, when it is revelation, or love into his heart, when it is teaching; and he uttereth most commonly in a tongue first, then in English, then in a tongue again, and again in English, short sentences as it were, turn and turn about; every thing coming thus sealed with the demonstration of the Spirit. This operation of the Holy Ghost is very wonderful to behold: the fulness of the mind and heart, the rapidity of the utterance, the difficulty and sometimes struggling of the organs to get disburdened of it, are not more demonstrative of supernatural agency, than is the matter uttered demonstrative that this agency is that of the Holy Ghost. Such depths of doctrine, such openings of truth, such eagle-glances into the mind of God, such purity of love, such earnestness of exhortation, and, in one word, such heavenly exaltation of spirit, heard I never from man's lips, as I have heard from those speaking in this manner by the Holy Ghost. And the same of those prophesying: the heavenly holiness, the blessed unity, the living and life-giving spirit of their discourse, passeth all understanding. I knew it not to be of man, by that which stumbled so many, because there were none of the peculiarities of a system—none of the speculations of the age—none of the idiosyncrasies of the person in it. It was after no kind but the Catholic kind of God—it is living water—it is marrow and fatness. And the man who feels it not to be so, may

be a sound-minded man, orthodox, evangelical, eloquent, argumentative, or any thing else, but he lacketh one thing, and that the chief thing, viz. spiritual discernment—the unction of the Holy One—the mind of Christ. Of this I have no doubt, and without any qualification I do express it. I say not, therefore, that he is not a Christian; but that he is not spiritual, I do unhesitatingly say. He is like the Corinthians, of whom Paul spake thus: “And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat, for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able; for ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?” (1 Cor. iii. 1—3.)

There is another distinction to be made before the thing which we have received in our Church is fully understood. It is not the *gift of tongues*, or the *speaking with tongues*, properly so called, but the gift of *prophecy*, as distinguished from the *speaking with tongues* in the apostolic enumeration of the gifts (1 Cor. xii. 10, and contrasted therewith throughout the 14th chapter). It is the superior gift of prophecy which we have received, and for which we desire to be thankful. The difference standeth in this, that he who “spake with tongues” in the Church did nothing else than utter words, unknown alike to himself and to all the people; and therefore there was needed another, with the gift of interpretation. The one did, as it were, dream the dream of Pharaoh, which went from him and was not known; the other, like Joseph, did receive the interpretation thereof direct from God. As the speaker spake the unknown words, the meaning thereof arose upon the interpreter’s heart, and the proper native words came upon his lips. But he was all the while as ignorant of the foreign words as the utterer and the hearers of them. It was a spiritual gift, and not an act of translation from one tongue into another. In this that poor man, Mr. Pilkington, who hath written his own shame and infamy to the world, deceived himself, not me or any one else, labouring by a smattering of languages, and an enthusiastic mind, thinking he did God service,

to come at the purport of the words which were uttered in the tongue. He tried it by translation and enthusiasm. Had he been ingenuous, I could have set him right at once, having written, fully a year ago, upon the nature of these gifts, and understood them then substantially as I understand them now; but receiving a mixed and confused account from him, that the words came to him by a spiritual influence, and not by an intellectual labour, I was afraid to prejudge the matter, knowing that a man might receive a gift who was not able to render a distinct account of it; and therefore took time, and gave him all opportunities of proving the matter, till I could fairly say it is not of the Holy Ghost, but of thine own enthusiastic fancy and erroneous understanding. The gift of interpretation of tongues is needful to make the gift of speaking with tongues to be of any profit to the Church; and therefore the apostle requireth that it should not be used unless there were an interpreter present, and even in such a case it should be by short sentences of two or three words, turn and turn about. These two collateral and co-efficient gifts, thus exercised, are profitable for bringing messages direct from the Spirit, without any possibility of being curtailed or exaggerated in the utterance of them; to which prophecy is liable more or less, according to the holiness and faithfulness of the prophet, except God specially interfere to prevent. For he speaking in a tongue knoweth not a word he speaketh, and he interpreting knoweth not what is to follow; and being taken together, they form an entire check upon one another, and are therefore profitable for bringing messages from God as from an oracle. It seemeth to me to be an infallible method of carriage for messages which God would have to come with all the weight of his own authority; whereas, prophesying he would have to depend upon the faithfulness of the speaker, and the discernment of the hearer—not to come, as the written word, with infallible authority, to which we must stoop down at once obedient, but as an utterance not to be despised but much to be valued, yet always to be proved by the Church: “Despise not prophesyings; prove all things; hold fast that which is good.” “Covet to

prophecy, and forbid not to speak with tongues." Wherefore also certain tests are given by the Lord (Matt. vii. 15—21), and by the apostles (1 Cor. xii. 2; 1 John, iv. 1—6; 1 Tim. iv. 1—4; 1 Pet. ii. &c.), whereby the true prophet is to be discerned from the false; and all these tests lie in the substance of the thing uttered, not in any sign or manner, teaching us that the hearer is as responsible as the utterer of prophecy, for discerning the Spirit by which it is uttered. This gift of prophecy, and not the speaking with tongues, is that which we have received. It is commonly preceded by a tongue, and occasionally mingled with it; but nine parts out of ten are in our own tongue, spoken for edification, exhortation, and comfort. Therefore all these objections against using it in the Church without an interpreter, fall to the ground, like those against women speaking. The only two refuges of those who dislike the whole subject, and would fain find a shelter against it in the word of God, are thus taken away.

And here endeth our first head of description, which I would follow up with one reflection, that the peculiar and proper name of Christ, as the Head of the Church, is "He which baptiseth with the Holy Ghost," and that this office was not fulfilled till the day of Pentecost, in what manner and with what effect is set forth in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and that it is the distinguishing promise and express prerogative of Christian baptism to convey the same, and that all the churches were introduced into that divine and supernatural standing, and that the whole body of Scripture speaketh of it as the proper calling of the Church in all ages to put forth the same,—ought we not to be exceedingly grieved and afflicted to find ourselves in the poor, miserable, purblind, cold-hearted and powerless state in which we are? Ought we not to humble ourselves before the Lord on account of our misuse of this precious gift and endowment, and to mourn and weep because, through our unbelief and unfaithfulness, the Lord Jesus and his glory have been hidden from the sight and knowledge of men? And when, not only from the constant testimony of the Scriptures, and the necessary consequences of the doctrine of our union with Christ, but from the fact of

the return of the gifts, it is put beyond all question that the destitution of all grace, and goodness, and power, into which we are come, is owing—as in the case of man's fall from paradise into the deluge, of Israel's fall from the head of kingdoms to grinding misery—not to any change of God's mind concerning the Church, or to any temporary purpose which he set up for a few years with the view of taking away again, "for his gifts and callings are without repentance," but singly and solely to our unbelief of his goodness, and to our unfaithfulness in the gift committed to our trust;—we ought to be sore afflicted, and to cry unto him day and night, for the transgressions which we and our fathers have transgressed against him, in grieving, quenching, and almost blaspheming his Holy Spirit. If the Jews, against the day of their recognising Jesus of Nazareth, whom their fathers crucified, and the children of their fathers have blasphemed, when "they look upon him whom they have pierced, shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for a first-born" (Zech. xii. 10), then how should we mourn now that we have discovered that for fifteen hundred years and more the Church hath been shutting her door against the glory of Christ, rejecting the spirit of power, and keeping herself in misery, and the world in darkness—hiding from the sight of men the beauty and blessedness of Christ in his church—prostituting herself in her ignorance and wickedness to the kings of the earth, and doing every thing to provoke the eyes of his jealousy and glory! Oh! if in that day when God poureth out upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and supplication, and they come to recognise the glory of him they have so long rejected, there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddo, verily, verily, how much more in the Church, which beginneth now to discover the sad reality, that for long long ages she hath been living in the rejection of Christ glorified, and in the despite of the Holy Spirit of grace—knowing Christ some little in the flesh, but refusing to know him in the spirit—ignorant of the power of his resurrection, not baptised into the fellowship of his

sufferings, and little conformed to his death. Oh! for the spirit of wisdom and understanding in the knowledge of God! Oh! that the eyes of our understanding were enlightened, that we might know what is the hope of our calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what the exceeding greatness of his power with us who believe, "according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body; the fulness of him that filleth all in all." Ah me! if Paul spake these words by the Holy Ghost, if this be the true delineation of the Church, her dignity and her occupation, her privilege and her fulness, then I ask to what a pass are we brought, and in what a miserable condition have we been for these sixteen centuries! And now that God is awakening us out of our dream, and shewing us what fruitless encumbrers of the ground we are, and what unprofitable servants—oh! now that he is calling us to account for our stewardship, which we have squandered and prostituted—what repentance and godly sorrow ought there to be felt amongst us, and what continuation of prayer and fasting, until the Lord take off the load of our guilt, and return to us in mercy and in loving-kindness!

Ah me! there is a Fast approaching: I bless God for it. Let this sin of having rejected the work of the Holy Ghost be above all others remembered; for as the Holy Ghost is the author of all holiness, and blessedness, and glory to a people, so the quenching and the grieving, the shortening and the hindering of him in his holy operations, is the cause of all sin and misery, of all disease and wretchedness. For an example of what the mourning should be of those who hear these things, let me again refer to the sorrow of Jerusalem when she cometh to discover that Jesus whom they crucified is the Lord of glory:

"And the land shall mourn every family apart; the family of the house of David apart, and their wives apart; the family of the house of Nathan apart, and their wives apart; the family of the house of Levi apart, and their wives apart; the family of Shimei apart, and their wives apart; all the families that remain, every family apart, and their wives apart." And to all those who rightly apprehend the nature of this transgression, and humble themselves for the guilt thereof, I believe that the Lord will return in great mercy and loving-kindness, in great power and glory. For the time to visit Zion is fully come, and the wall of Jerusalem shall be rebuilt in these troublous times. We stand upon the very threshold of glorious times to those who know their God, who shall do exploits in the wide world, even proceeding forth in the spirit and power of Elias to preach the everlasting Gospel of the kingdom to every nation and kindred upon the earth, saying, Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come. That hour is fully come, and the ambassadors must go forth from the side of Jesus the Lord of glory, with powers plenipotentiary, to sound the trumpet around the world, and lift up the voice with strength, saying to the nations of the earth, Prepare to meet your God. They shall go, and none shall let them; they shall speak, and none shall put them to silence; they shall command, and kings shall tremble and obey: because it is the time of God's witness-bearing. "And if any man will hurt" those witnesses whom he is about to send forth, "fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies; and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed. These have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy: and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues, as often as they will." To warn this nation, to warn the world as far as I have power to do it, is the reason for which I take up my pen to write in this publication, which, though I approve not in some things, is read by immortal souls; and my commission is to every creature under heaven. O Lord! who canst convert all things to thy glory, do thou make this also to become a vehicle of thy truth!

No. XXII.

THE BARON VON GOETHE.

READER! thou here beholdest the Eidolon of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. So looks and lives, now in his eighty-third year, afar in the bright little friendly circle of Weimar, "the clearest, most universal man of his time." Strange enough is the cunning that resides in the ten fingers, especially what they bring to pass by pencil and pen! Him who never saw England, England now sees: from Fraser's "Gallery" he looks forth here, wondering, doubtless, how he came into such a *Lichtstrasse* ("light-street," or galaxy); yet with kind recognition of all neighbours, even as the moon looks kindly on lesser lights, and, were they but fish-oil cressets, or terrestrial Vauxhall stars (of clipped tin), forbids not their shining.—Nay, the very soul of the man thou canst likewise behold. Do but look well in those forty volumes of "musical wisdom," which, under the title of *Goethe's Werke*, Cotta of Tübingen, or Black and Young of Covent Garden—once offer them a trifle of drink-money—will cheerfully hand thee: greater sight, or more profitable, thou wilt not meet with in this generation. The German language, it is presumable, thou knowest; if not, shouldst thou undertake the study thereof for that sole end, it were well worth thy while.

Croquis (a man otherwise of rather satirical turn) surprises us, on this occasion, with a fit of enthusiasm. He declares often, that here is the finest of all living heads; speaks much of blended passion and repose; serene depths of eyes; the brow, the temples, royally arched, a very palace of thought;—and so forth.

The writer of these Notices is not without decision of character, and can believe what he knows. He answers Brother Croquis, that it is no wonder the head should be royal and a palace; for a most royal work was appointed to be done therein. Reader! within that head the whole world lies mirrored, in such clear, ethereal harmony, as it has done in none since Shakespeare left us: even *this* Rag-fair of a world, wherein thou painfully struggledst, and (as is like) stumblest—all lies transfigured here, and revealed authentically to be still holy, still divine. What alchymy was that: to find a mad universe full of scepticism, discord, desperation; and transmute it into a wise universe of belief, and melody, and reverence! Was not *there* an *opus magnum*, if one ever was? This, then, is he who, heroically doing and enduring, has accomplished it.

In this distracted time of ours, wherein men have lost their old loadstars, and wandered after night-fires and foolish will-o'-wispes; and all things, in that "shaking of the nations," have been tumbled into chaos, the high made low and the low high, and ever and anon some duke of this, and king of that, is gurgled aloft, to float there for moments; and fancies himself the governor and head-director of it all, and is, but the topmost froth-bell, to burst again and mingle with the wild fermenting mass,—in this so despicable time, we say, there were nevertheless—be the bounteous heavens ever thanked for it!—*two great men* sent among us. The one, in the island of St. Helena now sleeps "dark and lone, amid the ocean's everlasting lullaby;" the other still rejoices in the blessed sunlight, on the banks of the Ilme.

Great was the part allotted each, great the talent given him for the same; yet, mark the contrast! Bonaparte walked through the war-convulsed world, like an all-devouring earthquake, heaving, thundering, hurling kingdom over kingdom; Goethe was as the mild-shining, inaudible light, which, notwithstanding, can again make that chaos into a creation. Thus, too, we see Napoleon, with his Austerlitzes, Waterloos, and Borodinos, is quite gone—all departed, sunk to silence like a tavern-brawl. While this other!—he still shines with his direct radiance; his inspired words are to abide in living hearts, as the life and inspiration of thinkers, born and still unborn. Some fifty years hence, his thinking will be found translated, and ground down, even to the capacity of the diurnal press; acts of parliament will be passed in virtue of him:—this man, if we well consider of it, is appointed to be ruler of the world.

Reader! to thee thyself, even now, he has one counsel to give, the secret of this whole poetic alchymy: GEDENKE ZU LEBEN. Yes, "think of living!" Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, even as he has done, and does—'LIKE A STAR UNHASTING, YET UNRESTING.—*Sic valeas.*

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

No. II.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS IMITATORS.

Nothing is more evident than that Shakespeare was an industrious reader, and took advantage of all the information he could get. It is amusing to peruse Hume's opinion of the genius of Shakespeare, whom he describes as "born in a *rude age*, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either from the world or from books." It is sufficiently absurd for a writer to entertain an opinion so unfounded; let him be careful, therefore, how he acts upon it, or attempts to imitate an example thus untruly represented. How it happened that knowledge at *all* entrances became quite shut out from the mind of Shakespeare requires solution; but if it be true, it is only the more astonishing how he contrived to exhibit the creations of his fancy in the moulds of experience in a manner so characteristic. It is still more surprising that he should have presented them with such ideal attributes as are only supposed producible by cultivated minds. If some have shewn a disposition to exaggerate the educational acquirements of Shakespeare beyond probability, by others they have clearly been stated at too low a mark. There are evidences in his works of considerable acquaintance with the productions of classical antiquity; and it is certain that in many passages he has made excellent use of mythological embellishment, which, as the unlearned had not in his day the benefit of classical dictionaries, must have been derived to him from sources more immediate. If he drank not at the original fountains, the kindred spirit in which his allusions are conceived is not the least astonishing peculiarity of his astonishing genius, that, by a sort of intuition, could enter thus into the very soul of centuries long since departed, and countries far away, and existing only as ruins, among which "the ancient spirit," if "not dead," yet lay carelessly diffused,

"With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds,
O'erworn and soil'd."

We have sufficient evidence, however,

that he neglected no opportunity of instructing his mind, and of laying up materials for the use of his art. Great as his genius was, so little did he depend upon it, that he copied, with undeviating accuracy, as we before observed, the order of the old chroniclers, and undigested annals of his time, and was equally scrupulous with regard to the fictitious stories on which some of his romantic dramas are founded. Let men of inferior genius, therefore, beware how they venture upon more than even this great poet felt himself authorised in daring.

Much revolving these facts, and the principles of which they are the symbolical exponents, we thought it our duty, in the introductory paper upon this subject, to warn every man of genius who comes to the execution of a work of art, that without competent stores of knowledge he can hope to do but little. As little, on the other hand, can he do without the gift of genius; for the rules of art, as laid down by us, are of no use but to a man of genius—they are only fetters on the incompetent, but, with such writers as Milton, for instance, are the ornaments and defences of the ingenios.

We must avoid repeating ourselves. It may be, however, necessary to remind the reader that we were at pains to shew that Sir Walter Scott neglected none of the sources of instruction in order to the complete execution of his various works; and *Count Robert of Paris* is particularly rich in acquired lore. He has, indeed, laid the muse of History under contribution to the nymph of Fiction. But we shewed, also, the method in which he regulated the relative bearings of history and fiction on one another; but herein the novel or romance ought to differ from the drama—that while the latter deals mainly with the historical persons, the former suspends the interest of curiosity and the mystery of the narrative on the fictitious, using the historical only to give consistency and probability to the plot, and fix the landmark, as it were, of the age whereof the manners are representative. We are inclined to attribute the failure of certain historical

novels, otherwise of much excellence, to the neglect of this law of its composition. We have said that Miss Jane Porter called these erroneous productions, of which she herself gave the great specimens, the "Biographical Romance;" and under this head should rank the *Paul Jones* of our friend Allan Cunningham. We proposed, in our last, to set the disadvantage to which this novelist has voluntarily subjected himself in a production, the extraordinary merits of which would have made it immortal but for this default, in a conspicuous point of view. To do this, it is necessary to recapitulate the real events of the life of Paul Jones, before proceeding to any remarks on the Romance.

Paul Jones is known as a rebel and a pirate. Little more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the nurses of Scotland hushed their crying infants by the whisper of his name. He was the son of John Paul, a gardener, at Arbegland, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, and was born in the month of July, 1747. He received the rudiments of his education at the parochial school of Kirkbean. Residing so near the Solway Frith, he was inspired with a predilection for a seafaring life, and was accordingly apprenticed to a merchant in the American trade, of the name of Younger. His apprenticeship having expired, he appears to have made several voyages to various parts of Europe and America; but, being unfortunate in commercial speculations, he became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and, subsequently entering the American service, was promoted to the command of the *Ranger*. He had conceived a plan, on the banks of the Delaware, for attacking the coast of England, and made a descent upon Whitehaven on the 22d of April, 1778. Despatching a boat's crew, under Lieutenant Wallingford, with the necessary combustibles, to the north side of the harbour, he led another party to the southern side, and, after spiking the cannon, proceeded to kindle a fire in the steerage of a large ship which was surrounded by at least 150 others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burden. A barrel of tar was poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. The injury done was very considerable. From Whitehaven the Americans stood over to the Scotch shore; and on the

23d landed at St. Mary's Isle, with a view of gaining possession of the Earl of Selkirk, for the purpose of procuring, by the influence of the captive noble, an amelioration of the condition of their imprisoned countrymen. The earl, however, had left his family seat for the metropolis. Jones, it seems, proposed to re-embark; but his crew murmured, and, leaving the command to his lieutenant, he returned to his ship. Somewhat moved by their leader's delicacy, the crew refused to enter the mansion, but entrusted the business to their commanding officer; after which, they returned to the *Ranger* with the family plate of the house of Douglas. It is but justice to Jones to mention, that he had frequent occasion to lament the insubordination of his men; and it appears that he wished to make compensation for the outrage committed on the Countess of Selkirk, and at last procured the return of the plate.

Jones afterwards experienced great distress and many disappointments; but he was ultimately appointed to the *Duras*, of forty guns, of which ship he changed the name to *Bon Homme Richard*, in compliment to Dr. Franklin, with reference to *Poor Richard's Almanack*, published by him. The successful descents of Paul Jones upon the coast, with a petty force and unwilling coadjutors, induced the illustrious house of Bourbon to believe that an organised and general invasion had a great chance of being successful. Jones's naval force, accordingly, had been strengthened by some French ships; he was, however, nearly reduced to the necessity of trying the experiment alone, from the jealousy entertained of him by the French commanding officers, and the peculiar character of his art of naval war. On the 23d of September, 1779, they encountered with the *Serapis* and the Countess of Scarborough. This battle was fought with unremitting fury; and, in addition to other disadvantages, Jones had to contend against the treachery of one Landais, the commander of a French ship called the *Alliance*, who fired into the *Bon Homme Richard* at the period of its greatest distress. His prisoners got loose, the ship was on fire in many places, and there were five feet of water in the hold; but he saw the mainmast of the *Serapis* shake, and his practised ear told him that their firing decreased. At the time that the flag of England

was struck, the mainmast went overboard. Before any thing except the wounded could be removed, the *Bon Homme Richard* sank!

The valour of Jones in this action none can deny: it did not, however, save him from being annoyed by the intrigues of Landais; but his services were too important to be surrendered. The Empress Catherine of Russia having sought the assistance of his naval talents, he went over to St. Petersburg, and was appointed to the command of a division of the Liman fleet. The city of Oczakow was the point to which the attention of the imperial forces was directed. Potemkin had pledged himself to his royal mistress to gain this mighty bulwark of the Ottoman empire; and a powerful army, under the command of the celebrated Suwarrow, closely invested the city, while the Russian fleet, under the command of Prince Nassau-Seiger, narrowly watched the numerous vessels whose crescents veiled to the command of the Capitan Pacha. The Turkish fleet was formidable; and the imperial Catherine, not very sanguine in the talents of her royal admiral, appointed Jones vice-admiral of the Liman Sea. The Russian fleet having moved to a less favourable position, owing to the obstinacy of the Prince Nassau, the Capitan Pacha immediately attacked the first division of the Russian flotilla, under his command. The whole division must have been destroyed had not Jones come up with the Turks, and forced them to return with great loss. For this important service, which occurred on the 4th of June, 1788, he received the great order of St. Anne. On the 26th of June following, the whole Turkish fleet attacked Jones's division. The battle was fought at the entrance of the Liman, but, owing to the unskilfulness of their pilots, the total defeat of the Turks was never doubtful. The flag-ship of the Capitan, and eight others of the largest vessels, were taken, and above 4000 prisoners. Before many of the Turkish ships could be taken possession of, the flotilla under the Prince of Nassau sailed up and set the prizes on fire, to the astonishment of the whole fleet. Jones's astonishment was almost as great to find, in the report of the engagement in the *Imperial Gazette of Petersburg*, that it was described as a brilliant victory gained by the Russian fleet under Prince Nassau. He imme-

diately wrote a violent, and, as he afterwards confessed, an intemperate note to the Prince Marshal. He was answered by an order to repair to Petersburg, when he was immediately appointed to the command of the Northern Seas, an office which is the Chiltern Hundreds of the Russian navy. He had the satisfaction, however, of having the testimony of Suwarrow that it was he who gave to, that general the first project to establish the battery and breast-works on the night of the 17-18th of June; and that it was he who in person towed, with his sloops and other vessels, the batteries which were the nearest to the place, 1st of July, and took the Turkish galleys by boarding very much in advance of the Russian line.

On his arrival at St. Petersburg, Jones found that the English party had prejudiced him with the Empress. He was also accused of violating a girl. Through the kindness of Count Segur, it is said, he quickly cleared his character; but he quitted St. Petersburg in disgust. After much time spent in correspondence, he went to Paris, where, early in the month of June, 1792, he died. His friend, La Fayette, was then waging an unsuccessful struggle with the Jacobins; but the arraignment of the King for an imaginary crime, before an unauthorised tribunal, had not occurred. To the more pitiable tragedy that followed, he of course was not a witness.

Such are the historical facts, which, it must be acknowledged, are sufficiently romantic of themselves, and contain much of that "strange truth which is stranger than fiction." In order to make them more romantic, the novelist has been constrained to exaggerate them into extravagance. Before, however, we proceed in this part of this subject, we should observe, that the greatest drawback on the effect of the piece is the character of the hero, not to mention the national prejudices against him of the author himself. It has been the object of the latter to point a moral with the vicissitudes of his fortune, which showed well enough of themselves that the man who surrenders the feelings of patriotism, and takes up arms against his native land, whatever may be his merits of another kind, will surely meet with disappointment and ingratitude, in the place of that reward which he may expect and

even deserve. Our author describes his hero as "taking his stand on the vantage-ground of liberty and good wishes for the happiness of the human race. He has no country and no home, but is a citizen of the world. All this, however, is mere affectation: he is a Scotchman at heart, disguise it as he will. Stung by neglect, goaded by oppression, he resents her conduct to himself in blood; but her good or bad opinion is still nearest his heart. He imagines that freedom will triumph, and that the success of a cause so sacred will gild his name, cast a halo round his actions, and make his country lament the wrong which she did him."

This is the light in which Mr. Allan Cunningham chooses to place his hero—a point of view founded on the most gratuitous and unfounded assumptions—and endeavours, at one and the same time, to excite sympathy for the man and abhorrence for his actions. In this, perhaps, he has attempted an impracticable duty, if the recentness of the events, besides precluding invention in a novel constructed on the plan of the present, did not also preclude reader and author from contemplating his deeds and sufferings in an impartial light. Shakespeare, however, in his dramatic efforts, did not find this inconvenience insurmountable; but the inconvenience is greater in a novel, from its magnitude. The mode of construction recommended by us, however, would obviate many inconveniences, and afford ground for invention, by which our prepossessions need not be at all violated. An attempt was lately successfully made in the tale of *Vittoria Colonna*, in which the characters of Berthier, Massena, and Bonaparte, with the battle of Marengo, are introduced with much dramatic effect and power of description, and the interest is pleasingly preserved by a fictitious story relative to the loves of Colonel Duvivier and Vittoria Colonna. The character of Latour Daurgve, who is ambitious of being considered the first grenadier of France—a reader of Tacitus, and the author of a *History on Tongues*—is of first-rate excellence; and that of Kniaskinski the Pole, a rough amateur of the charms of Vittoria, is scarcely inferior. This, we believe, comprises or implies nearly all we have to say on this clever tale, of which the only fault

is, that it represents the French in colours decidedly partial. To return to *Paul Jones*.

We have intimated that the author had exaggerated the historical facts into extravagance—a necessary result of the mode of construction that he had adopted. Paul Jones, instead of being a humble gardener's son, is described as being the illegitimate child of the defunct Lord Dalveen by Prudence Paul—not over prudent, we opine!—the wife of a servant of the old lord. Instead of being, as he was, a cavalier of fortune, compelled by pecuniary difficulties to get employment wherever it could be found, he is exiled from his native land by an act of injustice. The real facts are far more instructive, as well as pleasing, than the substituted fiction, which is as follows:—

The son of the old Lord Dalveen has been a close and inseparable comrade with John Paul at school. "His father and uncle had fought in the cause of the house of Stuart. The latter fell on the field of battle, and the former abroad in a private feud. The young lord, as he was still in courtesy called—for rebellion had deprived the family of the title of earl—was self-willed, wayward, and capricious, from his cradle up to manhood. As he increased in stature the darker parts of his character broke out by fits. In him good and evil seemed strangely mingled; but the evil appeared to be the fixed and predestined material of his nature, while the good seemed a wandering and uncertain light, which flashed out at times like a meteor, on whose brightness no one could depend, but which all gazed upon and admired. He had drank deeply of the cup of pleasure at home, and he had drank still more deeply abroad. Some of the good qualities which he carried over the sea were cast away, and their place supplied by an increase of evil propensities, by an open scorn of all that the church believed, and by a general disregard for the opinion of the world in all matters of decorum and virtue. His genius, of which he had a large share, and his spirit, in which he was surpassed by none, made many indulge in the hope that mature years would bring prudence to the one and wisdom to the other, and avert the total ruin of his ancient line."

Nature, at the outset of life, asserted

her rights between the young Dalveen and John Paul, and common courage and ability made that brotherhood between them which was at its vigour when each began to look into the vista of future life according to his birth and hopes. The young lord assumed the mastery over his plebeian companion; but the heart and mind of the young peasant were formed of far too obstinate and fiery materials to allow what seemed, in the eyes of the world, due to birth and rank. Before their fifteenth year the contests between them became frequent and obstinate. To reproach Paul with the humility of his birth and the servitude of his ancestors, was sure to be rewarded by a blow, and that blow was followed by another determined battle. Thus they both went on, till scorn of rank and riches, and hatred of humble life and poverty, became the ruling passion of each. One of these quarrels terminated unfortunately for Paul: the young lord was obliged, with great reluctance, to exhibit the marks of an obstinate contest "before one of those district worthies on whom the law of the land, in an hour when the moon influences the distribution of civil power, had dropped the cap of magisterial dignity."

"This parochial authority sat mute for a minute's space, in pure astonishment at the presumption of a rustic in lifting his hand against one of the born gods of the kingdom; he took up a blank warrant, and, with scarce a word of inquiry, consigned Paul, by the hands of the sheriff's officer, to a certain chamber under the county gaol, known by the name of the black-hole, there to be nourished for a fortnight on bread and water, and then dismissed from the county with a gentle stripe or two, bestowed by the hands of the town drummer. It was in vain that the youth pleaded the marks of chastisement upon his own person as a set-off against the bruised body of the young patrician; and it was also in vain that his mother, with more tears than words, seconded his appeal,—he was despatched to his place of durance at night-fall. But his determined spirit and presence of mind enabled him to elude this humiliation,—he upset the boat as the officer rowed him over the river, and swam ashore,—took farewell of his mother and his sister Maud, and was never heard of more till he returned in his 21st year.

"He returned with the memory of early injuries grown up with his growth, and with all the feelings for evil or for

good which had marked him while a boy, expanded and fixed as colours are by the art of enamelling."

Paul, however, returns only to be involved in another quarrel with the young lord, who makes improper proposals to his sister Maud, whom he afterwards causes to be kidnapped. The young men thereupon meet, and, their violent passions being excited, they fire at each other, and Lord Dalveen is wounded in the neck. Paul is taken before one Patrick Macmittimus, Esq., an ignorant justice, who sentences him to imprisonment during pleasure on board a ship of war. He escapes on the way to his destination, and leaves the country in his own boat, having first denounced vengeance against his native land—to which, in the next volume, he returns, as the admiral of the American navy. The burning of the shipping at Whitehaven is well depicted; the proceedings of the crew at St. Mary's Isle, with the Countess of Selkirk, are interestingly described; nor is the sea-fight between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* given without spirit and fidelity. Paul is afterwards introduced at the French court, the manners of which are ingeniously characterised. Here we are introduced to the unfortunate Louis and his Queen, with the Duchess Oriflame and Benjamin Franklin. At length, disappointed with the court of France, our hero departs for America.

"The sun was going down at the close of a fine summer day, and there was just enough of wind, and no more, to fill the sails of a ship, and urge her gently over the waters, when Paul, having gathered his mariners together, raised his anchor, expanded all his canvass, and started right onward into the ocean, leaving the green and varied coast of France behind him. It seemed as if his heart, casting off a load that oppressed it, bounded in his bosom in liberty and joy. The canvass straining in the wind, the frying of the foaming waters thrown into an agitated line behind him, the eager steps and gladsome faces of the mariners, and the sound of his foot upon that deck which had been so often his battle field, were all sounds and sights full of music and joy. He looked proudly on his crew, and hummed a maritime song."

As the ship began to move, the spirit of enthusiasm descended on the Galwegian. He strutted about the deck like one possessed with the

genius of three dancing-masters — spoke to masts, canvass, and cords, to helm and to compass, as if they were animated things; and no pastoral lover ever made out a fairer inventory of the perfections of his mistress than he did of the charms of his ship.

The part that the hero acts in America is mostly of a passive character. He falls in with Washington without knowing him, and looks with astonishment on the rifle warfare of the Americans, all as innocently as if he had never been in America before, (as likewise, subsequently, he meets with Catherine of Russia without knowing her, though he boasts of having been honoured with an unequalled reception, and had been previously appointed by her vice-admiral of the Liman Sea,) but in a moment of emergency mans a raft for river traffic, and contributes greatly to the success of the battle. In return for this service, he is employed by Washington on a mission to a colony of Scots. He arrives at the place, and discovers that it is governed by his sister Maud. Then follows the siege of Oczakow, with Nassau's ingratitude—his resort to the Russian court, and the prejudices of his countrymen against him. He therefore departs again for France; but is driven by a tempest into Kirkcudbright, where he lands that he may learn how the hearts of the homely, unsophisticated peasantry of his native land are towards him. He is a by-word and a curse with every passer. He returns to his ship, arrives at France during a high paroxysm of the revolution, and dies of a broken heart.

Of the Lord Dalveen it is difficult to give any account—he is a purely ideal character—such an one as was never found in real life, and never will be. He is introduced as having, before his departure for the continent, deluded one Grace Joyson with a mock marriage, and deserted her, but who, believing yet in his affection, watched for the return of her lover by the Solway side, in the hope of beholding his ship on the ocean. The lunacy of this poor girl furnishes some of the most poetical portions of the early part of the work, but is fitter for verse than prose; and, though delineated with much delicacy, bewilders more with its unreality than touches with its pathos. There is, however, much beauty in a great portion of the following scene :—

"They had contended some minutes, with eye fixed to eye, and hand opposed to hand, when they were interrupted by the approach of a woman, whose sudden appearance and disordered looks justified the belief, which for the moment possessed them both, that they beheld an apparition. She was young, and still eminently beautiful, though disappointed hope, and sorrow, and shame, had robbed her look of much of its healthy brightness. Her neck was round and bare; and her ringlets, brown and abundant, were woven together, and wreathed down her back with wild flowers; while over her whole person she had thrown a veil of the finest silk, which concealed her person nought, but shewed the unsettled glances of her large, wild, dark eyes, in which infirmity of mind was more visible than grief. At every step she selected a shell or a flower, and placed them with many an incoherent word in a small basket which she carried in her left hand.

"She came almost within touch of Lord Dalveen and Paul without observing them; while each stood with his foot advanced, and his sword point held up, and gazed on the fair and unhappy creature who had thus stayed their strife. She stooped, and took up a little wreathed shell which the tide was beginning to move, and holding it to her ear, and glancing her eye over the dimpling and glimmering waters, laughed, and said, 'O ye little curlie concealed thing, ye tell me a fine story—a full sea and a fair wind. But can you tell me when my true love's ship will come hame? I trow ye cannot tell me that. But I can tell ye, for I dreamed a sweet dream yestreen. I was sitting on the top of Colrend Cliff, watching for his returning sails, and the dew fell sweet, and my brow grew cool, and sleep came on me, though my e'en were wide open, and I thought I saw my true love. Bounie, and tall, and handsome was he. He was going to Siddick kirk, with his bride at his side, and I heard the old folk say, 'That's young Lord Dalveen, and that's his young bride.' 'His young bride,' I said, 'that cannot be me; but I'll lift that long white veil, and see who dare take my place;' and the kirk bell was ringing, and the kirkyard graves were gaping, and I heard a voice crying, 'Room for Grace Joyson!' and I said, 'Weel, this maun be me after all;' and I pulled the bride veil off, and wha d'ye think I saw? Nae braw, bonnie, blooming bride like me, but a sheeted corse, with the e'en picked out of its head, and in their place twa elf candles. I gied such a shriek, and if I had na—as luck's ay mine—fallen into the sea o'er the cliff,

I wad hae surely lost my senses. But the bit dook cooled me, and I came to myself. Now, is nae that a bonnie story? Ye see I am to be a bride yet, for all that has happened.'

"The poor bewildered maiden looked earnestly on the sea, passed her hand repeatedly over her eyes, and observing a vessel, with its white sails glancing in the moonlight, standing over for the Scottish coast, she leaped from the ground, and shouting with joy, exclaimed, 'Yonder he comes—I can ken his fair ship among ten thousand!' She continued to wave her hands and to gaze earnestly. At last she let her hands drop by her side like lead, sighed, turned away her eyes, and said, 'Alas! Grace, lass, its no him—its wild Hob Wilkes of Whitehaven, sailing seven year for the gude of his soul in a ship of moonshine—his body has been amusing the eels at the bottom of Cnerlave rock now these six weeks come the new moon. Weel, I think I'm demented: have I not shells of all sorts, and all manner of wild flowers, that open their wee red heads wet wi' dew to the morning sun, to gather, that I may deck my little chamber for my love to take his pleasure in?' And she began to pick the wild flowers, which covered, as with a carpet of various colours, that secluded nook.

"But one flower was trodden down, and another was crushed, and as she raised them up she muttered, 'And a wild beast came by and trode down the thistle of Lebanon, broke the rose of Sharon, and crushed the lily of the valley—if that's no Scripture, its nearly as gude. Haud up yere heads, ye blooming fools—are ye to be sorrowfu' because a gowk's foot has crushed ye where ye stand? I like ye a' the better that ye hae had the shod-foot of sorrow on yere tops. Ye maun be gecking, and spreading yere blossoms to the sun, as if ye said in yere hearts, Wha are sae bonnie as we? and forgetting that the blast may break ye, the sun scorch ye, some wanton hand pluck ye and cast ye away, or, waur than a', the random step of some ne'er-do-weel may dint ye into the earth before ye hae disclosed the half of your beauty.' And she plucked a flower or two, placed them in her basket, and, rising up, stood face to face with Paul, who gazed with moistened eyes on the wreck of a creature so fair and so young. Lord Dalveen had stept back a pace or two, till the thick bows of a tree threw a dark shadow over him; he was moved as he looked on the faded and poisoned flower before him, and days of dalliance, and nights of guilty joy, and, let me be just, hours of remorse and repentance, passed hurriedly over heart and brain."

The other adventures of the Lord Dalveen are of a still more unreal and shadowy cast. His horse is killed with lightning—the fortune of his house depends on an old prophecy, the omens contained in which are fulfilled, to the very letter. His purpose with respect to Maud Paul has already been mentioned; in which being disappointed, he sets the cottage of her mother on fire, and visits the Kelpie's Cavern to induce one Captain Corbie, of the Wild Goose, to assist in the abduction of the maiden. Proceeding homeward at midnight, he meets the wraith of old John Joyson. The errors and the madness of the beautiful Grace Joyson had affected her father, now an old man worn down with sorrow, the loss of three sons in the wars, and the wreck of all his hopes, laid him on a sick bed. The elders, and the minister, Seth Mackie, had each in their turns visited and comforted him; and at the very moment when Lord Dalveen beheld him in the glen, his death was rumoured among the neighbouring cottages, and had even reached the ear of the young lord himself. The wraith also appears to Maud and her mother, to whom his death is confirmed by the district messenger, old Archie Moffat, who went knitting on his way to spread the tidings of death from bower to hall.

Lord Dalveen insists upon attending the remains of the old man to the grave, with the covert purpose of making the scene ludicrous. The funeral procession, which is of an equestrian character, is under the necessity of crossing the Nith some ten miles below Dumfries. At the time of their crossing the tide was returning, and Lord Dalveen, it seems, from a desire to frighten the company and throw them into confusion, advises them to move more rapidly, which advice is rejected by John Cargill, a Cameronian, as indecorous. "Lord Dalveen," he says, "will persuade us to spur forward, and then he will mock us, and make it matter of reproach that we indecently hurried the dead." The nobleman flatters their feelings, and, after observing that the Solway may come if it dare, he proceeds to engage the Cameronian in deep conversation, till the tide should cut off their retreat, trusting to the activity and vigour of his own horse to bear him safely through. His lordship accordingly makes an offer to the

Cameronian of a plot of ground, even a little entire hill, to build a place of worship upon, and thus overcome for a time the suspicions of the easy-hearted man. His lordship's very charitable experiment, however, terminates in almost his own destruction; his horse plunges so much in the tide as to put him in imminent risk. The Cameronian, having soon discovered this notable trick, had secretly determined to despise the tide, in a spirit of religious courage; and his horse, being better disciplined, counted the water but as a field of rye grass and clover. Thus he circumvented the plan of the dissolute nobleman, who was fain to find refuge by riding on the same horse behind the pious worthy.

This is a specimen of his lordship's jokes, and also a fair symbol of the bizarre notion of character which the author has endeavoured to embody. But another incident occurred to this singular young man, which, from its decidedly shadowy nature, we would not willingly premit.

Lord Dalveen accepted an invitation to the bridal of a neighbouring laird, who had united himself with a very sweet and modest young woman, whose mother had the reputation of being a witch. Lord Dalveen rallies the bride's mother while setting the bridal feast in array, praising her skill, and wondering by what art so many rarities were collected. Accordingly, she follows him with her eyes rather maliciously during the dance. He continues his taunts, and she breathes a wish to be revenged. He afterwards dances with a beautiful lady, whose name none of the company knows, and even about whose form, features, and dress, they cannot agree. The bride's mother observes the stranger, and exclaims that her evil wish was fulfilled! She has a power, acquired she knows not how, and of which she is unconscious. She proceeds to endeavour to charm her away; and for that purpose, when Lord Dalveen is inquiring by what name, to call the strange lady, instructs him to call her Christina, from which she shrinks together like a frozen leaf. He desists, therefore, from thus naming her, and promises to companion her homeward through Dalgona Glen, a haunted place. But the bride's mother coming behind her, and thrusting the Lord's prayer into her bosom, the strange

lady vanishes with a shriek. Lord Dalveen, however, has a meeting afterwards with the strange lady in Dalgona Glen, the event of which is mysterious, and throws his lordship into much agitation. When he seized the lady in order to embrace her, she was transformed into a ghastly skeleton, and dashed him into the stream with superhuman strength, muttering, "The book! the book! but for the book ye would have supt with me in hell!" Upon coming to himself, he found that his mother had put the Bible in his pocket!

His lordship throughout the remainder of the work is little better than Paul's double, and is pressed forward as his opponent upon every occasion. We meet with him at the contest with the Serapis, and in America. He also goes in search of the Scottish colony in the back woods, and attaches a half-blood of the name of Wulik, who turns out to be a cousin of Robin McGubb, Paul's constant companion. He writes his name in blood on the bosom of that happy valley, but escapes to become the Turkish vizier, who is conquered at the capture of Oczakow, and accompanies Paul into Russia. He meets him again at Paris, where, after escaping the guillotine, he is stabbed to the heart by a betrayed female.

Such is the romance of *Paul Jones*. Its essential faults are of the worst and most audacious kind; of its occasional beauties we have already spoken.

Had it been a matter of choice, we could not have selected a work better illustrative, in every respect, of that method of historical novel writing which we have felt justified in condemning. These faults, more or less, are to be found in all the specimens of the biographical romance. Miss Porter's *Wallace and his Virgin Bride* has them all, in the same kind though not in the same degree—they are not so poetical, and more common-place; that is all the difference. Indeed, the greater the genius of the writer the worse will be his work, if constructed on these mistaken principles. Genius does nothing by halves, but, rightly or wrongly, urges on to the extreme limits of propriety, and delights to "hover on the brink of all we hate." Mr. Cunningham should have looked among the traditions of his country for a graceful and pathetic tale, of sufficient interest and magnitude to sup-

port the burden of three volumes illustrative of the manners and state of Europe forty years since; and then introduced one or two of the most interesting passages in the life of the celebrated pirate, and such as would have furnished opportunity for the introduction of the more prominent characters of the period. Then he might have produced a work, as free from extravagance as it would have been full of genius. Let his present attempt, however, remain as a brilliant beacon to warn future adventurers from the quicksands which, in this instance, have assuredly made an unfortunate wreck of a noble vessel.

We know not that it has as yet been noticed, that the plan of Sir Walter Scott's historical romances is similar to the design of Spenser's *Faery Queen*. Our readers have not to be informed, that in the *Faery Queen* Prince Arthur is only occasionally introduced, as an auxiliary of his allegorical knights in their several adventures, each of whom is the particular hero of each separate book. That this most delightful of poets suffered all his action to elapse before its motive was put into a train of explanation, was an unprecedented piece of economy; it, however, only injures the work as a whole, and has no effect on each individual book, if considered by itself as a separate production, which no reader of the *Faery Queen* will find difficulty in doing. The other part of the plan, that of reserving the appearance of Prince Arthur—the connecting agent of the poem—for critical occasions, gave the poet a clear stage for his invention, and enlarged the field of his fancy. Thus he was enabled to introduce those allegorical figures and groups, in such inexhaustible profusion as to overpower the reader's attention, and to open an unoccupied picture-gallery, so extensive that life was too short for the artist to exhaust the one-half of its capacity. It has been said that "life is short, and art is long." Life is, indeed, almost too short to permit us to read (more than once, at any rate) such poems throughout as the *Faery Queen*, with all their beauty—to write such, according to the original design, might be possible for an antediluvian genius, but was never intended for wits of these degenerate days.

Having thus cleared the way, and

made room for a writer of genius to put forth all his energies, we would proceed to advise him as to the manner of covering the canvass, so large a space of which we have left him at liberty to fill up, according to the bent and individual resources of his own mind and fancy. The earlier romances, as our readers know, were crowded to excess with characters and incidents; let it be the endeavour of the modern novelist to select, rather than to accumulate. The readers of the present day are, in this respect, unlike those of the bygone time: they expect something more than the excitement of a childish wonder at extraordinary occurrences, or extravagant sentiment. The works of our contemporary master are admirable on this account: his earliest are just sufficiently full of incident and character to gratify at once the love of variety, and to admit such reflections and descriptions as are equally attractive and instructive; and his latest are even more select—the materials might, perhaps, have been increased with advantage. But a young writer of genius will be naturally exuberant: he has an unsummed treasure at his command—a fancy inexhaustible—an imagination never wearied. It will be more necessary to warn him against profusion, than caution him against too parsimonious expenditure of that wealth of fancy and feeling with which nature has endowed the happy spring-tide of a fertile and well-conditioned humanity. To him we should say, select from your stores, study simplicity in your combinations, and be content to draw a few characters well; and do not, by crowding your canvass too much, so contract the space for each individual portrait, as to leave scarcely room for even an imperfect manifestation of your idea. Remember Homer was content with the wrath of Achilles for a subject; and, as Aristotle well remarks, "the simple argument of the *Odyssey* is short:—a man, absent from home for many years, is detained by Neptune, and loses his companions. In the mean time, his domestic affairs are wasted by suitors to his wife, and there is a conspiracy against his son. At length, being driven on his own coast by a tempest, and discovering himself to a few friends, he attacks the suitors, is preserved himself, and destroys his enemies." And as an ex-

ample of the bad effects of the opposite mode of composition, we would refer him to the *Wolfe of Badenoch*.

The *Wolfe of Badenoch* is crowded to excess with detail, the characters are huddled together in an unexampled manner, and none of them stand sufficiently out from the surface. The events are consummated in so short a space, as to leave no exercise for the curiosity; and the action is deficient in unity. The love-story, which is the thread upon which the manners are suspended, is of a most ordinary character, and is founded on two ridiculous blunders—some mistake, we believe, about a mantle, and another about a lover's identity. There is also a *mystérieux*, a Franciscan of some merit, and a conjuror to boot, the ancient Fenwick, a most useless monstrosity, who is torn to pieces by wolves. The wolf himself, Alexander Stuart, Earl of Buchan, the son of King Robert II. of Scotland, is another William de la Mark; but, unlike the boar of Ardennes—after burning the town of Forres, and committing other violent

acts of the most desperate and lawless wickedness—becomes reconciled to the church. Too ferocious to attract sympathy, his repentance is uninteresting.

We cannot praise the writer much on account of his dialogue, which possesses little eloquence; and his diction is frequently bald.

Of the historical portion of this novel, part is founded on the disputed battle of Otterbourne, at which our favourite Hotspur was taken prisoner. The loss of his pennon forms the foundation of the novelist's scenes, which are the most vivid in the book. Hotspur is one of the most accurately drawn of all Shakespeare's portraits: for a novelist to risk comparison with such a rival is sufficiently daring. It is some merit, however, that he has given a faint reflection of our "hare-brained Hotspur governed by a spleen"—that Hotspur who denied the prisoners to his sovereign because they were demanded by a popinjay—who thought it an "easy leap

"To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corival, all her dignities;"

—who would "have a starling taught to speak nothing but Mortimer, and give it to his king to keep his anger still in motion"—who had more "spleen than the weasel," and more abhorrence of falsehood than Achilles,

and, "in the way of bargain, would cavil on the ninth part of an hair"—who heard with impatience the preternatural pretensions of Owen Glendower, and was angered when he told him

"Of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried, humph—and well—go to—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife—
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom."

—whose motto was *Espérance*, and who, in virtue of his own sanguine temperament, could extract comfort from the most adverse circumstances, like a beneficial medicine from poison-

ous weeds, and fill the void of performance with the phantoms of fairer promise; and only saw in his father's crafty sickness "a sweet reversion," and proceeded boldly "to spend upon

the hope of what is to come in." At the worst, he is willing "to die all," so he "die merrily."

The critics have not been slow to discover the aspiring zeal and impatient ambition which animate the uncontrollable energies of Hotspur's soul; but there is one trait of his character, and which is, in fact, the keynote of its composition, to which they have not, if at all, sufficiently attended. The angry impatience with which he reluctantly listened to "Cousin Glendower's" parade of spiritual solicitings and ministry, must not be set down to the score of his honesty and detestation of falsehood exclusively. Strong as these were, they were not strong enough to produce such intolerable bursts of spleen; at least, they were

not utterly pure and wholly unmixed. He himself could give a false reason to the king why he detained the prisoners; and he, besides, had no right to detain them at all, either for the real or the alleged reason. The ground of his conduct lies deeper still—in a general want of veneration, and the consequent wilfulness of his character. Our Shakespeare, with inimitable art, has well intimated this in the scene with Glendower. Hotspur disguises—unconsciously, it is most likely—his real principle of action, when he exclaims, "Tell truth, and shame the devil." But *his* truth is merely physical, and claims no higher origin than nature. "At my nativity," says Owen Glendower,

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hotspur. Why so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born."

So far Hotspur has only rebuked the Welshman's national superstitious belief in the secret relation of unconnected coincidences; but in what follows it plainly appears, that his funda-

mental objection was not to this belief merely, but to the pre-supposition that there was any cause out of the nature of the things themselves for their occurrence.

"*Hot.* O, then, the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity!
*Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinched and vexed,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.*

Here, we see, he reduces all his cousin's fine speculations to a "*disease in nature*," and "the imprisoning of unruly winds within the teeming earth." This he deems a sufficient account of

the matter, and considers it needless to inquire into the more primary causes. Herein is the principle explanatory of Hotspur's character.

INVASION OF PORTUGAL.

DON PEDRO, "Duke of Braganza," as he now modestly styles himself, having resigned the imperial crown of Brazil, from a consciousness of his incapacity to govern, to their satisfaction, his late father's colonial subjects, has honoured Europe with his presence, in order to make Portugal the scene of fresh calamities. For this surely the lovers of peace, especially the cabinets of France and England, will not thank the ex-emperor. With the affairs of Poland yet far from being adjusted—the Italian states but yesterday in open revolt—Leopold of Belgium sitting on a throne which three of the five leading sovereigns of Europe do most vexatiously refuse to recognise—Holland ready to appeal to arms—France in possession of Greece, and its sovereignty, like an estate with a bad title, advertised in the market at a reduced price:—with all these difficulties to overcome, we wanted no menaced invasion of Portugal to add to the encumbrances of statesmen and diplomats. But Don Pedro, with a far-seeing sagacity which few men are blessed with, views the affairs of Europe in a different light, and considers it not unreasonable, if a war should break out in the north, that another should commence in the south at the same juncture.

In order to accomplish this generous object, the ex-emperor has collected an armament and issued a manifesto, in which he informs the world that he is resolved to make war upon his brother, the reigning King of Portugal, for the purpose of compelling him either to marry his brother's daughter or resign his pretensions to the crown, which the *estates* of the kingdom, convoked for the purpose, placed on his head—and to which crown he has as valid a title as William III. had to that of England, Nicholas to that of Russia, or Louis Philippe and Leopold have to the crowns of France and Belgium.

But before we discuss the doctrines contained in this ex-imperial manifesto, let us take a hasty glance at the measures and the various involvements out of which these disputed claims upon the crown of Portugal have arisen.

We presume it is known to the whole world that, in 1826, that illus-

trious statesman, Mr. Canning, was prime minister of England. At that period, also, Don Pedro was Emperor of Brazil, to which imperial dignity he had been elevated chiefly through the influence of Mr. Canning, and which elevation the said minister (bitter and wicked wag!) did make the subject of his mirth for many a day. At that period, when the new world had been called into existence, it was the fashion of English gentlemen, the ardent lovers of that British constitution which they now seek to destroy, to endeavour to force upon the people of every state with which they had intercourse, what they were pleased to call a constitutional form of government. Don Pedro had become an alien. His South American subjects insisted upon a complete separation between Portugal and Brazil—the affairs of the former country were in a deranged state—the constitutional mania of Spain, which France afterwards very properly suppressed, pervaded it—the elder branch of the house of Braganza was deemed no better than a foreigner—his infant daughter was, to all intents and purposes, a foreigner—Don Miguel, the other brother, was a minor—the queen-mother was old, feeble, and bed-ridden—her daughters, though as chaste, certainly were not as wise or prudent as *our* Elizabeth—and, in short, anarchy was spreading wide its roots, English influence was fostering insubordination, liberalism was dictating ideal systems of freedom, and the trade and commerce of the country were fast approaching to ruin.

In this state of affairs, but principally compelled by his own subjects, the Emperor of Brazil, under the advice of Mr. Canning, and by the assistance of Sir Charles Stuart, at that time on a mission from the English court to that of Brazil, concocted a constitutional charter for the benefit of the Portuguese nation—for a people over whom Don Pedro had no legal authority whatever. Sir Charles Stuart was himself the bearer of this curious charter to Lisbon. This alone shews its English origin. It was evidently a bad translation from an English original: its terms were all English—it objects were all English—its author, its bearer, its chief supporters,

were English liberals. Its provisions, however, speedily became the law of the land;—and no wonder: instead of the old *cortes* of Portugal being summoned, to sanction its legality, or express an opinion upon its merits, they were not even consulted. A new parliament was called together, its members chosen from the friends of Don Pedro, its majority being avowed constitutionalists, many of them under English influence; and by this parliament the charter was recognised, and declared to form the fundamental and constitutional law of Portugal.

By this instrument Don Pedro renounced all right and claim to the crown of Portugal—a claim which it was easy for him to renounce, seeing that by virtue of his accession to the *imperial* crown of Brazil he had surrendered voluntarily whatever right or title he might previously have held to that of Portugal. But he went much further than this. He resigned this assumed claim to the crown—not to the Portuguese nation—not to the next heir, but in favour of his infant daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria; and he nominated his sister the Princess Isabella, Don Miguel being still a minor, to exercise the functions of regent during a portion of the nonage of her little niece.

The new charter had scarcely been proclaimed, when it was found to be totally repugnant to all the institutions of Portugal, conferring upon a faction of demagogues, the O'Connells of that country, the whole power of the three estates of the realm. It had not been in force many months before Mr. Canning saw the necessity of sustaining its lingering vitality by virtue of nourishment administered by foreign bayonets. For this purpose, five or six thousand British troops were sent to Portugal, with a haste quite unprecedented. The pretext for this armament was, the interference of Spain. It was alleged that Spain threatened to invade Portugal. No evidence of this threatened invasion was produced by the English minister. The House of Commons admitted that the *casus fœderis* had been sufficiently established, when Mr. Canning declared upon his honour that he had positive proof of the hostile intentions of Spain, but which, for reasons of expediency, he declined laying upon the table of the House!

The real fact was, that the charter

was going to wreck, like Palmella's steam-boat, from its own insufficiency. The new patriots whom it had called into existence as national representatives, were too heavy for it, too riotous and undisciplined, too ponderous and dead weight upon a thing so hastily and crazily put together. The poor princess had a heavy task to keep her pilots in order: she more than once threatened, if she did not actually more than once resign. The rogues held her in contempt. When she ventured to exercise her authority, they threatened to appeal to the emperor—to him who had by that very charter renounced for ever all right of control over the affairs of Portugal! In short, the charter was on the eve of swamping when Mr. Canning's armament came to its assistance. •

Now then for act second of this political farce. The Princess Isabella intimated to her imperial brother that she could no longer, with any satisfaction to her own mind, or with any advantage to the interests of Portugal, exercise the painful duties he had imposed upon her, and begged his majesty to accept her resignation of the regency. At this juncture, Don Miguel was called upon to play his part. He had travelled to Vienna, where, by the advice of his imperial brother, he was treated more like a prisoner than an independent member of the house of Braganza. After a while, he was sent from Vienna to London, to be initiated into the liberal politics and the foreign constitutionalism which then were in high odour at the court of St. James's. In the mean time, on the resignation of his sister, the emperor had appointed him his lieutenant-general, Count Palmella being (God save the mark!) his highness's "ancient." To this honourable appointment was appended a condition that he, Don Miguel, should espouse his brother's child when she became marriageable—marry, be it noted, his own niece, then but a baby, be betrothed to her in her long-clothes, and eventually become her lawful husband when she had reached the more interesting years of girlhood.

Under these restrictions, and we solemnly believe with the best possible intentions, with a sincere desire to forward his imperial brother's views, and give his unequivocal support to the provisions of the charter, Don Miguel departed for Portugal. With the na-

ture of these constitutional and chartered privileges it is reasonable to assume that Don Miguel had no means of making himself conversant. He was drafted out to Portugal like a raw recruit, to take his instructions from Count Palmella. He neither knew what the charter conferred, what it infringed, how it worked, how it was appreciated, nor to what extent it was relished or supported by the people of Portugal. When he arrived at Lisbon, he found it little better than a dead letter: it had no life but what it inhaled from Mr. Canning's troops; it drew its flickering breath amid foreign bayonets. The nobles, the clergy, the leading landowners and merchants, the queen-mother, his sisters, the court of Spain, all were decidedly opposed to it, and only waited the recall of the English forces to *Burke* it effectually. Nay, more: he was told that his imperial brother had no right, in law, to dictate any political system whatever to Portugal;—that he was a foreigner, whom the laws of Portugal repudiated; and that Donna Maria, from being a subject of Brazil, was incapacitated from assuming any sovereign functions in that country. In this emergency Don Miguel summoned the old *cortes* of the kingdom, to deliberate on these alleged disqualifications, protesting to them that he was willing to abide by any decision to which they might come on this important question. The *cortes* met—they examined the ancient laws of Portugal—they considered the conditions on which Don Pedro had accepted the crown of Brazil—they found an effectual bar to his title in the provisions of his accession—they declared him an alien, whom the laws of Portugal could not recognise, and they voluntarily and almost unanimously declared that Don Miguel was the rightful heir, on whom, through the expatriation of his imperial brother, the crown of Portugal had devolved.

The *estates* of Portugal, the ancient *cortes* of that kingdom, placed the crown on the head of Don Miguel; and if it be contended that they had no right to do this, on the same grounds it might be contended that the parliament of England, in 1688, had no right to prefer William of Orange to James II., or that the French people had no right to elect Louis Philippe, the more especially when it is considered that Charles X. had re-

signed in favour of his lineal descendant, the young Duke of Bordeaux. Don Miguel wears the crown of Portugal—has been *de facto* king for nearly four years, by as good, if not a better title than either of these princes held or hold theirs. Who raised Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden, to the exclusion of the legitimate sovereign?—the nobles, the people of Sweden. Who placed Nicholas on the throne of the czars, to the exclusion of his elder brother, Constantine?—the nobles of Russia. Who placed Leopold on the throne of Belgium, to the exclusion of their mild and just and benevolent sovereign, the King of the Netherlands?—the priests and mob of that despicable community of *braves Belges*! Is one law, then, to prevail amongst the ditches of Holland, and another on the banks of the Tagus? Are the nobles of Russia more intelligent or respectable than the nobles of Portugal? Is a coterie of demagogues to be lauded for doing that in Paris, which the best part of the population of Portugal are to be condemned for doing in Lisbon? Out upon such factious, paltry, dishonest liberalism! Such sentiments are only worthy of the *heroes* of the *Britannia* steam-boat, and their confederates of the *Times* newspaper.

We have now arrived at the last, and by far the most important act of the farce, which we sincerely pray, notwithstanding the professions and menaces of the ex-emperor, may not end tragically. Don Pedro having been, we had almost said ignominiously, expelled from the throne of Brazil—and which country, before he is many months older, despite the pretensions of his infant son, will take rank with the other *happy* republics of South America—has resolved upon kindling a war in the Peninsula, in order to plunge in still deeper misery the unhappy inhabitants of his father-land, and dethrone his only brother. Let us see by what means. First and foremost of his crew of compatriots are the Portuguese exiles, the chivalrous gentlemen who exhibited their courage and their patriotism in so exemplary a manner in Oporto, when they fled before a handful of Don Miguel's troops, and preferred parish soup in England, and the bounty of privileged mendicants here, to the disagreeable alternative of fighting for that which

they pretend to revere, in the cause of a magnanimous people, nine-tenths of whom they represent as entertaining similar sentiments to their own. These immaculate persons—these chivalrous crusaders—these renowned heroes, are of course, to a man, on the side of the ex-emperor; but how does Don Pedro treat them?—As Sir John Falstaff did his ragged regiment; he won't march through Coventry with them, "that's flat." He has just as much confidence in them as a Bow-Street officer has in a band of thieves. He well knows that not a man of them would stand fire or smell powder at any less convenient distance than five hundred yards. He well knows that if he were to place dependence upon them alone, he would be deserted if any thing in the shape of a bayonet could be discerned at a mile's distance. They might make excellent skirmishers among the barn-yards—capital purveyors in a quiet and rural district—most ubiquitous and expert light troops where their only adversaries were capons and geese; but (O Mars!) as to fighting with *men*, or running any hazard even from a priest's bullet, it is quite out of the question. No man knows this better than his ex-imperial majesty, who has shewn some talent in taking every precaution not to trust them. He has accordingly enlisted in his service as many as possible of the survivors of the Poyaise brigade of horse-marines, and land admirals, as he could pick up in Dublin and our own dear St. Giles's—the anointed of the brothels and the gaming-houses—the whitewashed of Bridewell and the police-offices—and the *bravos* of the college of penny-aline-um, who, for a duplication of pay, are willing to convert their steel pens into instruments of mortal conflict. His ex-imperial majesty has collected some four or five hundred of these doughty champions of liberalism; that he has clothed them we do not certify; that he has fed them or watered them, according to their hopes or tastes, it would be rash to affirm; but that they are with him, ready to make a descent upon Portugal, is what is asserted by all the ministerial journals.

This army, it is said, is to be further augmented by a larger legion of "discontented spirits," picked up in the purlieus of the Rue St. Antoine, in Paris. The number of these is stated to be about fifteen or sixteen hundred.

They consist of some of the heroes of the *Three Days*—that is to say, of the scum of Paris; with whom are associated runaway Spaniards and Belgians, and a sprinkling of poor Poles, who, having commenced the art of war in their own land, have now no other means of gaining a livelihood. This, the army of Paris, has not yet sailed to its destination; but the former squad, of which we have made honourable mention, has already departed, Madeira being its first object, before proceeding to Terceira, the intended head-quarters of his ex-imperial majesty's grand armament.

With such naval and military forces, thus accoutred, dressed in the rags of all nations—English, Irish, German, Swiss, French, Netherlanders, Spaniards, and Portuguese—Don Pedro proceeds on his mission, as all conquerors do, under the *special* protection of Divine Providence. Hear his own words: "I feel a consolation in discerning the *visible* protection which God, the dispenser of thrones, grants to the *noble* and *just* cause which we defend."—"I cannot help acknowledging in all this the *special protection of Divine Providence!*" The ex-emperor, we think, might have spared us this effusion of pious confidence, until better informed by the result, whether he is or is not merely building castles, not in Portugal, but in Spain. The mortal means which he has yet acquired do not augur very favourably of his success.

But a word here on the conduct pursued by the ministry of Lord Grey towards this expedition. It is matter of notoriety that the agents of Don Pedro had for some considerable time been enlisting troops in London, and shipping stores in the Thames, *contrary to law*. The Isle of Dogs—fit place for such heroes—was the dépôt of the recruits, where they were lodged in the tubs and boilers of the Steam Washing Company. The warlike stores for these troops were on board four ships lying in the river. All this was known to the government, who also equally well knew that the proceedings were in direct violation of the foreign enlistment act. At length the ships in question were seized by the officers of the Customs; and if there had been the slightest wish on the part of the government to respect the laws of neutrality, in the strict observance of which no

country has a more direct interest than ourselves, they would have abstained from all interference, and allowed the question between the Customs and the agents to be decided in the Court of Exchequer. But all justice, every form of neutrality, was trampled upon. No appeal was allowed to be made to the proper court; for the government issued an order for the release of the vessels, which have since sailed, and from one of which, 'under a feigned name, Don Pedro issued the manifesto already alluded to.

Any comment upon this conduct would be superfluous. The Whigs, because they were opposed to the foreign enlistment act, now that they are in power have not the decency to respect it, although it forms part of the law of the land. The leaven of old opposition politics was stronger than their sense of justice, or the force of acts of parliament. They have thus compromised themselves with Don Pedro's expedition; and whatever shall be the result of the enterprise, they at least will be held answerable for some of the blood shed in the cause, should the invaders carry their menaces into effect. The old connexion with Portugal is now dissolved. Instead of being the ally and the defender of that country, as by treaty we are bound to be, without regard to who is king *de facto*, we have made a family quarrel the pretext for violating the laws of neutrality, and assisting a pretender, and that pretender a foreigner, to land his hirelings on the territory of our ally, to devastate the country, stir up civil war, interrupt trade and industry, and, by bringing Spain into the field, kindle up a general war in Europe.

For, let us not deceive ourselves by thinking that Ferdinand will be an unconcerned spectator of this third constitutional crusade, in a country so nearly connected with his own. If we have assisted in lighting the match, we must abide the consequences. If Don Pedro succeed, one of two things must take place. He will either restore the charter, in obedience to the demands of the liberal faction by whom he is surrounded, in which case a new commotion in Spain is inevitable; or if he maintain the present order of things, and attempt to conciliate the nobles and the clergy, what, in this case, would the constitutionalists gain by

their victory? But Don Pedro, if he should succeed, *must* revive the charter, and summon the defunct parliament. A constitutional government in Portugal, and an absolute one in Spain, is one of those things which are purely imaginary. It cannot be—it would be an eternal twilight—the light must extinguish the darkness, or the darkness the light.

But are the British ministry, in case the flames of war break out in Spain and Portugal, prepared to interfere? Have they 6000 men ready to march at an hour's notice, as Mr. Canning had? No. In the present state of the finances, there is no provision made for even so trifling an expenditure. Poor Lord Althorpe is already under water. He is nearly as bad as the honourable member for ———. His expenditure far exceeds his income, notwithstanding that Sir James Graham, like a needy gentleman who is obliged to sell his wardrobe, has converted into cash a pretty considerable portion of the government stores. And yet it is clear that something must be done to avert these consequences. We cannot, if there be any justice in the country, any remains of our national pride, any reminiscences of our former intimate relations with Portugal, allow that country to become a dependency of Spain, or both be overrun by France. See, then, the dilemma in which this miserable policy on the part of the Whigs has placed England. They had it in their power to stay Don Pedro's proceedings; nay, it was their duty to have stayed them. Had the stability of Don Miguel's government been doubted, or could it be truly asserted that he does not reign in the confidence of the great body of his subjects, and among these the nobility, gentry, and clergy; then the question would have assumed another form. But even the ex-emperor himself does not allege that he retains the crown merely by force of arms. His soldiers are the same men who guarded the portals, as Lord Goderich would say, of Mr. Canning's constitution. They have evinced towards him as much loyalty and devotion as do the troops of any sovereign in Europe. Why, then, did the champions of our "ancient ally" not interpose to prevent the consequences of a doubtful and dangerous enterprise—doubtful as concerns Don Pedro, but not at all doubtful as to the

course which the Spanish government will pursue. It has already been formally notified to the British cabinet, that in case the Duke of Braganza shall invade Portugal, Spain will send an armed force to the assistance of the reigning monarch. Here, then, is the beginning of strife. What course M. Casimir Perier will pursue, it is hard to conjecture. His policy, however, is evidently of a pacific kind; and the Chambers, by cutting down his supplies, offer the best preventive against foreign interposition. Under these circumstances, although we little fear the result in so far as the *de facto* King of Portugal is concerned, still we apprehend it would have been wiser policy on the part of Lord Grey had he put his veto upon the expedition of the ex-emperor. First, *for his own sake*; for in case of failure, what a pitiable figure will he cut in the eyes of the world!—the outcast of Brazil—perhaps the only surviving, forlorn hope of Portugal—the head of the house of Braganza crownless and an exile—expelled by his adopted, rejected by his native country!

Secondly, *for the honour of England*. If Don Pedro fail, will not the British ministry, who secretly assisted the expedition, by conniving at the embarkation of troops and stores, and who have permitted a gentleman holding the rank of captain in the British navy to assume a responsible command in the fleet of the invader, (if three colliers and an old transport can be called a *fleet*,)—will not the honour, we say, of the British government be more or less implicated by the failure? British subjects are fighting in the cause. If a life is lost, no matter how worthless, will it not be placed to the account of the ministry? If a British subject is treated harshly, although according to law, in Portugal, do we not demand redress? And if a British subject shall fall in the cause of an adventurer, whose designs we winked at, or rather countenanced, is there to be no redress in this case? no compensation offered for the losses which British or Portuguese subjects may sustain through our connivance? Neutrality is good policy in most cases, when it is an honest neutrality; but when a government, under the pretext of non-interference, secretly violates the principle, and secretly aids one party against another, we call not this

simply a violation of the rule—it is conduct so perfidious, so mean, so dishonourable, that were it to occur in private life, it would render an individual infamous. And such charge we bring against the government of Earl Grey.

Thirdly, *for the sake of the commercial interests of England*. It is sufficiently obvious, that whether Don Pedro succeed, or whether he fail, a serious injury will be inflicted upon trade, and much inconvenience, if not severe loss, sustained by English merchants. It is said, that the adventurers intend that their first attempt shall be on Oporto, which, they think, should they succeed in taking possession of, will enable them with more facility to march upon Lisbon; and they further calculate that, although repulsed, they will have the *Tras os Montes* in their rear, as more tenable and defensive ground. Should this be the case, it is time for the London merchants to look to themselves. The residents will have arduous difficulties to overcome. Don Pedro will not be satisfied with any pledges of neutrality here; and if he should succeed in entrapping them into his cause, and involving them in his probable reverses, the consequences will be much more serious than any which followed the escape in the *Britannia* steam-boat. God knows, as regards the trade and commerce of England, we have few chances, and less profits, to throw away. Struggling as all our mercantile interests are, at home and abroad, that minister is culpable in the highest degree, and incurs a serious responsibility, who wantonly allows these to be hazarded by any wild political speculation, or who refuses to interpose his authority, when a word from his mouth, or a man-of-war in the Tagus, would prevent civil war, and a universal pillage of property belonging to his own countrymen. It is not yet too late. Let Lord Grey lay these things to his heart, and muse on the responsibility he has incurred. If British merchants are subjected to losses by this family quarrel, which it was the duty of their government to have prevented, they will know whom to blame.

Before we have done, we beg leave to call attention to one or two extracts from his ex-imperial majesty's manifesto. We would willingly have transcribed the whole of the document, but the columns of *REGINA* are too valu-

able to be wasted on a paper full of mawkish sentiments, wilful misrepresentations, jesuitical promises, professions of liberality addressed to the English reader in the English translation, and of conciliatory dispositions addressed to the Portuguese clergy in their own language, and which paper, moreover, has already appeared in all the journals. Take, however, the following extract, which is a fair specimen of the whole document:—

"I promulgated the constitutional charter of the 29th of April, 1826, in which the ancient forms of the Portuguese government, and the constitution of the state, are virtually confirmed; and that this charter might be considered a confirmation and consequence of the fundamental law of the monarchy, I, in the first place, guaranteed the most solemn protection, and the most profound respect, to the sacred religion of our ancestors; I confirmed the law of succession, with all the clauses of the Cortes of Lamego; I determined the periods for the convention of the cortes, in the same manner as it had already formerly been practised in the reigns of their majesties Don Alfonzo V. and Don John III.; *I acknowledged two fundamental maxims of the ancient Portuguese government, viz. that the laws could only be framed by the cortes, and that in this assembly alone, and no where else out of it, should any matters be discussed relating to the imposts and administration of the public revenue and property*; and, lastly, I determined that the two branches of the state, nobility and clergy, should be united, so as to form one chamber, composed of the great dignitaries of the kingdom, ecclesiastic and secular, experience having demonstrated the disadvantages arising from the separate deliberation of these two branches. I added some other provisions, all tending to consolidate the national independency, royal dignity and authority, the liberty and prosperity of the people; and anxious to preserve these blessings from the hazards and inconvenience generally attending the minority of a sovereign, *I thought that the best means of securing so desirable an object would be to unite my august daughter to a Portuguese prince, naturally supposing that, both in consequence of the identity of religion and birth, no one could feel a greater interest for the complete realisation of all those benefits with which it was my intention to felicitate the Portuguese nation*; persuaded also that the good example of my virtuous relation, the monarch in whose court he had resided, must have rendered him worthy of estimating the great confidence placed

in him by a brother, who did not hesitate to intrust to him the destinies of his beloved daughter. This was the origin of the choice I made of the Infante Don Miguel."

We must pause here to remark, that an extraordinary omission of facts of the first importance has been, of course wilfully, committed by the author of the manifesto. There is not a word said—not the most distant allusion made, in the whole document, to the regency of Donna Isabella! This was tender ground—and Don Pedro, with his natural candour and prudence, has avoided it. Why? Because, had he adverted to it, some explanation would have been necessary; he would have been under the necessity of explaining the reasons which induced that princess to decline exercising the vice-regal functions with which he had invested her. He would have been compelled to confess that the charter was virtually defunct when he called upon Don Miguel to give it his protection; and moreover, that he had no choice left between giving up the charter and nominating his brother as lieutenant of the kingdom. This confirms what we stated in the early part of the article, namely, that when Don Miguel arrived in Portugal he found the national feeling running strong and irresistibly against Don Pedro's new system—against the Canning system—against a constitution formed in Downing Street, and which was avowedly conceded as a sort of hush-money to the "discontented spirits of Europe," whom Mr. Canning said he held in leash, ready to let slip, like the dogs of war, at a moment's notice. Had Don Pedro had the candour, which his misfortunes have rendered still more evanescent than it was in younger days, he would have admitted the difficulties by which Donna Isabella was surrounded, and the utter impossibility of preserving the charter for a single month longer without the interference of his younger brother, who, with all his faults—faults natural to youth and inexperience—faults partly chargeable on his father and partly on his imperial brother—was exceedingly popular in Portugal. This want of candour, however, pervades the whole document. It is a Palmella manifesto, redolent of all the fine touches of Machiavellianism so remarkable in that great diplomatist,

and, in our poor opinion, must have the effect of lowering the character of Don Pedro all over Europe.

In the above extract, however, perhaps by inadvertence, the true policy and motives of the ex-emperor are made manifest. He says: "I thought that the best means of securing so desirable an object would be to *unite my august daughter* to a Portuguese prince." This Portuguese prince is his own brother—the *uncle* of his "august daughter"—the defamed and slandered Miguel, whose horror and hatred of so unnatural a union has been one of the principal *crimes* alleged against him, and the source of the hostile proceedings of his ex-imperial brother. Now, good reader! between man and man, in common fairness—we address ourselves to Englishmen, to Protestants as well as to Catholics—is *this* an alliance which any unvitiated heart could approve, or any virtuous mother sanction, or any Christian assist in celebrating at the altar of his God? Don Miguel refused to commit *this* sin, and hence all the unhappy differences which have made his elder brother his enemy, and have instigated him to compass sea and land, to enlist the scum of both, for the purpose of dethroning him by the force of arms. Is it in this unnatural cause that the Whigs have enlisted themselves? Is it to compel an uncle to *marry his niece*, that Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Richmond, and others, have connived at the fitting out of an armament to embarrass British subjects and seriously injure the trade of England? We pause for a reply.

The extract contains another sentence of nearly equal interest. His ex-imperial majesty is made to declare as follows:—"I acknowledge two fundamental maxims of the ancient Portuguese government, viz. *that the laws could only be framed by the cortes.*" We contend that Don Pedro violated these fundamental maxims. The ancient *cortes*, the three estates of the realm, were *not* consulted on the formation, or on any of the articles of the constitutional charter. Don Pedro passed an absolute decree; he concocted a liberal constitution, without so much as condescending to consult them—without even intimating his intentions—without doing them the courtesy of declaring his paternal wishes. Can he, therefore, blame the

ancient *cortes* for being dissatisfied with the Downing-Street charter? Let Lord Grey speak for him in this case, by way of illustration. Lord Grey wishes to alter or amend (we shall not dispute about words) the constitution of England. Does he advise the King to sanction a charter of his own dictation, without the consent of the estates of the realm? No: he propounded his bill of reform—he submitted it to the consideration of both houses of parliament—he discussed it there, reasoned upon its merits, advocated the advantages it was calculated to confer upon all classes; but he never counselled the King to promulgate a law, by an order in council, which should be enforced without the consent of the estates of the realm. But Don Pedro did all this. He did not condescend to consult the ancient *cortes* of Portugal; he sent them a charter, the provisions of which gave powers to a parliament of his own creation, who sanctioned it *without* the consent of the estates of the realm, and without so much as asking their opinion. Is this what he calls "acknowledging the fundamental maxims of the ancient Portuguese government?" It is disgusting!

Anticipating the success of his enterprise, Don Pedro declares the pacific and disinterested course of policy he intends to pursue. Hear his own words:—

"When, after my arrival in the Azores, I shall have returned my sincere thanks to those individuals who composed the regency (which I had appointed in consequence of my absence) for the patriotism with which, in such arduous circumstances, they discharged their functions, I shall re-assume (for the reasons already mentioned) the authority with which the said regency was invested, which I shall preserve until the period when the lawful government of my august daughter having been established in Portugal, the general *cortes* of the Portuguese nation (which I shall immediately convolve) shall have decided whether it is convenient that I should continue in the exercise of those rights, expressed in the 92d article of the constitutional charter; and when resolved affirmatively, I shall take the oath prescribed by the same charter for the permanent exercise of the regency."

"I shall," says he, "reassume the authority with which the said regency was invested." In other words, although he had renounced all right and claim to the throne of Portugal, of

which, as an alien, and the sovereign of a separate and independent state, he had absolutely divested himself, he now, being expelled from Brazil, would willingly enough, and in the most unceremonious manner, replace himself in his former situation. By what authority? By virtue of "those rights expressed in the 92d article of the constitutional charter,"—a charter emanating from himself—a law made by himself,—a law which he wished to enforce upon the Portuguese in the most arbitrary manner, without their consent, contrary to their inclinations, and at variance with all their former notions of justice and good government!

This is really monstrous. He grants a constitutional charter, which he had no right to enforce without the consent of the ancient cortes, and he now presumes to claim rights and privileges under this very charter, and by virtue of the parliament he called into existence, but which was never recognised, the members of which were his own creatures, selected from a faction, and whom the three estates of the realm, in obedience to the law, have voted into oblivion. But we must stop,—it would be a repulsive task to follow the subterfuges and misrepresentations of this grand manifesto any further. We leave it to the St. Giles's recruits, the Polish guards, the mendicant refugees, and the scum of Ireland and Paris. They understand the nature of such documents much better than we do; and we have no doubt that, under the banners of a refugee king, the illustrious Duke of Braganza, whom even his black subjects of Brazil held in contempt, they will be able to interpret it rightly and vindicate his claims, by—*taking care of themselves!*

A parting word as to the accusations which have been brought against Don Miguel in the London newspapers. If the source of these were generally known, we should take shame to ourselves for advertg to them; but it is certain, that most of the falsehoods published have had their origin in the bribes of the faction whom to maintain the Count Palmella misappropriated the funds transmitted to him from Brazil for the payment of the debt

contracted in this country, and which the Brazilian government had engaged to discharge. The newspapers so suborned have for some considerable time had agents in Portugal, who, acting upon previous instructions, favourable to the constitutional system, have not hesitated to invent every kind of revolting falsehood, in order to represent the public and private conduct of the reigning sovereign in the most odious light. These lies were readily swallowed in England, where lies in political matters are the mental food of nine-tenths of the readers of newspapers. Don Miguel was held up as a monster: he was almost universally believed to be so. If he at any time had the temerity to enforce the laws of Portugal, whether it were to punish some obscene Frenchman, for national practices too disgusting to mention, or to silence the swaggering of some insolent Cockney playing Lord John Russell with the laws of the country by which he was protected, instantly an outcry was raised against him,—he was branded as a tyrant,—the scoundrel whom he punished was admitted as a witness against him,—the filthy atheist whom he sent to the galleys was hailed as a martyr,—and English ships and French fleets sent to the Tagus to vindicate the honour of nations which ought to have considered themselves disgraced by having such subjects. This has been Don Miguel's fate. Appearances against him,—no press to vindicate him,—agents hired to asperse him,—the London journals always clamorous on the side of ignorance—always wrong—always insolent and arbitrary—always the dupes of popular opinion and interested correspondents,—so badgered, black-guarded, misrepresented, and slandered, Don Miguel has been held up to execration, the terror of every cockney cobbler and tailor. We appeal to Sir James Mackintosh, who, although he has been hired to speak on the opposite side, is well able, and we hope equally willing, to testify to the truth of our representations. We appeal to Sir James Mackintosh, we repeat, whether what we state is or is not THE TRUTH.

ADDRESS TO CUPID.

Why dip thy shafts in poison, God of Love ?

Lo ! twanging idly from thy sportive bow,
'Tis thine dread tumults in the heart to move,
And make it throb with unaccustom'd woe.
Small pleasure mingles with the cloud of pain
Which settles round the subjects of thy reign.

The poets feign thou art of heavenly birth—

But this thy victims idle fiction deem ;
Can minds celestial agonise the earth,
And needless anguish add to life's sad dream ?
Wert thou of heaven, thou hadst not left thy sphere
Of endless bliss to cause distraction here.

Why dip thy shafts in poison ? Why in smiles,

Playful yet false, conceal thy dangerous art ?
To thee belong the scaly serpent's wiles,
To cheat the eye and crush the trusting heart.
Alike is felt the anguish of thy power,
In peasant's cot or high-born Beauty's bower.

Thou art not of the skies, as poets feign,

Deceitful archer ! yet thy conquering bow
Hath sent its shafts into their bright domain,
And made immortals taste of human woe.
Beloved of Venus ! thy presumptuous dart
Left not unscathed even her own beautiful heart.

And still thou roam'st, a harbinger of ill,

Torturing with wicked pranks the maiden's brain ;
The bashful youth, obedient to thy will,
Thou goadest on with strange, delirious pain.
Time lessens not the arrows in thy quiver—
Like thine own freaks, they shall endure for ever.

Even Age to thee a subject homage pays,

Mischievous boy ! Not even can wrinkled years
Arrest thee on thy wild fantastic ways ;
Thou shoot'st, and lo ! Antiquity appears,
In form of bachelor or maiden hoary,
Writhing with pain—at once thy shame and glory.

All climates are thine own : with tyrant sway

Thou rul'st. Alike the icy polar sphere,
And the warm regions where the God of Day
Most loves to linger in his bright career.
In every land thy glittering altar starts—
Its offerings, idle vows and broken hearts.

The same to thee is day or starry night ;

For rambling, like the Borealis' beams,
Thou holdest on thy mad eccentric flight,
And cheat'st the slumberer's soul with idle dreams—
Raising delusive forms before his eyes,
And pleasures which he ne'er shall realise.

And monarchs, too, thy matchless archery

Hath stricken, as the hunter strikes the doe ;
The flames of Dido's pile were lit by thee ;
And Troy—majestic sepulchre of woe—
Fell from her high estate, in evil hour,
A monument of thy stupendous power.

Conquerors have own'd thy sway—the sons of song,
 And daughters too, have pined beneath its spell:
 Immortal Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, long
 Bowed at thy shrine; and Lesbian Sappho fell,
 Victim of love's insufferable load,
 Beneath thy arrows, all-subduing god.

Why dip thy shafts in poison? Why invade,
 With such dread arms, "the palace of the soul?"
 Why veil the sunshine of the heart in shade?
 Lo! sleep'd in tears beneath thy fierce control,
 Pale Beauty like a phantom fades away,
 And Manhood's sterner spirit knows decay.

Dread are thy triumphs, Love! The maniac's cry—
 The poison'd cup—the broken heart—are thine,
 Alas! too often. Wherefore, let us fly
 From the false flowers that strew thy gilded shrine,
 And on the icy wings of cold disdain
 Escape at once thy snares and all their pain.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

No. III.

MARY FENWICK.

It was on one of those bright and beautiful April mornings which nature sometimes throws it upon our eastern shores, as if in compensation for months of fog and fickleness, that I awoke from the uneasy slumbers of a mail-coach passenger, just in time to drink in, at eye, ear, and nose, the brilliant sparkle, enlivening dash, and invigorating odour of my native waves, as they leaped up in exulting fondness to kiss the rocky barrier which Scotland opposes to the fury of the German Ocean. I was, ere long, to pass a barrier of a different description, (now, happily, a nominal one), between two sister nations; or, in plain English, to enter the town of Berwick upon Tweed, a few miles beyond which, on the southern side of the border, business obliged me to proceed.

At the inn-door, where we stopped to change horses, in this capital of "no man's land," whose inhabitants assert their anomalous independence by speaking a dialect which they take care shall be neither Scotch nor English—I also exchanged, for the brief remainder of my journey, a taciturn, common-place sort of a fellow-passenger, from whose wooden physiognomy I never dreamt of extracting any thing, for one from whose modest,

yet speaking countenance, and the interest she evidently excited in the few who were astir at that early hour, it was impossible to avoid auguring a great deal.

The coach-door was opened, and with swimming eye, flushed cheek, and silver hair blowing about in the morning wind, a venerable-looking old man took leave, with more than parental tenderness, of a simply dressed, yet genteel-looking young woman; who, returning his tremulous "God bless and reward you!" with an almost filial farewell, drew over her face a thick black veil, and sat down opposite to me.

I never felt more inclined, and at the same time at a loss, to open a conversation. To intrude on female sorrow is unjustifiable; to treat it with indifference, impossible. That of my new companion seemed of a gentle subdued sort, arising more from sympathy for others, than personal causes; and, ere long, putting back her veil with the reviving cheerfulness of one whose heart is lightened of an unmerited burden, she looked calmly out on the fresh morning aspect of nature, (so in unison with her own pure and innocent countenance), and said, in the tone of one breathing at length

from the pressure of painful thoughts, "How beautiful every thing does look this fine spring morning!"

"It does, indeed," said I, struck with the confiding *naïveté* of this involuntary remark; "and I suppose you are the more sensible of it from being a young traveller." Her only answer was one of those quiet intelligent smiles which admit of various translations, and which I chose to construe into assent. Coupling the remark with the circumstance of her only luggage being a small band-box, I set her down for a farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood; and added, "I suppose, like myself, you are not going far?"

"I am going to London, sir," said she, with a tone of calm self-possession, as if such a journey had been to her a daily occurrence; and so indeed it was, not metaphorically, but literally.

"To London!" repeated I, with more surprise than I could well account for. "Were you ever there before?" "Oh yes!" was the reply, rendered more piquant by its singular composure. "I came from seventy miles beyond it the day before yesterday."

It would be quite superfluous to say that my curiosity was excessively excited by this unexpected answer; and I daresay my readers will set me down (as I did myself when it was too late) as a very stupid fellow for not having the dexterity to gratify it.

But my companion, as if ashamed of having so far committed herself to a stranger, and rather a *young* gentleman, (though I have a wife and five children written upon my face, I believe, pretty legibly), sat back in the coach, and answered one or two indifferent questions with that laconic gentleness which is infinitely more discouraging than sullen silence. I felt I had not the smallest right to ask in direct terms, "My dear, what could make you travel seven hundred miles for one day?" and as I saw she had not the least mind to tell me, I really must plead guilty to the weakness of being ashamed to use the advantage my station and knowledge of the world gave me, to worm out a secret; which, from a silent tear that I saw trickling down behind her veil, I guessed must be fraught with more of pain than pleasure.

The struggle between my curiosity

and better feelings was still going on, when the arrival of the coach near my friend's gate, gave to the latter an involuntary, and not very meritorious triumph. Now that all idea of intrusion was at an end, I could venture upon kindness, and I said, (I am sure in honest sincerity), "The idea of your going such a long journey by yourself, or with chance company, grieves me. Can I be of any use in recommending you to the protection of the guard, or otherwise?"

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times," said she, raising for the first time a pair of mild innocent eyes to my face; "but He who put it in my mind to come, and blessed the purpose of my journey, can carry me safe back again; and I should be silly indeed to mind going a few hundred miles by land, when, trusting to him, I am about to sail to the other end of the world. I am much obliged to you, sir, I am sure though," said she again; and if we had been destined to go another stage together, I should certainly have known all.

Time, however, on all occasions despotic, is inexorable when armed with a mail-coach horn. I could only shake hands with the gentle being I left behind me, slip a crown into the guard's palm to look well after her, (which I was glad to see he took as a tacit affront), and turn my thoughts, by a strong effort, to my Northumbrian friend's affairs.

These occupied me fully and disagreeably all the morning; and early in the afternoon I was forced to run away from my friend's old claret, and older stories, (for I had shot snipes on his lands with my first gun some twenty years before), to fulfil an engagement in Edinburgh early on the following day.

I compounded for this outrage on the old gentleman's hospitality, by accepting his carriage to convey me back to Berwick in time for a coach, which I knew would start from thence for the north in the course of the evening; and no sooner did I find myself once more at the door of the King's Arms, than the circumstance brought full on my memory the romantic occurrence which had been, for the last few hours, eclipsed behind a mass of dusty law papers, and the portly persons of a brace of hard-featured and harsh-toned Northumbrian attorneys.

I found myself a few minutes too early; and as I stood on the steps, shivering in the cold evening breeze, and pondering on the vicissitudes of a northern April day, I could not help asking the landlord, (a civil, old-fashioned Boniface), "Pray sir, do you know any thing of the history of that nice decent-looking young woman who started from your house with me this morning for London?"

"Know, sir!" said he, as if in compassion for my ignorance. Ay, that I do! and so does all Berwick, and it would be well if all England and Scotland knew it too. If ever there was a kind heart and a pretty face in Berwick bounds, it's surely Mary Fenwick's!

"It's rather a long story though, sir, and the horses are just coming round; but I'm thinking there is one goes with you as far as Haddington, that won't want pressing to give you the outs and ins on't." So saying, he pointed to a stout grazer-looking personage, in a thick greatcoat and worsted comforter, who, by his open countenance and manly yeoman-like bearing, might have been own brother to Dandie Dinmont himself. "This gentleman," said the landlord, with a respectful glance at myself, and a familiar nod to the Borderer, (a substantial wool-stapler in Berwick, but passing in quest of his pastoral commodity half his life among the neighbouring farms,) "wishes to hear all about Mary Fenwick. You've known her from the egg, I may say; and been in court yourself on the trial yesterday; so you'll be able to give it him to his heart's content."

The last words were drowned in the rattle of the advancing coach,—in jumped I, and in clambered the Borderer; reconciled to the durance of an inside birth by the sharp east wind, and the pleasure of talking of Mary Fenwick.

Having explained, for the sake of propriety, that my interest in the damsel arose from the singular circumstance of one so young, and apparently inexperienced, travelling above six hundred miles, to pass one day in Berwick, my portly *vis-à-vis* civilly begged my pardon, and assured me that no one there felt the least uneasiness on the score of Mary's journey. "There's a blessing on her errand, sir, and that the very stones on the road know;

and, besides, she's so staid and sensible, and has so much dignity about her, that she's as fit to go through the world as her grandmother."

To all this I assented the more readily, that this very dignity had made me forego all inquiry into what I wished so much to know; and even now I listened to it with all the more satisfaction for the hint she had thrown out, as if of regret, for not having told me herself. "Does she belong to this place," asked I, "that you seem to know her so well?"

"Yes, sir; born and bred in Berwick bounds. She was a farmer's daughter, a mile out of town, and just what a farmer's daughter should be. Her mother, a clever notable woman, taught her to bake and brew, and knit and sew; in short, every thing that many girls in her station are now too fine to do. They think these good old-fashioned things make them ungentle, but they never made Mary Fenwick so; for I am sure, sir, but for her suitable dress and simple manner, you might have taken her for a lady."

"Well! Mary came often in her father's little cart to market, to sell her butter and eggs, (we've a great trade in eggs here, you know, sir); and, somehow or other, she fell in with a young man of our town, a merchant's clerk, who was taken with her good looks, and cared for very little else. His old father, however, (the old man who put Mary in the coach this morning), made many inquiries about his son's sweetheart; and as he heard nothing but good of her, he had the sense to see, that though one of a large hard-working family, she would be the very wife to reclaim his gay, idle, thoughtless son, if any thing would."

"And very idle and extravagant he was, sir! The only son of people well to do in the world, and a good deal spoilt from a child, he neglected his business whenever he could, and loved dress, and company, and horse-racing, and all that, far too well. But he really loved Mary Fenwick; and no sooner saw that she would not so much as listen to him while all this went on, than he quite left off all his wild courses, and became a new man, to gain her favour."

"It was not done in a hurry; for Mary had been brought up very piously, and had a horror for every

thing evil. But Dick Mansel was very clever, as well as handsome; and when he pleased, could make one believe any thing; and really, to give him his due, as long as he had any doubts of Mary's love, no saint could behave better. At last, however, he fairly gained her innocent heart; though I believe it was as much by the aid of his good father and mother's constant praises of himself, and doating fondness for Mary, as by his own winning ways.

"When he saw she loved him, and it was not by halves, though in her own gentle way, he wanted to marry her immediately; and Mary's father would have consented, for it was a capital match for his portionless girl. But Mary said, 'Richard, you have kept free of cards, and dice, and folly, one half year, to gain your own wishes; let me see you do it another, to make my mind easy, and then I'll trust you till death divides us.' Dick stormed, and got into a passion, and swore she did not love him; but she answered, 'It is just because I do, that I wish to give you a habit of goodness before you are your own master and mine. Surely it is no hardship to be for six months, what you intend to be all the rest of your life?'

"Richard was forced to submit; and for three of the six months behaved better than ever. But habit, as Mary said, is every thing; and his had for years set the wrong way. With the summer came fairs, and idleness, and junketings, and, worst of all, races, into the neighbourhood. Dick first staid away with a bad grace; then went, just to shew how well he could behave; and ended by losing his money, and getting into scrapes, just as bad as ever.

"For a time he was much ashamed, and felt real sorrow; and feared Mary would never forgive him. But when she did so, sweet gentle soul! once or twice, (though her pale face was reproach enough to any man), he began to get hardened, and to laugh at what he called her pensiveness. Mary was twenty times near giving him up; but his parents hung about her, and told her she only could save him from perdition; and, in truth, she thought so herself; and this, joined to the love for him, which was all the deeper for its slow growth, made her still ready to risk her own welfare for his.

"It is not to be told how much she

bore of idleness, extravagance, and folly,—for vice was never as yet laid to his door,—in the hopes that when these wild days were past, Richard would settle again into a sober man of business. At last, however, to crown all, there came players to the town; and Dick was not to be kept from either before or behind the curtain. He fell in with a gay madam of an actress, very shrewy to be sure, but no more to be compared with Mary Fenwick than a flaring crockery jug to my best China punchbowl. She persuaded him, that to marry a poor farmer's daughter was quite beneath him; and to be kept in awe by her more contemptible still. So, to make a long story short, sir, Dick, after trying in vain to force his poor heart-broken Mary to give him up, (that he might lay his ruin at her door), had the cruelty to tell her one night, as he met her going home to her father's from nursing his own sick mother, that he saw she was not a fit match for him, either in birth or breeding; and that if ever he married, it should be a wife of more liberal ways of thinking!

"He had been drinking a good deal, it is true, and was put up to this base conduct by his stage favourite; but when he found, that instead of a storm of reproaches, or even a flood of tears, poor Mary only stood pale, and shaking, and kept saying, 'Poor Richard! poor, poor Richard!' he grew sobered, and would fain have softened matters a little. But she summoned all her strength, and ran till she came to her father's gate; and two days after, when the old Mansels drove out in a post-chaise, to try and make it all up, and get their son put once more upon his trial, Mary was off—her parents would not tell whither."

"And where did she go?" asked I, for the first time venturing to interrupt the honest Berwick's *con amore* narration. "It came out, sir, afterwards, that an uncle in London had formerly invited her to come up and visit him; and now that her engagement was so sadly broken off, she told her parents it would save her much misery to leave home for a while, and even go to service, to keep out of the way till Dick Mansel should be married. 'Or hanged!' cried her father, in his passion, (as he afterwards acknowledged), little thinking how near it was being the case. There was a salmon-smack

lying in the river just then, whose master was Mary's cousin; so she slipped quietly on board in the dark, and got safely to London."

"How long was this ago?" said I. "Oh! about five or six months, perhaps: let me see, it was in October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary staid but a short time at her uncle's, as idleness was a thing she never liked; but through his wife, (who had been housekeeper to a nobleman), she got a delightful place in the same family, as upper nursery-maid; which her gentle manners, and steady temper, and long experience in her father's family, made her every way fit for."

"She had not been long with them, when Lord S—— was appointed to a government in the Indies; and as he resolved to take out some of his younger children, nothing would serve Lady S—— but Mary must go with them. They were grown so fond of her, that her cares on the voyage would be worth gold; and then her staid, sober, dignified ways made her a perfect treasure in a country where I understand girl's heads are apt to be turned. Lady S—— knew her story, and thought it recommendation enough; so her parents were written to, half Mary's ample wages secured them by her desire; and she went down to the sea-side to be in the way to embark at the last moment, when all the tedious outfit for a great man's voyage was over."

"So this explains a hint she threw out, about going to the world's end!" said I.

"Yes, sir; she would have been half way there already, if it had not pleased God to send a contrary wind, to save Dick Mansel's life." "His life! poor wretch!" said I; "did he take to worse courses still?" "Pretty bad, sir; but not quite so bad as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I can."

"There came about Berwick, now and then, a scamp of a fellow, whom every body knew to be a gambler and a cheat; and whom none but such idle dogs as Dick Mansel would keep company with. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last autumn, and to have won money of Richard both on the turf and at the card-table. They had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle; but few knew or cared; and

Jack Osborne went away as he came, with none the wiser."

"But about six weeks or two months ago, it began to be whispered that he had been missed of late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the last place where he had been seen; and, good for nothing as he was, he had decent relations who began to think it worth while to inquire into it. The last person in whose company he had been seen, in our town, was certainly Dick Mansel; who, when asked about him, denied all knowledge of his old comrade. But Dick's own character by this time was grown very notorious; and though no one here, from respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion, Jack Osborne's stranger uncle felt no scruple in insinuating that his nephew had met with foul play, and insisting on an inquiry."

"In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out: a pair of pistols, well known to be Osborne's, were found in Dick's possession; and a story, of his having received them in part payment of some gambling debt, was of course very little, if at all believed. There were plenty of people who could depose, that on the 23d of October, at a tavern dinner, the two had quarrelled, and had high words; though they were afterwards seen to go out separately, and seemingly good friends."

"The next step in evidence was, two people having returned late that evening, and on passing a little stunted thicket, about half a mile from town, hearing something like groans and cries; which, however, they paid little attention to, being in a great hurry. This caused the place to be searched; and in an old sand-pit near the spot, to the surprise and horror of all Berwick, were found the remains of poor Jack Osborne; his clothes, from the dry nature of the ground, quite in good preservation."

"Things began now to put on a face terribly serious for Dick Mansel; especially as another man now came forward to say (people should be very cautious, sir!) that he had met Dick—or some one so like him, that he had no doubt of its being him—on the road to that very spot, just before the hour when the groans were heard; and that on being addressed by his name, he passed on, and gave no answer."

"Between the quarrel, and the pistols, and the groans, and the dead body, and, above all, the evidence of this man, a complete case was made out for a jury, and there were many things besides to give it a colour; especially poor Dick's own reckless habits, and his evident confusion when first asked what he had been doing on the evening of the 23d of October. To those who saw his conscience-stricken look, when taken by surprise, and his angry defiance afterwards, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt.

"Dick was committed for trial; and, oh! sir, it was a sad day for all who knew his worthy parents, and had seen the creature himself grow up before them, a pretty curly-haired child, and then a manly, spirited boy! His behaviour in prison was chiefly dogged and sullen; and he seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who could suppose him guilty, as most did; but on his poor father (who never would credit it) urging him to think, for the sake of his gray hairs, whether some means of proving his innocence might not yet be found, he at length said, though it seemed wrung from him by his parent's distress, 'There's one person on earth who could clear me of this horrible charge, (but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she's left England), and that's Mary Fenwick! This is a judgment on me, father, for my usage of that girl!'

"The agonised parents lost not a moment in writing to Mary the most pathetic letter broken heart ever penned. They feared she would have sailed, but it pleased God otherwise; and though the wind that first kept them had changed, they were detained one week longer for reasons of state. Mary carried the letter to her good mistress, and told her all.

"She readily got leave for the journey, and was offered a fellow-servant to take care of her; but she was steadfast in declining it. 'I would wish no unnecessary witness of poor Richard's shame and his parents' sorrow, my lady,' said she; 'and God will protect one who is going to return good for evil.'

"There was not a moment to be lost, to let Mary appear at the assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsmouth in time; so into the mail she stepped,

and arrived here as soon as a letter could have done. When they saw her, the poor old Mansels almost fainted for joy. They kissed and wept over her, as they had done many a time when their son's wildness grieved her gentle spirit; but they soon came to look up to her as a guardian angel come to save their gray hairs from despair and disgrace.

"They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard; but she said mildly, 'We have both need of our strength for to-morrow. Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him; and pray that it may not be from danger in *this world* alone.'

"She was quite worn out with fatigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay her innocent head down once more on her mother's bosom, in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected ever to lay it again. She rose quite refreshed, and able for the hard trial (and hard it was to one so modest and retiring) of appearing in court before her whole towns-people on so melancholy an occasion.

"She was indulged with a chair, and sat as much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind friends, till she should be called on. The case for the prosecution was gone into; and a chain of circumstantial evidence made out so desperately against poor Dick, that the crown counsel—a rather flip-pant young man—said, 'This is a hollow case, you will see, my lord. Nothing short of an *alibi* can bring him off.'

"'And that shall be proved immediately, my lord,' replied—very unexpectedly—some of the prisoner's friends. 'We have a witness here come more than three hundred miles for the purpose;' and Mary, shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box. The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I should be sorry to say, sir, he wished to find her testimony false; but lawyers have a frightful pride in shewing their ingenuity; and he did not quite like his 'hollow case' to be overturned. At all events his manner was any thing but encouraging to a poor frightened girl; but he little knew that Mary could be firm as a rock where duty was concerned.

"On being desired to say what she knew of this business, Mary simply averred, in as few words as possible,

that Richard Mansel could not have been in Overton wood at the hour assigned for the murder of Jack Osborne; as he was at that very time with her, on the road to S—— farm, exactly on the other side of the town.

" 'Very pleasantly engaged, I dare say, my dear!' said the counsel, flip-pantly; 'but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence on that account.' 'I am sure they ought,' said Mary, in a tone of deep and solemn sincerity, which dashed the lawyer a good deal. 'But,' said he, recovering himself, 'Richard Mansel met you, you say, on the road to S——, at a little after the hour of nine, on a certain evening. Pray what reason may you have for remembering the hour?'

" 'Because I had staid to give his mother her nine o'clock draught before I left town; and because, just as I got to my father's gate, the church clock struck ten.'

" 'Very accurate! And pray what leads you to be so positive as to the day?' 'Because, the very next evening I sailed for London in a smack, whose sailing day is always on a Friday, and Thursday must have been the 23d.'

" 'Very logical indeed! And now, my dear, to come more to the point, how come you to remember this meeting itself so very particularly? It was not the first, I daresay.' 'No, sir,' said Mary, her paleness giving way to a flush of insulted dignity; 'but it was the last!! I remember it, because we were engaged to be married; and on that very night (and I bless God it was no other) Richard Mansel told me, and not very kindly, I was not a fit wife for him; and all that had been going on between us so long was for ever at an

end! I have a right to remember this, sir, I think.*

" Mary had made, to muster strength and utterance for this testimony, all the exertion nature would permit. She fell back, fainting, into her father's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran through the court.

" 'This is an *alibi*, with a witness!' said an old shrewd barrister. 'Tis not likely a discarded sweetheart would come six hundred miles to perjure herself for a scoundrel like this!' In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be required, there was handed to the jury a housewife, or pocket-book, whose few leaves of simple memorandums contained, (evidently written down at the moment, and blotted with a still discernible tear), 'Oct. 23d,—This day, parted for ever in this world with poor Richard Mansel. God grant we may meet in the next.'

" And did they meet again in this world, sir?" said I, when my honest friend had got rid of something troublesome in his eyes. "No, sir; Mary felt it was better otherwise, and no one durst press it upon her. She wrote him a letter though, which no one else saw; and I hear he says his life was hardly worth saving, since he has lost Mary. Poor devil! we'll see if this great escape will sober him!"

Little more passed between me and my friend, as the lights of Dunbar were now in view. I have since been in Berwick, and find Richard lives with his parents, a sadder and a wiser man than they ever expected him to be; and Mary is married, in India, to a young chaplain, up the country, to whom Lord S—— has promised a living in her own native north, on his return to Britain.

THE ELDER IN LOVE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SCENE—A Drawing-room. SIR JOHN JOHNSTON, and GABRIEL JOHNSTON, an Elder of the Secession.

SIR JOHN.

LOVE! the most generous passion of the mind;
The softest refuge innocence can find;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes and secured by truth;
That cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down:

On which one only blessing God might raise
In lands of atheists subsidies of praise ;
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove
But felt a God, and blessed his power, in love.

GABRIEL.

Alas, Sir John ! thou little know'st of love,
And it befits thee ill to talk of it.
Would I could say the same !

SIR JOHN.

What, Gabriel ? Thou ?

A pillar of the temple—a strong prop
In the true Antiburgher meeting-house—
In love ? Throwing thy sombre cloak aside—
Religion's cloak, that covers many flaws—
Thy stern demeanour, and thy look severe,
And yielding to that lightsome dalliance,
The love of woman ! I may not believe
That such a doure, stanch Antiburgher elder
Could fall into that crimson sin so deep !
Gabriel, why dost thou sigh ? I purpose not
To preach a sermon now. Or, if I do,
Woman shall be my text ; and vanity,
Smiles, beauty, sin, and suffering, my theme.

GABRIEL.

'Tis easy for a gentleman to talk,
In folly's lightest strains, of things that lie
Beyond his fathom. There are germs, Sir John,
Implanted in our natures, embryo sparks,
That need but kindling to set a whole world
In burning flame. Of all those energies,
The love of woman is the first, the greatest,
The most supreme, intense, and absolute,
That man's firm soul encounters. To my cost,
I know this for a truth ! O, I have loved,
Even to the very sickness of the soul !

SIR JOHN.

I scarce believe my senses, when I hear
That one so used to sit and grunt at church ;
To make wry faces, wink, and shake the head ;
Gather up halfpence in long-shafted ladles ;
Hand the good elements, and pocket up
Stiff leaden coinage, of unshapely mould
And charnel hue ; to pray beside the sick ;
At funerals whine out long and stupid graces ;
And sing, " O mother dear, Jerusalem !"
In every saintly throng ; a very slow-hound
Upon the scent of sin ; a terrier
Within the warren of iniquity,
To tear up youthful crime, and it expose
To the anathemas of stern divine,
Of ancient maiden, or of matron grim,
Yearning o'er blooming offspring ;—such a man
To bow at beauty's shrine—to sit and blink
Out through his fingers at the youthful bloom
Of virgin in her prime. O Gabriel, fie !
I cannot credit this, unless I hear
All the particulars of that offence.

GABRIEL.

There is a principle in love, Sir John,
That leads man to devotion. Then, again,
Devotion kindles up the germs of love
Within the virtuous heart. They work, and work
To one another's hands. " They tortured me,

And harrow'd up my soul. I cannot tell it—
O no, Sir John, I cannot tell it you!

SIR JOHN.

Yes, Gabriel, do! Pray do, my good old friend;
I cannot live without the full detail
Of this great backsliding—this woful fall.
It must be a piteous tale, and, as I deem,
One of most thrilling interest.

GABRIEL.

That it is!

A tale of such intensity of interest
Was never syllabled by tongue of man!
Well, then, Sir John, when thou wert far away
At the great English schools, there came a youth
From out the Border to be butler here.
By wayward fate our lots were cast together:
We mess'd, work'd, walk'd, and went to church,
Waked, slept, and sung, still by each other's sides.
Now not one thought was in that fellow's head,
Nor theme nor subject ever on his tongue,
But one; and that was women!—women!—women!
He talk'd of women when he woke at morn;
He talk'd of women when he went to rest;
And then he dream'd of them, and raved, and laugh'd
In weak and treble quavers; sighed and wept,
And named their thrilling names. There was not aught
Lovely in nature that he would not liken
To something about women—and all in them,
Lovely or not, to something heavenly.
He talk'd about their forms,—the taper limb,
The flexile waist, round loin, and budding bosom,
Like fair twin roses opening to the bloom!
Then came the smiles, the dimples, and the blushes,
And these he liken'd to the dawning beauties
Of summer morn. All was so wonderful,
So rich, so pure, so made for love and joy,
That 'faith, Sir John, I fairly caught the infection,
And fell in love! Long did I pray against it,
And sob and weep alone. But straight I came
Back to that torrid Borderer's society,
And all my efforts vanish'd in his breath.
I listen'd with devotion—groan'd in spirit;
And then besought him to describe to me
The dear, bewitching beings o'er again.

I was in a woful plight! But all was nought,
Until he came to talk about their eyes.
Good Lord, Sir John! if you had heard him talk
About their eyes, you must have fallen a victim
As well as I. He call'd them living fountains,
Deep as the sea—the mirrors of the soul,
In which one saw portray'd all that was lovely
In God's fair universe. The woods, the hills,
The bowers, and deep recesses of the forest,
So framed for secret love—the clouds, the skies,
And marble pavements of the firmament!
I trembled in amaze. But when he said
That in those heavenly mirrors he could see
The secret workings of the soul within,
The beatings of the heart, and all the motions
Within the fair one's breast, I felt my brain
Turn swifter than a millstone, and my skull
Grew rigid, as if scalp'd. Then, worst of all,
He raved about two bright twin gods of love,

That smiled deep in those eyes—fair, lovely cherubs,
 That much resembled him the fair one loved.
 When'er he look'd into those living springs,
 With pure, with holy, and with kind affection,
 O they were lovely, smiling babes, he said,
 And thrill'd the hearts of those who look'd at them !
 I ask'd if they were naked ? He said, No,
 But thinking made them so. O then, Sir John,
 The fatal shaft had sped ! My very soul
 Sick'n'd within me, and pass'd forth away
 Into the paths of pure and ardent love.
 I then became a corpse—dead, yet alive—
 A blind automaton, that moved alone
 To that one spring. I saw nought on the earth,
 On the broad sea, among the sailing clouds,
 The hosts of heaven, the warring elements,
 Even to the burning flame,—nought could I see
 In all but lovely maids and naked bairns !
 So boundless was the measure of my love. .
 O shame for *you* to talk of love, Sir John !

SIR JOHN.

And all this while who was the maid elect,
 The chosen one on whom this love was placed ?

GABRIEL.

O hold your tongue, Sir John ! That's a sore part,
 A wound that festers yet within this breast—
 I weep yet when I think o't (*cries*). Maid elect ?
 No, that was far below my generous flame !
 I loved the women, the angelic things,
 The dear, deluding, melting virgin forms,
 Of whom this Borderer spoke. 'Twas those I loved !
 I long'd to look into their liquid eyes,
 Those windows of the soul, and there to scan
 Love's most profound and everlasting springs.
 But, most of all, I long'd to see the babes,
 Those little images of living joy.
 But every virgin turn'd away her face,
 And scream'd with laughter. Then I had such dreams
 Of looking into those deep, lovely eyes,
 And seeing all those hidden mysteries
 That lie embedded in the virgin heart,
 Which mortal dares not name. Once on a night
 I saw a lovely mother with a child
 Press'd naked to her breast—and still she wept
 And look'd to heaven ; but the tears she shed
 Were liquid fire. Upon *my* breast they fell,
 And sear'd it to the core. Then I grew sick,
 And wish'd to die outright ; for I had been
 Mentally dead for days, and months, and years,
 To all but love. Longer I could not live
 In such lone misery and dark despair.
 O then the sufferings I endured, Sir John,
 Of bleedings, living upon lentil soup,
 And blistering on the top o' the crown, were such
 As man ne'er bore before—yet here I am !
 But often have I wish'd that Border wight,
 That meteor of the element of love,
 And worshipper of woman's eye, might fall
 And break his neck over a woman's foot !
 This is my tale, Sir John.

SIR JOHN.

'Faith ! and a most magnificent tale it is.

LETTERS TO THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

No. I.

TO THE STUDENTS OF MEDICINE.

Nettle Hall, Feb. 1, 1832.

DEAR MR. YORKE,

WHETHER or not a reformer in politics, there can be no doubt that you are one in literature; and it would delight me could I succeed in occasionally directing your critical glances to the state of the so-called Learned Professions. All three require not a little rubbing up—Medicine, Law, and Divinity. Indulge me, when you have six or eight pages to spare, with an epistle regarding each; and first (as the most imperatively called for) of that which I have placed at the head of the trio—its sins, perhaps, crying out the loudest for flagellation.

In an age, Mr. Yorke, when so much has been done for the advancement of the arts and sciences—when old clothesmen profess themselves Utilitarians, and coffee-grinders write accounts of “Mocha’s sober berry”—when Hunt vends his blacking in a four-in-hand, and Warren keeps a back shop full of poets—it is deplorable to think that medical literature still retains those features of semi-barbarity which characterised it under the dynasty of the barber surgeons. Its only change since the days of the painted pole consists in its having discarded all belief in alchemical and astrological mysticism. We say this, like the ghost of Hamlet’s father, “more in sorrow than in anger;” but, alas! the truth is too glaring to be overlooked: it stares us in the face from Dan to Beersheba; and while our law commentaries and volumes of pulpit instruction manifest, at least in their composition, such a general spur of determination to keep pace with the spirit of that age, for which Lord Brougham and Vaux’s schoolmaster has done so much, our medical treatises are still deformed by that quackery in disguise, as to matter, and that unclassical, rude, and plebeian coarseness, as to manner, which evince a radical defect somewhere.

After a very little stirring up with the long pole, or, to approach nearer, Mr. YORKE, to the phraseology of our subject, a little probing *secundum artem*, it appears pretty evident that the root of the malady lies, as far as

the students are concerned, in the deficiency of a preparatory classical education. We have no great faith in Dr. Spurzheim’s mental manifestations; but surely, thirteen, or even fourteen, is by much too early an age for the commencement of a medical apprenticeship; because, in the first place, the character is not then marked by the tendencies and peculiarities which are to distinguish it through after-life; and, in the second place, because no preliminary education can be considered as being mastered by that time. Shakespeare’s “little Latin and less Greek” is consequently the portion of nineteen-twentieths of the young men who, after three or four seasons dedicated to the manipulation of pills, the labelling of potions, the portage of packages, and the oxidation of quicksilver in a glass mortar, now and then varied by the phlebotomisation of paupers and the bungling extraction of decayed masticators, present themselves for matriculation at the Universities of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, for the purpose of qualifying themselves for a diploma, to legalise their sporting and experimenting with the lives of his Majesty’s loyal but unlucky subjects. Of a verity, these gentry bear testimony to the Apologue of D’Alembert, who represented Nature as fighting with a disease, and the physician as a blind man armed with a club, who is called in to settle the difference. Having tried to make peace in vain, he lifts his club and strikes at random: “if he strikes the disease, he kills the disease; if he hits Nature, he kills Nature.”

We are quite aware that certain recent enactments fix the term of study at the different seminaries, and that it is protracted or shortened according to particular circumstances. This is right, so far as it goes; and were it not the case, precocity would have even greater room for triumph than it now possesses. As it is, the spirit of adventure has “ample room and verge enough;” for, in all conscience, eighteen is an early enough age to let loose a diplomaed Esculapian on society, with powers to have Messrs. John Bull, Alexander Tartan, and Paddy

Whack, under the lancet, before his own chin has been submitted to the razor.

Within the last two or three years a pamphleteering war was carried on in Edinburgh, the great *habitat* of medical students, between Dr. Duncan and Dr. John Thompson, Dr. Craigie, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Abercrombie, and a host of red-hot auxiliaries on either side, as to whether a preliminary classical education was necessary for a medical practitioner; and if so, what was the preferable *curriculum* of study. The commissioners, however, appointed by government to inquire into the management of the universities, have done much in pointing out many flagrant absurdities; and the new regulations which have been promulgated, do, in some measure, forestall several of the animadversions which we should otherwise have found ourselves necessitated to make. Much, nevertheless, remains to be remedied. It is not enough to *recommend* medical practitioners in the country to *encourage* the young men apprenticed with them to prosecute the study of the Latin, Greek, and modern languages, together with the elements of the mathematics and natural philosophy, as a step preparatory to their entering college. Surgeons, both in town and country, have something to do with their apprentices more nearly allied to their own selfish interests than the furtherance of their classical studies, which the young men themselves regard in the light of rather a troublesome humbug; so, between the two, like Master Doubtful between the two stools, Cæsar and Cicero are allowed to fall to the ground, and Gregory's *Conspectus*, for aught they know, may be purer in its Latinity than the *Opera Celsi*. We hate all half measures, Mr. YORKE, whether in politics, literature, science, or religion, and this is no better. We would rather have no statute at all, than one which, from the facility of evading it, not only ceases to be a terror to evil-doers, but actually becomes an encouragement to transgression. To *recommend* and to *encourage* boys, forsooth! Oh! Master Barnabas, this is the age of intellect and freewill, or rather of liberty, which may be interpreted license. To do good, the enactment must be a *sine quâ non*—must be peremptory. The earliest age for receiving medical students should be sixteen. He, the embryo doctor,

should bring with him regular vouchers of his initiatory classical and scientific studies from the particular professors of the university at which he is to matriculate himself, and should be compelled to bring the certificate of his general acquirements to the librarian, before his name can be registered in the album, from a board appointed by the *senatus academicus* for that purpose. He should then be put through a succession of medical and surgical classes, according to the formulæ of a schedule of education laid down, as thought most eligible, by the Royal Colleges; all of which, as a matter of fairness and impartiality, should be placed exactly on the same footing. And surely it is early enough to grant a diploma at that age before which the law denies to a man the disposal of his own affairs.

Having thus, Mr. YORKE, said a few words regarding the preliminaries to a medical college education, we come to the recent and to the existing modes of attendance on the various classes.

Until within these last two or three years, a medical student, so far as regarded his presence at class, had not a single tie upon him; and every thing was left to his own sense of propriety—often latitudinarian enough, God wot! Only two things were incumbent upon him—to register himself in the college album, and to fee his teachers. His attendance on lecture, nay, even his residence at the city of his university, was a matter left entirely to his own free will. His attention to his studies, or progress in them, were matters of as mere chance as the stable-yard game at pitch and toss. Freed from all domestic trammels, and from the scowl of the rustic pettinger under whose tuition he had learned the art of manufacturing pitch-plasters and cauterising sprained coal-heavers, the young disciple of the Hippocratic art finds himself, as it were, fallen from the clouds among a dense population—among streets swarming like a bee-hive. Go it, Neddy—every thing is new and rare: there are admirals of the navy and generals of the army, dandies and dandizettes, prime swells and raggamuffins out at the elbows, ladies of name and ladies of public fame; orators, artists, and critics; players and opera-dancers, aldermen and keepers of wild beast-shows; Christians, Jews, and Pagans; Cockneys from beyond Temple-bar, and Celts from Lochaber. His senses are

bewildered with novelty, and his eyes dazzled like those of Aladdin in the Arabian tale. It is not easy to conceive what imaginations run in the young fellow's head; his organ of ideality, as the phrenologists term it, seems suddenly to have become as large as a turnip. He feels a couple of inches taller in his shoes; and has a latent foreknowledge that he is some Baillie, Hunter, or Gregory, in embryo. As to study, nobody cares about study during the first session—there will be time enough for all that sort of thing afterwards; and, to his gratified astonishment, he finds that there is literally no embargo on his hours at all.

How, then, Mr. YONKE, does the professional descendant of Fabricius de Aquapendente conduct himself? Why, exactly as might be expected by any one who is not a Utopian, or a believer in the doctrine of human perfectibility. He attends a few mornings on the *materia medica* lectures, which he soon takes it into his head he quite knows already, from his three years' Egyptian bondage in Dr. Colocynth's laboratory. Besides, no one, without absolute compulsion, would ever dream of floundering through the sleet and snow to a lecture-room, on a cold, dark morning, in the dead of winter. It will be time enough to venture abroad after breakfast; and then comes the chemistry.

The science of Lavoisier and Sir Humphry Davy presents something more attractive. Young Hopeful accordingly sets to work tooth and nail. He reads voraciously,—comprehends, or thinks he does so, all about the alkalis, and electricity, and caloric, and the atomic theory; and not only sees, but repeats, a multitude of experiments, to the endangerment of his landlady, and her numerous progeny of helpless children, all of whom run the risk of being exploded through the roof by the unexpected bursting of retorts, or the equally unexpected combustion of hydrogen. Electrical machines and galvanic troughs are sad affairs; but fulminating silver is the devil itself, and sometimes unaccountably takes it into its head to go off without the slightest forewarning.

Our protégé then tries anatomy, only to find Albinus and Campers repulsive fellows, and osteology as dry as an old maid of seventy. Besides, what need of hearing a musty lecture over a

putrid carcass? All the anatomical works have plates remarkably like nature, and much more pleasant to look at than the disinhumed reality. He, however, lets off a sly hint in company regarding some resurrection men of his acquaintance, and points out more than one churchyard which are not quite so secure as they might be made. In fact, he now considers himself as one of the initiated, and finds it incumbent upon him to scout popular prejudices, defends practical science at all hazards, and thinks that a good deal may even be said in defence of the system of *Burkeing*.

The result of all this is, that, in the course of a month or six weeks, our friend's appearances at lecture are like Tom Campbell's angel visits,

“ Few and far between; ”

and ere another moon wane her horns, he has heroically cut the whole concern, as a bore of the first magnitude. He finds something infinitely more diverting in the billiard-room, the opera, and the theatre; gets into training at the Fives' Court; and, in less than no time, is able for a hit in the gloves with the Game Chicken or Left-handed Neddy. Drs. Thompson, Hope, or Brande, could not hold a candle either to the Indian jugglers or Monsieur Chabert; Dr. Alison must succumb to Francalanza, and Charles Bell to Dusty Ned; inasmuch as the theory of physic is inferior in science to the practice of fencing or milling; nor has the dismemberment of a rotten subject at Mr. Pattison's or Mr. Partridge's any chance with the savoury dissection of a stubble goose at the sign of the Bell and the Savage.

However much, Mr. OLIVER, such a picture may seem overcharged, it is nearer the truth with a large proportion of the young men who come to London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, or Dublin, with the ostensible purpose of studying medicine, than will be readily believed by the non-medical world, or by their friends in the country. We are convinced that such is the fact, for the best of all reasons,—that we know it to be so. But, allowing that there may be exceptions, and that in every tenth instance it is otherwise, wherein consists the cause of these phœnixes being distinguished from the *profanum vulgus*? We have only to look for it in one of two things.

It must either have been the lot of the gentlemen excepted to have brought—to have fortunately brought—to their medical studies that necessary degree of preliminary classical education which we have endeavoured so strenuously to recommend; or they must be persons of strong uncultivated intellect, spurred into exertion by the multiplicity of channels for speculation which the different lectureships open up to their distracted attention.

With the former class it fares well, so far as their moral principles and religious belief are concerned. In the subjects treated of as matters of scientific speculation, and in the examination of the structure of the human body, they behold only a wonderful adaptation of means to ends in the scheme of an all-wise Providence. With the other, the reverse of all this is but unhappily too likely to occur. Their minds possess more vigour than discrimination, a greater zeal after truth than philosophical acumen in discovering it. They think and read till they gradually bewilder the judgment, like a savage who traverses a strange country without a map; and they soon lose the power of discriminating the substance from the shadow, the real from the specious. The groundwork of the art they are studying soon seems to resemble Pope's chaos, in being "a maze without a plan." It is found that one age has only pulled down one theory to set up another, whose duration proved not a whit more permanent: desperate efforts are made to throw light on mysteries which appear as inscrutable as the liability (and only once) of the human body to variola, the extension of particular fevers to particular days, or mental hallucination without vascular excitement or organic derangement. The thoughts are at length tossed on a shoreless sea of doubt, and this sceptical disposition extends itself over every subject of contemplation, till our Sadducees come, in the end, like Bishop Berkeley, to be uncertain as to the reality of matter, or personal identity,—or as to whether they walked on their heads or their heels. The consummation of this miserable delusion is effected by the study of practical anatomy;—there all their loosely hanging principles are unsettled, and probably upset for ever. In the decay of the material frame they think that they behold the utter

extinction of man, whose moral and intellectual endowments they have come to regard only as the result of material organisation. Fatalism, in all its gloom, takes possession of their minds; and many of them have the hardihood to declare in words what Lawrence has promulgated in writing.

If the half-informed and speculative medical student, Mr. YORKE, escapes this abyss—the most awful which can engulf the sentiments of a human being,—he is in danger of imbibing opinions for ever derogatory to the character of the profession he is destined to follow through life. From the chaotic state of disorder in which the principles and practice of the healing art are still taught, he soon finds that what one lauds to the skies as the essence of truth, the other derides as the height of nonsense, and that every individual physician of eminence has his favourite nostrums and panaceas, which he is apt to lug in on all occasions. One lecturer, a far way perhaps declined, like Hogg's flying tailor, into the vale of years, has still a lingering hankering after Boerhaave and the doctrines of the humoral pathology; a second sees a great deal to admire in excitability and Dr. Brown; while a third is all for Cullen, spasm of the extreme vessels, and the antiphlogistic regimen. Yesterday he was told, that in mercury and its chemical combinations may be found specifics for all the diseases that eloped from Pandora's box; and to-day he learns, from perhaps the same authority, that half the ailments afflicting modern society arise from their indiscriminate exhibition. Of the eternal jargon about the identity of small-pox, chicken-pox, swine-pox, horn-pox, crystal-pox, pearl-pox, and all the rest of the poxes and hoaxes, he is condemned to swallow dose after dose, day after day, *usque ad nauseam*, only to find "confusion worse confounded." One swears by the Galenicals, gambooge is worth gold, and gentian worth the fine gold; another is as exclusively attached to chemicals,—in the sulphate of iron he beholds a specific for tic douloureux, and in iodine for scrofula. This proves, beyond the cavil of a doubt, the propriety of blood-letting in fevers; that decries it, as somewhat little short of downright murder. The plague has been proved to be not infectious: nay, even the circulation of the blood is, in the

thirty-first year of the nineteenth century, stoutly denied, as heterodox, by a surgeon in Perthshire.

Any one, Mr. YORKE, with eyesight at all clearer than that of the mole, must perceive that there is something fundamentally, radically wrong in all this. The experience of a long-linked succession of ages, from the days of Podalirius and Machaon to our own,—the recorded observations of Hippocrates and the Greeks—of Erasistratus and the Egyptians—of Celsus and the Latins—of Avicenna and the Arabians,—together with the thousand and one tomes of their mongrel modern descendants, who, under the title of physicians, barber-chirurgeons, apothecaries, and men-midwives, have bled and blistered mankind from Roger Bacon to Matthew Baillie,—ought to have led to a very different result. So Cretan-like is the labyrinth of absurdity which staggers us in the contemplation of the history of the healing art, that one would be almost led to suspect that it is incapable of fixed principles. This is not, however, the case; and we must look for the cause of a deplorable fact in medical men themselves, and not in the nature of their calling. Diseases remain specifically and intrinsically the same; only, the self-will of every generation of Esculapians goads them on to the independency of looking upon them with other eyes than those of their ancestors: consequently, they erect an idol each for themselves, which the succeeding generations, each for itself, calcitrates and heels over. It may be true, that in the history of diseases a few anomalies have occurred, as in the instances of small-pox, lues, and the sweating-sickness, and now in cholera; but these are only drops in the bucket; and the cases of Hippocrates may, from his accurate enumeration of their symptoms, be readily arranged under their distinctive heads in the nosologies of Sauvages or Cullen.

One word at parting with our good friends the students. They may think we have made somewhat of a digression from them; but we shall briefly give them our reasons for it.

As we never gather pine-apples from bramble-bushes, nor figs from thistles, so it would be equally absurd to expect a well-written medical treatise from a practitioner who has occasional doubts as to the spelling of his own name,

and whose language as much resembles Sanscrit as English. No, no. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Philosophical reasoning is the produce of philosophical habits of thinking—cool, clear, rational, dispassionate, free from all predilections and prejudices. Since the creation of Adam, no classically written book was ever given to the world save by a classically educated person; or ever shall be, till the extinction of Omegarius—whether we regard him as “the last man” of Campbell, Hood, or Mrs. Shelley. We have only to open the pages of our medical reviews, journals, and gazettes, to be disgusted with the heterogenous mass of absurdity and nonsense constituting nine-tenths of their general contents. Every booby must chronicle his cases, forsooth! because he is for ever encountering marvels, which would cease to be such did the extent of his reading apprise him that hundreds of such had been previously enumerated. No quarter is shewn to the king’s English in their detail; and the head of Priscian is cracked in every paragraph. “Pelion and the Wart” lose their relative proportions; trifles are grandiloquently inflated, like the frog in *Aesop*, into preposterous ox-like dimensions, and minutiae chronicled with an elaboration worthy of the most distinguished Chinese polisher of cherry-stones. Paper follows paper, “full of sound and fury,” linked together only by that puzzling law of mind, the associating principle of contrast. Here we go up-up-up into the regions of bombastic magniloquence; there we go down-down-down into the leaden profundities of the bathos; while a sensible, well-written essay, astonished to find itself in such company, looks as forlorn as an oasis in the desert. Doctor Heavy-stern gets at his purpose through thick and thin, as if he was prescribing, not to human beings, but jackasses; and affords an amusing contrast with Ebenezer Pomposo, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., the finical and thrice-refined, who carries about his stethoscope in the pocket opposite to his lavendered handkerchief, and notes every auscultation of his poor patient’s heart with that Gallic humbug.

The enlightened conductors of the principal medical periodicals—the Duncans, the Craiges, the Wakleys, and the Johnsons—must be often sorely distraught in the perusal of the unleavened farragos pouring in from

the four winds of heaven upon them, and whose subjects, in defiance of Aristotle and common sense, have neither beginning, middle, nor end. Many things are nauseating to undertake; but for the wealth of Cræsus or Mr. Rothschild we would not wade through their Balaam-box. Philosophy would be horrified at the incessant calcitrations made by the bloody blotters of foolscap against the unfortunate Lord Bacon and his inductive reasoning, and at finding inferences drawn from premises with which they have as little connexion, legitimately, as plum-porridge with the sound of a trumpet; while the teeth of taste would be irremediably set on edge by the crude harshness of that language which the writings of Shakespeare and Scott have shewn can be rendered, on the whole, not unpleasant.

The fact is, Mr. YORKE, that medical science and literature have by no means kept pace with the modern enlightenments of society and the modern improvements in education. The respectability of the profession must emanate from itself, and, to raise it to that standard to which its object entitles it, we must look to the effect of future legislative enactments. Ignorance and quackery are always fair game, whether with potion in hand, hassock on back, or brief in pocket; and the buffoonery of Molière, directed against the bleeding and blistering blockheads of France, at once degraded the practitioners of physic to a level in society from which they have scarcely yet been able to reascend. Had his satire not been so well merited, its effects would not have cut so deeply, nor the scars been visible so long. Bad as the world is (and it is a bitter bad world), its sympathies are

generally enlisted on the side of truth; and that the dramatist was right, appeared from the cachinnations of mankind, and the discomfiture of the painted pole. Let us look to ourselves: we are, God wot! at a low enough ebb ourselves with respect to knowledge and acquirement. Intellectual illumination is rapidly pervading the mass of society, and only folks in their dotage are to be gulled by old wives' fables.

We must now, Mr. YORKE, conclude for the present. To those who may think we have treated the subject in a light way, we beg seriously to affirm that we regard it as one of the highest importance. That medical literature is in a most disgraceful state, there can be no doubt, and we believe this to originate in the lack of that preparatory classical education which is essentially necessary, not only to give the mind its polish, but even just habits of thinking. Nothing must be left to chance, or to a vague sense of propriety; let the necessary studies be rendered imperative. Until regulations to enforce attention to this subject are enacted, it will be in vain to look for any general improvement. The error must be rectified at its fountain-head, ere a higher tone can be imparted to medical writings. Let every young man be obliged to give proofs of his scholarship before he be admitted as a professional student. When he has matriculated, let him first be taught the philosophical principles of his art, lest he lose the power of discrimination in the confusion of practice; and it requires not the powers of a sibyl to predict, that when a better preparation is prescribed, a happier consummation will be arrived at. Meantime, dear Mr. YORKE, yours ever,

GABRIEL COWITCH.

JOHN BLACK'S LORD PLUNKETT AND JOHN GALT'S
ARCHIBALD JOBBRY.

WE have often and often praised our friend John Black as a scholar and a gentleman, and (excepting our dearly beloved brethren of the *Standard*), as the only independent journalist in town. The presiding spirit of the low, ignorant, mercenary, sordid mechanic gleams forth in almost every newspaper excepting the two we have mentioned. For OLIVER YORKE to express his regard and reverence for the one, would be indeed superfluous; but of the other we may take leave to say, that the *Morning Chronicle* is, in all that regards the contributions of the editor, a marvellously honest and consistent publication. John Black is really what the Whigs in their adversity induced some simple persons to imagine them—he is a devoted worshipper of the pure spirit of liberty, and a hater to the death of rapine, however disguised, of oppression, and of tyranny. There is accordingly, in heart, no difference between him and a true Tory, whose mind has, like his own, been

“Hiving wisdom with each studious year;”

and thus it is that, without regard to party or person, we find him always denouncing the scoundrel wherever he may chance to rear his head. A glorious proof of the honesty and independence we have lauded is afforded by his recent attacks upon that noxious individual, Lord Plunkett. Every body knows the story of the quarrel between the Irish Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls about the fees; and every body has heard how Plunkett, on being appointed, turned out the former secretary, and promoted, in his stead, a nephew of his own, who is a minor, and utterly incompetent to perform the duties of the office—and how an indignant murmur arose from the chancery bar, and he was compelled, in consequence, to allow Mr. Long 500*l.* a-year for doing the business, reserving, ~~as he says~~, the whole (*credat Judæus Apella*) of the remaining product of the fees for his nephew, Mr. M'Causland—and how he was taken to task, in consequence, in both houses of parliament—and how all the Lords, excepting the Greys and Russells and Rascals—

and how all the lawyers, excepting Nero Denman and Leatherhead Horn, cried shame upon him, and so forth; but still nobody could possibly object to hear John Black's comments on the subject, and observe the view which he has been pleased to take of it. We shall accordingly print them, as the *Morning Chronicle* is not so extensively read as the wit and wisdom and profound learning of its leaders merit.

“Last night Lord Wicklow put some questions to Lord Plunkett, on the subject of the fees demanded in Ireland, which were objected to as illegal, and different from the fees paid in England. As far as we can understand the answer of Lord Plunkett, he did not say that it was proper that fees to the amount complained of should be demanded from magistrates, but the impolicy of the law under which they were exacted was chargeable on the late Government. ‘The act of the 1st of William IV., under which the fees were demanded, was a measure of the late administration.’ However, it seems the Lords of the Treasury, ashamed of the matter, issued a minute, dated the 31st of January last, directing that the fees should only be paid as remuneration for labour actually done; and he should direct, in future, that no more should be demanded than an adequate remuneration for the time and labour necessary for the preparation and issuing of the warrants.

“Lord Plunkett was quite indignant that it should have been given out, ‘That he had countenanced the exactions of those fees, only because his relation was his secretary. Such an insinuation was wholly inconsistent with his character [hear]. It had been said, he understood, that he allowed his secretary only 500*l.* a-year; and the noble lord to whom that question was attributed, was also reported to have said, that he ‘could not tell what the Lord Chancellor of Ireland did with the rest.’ Now he (Lord Plunkett) could not believe that the noble lord, if he made such an observation, meant to insinuate any thing discreditable to him [hear]. When Sir Anthony Hart was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he had for his secretary a gentleman named Long. On his (Lord Plunkett's) appointment to succeed Sir Anthony Hart, he gave the office of secretary to Mr. M'Causland, a gentleman of high respectability, well fitted to discharge the duties of it. But in conse-

quence of the representations which were made to him by gentlemen of the Chancery Bar, respecting the satisfaction which Mr. Long gave during his secretaryship, he directed Mr. McCausland to request that gentleman to give his assistance in the office, and to pay him out of the fees a salary of 500*l.* a-year; afterwards, as Mr. Long had been secretary before, he thought it would be kinder towards him to make him joint secretary with Mr. McCausland, than to employ him on the footing of a clerk in the office [hear]. But as to the insinuation which had been made respecting the manner in which the surplus of the fees above Mr. Long's salary of 500*l.* a-year was disposed of, he would not condescend to contradict it. He did not think it necessary for him to disclaim having any share in the fees of the officers under him [hear].

"This statement puts us in mind of a passage in Mr. Galt's new novel of *The Member*.* When Archibald Jobbry, Esq. M.P. had obtained for his relation, James Gled, the office of distributor of stamps in a Scotch county, which he discovered to be worth 1000*l.* a-year, he determined to make the most of it.

" 'When I came to consider,' he says, 'that the place I had gotten for my relation, James Gled, was so very lucrative, I really felt as if I had committed a mistake, and was very angry with myself; but on reflecting a little more upon the subject, I saw that it might be turned to great public good: for inasmuch as the places and posts of government belong to those members and others that get nothing else for their services in support of Government, a judicious man will husband his share of them, so as to make the distribution go as far as possible. Accordingly, I well know that 250*l.* a-year would have been a most liberal God-send to James. I thought that if it were three it would be a great thing, and that there would be 700*l.* over to apply to other public purposes. I therefore wrote to him, and said that I had got the place for him, but that his salary was to be 300*l.* a-year, the remainder being subject to another disposal.

" 'In due course of post I received a most thankful letter for my beneficence, agreeing most willingly to be content with his share of the allowed emoluments. When I got this letter, and got James established in his place, I then bethought me of the most judicious appropriation that could be made of the surplus; and thereabout I called to mind a son that I had in the natural way, that

was in the army. To him I portioned out 300*l.* per annum; for he had been a very heavy coss on me, notwithstanding he was serving his king and country; and this, it will be allowed, was as correct a doing as any arrangement of the kind; far more so than that of those who have large pensions themselves, from which they make allowances to their sons, although these sons be of the patriots that make speeches to mobs and multitudes, declaring themselves as pure men, unsullied by any aliment drawn from the people; which is, in a sense, no doubt, the fact; for their allowances are from their fathers.

" 'Having given the three hundred to Captain Jobbry, I then thought of the old Mrs. Haynig, my aunt, who was the widow of the minister of Dargobble, and had nothing but her widow's fund to live upon. So I gave her one hundred pounds.

The remaining three hundred I stipulated with James Gled should be laid aside in the Bank, year by year, to be a fund from which I should, from time to time, contribute to public subscriptions; and few things in my life have I been more satisfied with; for so long as James Gled lived, it will be seen by the newspapers what a liberal subscriber I was thereby enabled to be to public charities, by which I obtained great rule and power in them; and many a poor man's child and orphan likewise have I been the means of getting well educated. Indeed, I take some blame to myself that I did not more rigidly enforce the same principle of distribution in the salaries of all the posts that I got at different times for my kindred and constituents.

" 'It is very well to make the most of the fees, in the way of diffusing happiness; but it must not be forgotten that fees are taxes on the public, or rather on that unfortunate portion of the public, the suitors in our courts. What an Augean stable remains to be cleared out!'

After the discussion in the Commons, Black wrote as follows:—

"The House of Commons was occupied to a late hour last night with a question amounting in substance to this: whether the Lord Chancellor of Ireland or the Master of the Rolls should be entitled to a certain share of the spoil of the people of that country, taken under the name of fees. The Lord Chancellor claims the nomination of the secretary of the Master of the Rolls, which is contrary to the practice in England, and he will not allow the right

* The Member, an Autobiography. James Fraser, 215, Regent Street.

to be tried. A bill had been brought in to allow the question to be tried. Last night it was moved that the bill should be committed, when a strenuous opposition was made by ministers, and especially by Mr. Stanley. In a house of 172 members, ministers had only a majority of four,—a pretty clear indication of the injudicious policy of allowing themselves to be dragged through the mire by Lord Plunkett. We may observe that Lord Plunkett's name seldom comes before the public, except with reference to some shabby squabble about money matters. The feeling of the independent part of the house seemed to be decidedly against the claim of Lord Plunkett, and the enemies of ministers must have rejoiced at the course they pursued. When Mr. Henry Grattan said that Lord Plunkett had invariably shewn the greatest indifference about fees, a laugh, and cries of 'Oh!' from the opposition, silenced him. What a situation for the chief magistrate of a country to be in!"

Have we yet done with Lord Plunkett? No, by Jupiter! we will, one day or other, trace him through his whole tortuous career, and exhibit his odious life to everlasting execration. For a motto we will take

"Stoicus occidit Baream, delator amicū,
Nepotulumque senex"—

and we will invoke the spirit of the martyred Emmett to inspire us with the power of expressing that undying indignation which must ever swell against the "viper" in the bosom of all who have once read the story of that mistaken but most gallant gentleman.

Meanwhile we shall content ourselves with quoting some lines which appeared in the *Comet*. The man is not ill sketched off in them, and they are written in a pleasant vein:—

"What of our LEGAL Mufli shall we say,
The fiery patriot of a former day?
Hamilear Plunkett, who, when England's hand
Felonious *Burked* the senate of OUR LAND—
With flaming eloquence our cause maintain'd—
The jealous motives—guilty means arraign'd—
Of that cursed UNION forced on men o'erawed—
Achieved through bribes, blood, bayonets, and fraud!
And vow'd, in magnanimity's full swing,
That he his youthful Hannibals would bring
Before God's altar, to swear endless hate
To England's envious, grasping, guilty state:
Nobly *resolved*!—and did he keep the vow?
No!—at the shrine of Power he made his bow!
Oh! what won't avarice and ambition do?—
HE justified thy carnage, Peterloo!
Assumed th' aristocrat, and spurn'd the crowd—
Cold, supercilious, insolent, and proud;
And *thus, well qualified*, became a lord!
Repulsive, peevish, petulant, abhor'd—
Meek to the HIGH, and HAUGHTY to the low—
Coercion's advocate, and Freedom's foe!
But the young Hannibals—say where are they?
Well started on preferment's MILKY WAY!
The revenues of both the CHURCH and LAW—
The double LOTTERY from which they draw
Each prize that offers, whether large or small—
THEIR 'GREAT REVENGE HAS STOMACH FOR THEM ALL!' PARSONS,* PURSE-BEARERS, CHAIRMEN, who a band
Of placemen quartered on a plundered land—
Though indignation prompts—hold! hold! my pen—
For they are all—all—'HONOURABLE' men!"

OLIVER FORKE.

* "One of his sons, the Honourable Thomas Plunkett, has got the deanery of *Darby*, with 2500*l.* a-year; a second, the Honourable David Plunkett, is prothonotary of the court of Common Pleas, with a salary of 1500*l.* a-year, and also first examiner of the same court, emoluments unknown; a third, the Honourable Patrick Plunkett, is counsel to the office of the chief remembrancer of the equity side of the Exchequer, and also purse-bearer in the court of Chancery; a fourth, the Honourable John Plunkett, is assistant-barrister of the county of Meath; and a fifth, if we mistake not, is a beneficed clergyman in the diocese of Dublin!!!"

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI. NO. II.

1. PLACE TO WILSON. 2. WILSON TO PLACE.

OUR friend Robin Roughhead lies at present in abeyance, being so sadly occupied on committees that he cannot pursue his interesting series for a while, which must, we are sure, deeply affect his friend and brother M.P., Mr. E. L. E. A. B. During his silence, however, we have had the good fortune of being supplied with a couple of letters, which we hasten to lay before the public, under the title adopted by our amiable friend. We must put a few lines of preface to explain.

In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Blackwood, some allusion, it seems, was made to the exertions of Mr. Place the tailor, who, in his capacity of breeches-maker, we suppose, is a very busy man about the Westminster Rump. This body, which elects Burdett and Hobhouse, is confessedly the most contemptible crew at present infesting the politics of the country; but we shall not abuse them, as they afford a standing argument against the creation of new boroughs in London. Gattos or Old Sarum are pure and honourable in comparison of Westminster; and from what we find in the ministerial organs, we see it is expected that Holborn and Rag Fair will sink still lower in the scale than the city, which returns Lord Grey's Secretary at War. Let this not be forgotten when the Marquess of Chandos's motion for striking out "the metropolitan clause" comes on.

It is probable that the writer of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* spoke of Mr. Place, at once the needle and the pole of the party, with the respect which his conduct and his connexion inspired; and Mr. Place, taking it for granted (whether justly or not, we cannot conjecture) that Professor Wilson had some share in writing the article, addressed him in the following letter, accompanying it by his great work on Political Economy—that, we suppose, which contains the nostrum against population, to which the exertions of Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Place the younger have given so much publicity.

1.

Mr. Place, the Tailor, to Professor Wilson.

Mr. Place, the tailor, presents his compliments to Mr. Professor Wilson, and sends him his new work, in full assurance that it will receive due notice in the next number of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

To which the Professor vouchsafed the following reply:—

2.

Professor Wilson to Mr. Place, the Tailor.

Mr. Professor Wilson begs leave to inform Mr. Place, the tailor, that he has received his letter and his book—that his compliments he rejects—and that of his full assurance he never had any sort of doubt.

This closed the correspondence. We confess that we are malicious enough to wish that we had been present when the worthy tailor received the letter from the Professor; or rather that our friend, A. Croquis, our inimitable sketcher, had been at his elbow. Among the gallery of our eminent Literary Characters, none would have shone so supereminent as the philosophical snip, looking as absurd as a goose in a farm-yard, and yet as hot and heavy as the goose on his own shopboard. The misfortunes of the knight of the thimble, which we remember at Astley's, were not more afflicting; and Place, certainly, may be well called "the tailor done over." He will scarcely venture among the *leeterati* again.

We shall continue the series of Epistles to the Literati in our next Number. Let ——— beware. There is many a sinner in the literary world, whose conscience will lead him to think that that dread ——— is intended for him.

ARE WE TO HAVE NEW PEERS OR NOT?

ARE we to have new peers or not? The question will be answered before our next Number meets the eyes of its readers, and therefore we excuse ourselves from entering into any lengthened speculations, or indeed any speculations at all, as to the probability or improbability of such a measure. We have seen nothing in the ordinary sources from which intelligence is conveyed to the public, to make us believe that the creation is determined upon—nothing in the general conduct of those to whom the management of the affairs of the nation is intrusted, to lead us to doubt that any measure, however corrupt, unconstitutional, or insulting, is too bad to be expected from the want of principle or infirmity of purpose which those in high places at present exhibit.

It is said that there can be no want of persons on whom to confer the honour, if it be deemed necessary. We are told that Earl Grey has no fewer than 170 applicants for the peerage on his list this moment; and as forty or fifty will be sufficient, he has “ample room and verge enough” to make his choice. That 170 persons may have applied, we do not doubt; but we should give up the aristocracy of England, if we thought that any thing like the number of persons in ordinary times considered fit claimants for the dignity composed the list. In short, we shall not believe the statement until the list is produced; and then we shall institute a rigid scrutiny into the pretensions of the applicants.

To become a peer it is requisite that the individual should be possessed of very considerable wealth, of local station advanced beyond the generality of the gentlemen of his county, of family pretensions, or, in their place, of just claims on the country on the score of eminent services. As many years have now elapsed since the war ceased; and the friends of the present ministers having had but little opportunity to distinguish themselves in the services of peace, we may leave this last consideration out of the question, and reduce the claims on the peerage to two—wealth and family, these comprehending one of the above-mentioned attributes—local station. Where are we to find 170 gentlemen, or a third of the

number, so qualified, and at the same time ready to act under the orders of Earl Grey?

The House of Lords repudiated the Reform Bill by a division in the ratio of five to four. This, *at least*, will be allowed to be a specimen of the division of sentiment existing on this question in our aristocratic families; but it is not a fair specimen. Looking to the different elections—Dorsetshire, Dublin, Caermarthen, &c.—that have taken place since, it will be seen that the aristocratical families in all these contests divided in favour of the anti-reform candidate in the ratio of five to one. Again, it is quite notorious that the chieftains of the Whig families are far more ultra in their politics than the generation which is to fill their places. The old adage of “young Whig, old Tory” is now reversed; the young men are in general Tory, and the middle-aged or superannuated persons in the House of Lords, whose misfortune it was to be born when it was considered to be very enlightened and praiseworthy to be Whig, and who now, in their mellow or declining years are mumping and maundering over the superficial sophistries which ensnared their youth, afford but a low specimen of the general feelings of the houses of which they happen at present to be heads.

The aristocratical families would therefore yield but a scanty supply. We have heard much said about the calling up to the House of Peers of such eldest sons of Whig noblemen as inherit their fathers' principles. This we fearlessly maintain to be impossible, to any considerable extent. The proposal contains in itself two incompatible sets of feelings. The calling up of these heirs-apparent, if it take place, will be done with a view of not permanently increasing the House of Lords, so as to render it too large. In this, a sense of respect to the peerage is implied. How is this respect compatible—how can any heir-apparent so deceive himself as to think it compatible—with the wholesale, sudden creation of any body of men, no matter how honourable, for the avowed purpose of overawing and combating the decisions of the House? Any heir-apparent who accepts a peerage under such conditions, degrades, by his own

act, that assembly in which his birth-right is to place him.

The whole number of reforming peers is, we should suppose, not 160. Of these, many have no sons; of others, the sons differ on this question from their fathers: of this number, so limited, many cannot afford the increased expense of supporting two peerages in one family; of the remainder, many, we trust, would scorn to be huddled, at the fiat of a minister of yesterday, into an honour on which they have an undisputed claim when Nature wills it. We understand that the Marquess of Tavistock, brother though he be to Lord John Russell himself, has refused a peerage so impertinently offered;—we know a score others who would have done so. Besides, the mere circumstance of being a reformer will not do—the expectant peer must be a reformer in the manner of Earl Grey. The Marquess of Blandford, though his reform went far enough, would be no candidate for the coronets now to be showered about with liberal hand.

Nor will the difficulties of selection terminate here. Some consideration must be paid to the feelings of the families: a baron, for instance, however anxious for reform, might not exactly wish to see his son raised to the same rank with himself; and nobody is more scrupulous as to their own privileges than your titled reformers. Other punctilios also will interfere. Earl Grosvenor, whom we know better by his late title of Lord Belgrave, objects, it is understood, to sit in the House of Lords as a peer of lower degree than his younger brother the Earl of Wilton. Making, then, all these subductions, it will be found that the project of recruiting among the junior branches of the peerage is not likely to be attended with much success. It would be most disgraceful, indeed, if it were.

As for the Scotch and Irish Lords, among whom we are told to look for a copious source of easy additions, a little knowledge of the condition of these noble bodies will serve to dissipate all such conjectures. The number of Scotch peers not actually sitting in parliament is but forty: some of these are minors, some habitually residing out of the country, some more distinguished by birth than by fortune. Not ten out of the whole number have ever manifested the least desire of getting

into parliament; and we verily believe there is not one among them in favour of the ministerial measure, or at all events inclined to compromise the honours of his ancient nobility by condescending to be driven into the senate as one of a herd.

The Irish Peers not in parliament amount to about 100. To many of them an English peerage would be a great burden; to the infinite majority, as appears by the returns they make to the House of Lords, Whig doctrines, and especially reforming doctrines, are excessively distasteful. It would be impossible to induce a dozen among them to accept the peerage on the terms proposed; and we doubt excessively if any ministry would encumber themselves with the specimens of Irish nobility who *would* offer.

Lord Grey, then, must look elsewhere; for he, of course, is not so ignorant of the present state of his "order" as to fall into the mistakes of his newspaper counsellors, who know nothing of the peerage, and give their advice accordingly, in the full plenitude of ignorance. We admit, at once, that there are in England—[we put Scotland out of the question; for the great landholders there, the only class from which peers could be selected, are all against reform; and we say nothing of Ireland, because, out of the peerage itself, and the Protestant, that is, the anti-Whig party, there are no fortunes to qualify for lordships, Mr. Lambert's confession of the general poverty of his party being undeniably true]—we admit that in England there is an abundant supply of persons qualified by wealth and standing to become members of the House of Lords; but there are great deductions to be made. Scarcely a tenth of these gentlemen are reformers in the style demanded. Let us examine a little in detail.

In the first place, the possession of mere mercantile wealth is not in itself sufficient—or, at least, up to the present moment, has not been so considered—unless it has the standing of more than one generation. Were Alexander Baring a reformer, no one could object to his appearance in Lord Grey's list; but we should look with some astonishment at the promotion of most of the good men who now pass as great upon 'Change, after having made their *début* in life as clerks or porters, or

even as the sons of gentlemen whose commencement dated from that class of society. We also except the tribe, or the ten tribes, of the Jews, illiberal as that may sound in times so enlightened as the present. Mr. Rothschild may be a baron in Austria or France, but it is too soon for him to expect to sit in the senate of England, unless he shall, like Sir Manasseh Masseh Lopes, or Sir Ralpho France Franco, abjure the faith of his ancestors; and besides, Rothschild is rather a Tory than otherwise. A combination of Jew with Whig would, indeed, be such an abomination before the Lord, as to be too horrible to be easily contemplated. We shall, therefore, have no *barons Juifs* among our *barons Chrétiens*.

The city declaration in favour of the ministerial plan of reform, will afford a tolerably fair criterion by which to judge of the materials whence the present cabinet could draw in that quarter. There are about eighty city bankers—eleven signed the declaration. The same proportion held in the list of the merchants, and *misfortune* has already thinned the reforming list. The majority of the reforming merchants must not expect to appear in the *Gazette* as peers, but as bankrupts. Out of this set, the number of men qualified for the Grey peerages would be, but small indeed. We doubt if the most liberal could count upon half-a-dozen. Looking to particular interests, can the present ministers, who have done their best to ruin the colonies and cripple the India Company, find recruits among these bodies? We doubt it.

But there are the landed Whig gentry. Even as we write, we see one of the organs of the party talking big on the improvement of the House of Lords by the infusion of fifty such gentlemen. We do not know where to look for them. We put out of the question the Roman Catholic families, whose antiquity and gentility are undoubted, and who in some instances possess wealth sufficient to sustain the splendour added to their ancient names; because hostile as Lord Grey has ever shewn himself to the church, we think it would be impossible to induce the King to create a body of Popish peers, for the express purpose of bearding the Protestant bishops, and neutralising their influence in the House of Lords. Leaving them, then,

out of the question, where are the fifty to be got? Many of that small minority of our gentlemen who are in favour of the bill, have refused the peerage on personal grounds—Sir Francis Burdett and old Mr. Coke, for example. It is not many months ago since Lord Grey made twenty-seven peers, who, we suppose, are the *élite* of his party. We do not mean to be personal; but if those are the choice, we cannot calculate of what quality will be the next batch. They must be refuse, indeed, who come *after* Lords Poltimore and Dinorben!

Non nostrum hic sermo. A correspondent of the *Times*, who has chosen as his signature the word "Whig," thought proper, some very short time ago, to assume that the noble lords we have named had manifested an undue opposition to some clauses of the bill—that they had dared to exercise some faint shadow of private judgment, such as it was, in objecting to some particular segment of some particular clauses. Rebellion like this—a rebellion of the clay against the creator—was not to be endured. "Whence comes this opposition?" exclaimed the indignant Whig; "from a Howard or a Percy? No! from a Poltimore and a Dinorben." These eminent peers, duly sensible of the danger and the disgrace they had incurred, by a charge so atrocious as that which imputed to them any thing so monstrous as having an idea of their own on reform, took good care that the impression against them should be speedily removed. They, by themselves or attorney, hastily informed the *Times* that they were ready to vote for any bill, no matter what, it pleased Lord Grey to introduce; and so far all was well. But the sneer that Poltimore and Dinorben are not Howard and Percy, remains still recorded on the immortal page of the *Times*, and will of course be used again, whenever these noble Newcomes are guilty of any enormity against the Whigs.

Prince Puckler Muskau, in his very impertinent work—let us add, not over-decent or delicate work for a lady, like Mrs. Austen, to translate—describes one of these newly-made peers as an estimable country gentleman, living in the good, hospitable, old English style, without any of the fuss and pretensions of the fashionable world. And yet the keen eye of the

prince—for, like all blackguards, his highness had a most observant glance for personalities—was not deceived in Colonel Hughes. He saw that, in the midst of this real comfort and independence, there lurked something which disquieted his host. The prince set him down as a true pattern of happy English life; but, he adds, so absurdly attached are the people of England to *ton*, that he should not wonder if, in case his pages met the eye of the colonel and his family, they should be offended at the description, as implying that, however respectable and respected they might be in their own district, they had not weight or consequence enough to aspire to the honours and glories of the world of fashion. The prince was right. A couple of years had not elapsed, when the vanity fever, which it is plain he saw working upon the colonel, and which prompted the remark we have quoted, turned the respected country gentleman into the any thing but respected peer; and took him from the station which the wealth obtained by the lucky discovery of a copper-mine by his father (a poor curate), enabled him to fill with honour to himself and advantage to his neighbours, to figure in the train of Earl Grey, and to tremble before the blusterings of a factious newspaper, if he dared to deviate, in the smallest particular, from the hard and disgusting duty, for performing which he was rewarded with an unenviable coronet.

Prince Puckler Muskau was therefore correct in this instance. We should regret to think that there are very many of our country gentlemen in a similar predicament. We rather believe that the creations already made have exhausted the stock. On the whole, then, deducting from the wealthy or aristocratic classes those whom Toryism, disgust towards Earl Grey and his associates, family feelings among the junior branches of the English peerage, pride of birth, independence, politics, or pauperism among the Scotch and Irish nobility, the hostility of our rich colonists or Indians against the present ministry, Judaism or Popery, want of birth among many of our rich men, and want of money among many of our high-born men, added to the natural disinclination which all persons of proper spirit must feel to be driven into the House of Lords with no more cere-

mony than bullocks are driven into Smithfield, there, after a little bellowing, to be knocked down in a lump by the axe of the butcher,—we say, after making these deductions, if there be found one hundred and seventy candidates—we mean fit candidates—for the peerage, our astonishment will be great indeed.

History still holds up to deserved obloquy that unprincipled ministry which, to carry the traitorous peace of Utrecht, thrust a dozen of their creatures into the House of Lords. But what is the addition of twelve compared with that which is meditated by the present cabinet? They have, in the short time that they have been in office, already created more than thirty peers,—the lowest number now contended for is fifty, an addition of eighty in less than sixteen months, considerably more than a peer per week. We are told, that the King has the right to make a peer per day if he pleases; and the Whigs, whose famous resolution, that “the power of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished,” is recorded in the journals of the House of Commons, stand upon the exercise of unbounded and unchecked *prerogative*. We feel, however, that to complain of this inconsistency is idle; for the ministers who now rule us are men who never knew what it was to have fixed principles. They have always acted upon the factious impulses of the hour, regardless of what might be the future application of the precedent they were setting. What a tempest of indignation Earl Grey and his colleagues would have excited, had George IV. made an addition of forty or fifty peers at the time of the queen’s trial,—and yet nobody can deny that it was within his *prerogative* to have done so! But the cases, we shall be told, are different,—the acquittal of the queen was an immense public benefit, which should not have been endangered,—the loss of the reform bill a great public misfortune, of which we must not run the hazard. With all deference, this is no more than begging the question. We do not see what advantage the nation gained by the acquittal of the queen,—we are equally at a loss to see where would be the public detriment if the present reform bill shared the fate of its predecessor. All ministries will be prone to consider that

question of vital importance on which their continuance in office depends; and if Lord Grey now inundates the House of Lords with his creatures, for the carrying of his favorite project, who can restrain any succeeding minister from following his example? Henceforth the fatal precedent will plead; and though we may fear nothing at the present, "*optimo consule*," under the sway of the heaven-born minister whom the Gods have given us, yet, "*aliis temporibus*," when we have no such advantage, the Whigs may see keenly enough the mischief of putting the House of Lords at the mercy of the ministry for the time being.

These reflections are general;—they have no particular application to the present moment: Political biases and party machinations afford, no doubt, a fair and an intelligible ground for additions to the Lords—every party should there have its representatives; but this is quite different from making them subservient to every ministry. We would respectfully press these views upon the consideration of the peers themselves. It is reported, we believe truly, that the Duke of Portland has remonstrated against the wholesale creation, and been made the bearer of a protest, signed by a considerable number of lords who have voted in favour of reform, declaring that they would consider themselves bound to oppose that measure if an attempt were made to carry it by the virtual annihilation of the upper house. Whether the report be correct or not, such are the feelings which ought to prevail, and which to a certain extent do prevail among their lordships. In the House of Commons, a declaration to the same effect has been made by Sir Andrew Agnew, a gentleman by his mother's side descended from one of the oldest lines in Europe, the De Courcys of Kinsale. Their lordships

will, ere long, find that it is a matter of vital importance to them. In France the Chamber of Peers totters;—how long will our chamber subsist after the Jacobin reform bill is carried, and carried by means in themselves degrading to the peerage?

The very extension of the honour will lessen its value. One of our schoolboy authors* remarks, that the honours of the Athenians—and he makes the application to Rome also—were first moderately bestowed, and therefore eagerly sought, and honourably supported when obtained. In after-times they were profusely spread abroad, and they ceased to be regarded as a distinction, or a pledge for noble conduct. So it is with ourselves: it is, in fact, a law of our nature. Knighthood was, up to the days of James I., held in the highest honour. A knight, even of Queen Elizabeth's making, took a high position in society. What is knighthood now, as compared with former times? Why just what Sir John Key or Sir Harlequin Daniels is to Sir John Chandos or Sir Philip Sydney. A similar profusion of the peerage will lead to similar results. The new colonial empires, the increasing wealth and population of the country, amply justified the extension made by George III. There is no instance in his reign of a creation of peers for the mere purpose of ensuring a majority to Mr. Pitt, or any other minister. Now we have no new empires, no addition—addition!—of wealth; and the increase of the Lords must be merely factious—nothing better. The new creation may, perhaps, carry with it the reform of the Commons; but that reformation will pass over the slaughtered body of the House of Peers. With this reflection, let the fresh batch enter the chamber which their presence will not only sully and degrade, but corrupt and destroy. *I pede fausto.*

Cornelius Nepos in Vit. Miltiad.

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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXVII.

APRIL, 1832.

Vol. V.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

JOHN ANDERSON, JUN., EDINBURGH;

AND GRANT & CO. DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XXXII.

We have now given the last of the Rev. Edward Irving's letters. We are not supporters of his spiritual views and religious doctrines, as many journals have been pleased to denominate us. We, however, are upholders of Mr. Irving's strict integrity and honesty; for a man of purer intentions does not exist. In the manner of treating his subject, we wish he had confined himself to facts, and not indulged in speculation: as it is, he is exceedingly welcome to the room which he has occupied in our pages. When the matter comes before the *General Assembly*, we shall perhaps give a decided opinion upon the question.

A friend of ours has spun, for our delectation, a long yarn in praise of Oliver Yorke, O'Doherty, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Modern Pythagorean, Delta, Galt, the Independent Pittite, and other contributors. Listen to what he says of ourself:—

“ If you're in search of *larning*, or critical discerning,
Pray converse with sage OLIVER YORKE, sir—
Renown'd for perspicacity, and logical sagacity,
(And good at the knife and the fork, sir).”

Not less sublime is the tribute he pays to our friend Ebony, and our own Publisher:

“ In the north, Bailie Blackwood, whom Whigs fain attack would,
Is potent as czar or czarina;
In the south, Bailie Fraser cuts sharp as a razor,
And the weapon he wields is REGINA.”

Well done, Tibbs! You are a man of discrimination; but we cannot afford you further room, though we shall be thankful for further favours.

The young lady who writes the ode, beginning—

“ Come away, and let us twine a
Beauteous wreath for fair REGINA,”

has our best thanks. Her poem, though somewhat L.E.L.-ish, shews good stuff, and shall have a place by and by.

Our very best thanks to, Coadjutor. His letter and packet were unavailable, as REGINA had already finished her toilette to shine forth in due glory on April Fools' Day.

We hope shortly to be enabled to mention Dr. Webster's admirable and conclusive pamphlet on Cholera in a comprehensive form.

We are much indebted to our friend A. N. of Edinburgh. We will certainly bring out a double Number shortly. He may be sure that the non-fulfilment of our promise, in this respect, has not proceeded from want of matter. To say nothing of accepted papers, our very Balaam-box, which contains materials that would be the salvation of half a score of other Mags, would make a bonfire large enough to roast all the Radicals, Trimmers, Shufflers, Whigs, Infidels, and Atheists, in the country. The subjects to which A. N. alludes shall severally, in due time, be continued and completed.

Mr. Charles Butler can never have courted the presence of REGINA—else would he have known her to be no warbler of Ballads.

O. Y.

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VOL. V.

BIOGRAPHY.*

MAN's sociality of nature evinces itself, in spite of all that can be said, with abundant evidence by this one fact, were there no other: the unspeakable delight he takes in Biography. It is written, "The proper study of mankind is man;" to which study, let us candidly admit, he, by true or by false methods, applies himself, nothing loath. "Man is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing else interesting." How inexpressibly comfortable to know our fellow-creature; to see into him, understand his goings forth, decipher the whole heart of his mystery: nay, not only to see into him, but even to see out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it; so that we can theoretically construe him, and could almost practically personate him; and do now thoroughly discern both what manner of man he is, and what manner of thing he has got to work on and live on!

A scientific interest and a poetic one alike inspire us in this matter. A scientific: because every mortal has a Problem of Existence set before him, which, were it only, what for the most it is, the Problem of keeping soul and body together, must be to a certain extent *original*, unlike every other; and yet, at the same time, so *like* every other, like our own, therefore; instructive; therefore, since we also are indetached

to live. A poetic interest still more: for precisely this same struggle of human Free-will against material Necessity, which every man's Life, by the mere circumstance that the man continues alive, will more or less victoriously exhibit,—is that which above all else, or rather inclusive of all else, calls the Sympathy of mortal hearts into action; and whether as acted, or as represented and written of, not only is Poetry, but is the sole Poetry possible. Borne onwards by which two all-embracing interests, may the earnest Lover of Biography expand himself on all sides, and indefinitely enrich himself. Looking with the eyes of every new neighbour, he can discern a new world different for each; feeling with the heart of every neighbour, he lives with every neighbour's life, even as with his own. Of these millions of living men each individual is a mirror to us: a mirror both scientific and poetic; or, if you will, both natural and magical;—from which one would so gladly draw aside the gauze veil; and, peering therein, discern the image of his own natural face, and the supernatural secrets that prophetically lie under the same! *

Observe, accordingly, to what extent, in the actual course of things, this business of Biography is practised and relished. Define to thyself, judicious Reader, the real significance of these

* The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.: including a Tour to the Hebrides: By James Boswell, Esq. A new Edition, with numerous Additions and Notes By John Wilson Croker, LL.D. F.R.S. 5 vols. London, 1831.

phenomena, named Gossip, Egotism, Personal Narrative (miraculous or not), Scandal, Raillery, Slander, and such like; the sum-total of which (with some fractional addition of a better ingredient, generally too small to be noticeable) constitutes that other grand phenomenon still called "Conversation." Do they not mean wholly: *Biography* and *Autobiography*? Not only in the common Speech of men; but in all Art, too, which is or should be the concentrated and conserved essence of what men can speak and shew, *Biography* is almost the one thing needful.

Even in the highest works of Art our interest, as the critics complain, is too apt to be strongly or even mainly of a Biographic sort. In the Art, we can nowise forget the Artist: while looking on the *Transfiguration*, while studying the *Iliad*, we ever strive to figure to ourselves what spirit dwelt in Raphael; what a head was that of Homer, wherein, woven of Elysian light and Tartarean gloom, that old world fashioned itself together, of which these written Greek characters are but a feeble though perennial copy. The Painter and the Singer are present to us; we partially and for the time become the very Painter and the very Singer, while we enjoy the Picture and the Song. Perhaps, too, let the critic say what he will, this is the highest enjoyment, the clearest recognition, we can have of these. Art indeed is Art; yet Man also is Man. Had the *Transfiguration* been painted without human hand; had it grown merely on the canvass, say by atmospheric influences, as lichen-pictures do on rocks,—it were a grand Picture doubtless; yet nothing like so grand as *the* Picture, which, on opening our eyes, we every where in Heaven and in Earth see painted; and every where pass over with indifference,—because the Painter was not a Man. Think of this; much lies in it. The Vatican is great; yet poor to Chimborazo or the Peak of Teneriffe: its dome is but a foolish Big-endian or Little-endian chip of an egg-shell compared with that star-fretted Dome where Arcturus and Orion glance for ever; which latter, notwithstanding, who looks at, save perhaps some necessitous stargazer bent to make Almanacs, some thick-quilted watchman to see what weather it will prove? The Biographic interest is wanting: no Michael Angelo was he who built that "Temple of Im-

mensity;" therefore do we, pitiful Little-nesses as we are, turn rather to wonder and to worship in the little toybox of a Temple built by our like.

Still more decisively, still more exclusively does the Biographic interest manifest itself, as we descend into lower regions of spiritual communication; through the whole range of what is called Literature. Of History, for example, the most honoured, if not honourable species of composition, is not the whole purport biographic? "History," it has been said, "is the essence of innumerable Biographies." Such, at least, it should be: whether it is, might admit of question. But, in any case, what hope have we in turning over those old interminable Chronicles, with their garrulities and insipidities; or still worse, in patiently examining those modern Narrations, of the Philosophic kind, where "Philosophy, teaching by Experience," must sit like owl on housetop, seeing nothing, understanding nothing, uttering only, with solemnity enough, her perpetual most wearisome *hoo-hoo*:—what hope have we, except the for most part fallacious one of gaining some acquaintance with our fellow-creatures, though dead and vanished, yet dear to us; how they got along in those old days, suffering and doing; to what extent, and under what circumstances, they resisted the Devil and triumphed over him, or struck their colours to him, and were trodden under foot by him; how, in short, the perennial Battle went, which men name Life, which we also in these new days, with indifferent fortune, have to fight, and must bequeath to our sons and grandsons to go on fighting,—till the Enemy one day be quite vanquished and abolished, or else the great Night sink and part the combatants; and thus, either by some Millennium or some new Noah's Deluge, the Volume of Universal History wind itself up! Other hope, in studying such Books, we have none: and that it is a deceitful hope, who that has tried knows not? A feast of widest Biographic insight is spread for us; we enter full of hungry anticipation: alas! like so many other feasts, which Life invites us to, a mere Ossian's "feast of shells,"—the food and liquor being all emptied out and clean gone, and only the vacant dishes and deceitful emblems thereof left! Your modern Historical Restaurateurs are indeed little better than high-priests of Famine;

that keep choicest china dinner-sets, only no dinner to serve therein. Yet such is our Biographic^o appetite, we run trying from shop to shop, with ever new hope; and, unless we could eat the wind, with ever new disappointment.

Again, consider the whole class of Fictitious Narratives; from the highest category of epic or dramatic Poetry, in Shakspeare and Homer, down to the lowest offroth Prose, in the Fashionable Novel. What are all these but so many mimic Biographies? Attempts, here by an inspired Speaker, there by an uninspired Babbler, to deliver himself, more or less ineffectually, of the grand secret wherewith all hearts labour oppressed: The significance of Man's Life;—which deliverance, even as traced in the unfurnished head, and printed at the Minerva Press, finds readers. For, observe, though there is a greatest Fool, as a superlative in every kind; and the most Foolish man in the Earth is now indubitably living and breathing, and did this morning or lately eat breakfast, and is even now digesting the same; and looks out on the world, with his dim horn-eyes, and inwardly forms some unspeakable theory thereof: yet where shall the authentically Existing be personally met with! Can one of us, otherwise than by guess, know that we have got sight of him, have orally communed with him? To take even the narrower sphere of this our English metropolis, can any one confidently say to himself, that he has conversed with the identical, individual, Stupidest man now extant in London? No one. Deep as we dive in the Profound, there is ever a new depth opens: where the ultimate bottom may lie, through what new scenes of being we must pass before reaching it (except that we know it does lie somewhere, and might by human faculty and opportunity be reached), is altogether a mystery to us. Strange, tantalizing pursuit! We have the fullest assurance, not only that there is a Stupidest of London men actually resident, with bed and board of some kind, in London; but that several persons have been or perhaps are now speaking face to face with him: while for us, chase it as we may, such scientific blessedness will too probably be for ever denied!—But the thing we meant to enforce was this comfortable fact, that no known Head was so wooden, but there might be other heads to which it were a

genius and Friar Bacon's Oracle. Of no given Book, not even of a Fashionable Novel, can you predicate with certainty that its vacuity is absolute; that there are not other vacuities which shall partially replenish themselves therefrom, and esteem it a *plenum*. How knowest thou, may the distressed Novelwright exclaim, that I, here where I sit, am the Foolishest of existing mortals; that this my Long-ear of a Fictitious Biography shall not find one and the other, into whose still longer ears it may be the means, under Providence, of instilling somewhat? We answer, None knows, none can certainly know: therefore, write on, worthy Brother, even as thou canst, as it has been given thee.

Here, however, in regard to "Fictitious Biographies," and much other matter of like sort, which the greener mind in these days inditeth, we may as well insert some singular sentences on the importance and significance of *Reality*, as they stand written for us in Professor Gottfried Sauerteig's *Ästhetische Springwurzeln*: a Work, perhaps, as yet new to most English readers. The Professor and Doctor is not a man whom we can praise without reservation; neither shall we say that his *Springwurzeln* (a sort of magical picklocks, as he affectedly names them) are adequate to "start" every bolt that locks up an æsthetic mystery: nevertheless, in his crabbed, one-sided way, he sometimes hits masses of the truth. We endeavour to translate faithfully, and trust the reader will find it worth serious perusal:

"The significance, even for poetic purposes," says Sauerteig, "that lies in *Reality*, is too apt to escape us; is perhaps only now beginning to be discerned. When we named *Rousseau's Confessions* an elegiaco-didactic Poem, we meant more than an empty figure of speech; we meant a historical scientific fact.

"Fiction, while the feigner of it knows that he is feigning, partakes, more than we suspect, of the nature of *lying*; and has ever an, in some degree, unsatisfactory character. All Mythologies were once Philosophies; were *believed*: the Epic Poems of old time, so long as they continued *epic*, and had any complete impressiveness, were *Histories*, and understood to be narratives of *facts*. In so far as Homer employed his gods as mere ornamental fringes, and had not himself, or at least did not expect his

hearers to have, a belief that they were real agents in those antique doings; so far did he fail to be *genuine*; so far was he a partially *hollow* and false singer; and sang to please only a portion of man's mind, not the whole thereof.

"Imagination is, after all, but a poor matter when it must part company with Understanding, and even front it hostilely in flat contradiction. Our mind is divided in twain: there is contest; wherein that which is weaker must needs come to the worse. Now of all feelings, states, principles, call it what you will, in man's mind, is not Belief the clearest, strongest; against which all others contend in vain? Belief is, indeed, the beginning and first condition of all spiritual Force whatsoever: only in so far as Imagination, were it but momentarily, is *believed*, can there be any use or meaning in it, any enjoyment of it. And what is momentary Belief? The enjoyment of a moment. Whereas a perennial Belief were enjoyment perennially, and with the whole united soul.

"It is thus that I judge of the Supernatural in an Epic Poem; and would say, the instant it has ceased to be authentically supernatural, and become what you call 'Machinery,' sweep it out of sight (*schaff'es mir vom Halse*)! Of a truth, that same 'Machinery,' about which the critics make such hubbub, was well named *Machinery*; for it is in very deed mechanical, nowise inspired or poetical. Neither, for us, is there the smallest æsthetic enjoyment in it; save only in this way: that we believe it to have been *believed*,—by the Singer or his Hearers; into whose case we now laboriously struggle to transport ourselves; and so, with stunted enough result, catch some reflex of the Reality, which for them was wholly real, and visible face to face. Whenever it has come so far that your 'Machinery' is avowedly mechanical and unbelieved,—what is it else, if we dare tell ourselves the truth, but a miserable, meaningless Deception, kept up by old use and wont alone? If the gods of an *Iliad* are to us no longer authentic Shapes of Terror, heart-stirring, heart-appalling, but only vague-glittering Shadows,—what must the dead Pagan gods of an *Epigoniad* be, the dead-living Pagan-Christian gods of a *Lusiad*, the concrete-abstract, evangelical-metaphysical gods of a *Paradise Lost*? Superannuated lumber! Cast raiment, at best; in which some poor mime, strutting and swaggering, may or may not set forth new noble Human Feelings (again a Reality), and so secure, or not secure, our pardon of such hoydenish masking,—for which, in any case, he has a pardon to ask.

"True enough, none but the earliest

Epic Poems can claim this distinction of entire credibility, of Reality: after an *Iliad*, a *Shant*, a *Koran*, and other the like primitive performances, the rest seem, by this rule of mine, to be altogether excluded from the list. Accordingly, what are all the rest, from Virgil's *Æneid* downwards, in comparison?—Frosty, artificial, heterogeneous things; more of gumflowers than of roses; at best, of the two mixed incoherently together: to some of which, indeed, it were hard to deny the title of Poems; yet to no one of which can that title belong in any sense even resembling the old high one it, in those old days, conveyed,—when the epithet 'divine' or 'sacred,' as applied to the uttered Word of man, was not a vain metaphor, a vain sound, but a real name with meaning. Thus, too, the farther we recede from those early days, when Poetry, as true Poetry is always, was still sacred or divine, and inspired (what ours, in great part, only pretends to be),—the more impossible becomes it to produce any, we say not true Poetry, but tolerable semblance of such; the hollower, in particular, grow all manner of Epics; till at length, as in this generation, the very name of Epic sets men a-yawning, the announcement of a new Epic is received as a public calamity.

"But what if the impossible being once for all quite discarded, the *probable* be well adhered to: how stands it with fiction then? Why, then, I would say, the evil is much mended, but nowise completely cured. We have then, in place of the wholly dead modern Epic, the partially living modern Novel; to which latter it is much easier to lend that above-mentioned, so essential 'momentary credence' than to the former: indeed, infinitely easier; for the former being flatly incredible, no mortal can for a moment credit it, for a moment enjoy it. Thus, here and there, a *Tom Jones*, a *Meister*, a *Crusoe*, will yield no little solacement to the minds of men; though still immeasurably less than a *Reality* would, were the significance thereof as impressively unfolded, were the genius that could so unfold it once given us by the kind Heavens. Neither say thou that proper Realities are wanting: for Man's Life, now as of old, is the genuine work of God; wherever there is a Man, a God also is revealed, and all that is Godlike: a whole epitome of the Infinite, with its meanings, lies enfolded in the Life of every Man. Only, alas, that the Seer to discern this same Godlike, and with fit utterance unfold it for us, is wanting, and may long be wanting!

"Nay, a question arises on us here, wherein the whole German reading-

world will eagerly join: Whether man can any longer be so interested by the spoken Word, as he often was in those primeval days, when, rapt away by its inscrutable power, he pronounced it, in such dialect as he had, to be *transcendental* (to transcend all measure), to be sacred, prophetic, and the inspiration of a god? For myself, I (*ich meines Ortes*), by faith or by insight, do heartily understand that the answer to such question will be, Yea! For never that I could in searching find out, has Man been, by Time which devours so much, deprived of any faculty whatsoever that he in any era was possessed of. To my seeming, the babe born yesterday has all the organs of Body, Soul, and Spirit, and in exactly the same combination and entireness, that the oldest Pelasgic Greek, or Mesopotamian Patriarch, or Father Adam himself could boast of. Ten fingers, one heart with venous and arterial blood therein, still belong to man that is born of woman: when did he lose any of his spiritual Endowments either; above all, his highest spiritual Endowment, that of revealing Poetic Beauty, and of adequately receiving the same? Not the material, not the susceptibility is wanting; only the Poet, or long series of Poets, to work on these. True, alas too true, the Poet is still utterly wanting, or all but utterly: nevertheless have we not centuries enough before us to produce him in? Him and much else!—I, for the present, will but predict that chiefly by working more and more on REALITY, and evolving more and more wisely its inexhaustible meanings; and, in brief, speaking forth in fit utterance whatsoever our whole soul believes, and ceasing to speak forth what thing soever our whole soul does not believe,—will this high emprise be accomplished, or approximated to.”

These notable, and not unfounded, though partial and *deep*-seeing rather than *wide*-seeing observations on the great import of REALITY, considered even as a poetic material, we have inserted the more willingly, because a transient feeling to the same purpose may often have suggested itself to many readers; and, on the whole, it is good that every reader and every writer understand, with all intensity of conviction, what quite infinite worth lies in *Truth*; how all-pervading, omnipotent, in man's mind, is the thing we name *Belief*. For the rest, Herr Sauerteig, though one-sided, on this matter of Reality, seems heartily persuaded, and is not perhaps so ignorant as he looks. It cannot be unknown to him, for ex-

ample, what noise is made about “Invention;” what a supreme rank this faculty is reckoned to hold in the poetic endowment. Great truly is Invention; nevertheless, that is but a poor exercise of it with which Belief is not concerned. “An Irishman with whisky in his head,” as poor Byron said, will invent you, in this kind, till there is enough and to spare. Nay perhaps, if we consider well, the highest exercise of Invention has, in very deed, nothing to do with Fiction; but is an invention of new Truth, what we can call a Revelation; which last does undoubtedly transcend all other poetic efforts, nor can Herr Sauerteig be too loud in its praises. But, on the other hand, whether such effort is still possible for man, Herr Sauerteig and the bulk of the world are probably at issue,—and will probably continue so till that same “Revelation” or new “Invention of Reality,” of the sort he desiderates, shall itself make its appearance.

Meanwhile, quitting these airy regions, let any one bethink him how impressive the smallest historical *fact* may become, as contrasted with the grandest *fictional event*; what an incalculable force lies for us in this consideration: The Thing which I here hold imaged in my mind did actually occur; was, in very truth, an element in the system of the All, whereof I too form part; had therefore, and has, through all time, an authentic being; is not a dream, but a reality! We ourselves can remember reading, in *Lord Clarendon*, with feelings perhaps somehow accidentally opened to it,—certainly with a depth of impression strange to us then and now,—that insignificant-looking passage, where Charles, after the battle of Worcester, glides down, with Squire Careless, from the Royal Oak, at nightfall, being hungry; how, “making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the King by the weight of his boots (for he could not put *them* off, when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes), before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof being a Roman Catholic was known to Careless.” How this poor drudge, being knocked up from his snoring, “carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself;” and by and by, not without difficulty,

brought his Majesty "a piece of bread and a great pot of butter-milk," saying candidly that "he himself lived by his daily labour, and that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had:" on which nourishing diet his Majesty, "staying upon the hay-mow," feeds thankfully for two days; and then departs, under new guidance, having first changed clothes, down to the very shirt and "old pair of shoes," with his landlord; and so, as worthy Bunyan has it, "goes on his way, and sees him no more."* Singular enough if we will think of it! This then was a genuine flesh-and-blood Rustic of the year 1651: he did actually swallow bread and butter-milk (not having ale and bacon), and do field-labour; with these hob-nailed "shoes," has sprawled through mud-roads in winter, and, jocund or not, driven his team a-field in summer: he made bargains; had chafferings and higgings, now a sore heart, now a glad one; was born; was a son, was a father;—toiled in many ways, being forced to it, till the strength was all worn out of him; and then—lay down "to rest his galled back," and sleep there till the long-distant morning!—How comes it, that he alone of all the British rustics who tilled and lived along with him, on whom the blessed sun on that same "fifth day of September" was shining, should have chanced to rise on us; that this poor pair of clouted Shoes, out of the million million hides that have been tanned, and cut, and worn, should still subsist, and hang visibly together? We see him but for a moment; for one moment, the blanket of the Night is rent asunder, so that we behold and see, and then closes over him—for ever.

So too, in some *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, how indelible, and magically bright, does many a little *Reality* dwell in our remembrance! There is no need that the personages on the scene be a King and Clown; that the scene be the Forest of the Royal Oak, "on the borders of Staffordshire:" need only that the scene lie on this old firm Earth of ours, where we also have so surprisingly arrived; that the personages be *men*, and *seen* with the eyes of a man. Foolish enough, how some slight, perhaps mean and even ugly

incident (if *real*, and well presented) will fix itself in a susceptible memory, and lie ennobled there; silvered over with the pale cast of thought, with the pathos which belongs only to the Dead. For the Past is all holy to us; the Dead are all holy, even they that were base and wicked while alive. Their baseness and wickedness was not *They*, was but the heavy unmanageable Environment that lay round them, with which they fought unprevailing: *they* (the ethereal God-given Force that dwelt in them, and was their *Self*) have now shuffled off that heavy Environment, and are free and pure: their life-long Battle, go how it might, is all ended, with many wounds or with fewer; they have been recalled from it, and the once harsh-jarring battle-field has become a silent awe-inspiring Golgotha, and *Gottesacker* (Field of God)!—Boswell relates this in its smallest and poorest of occurrences: "As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us in the usual enticing manner. 'No, no, my girl,' said Johnson; 'it won't do.' He, however, did not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched life of such women." Strange power of *Reality*! Not even this poorest of occurrences, but now, after seventy years are come and gone, has a meaning for us. Do but consider that it is *true*; that it did in very deed occur! That unhappy Outcast, with all her sins and woes, her lawless desires, too complex mischances, her wailings and her riotings, has departed utterly: alas! her siren finery has got all besmudged; ground, generations, since, into dust and smoke; of her degraded body, and whole miserable earthly existence, all is away: *she* is no longer here, but far from us, in the bosom of Eternity,—whence we too came, whither we too are bound! Johnson said, "No, no, my girl; it won't do;" and then "we talked;"—and herewith the wretched one, seen but for the twinkling of an eye, passes on into the utter Darkness. No high Calista, that ever issued from Story-teller's brain, will impress us more deeply than this meanest of the mean; and for a good reason: That *she* issued from the Maker of Men.

It is well worth the Artist's while to

examine for himself what it is that gives such pitiful incidents their memorableness; his aim likewise is, above all things, to be *memorable*. Half the effect, we already perceive, depends on the object; on its being *real*, on its being really *seen*. The other half will depend on the observer; and the question now is: How are real objects to be so seen; on what quality of observing, or of style in describing, does this so intense pictorial power depend? Often a slight circumstance contributes curiously to the result: some little, and perhaps to appearance accidental, feature is presented; a light-gleam, which instantaneously *excites* the mind, and urges it to complete the picture, and evolve the meaning thereof for itself. By critics, such light-gleams and their almost magical influence have frequently been noted: but the power to produce such, to select such features as will produce them, is generally treated as a knack, or trick of the trade, a secret for being "graphic;" whereas these magical feats are, in truth, rather inspirations; and the gift of performing them, which acts unconsciously, without forethought, and as if by nature alone, is properly a *genius* for description.

One grand, invaluable secret there is, however, which includes all the rest, and, what is comfortable, lies clearly in every man's power: *To have an open loving heart, and what follows from the possession of such!* Truly has it been said, emphatically in these days ought it to be repeated: A loving Heart is the beginning of all Knowledge. This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its fit work, that of *knowing*; and therefrom, by sure consequence, of *vividly uttering forth*. Other secret for being "graphic" is there none, worth having: but this is an all-sufficient one. See, for example, what a small Boswell can do! Hereby, indeed, is the whole man made a living mirror, wherein the wonders of this ever-wonderful Universe are, in their true light (which is ever a magical, miraculous one) represented, and reflected back on us. It has been said, "the heart sees farther than the head:" but, indeed, without the seeing heart, there is no true seeing for the head so much as possible; all is mere *oversight*, hallucination, and vain superficial phan-

tasmagoria, which can permanently profit no one.

Here, too, may we not pause for an instant, and make a practical reflection? Considering the multitude of mortals that handle the Pen in these days, and *can* mostly spell, and write without glaring violations of grammar, the question naturally arises: How is it, then, that no Work proceeds from them, bearing any stamp of authenticity and permanence; of worth for more than one day? Ship-loads of Fashionable Novels, Sentimental Rhymes, Tragedies, Farces, Diaries of Travel, Tales by flood and field, are swallowed monthly into the bottomless Pool: still does the Press toil; innumerable Paper-makers, Compositors, Printers' Devils, Bookbinders, and Hawkers grown hoarse with loud proclaiming, rest not from their labour; and still, in torrents, rushes on the great array of Publications, unpausing, to their final home; and still Oblivion, like the Grave, cries: Give! Give! How is it that of all these countless multitudes, no one can attain to the smallest mark of excellence, or produce aught that shall endure longer than "snow-flake on the river," or the foam of penny-beer? We answer: Because they *are* foam; because there is no *Reality* in them. These Three Thousand men, women, and children, that make up the army of British Authors, do not, if we will well consider it, *see* anything whatever; consequently *have* nothing that they can record and utter, only more or fewer things that they can plausibly pretend to record. The Universe, of Man and Nature, is still quite shut up from them; the "open secret" still utterly a secret; because no sympathy with Man or Nature, no love and free simplicity of heart has yet unfolded the same. Nothing but a pitiful Image of their own pitiful Self, with its vanities, and grudgings, and ravenous hunger of all kinds, hangs for ever painted in the retina of these unfortunate persons; so that the starry ALL, with whatsoever it embraces, does but appear as some expanded magic-lantern shadow of that same Image,—and naturally looks pitiful enough.

It is vain for these persons to allege that they are naturally without gift, naturally stupid and sightless, and *so can* attain to no knowledge of any thing; therefore, in writing of any

thing, must needs write falsehoods of it, there being in it no truth for them. Not so, good Friends. The stupidest of you has a certain faculty; were it but that of articulate speech (say, in the Scottish, the Irish, the Cockney dialect, or even in "Governess-English"), and of physically discerning what lies under your nose. The stupidest of you would perhaps grudge to be compared in faculty with James Boswell; yet see what he has produced! You do not use your faculty honestly; your heart is shut up; full of greediness, malice, discontent; so your intellectual sense cannot be open. It is vain also to urge that James Boswell had opportunities; saw great men and great things, such as you can never hope to look on. What make ye of Parson White in Selbourne? He had not only no great men to look on, but not even men; merely sparrows and cock-chafers: yet has he left us a *Biography* of these; which, under its title *Natural History of Selbourne*, still remains valuable to us; which has copied a little sentence or two *faithfully* from the Inspired Volume of Nature, and so is itself not without inspiration. Go ye and do likewise. Sweep away utterly all frothiness and falsehood from your heart; struggle unweariedly to acquire, what is possible for every god-created Man, a free, open, humble soul: *speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak*; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the *truth* of your speaking: then be placed in what section of Space and of Time soever, do but open your eyes, and they shall actually *see*, and bring you real *knowledge*, wondrous, worthy of *belief*; and instead of one Boswell and one White, the world will rejoice in a thousand,—stationed on their thousand several watch-towers, to instruct us, by indubitable documents, of whatsoever in our so stupendous World comes to light and is! O, had the Editor of this Magazine but a magic-rod to turn all that not inconsiderable Intellect, which now deluges us with artificial fictitious soap-lather, and mere Lying, into the faithful study of Reality,—what knowledge of great, everlasting Nature, and of Man's ways and doings therein, would not every year bring us in! Can we but change one single soap-latherer and mountebank Juggler, into a true Thinker and

Doer, that even *tries* honestly to think and do,—great will be our reward.

But, to return; or rather from this point to begin our journey! If now, what with Herr Sauerteig's *Springwurzeln*, what with so much lucubration of our own, it have become apparent how deep, immeasurable is the "worth that lies in *Reality*," and farther, how exclusive the interest which man takes in Histories of Man,—may it not seem lamentable, that so few genuinely-good *Biographies* have yet been accumulated in Literature; that, in the whole world, one cannot find, going strictly to work, above some dozen, or baker's dozen, and those chiefly of very ancient date? Lamentable; yet, after what we have just seen, accountable. Another question might be asked: How comes it that in England we have simply one good Biography, this *Boswell's Johnson*; and of good, indifferent, or even bad attempts at Biography, fewer than any civilised people? Consider the French and Germans, with their Moreris, Bayles, Jördenses, Jöchers, their innumerable *Mémoires*, and *Schilderungen*, and *Biographies Universelles*; not to speak of Rousseaus, Goethes, Schubarths, Jung-Stillings; and then contrast with these our poor Birches and Kippises and Pecks,—the whole breed of whom, moreover, is now extinct!

With this question, as the answer might lead us far, and come out unflattering to patriotic sentiment, we shall not intermeddle; but turn rather, with greater pleasure, to the fact, that one excellent Biography is actually English;—and even now lies, in Five new Volumes, at our hand, soliciting a new consideration from us; such as, age after age (the Perennial shewing ever new phases as *our* position alters), it may long be profitable to bestow on it;—to which task we here, in this position, in this age, gladly address ourselves.

First, however, Let the foolish April-fool-day pass by; and our Reader, during these twenty-nine days of uncertain weather that will follow, keep pondering, according to convenience, the purport of BIOGRAPHY in general: then, with the blessed dew of May-day, and in unlimited convenience of space, shall all that we have written on *Johnson*, and *Boswell's Johnson*, and *Croker's Boswell's Johnson*, be faithfully laid before him.

TWENTY-SECOND REPORT ON THE REVENUE.*

PACKET ESTABLISHMENTS, HOME STATION.

THE committee appointed to investigate the important subject of this report have acquitted themselves with most commendable diligence and ability. It has often struck us that there is no point of view in which parliament, as at present constituted, may appear to more advantage, than that very one in which it is least frequently seen by the public at large, and which, indeed, can only be contemplated by those whose taste or whose duty leads them to the perusal of such productions as that of which we are about to give an abstract. It is there the solid sense, the local knowledge, the general information, the practical wisdom, the untiring industry, which those who are acquainted with the composition of the House of Commons know to belong to it, are alone to be found; and which, assuredly, would never have obtained admittance into that assembly, had the possessors of these useful, but undazzling qualities to make their way by purely popular qualifications. The boroughs have, in point of fact, been the inlets of knowledge, which have enabled our legislature to keep pace with the spirit of the age. Whatever of genius, or of statesmanlike talent existed in the better classes, and which scorned to stoop to a degrading accommodation to the prejudices of the mob, found a ready access, by means of the nomination boroughs, to a seat in the lower house, which was thus enriched by the noiseless, but varied and extensive abilities and acquirements of individuals, who may be truly said to have represented every important interest in the country, and who were useful precisely in the inverse ratio in which they were actuated by a desire of obtaining popular applause. The frothy declaimer upon imaginary grievances has only to throw himself heels over head, in order to carry away the attention of a popular assembly from the laborious investigator of the real ills under which the country suffers. The one is the empiric, who abuses their credulity and amuses their imagination; the other is the true phy-

sician, who feels it necessary to mortify their vanity and to probe their wounds. And, accordingly, the latter has no chance in the race of popularity with the former; and whenever the period arrives at which, to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, the ordeal of a popular election is indispensable, we may safely venture to pronounce that folly will predominate over wisdom, rashness over prudence, and a heady, turbulent, and innovating zeal, over the restraints of caution and experience.

There is a difference between those who speak *to* the people and those who speak *for* the people, which perhaps the latter can only learn by bitter experience. The lesson is a sad one, but it is, in all probability, indispensable. As long as the multitude remain ignorant, or, but crudely and imperfectly informed, it must be easy to engage their passions against themselves. They must ever, in such cases, be the prey of the trading demagogue. The enlightened protector of our agriculture, in order to gain their attention and confidence, must be able to explain to them the policy and expediency of the corn-laws, if he would call up their reason against their prejudice. The itinerant orator, when he would excite their prejudices against their reason, has only to speak to them of cheap bread! The one swims with the stream; the other, if he be not swept away, must endeavour to swim against it. And when what are at present the inlets of sound constitutional principle are either dammed up, or converted into flood-gates for the purpose of swelling the overwhelming tide of democracy, which is already isolating the aristocracy, and rising around the throne, where is the man who shall prescribe to it the bounds which it may not pass, or exert an energy potent enough to prevent a wide-spread and promiscuous desolation?

But we ask thy pardon, courteous reader. Thou wert invited to consider the dry details of a revenue inquiry. The present report embraces the whole economy of the packet establishments

* The Twenty-second Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Collection and Management of the Revenue arising in Great Britain and Ireland.

employed by government for the purpose of expediting the correspondence, and facilitating the intercourse, between the different parts of the united empire. It enters largely into the policy of the present system; and, as that cannot be fully understood without a knowledge of its growth, we will briefly advert to the facts of the case, as they have been made known to us by the commissioners.

It appears, from reference to the "Report of Commissioners of Fees and Gratuities" in 1788, that all Correspondence was conveyed at that time in vessels the property of the crown, and that the annual expenditure for their maintenance, &c. &c. amounted, during a number of years, to about 61,000*l*. This the commissioners describe as a sum so enormous as to exceed credibility,—one million and thirty-eight thousand pounds appearing to have been paid for the employment of packets in a period of seventeen years! The report disapproves of the mode of carrying on the service at that time in use, and recommends that the vessels belonging to the public should be sold, "and that the service should be provided for in future *altogether* by vessels hired by the year, under contracts entered into by public competition."

The next important notice of this subject is by the finance committee of 1798, from whose report it appears "that, in the year 1796, the expense of the packets amounted to 78,439*l*., being a large increase compared with the charge at the close of the preceding inquiry;" an increase, however, which does not prove either greater mismanagement or extravagance, as it is to be accounted for by the different circumstances of the respective periods,—the earlier having been a period of peace, the latter of war. This committee, not finding the recommendation of the former fully acted upon, express their concurrence in it, and advise that the service should be carried on in future by means of hired vessels.

This reiterated injunction was at length observed. In the words of the commissioners: "Subsequently," (to the last-named report,) "and up to a recent period, the service is described as having been conducted by agreements, in the nature of contracts, between the postmasters-general and the commanders of the respective

vessels employed. No actual contract or agreement," it is stated, "was executed. The commander received from the postmaster-general a commission, during good behaviour, undertaking to supply a sufficient vessel, built for the service, in consideration of a certain annual payment, which included the wages and victualling of a certain number of officers and men, wear and tear, and all charges and risks but that of capture by the enemy, for which the revenue was his indemnity. *The rate of hire was calculated much below the cost and maintenance of the vessel; the commander (or contractor) deriving his remuneration from the profits arising from the conveyance of passengers.*"

The report proceeds to state, that the expense thus incurred annually by the public, in the ten years preceding the year 1821, may be estimated at about 8700*l*. Compared, therefore, with the expenditure of the year 1797, as estimated by the finance committee, the annual saving was more than 60,000*l*!

The service was upon this economical footing when the present system of steam-packets was introduced; and the crown again became the proprietor of the vessels employed, precisely in the manner objected to by the commissioners in 1788, and by the finance committee in 1798. There was thenceforth an end to the prudence and frugality, of which such excellent fruits were already visible; "and the expense of building, repairing, and maintaining such vessels, with their various establishments of officers, agents, and equipage, has been imposed upon the public in consequence!"

Before we examine the grounds upon which this charge was made, or inquire whether or not it was advisable, it will be right to put the reader distinctly in possession of the increase of expense which it occasioned.

The cost of vessels, including maintenance and outfit, upon an average of nine years, is stated to have exceeded 609,000*l*.; or about 67,000*l*. annually.

The compensation allowed commanders for the value of their sailing vessels, rendered unprofitable by the substitution of steam-packets, amounted to 26,216*l*. 1*s*. 8*d*.; from which, after deducting 5245*l*., the estimated amount of the sale of such vessels as have been disposed of, and which of course goes to the credit of the public,

"the gross expenditure may be stated at about 630,000*l.*; averaging about 70,000*l.* per annum!"

Independently of the original outlay for the cost, &c. &c. of the vessels, and from an estimate of the annual disbursements stated to have been made from the first introduction of steam-packets in April 1821, to the 5th of January 1831, "there may be stated to have been about 379,000*l.*" or about 42,000*l.* annually.

The commissioners observe that "the result of a comparison of the annual charge thus incurred, with the charge already shewn, arising from the previous system of hiring vessels, shews an increase equal to about 33,000*l.* per annum, whilst the total receipts for passage-money since the year 1821 inclusive (estimated at 237,000), have very little exceeded the amount sunk in building and outfit, which may be stated at 230,000*l.*, exclusive of any charge for interest on the amount so invested. *The annual excess above stated, therefore, amounting, in a period of nine years, to about 300,000*l.*, MAY BE CONSIDERED A TOTAL LOSS!*

Such has been our gain in point of economy! We will now consider the wisdom and the expediency of the new arrangements.

We will first advert to the communication by Holyhead. This was carried on, the commissioners inform us, "by sailing vessels, which landed mails and passengers at the Pigeon House, in the bay of Dublin, until the uncertainty arising from difficulties in the navigation of the bay led to the construction of the harbour of Howth, for the purposes of a packet station." The vessels were engaged by the postmaster-general, under agreements with their commanders for fixed annual payments for the transport of the mails, leaving the profits from passengers wholly to the captains. The number of vessels thus engaged for the ordinary service of the post-office had for some years been fixed at seven, and the annual expense of these vessels to the public may be stated at about 3,679*l.*, or about 52*l.* for each vessel. Upon this footing the packet establishment at Holyhead continued until the year 1821, when steam-packets were substituted for sailing vessels at this station, under circumstances to which it will be necessary to advert.

The commissioners then recite part

of a communication addressed to the secretary of the postmaster-general, from the new steam-packet company, wherein they state their intention of running packets upon the Holyhead station. They state, moreover, that the attempt will be made "in the face of great difficulties, and that any trial of steam-vessels is necessarily made at a very heavy expense; and those interested will certainly lose money before the existing prejudice against such conveyance can be overcome; and after embarking their property in it, and bestowing their ingenuity and industry on an enterprise at once hazardous and uncertain, the individuals engaged therein can only hope to derive advantage, ultimately, by having their vessels appointed to the public service, *when they shall have demonstrated that they can essentially improve the intercourse.*" In conclusion, they observe that "they take the entire risk of the failure of the undertaking on themselves," and that "it is only when they shall have proved it so successful that the public will derive eminent advantages from the result, that they look for the protection and support of the post-office."

The answer to this application was far from discouraging. It was to this effect: — "that if the company should think proper to make any proposition for the employment of steam-boats, grounded on actual experience, it would be taken into consideration."

The experiment was, accordingly, made, and it is unnecessary to say that it was successful. "In a report from Mr. Griffiths, the agent for the packets at Holyhead, it is stated, that in a series of twelve successive voyages, from the 26th of March to the 18th of April, 1820, from Holyhead to Howth, the difference of time occupied in the performance of such voyages, in favour of the steam-boats compared with the rigged packets, was 112 hours and 55 minutes." The post-office thus became convinced of the necessity for employing steam-packets in their service; and a determination to that effect having been manifested, the proprietors of the Talbot and Ivanhoe make a tender of the services of their vessels, in which they state "that if an annual contract were required to be made for the conveyance of the mails at this station (Holyhead), by two steam-packets and one sail-vessel during the summer, and by four sail-vessels and one steam-

packet during the winter, this might be done for the same charge to the post-office as it at present stands; but if they desired to engage the steam-boats for only six or eight months each year, it could not be thought unreasonable that they should be paid for each mail they carry across the same sum which at present falls to a sail-packet, —about four pounds.”

From this it is manifest that government might have availed itself of the *increased facilities without any increased expense*. The postmasters-general, however, thought proper peremptorily to decline this offer, and exhibited, we must say, throughout the whole negotiation, not the feeling of enlightened functionaries, but of petty traders. It occurred to them, that by changing their character, and, in direct contradiction to the two “reports” before cited, becoming again the proprietors of vessels, they might derive a profit from passengers which would more than cover the increased expenditure which would be necessary for accomplishing such an object. They utterly disregarded the claims of the enterprising individuals, by whose exertions, and at whose expense, the practicability of steam-navigation was ascertained; and resolved to consider them, not as meritorious citizens, whose industry and ingenuity were entitled to a reward, but as rival traders whose intrusion upon the Holyhead station was deserving of condemnation! All this was most unworthy, and meets the reprobation of the commissioners. It should, surely, have occurred to the postmasters-general, that if the experiment of steam-navigation was to be discouraged, the time to discourage it was when they received the first communication from the proprietors of the new steam-packet company. Their reply, on the contrary, was sufficiently encouraging; and yet, when the experiment is ascertained to have succeeded, and the public are put in possession of such important advantages, the word of promise which was made to the ear is broken to the hope, and the company by whom this great undertaking was accomplished are the only individuals in the community who must make their account with deriving no benefit from it! This company ascertained the practicability of steam-navigation, which literally converts the sea into a high road, and they find, in the government who should patronise,

the rivals who would crush them! We know not what a reformed House of Commons will say to this; but assuredly the postmasters-general were appointed for no such purpose.

It is unnecessary to pursue this negotiation much farther. The company renew their offers, while the post-office are in treaty with others for the purpose of building steam-vessels of their own. They had now fully determined to enter upon the business of conveying passengers by steam, in a manner that, to use the words of their agent, Mr. Griffith, “would render all future competition on the part of individuals unavailing.” The grounds upon which this resolution was taken were those of economy—a resolution which involved a departure from a principle which had on two occasions been very earnestly recommended, which upon trial was found to work so well, and which could not be carried into effect without doing very serious injury to those individuals, who should, at least, be permitted to enjoy the natural advantages of their enterprise in the profits of their trade, if they were not rewarded as benefactors to their country. Upon this part of the subject the commissioners justly observe:—

“The defeat of the already-established undertaking of the Steam-Packet Company at Holyhead, and the prevention of the benefits and convenience to the public at large, as well as of the aid to the service which might have resulted from a competition arising out of similar efforts of private enterprise; and the contingent risks incurred by the postmasters-general in placing themselves in the situation of private adventurers, under an implied necessity to make a sufficient provision for objects beyond the conveyance of the correspondence, were foreseen consequences of this determination, which in our opinion should have been avoided by a considerate exercise of the powers of the postmaster-general, or a well-founded calculation of the interests of the revenue.”

At first the postmasters confined themselves to four packets upon the Holyhead station, which would, the commissioners observe, have been abundantly sufficient for the conveyance of the correspondence. While the establishment continued upon this footing, the current expenses appear to have been restricted to the estimated charge of twelve thousand a-year, while

the receipts for passage-money exceeded these expenses by 30,000*l.* In the three succeeding years, the expenses of maintenance exceeded annually 21,000*l.* and the receipts fell short of that expenditure, upon the whole, by 26,000*l.*, or nearly 9,000*l.* per annum! The receipts from passengers decreased in proportion as the accommodation for passengers was augmented! so that, if the postmasters stood in the condition of private adventurers, they would have been ruined by their project! The commissioners observe, that "amongst the causes of this diminution may probably be reckoned the recent measure, which will hereafter be noticed, of creating a packet establishment at Liverpool; by which means the postmaster-general became his own competitor for passengers, on separate voyages having the same destination."

In departing from the principle laid down for the regulation of the post-office by the commissioners of fees and gratuities, 1788, and the select committee of finance in 1797, the postmaster-general pledges himself, in a communication to the Lords of the Treasury, to recur to it again, as soon as it might be practicable under the new arrangements. He is aware, apparently, of the disadvantage of such a deviation from a well-considered rule, and says, "We shall gladly avail ourselves of any means that may suggest themselves, in process of time, for moulding this system to the established practice of the service." Upon this, the commissioners bestow the following just animadversion:—

"There is, indeed, much apparent inconsistency in recommending an expenditure involving a heavy investment of capital (which, in a very limited shape compared with its actual augmented scale, their lordships describe as 'immense'), on other grounds than those of a permanent maintenance of the establishment proposed to be so created; and whatever may have been their lordships' intention in this instance, we find that in others the principle of extending the establishments of this department, instead of adhering or reverting to the established practice of the service, has, in fact, subsequently obtained great latitude."

After noticing some incidental extravagances, and amongst these the establishment of a dépôt for stores, &c. &c. at Holyhead, which necessi-

tated the impress of large sums of the public money, amounting in one year to 11,000*l.*, in addition to the receipts for passage-money, they observe,—

"Thus your lordships will perceive that, since the introduction of steam-vessels, under the new system, at this station, so far from any measures having been taken for 'moulding this system to the established practice of the service,' that the departure from that practice has been progressive, in the increase of the number of vessels the property of the crown, and in the extension of the outlay, and of contingent establishments connected with the maintenance of the service upon this plan. If the creation of such establishments be supposed necessary to comparative economy in pursuing this plan, it constitutes, in our opinion, an additional objection to the plan itself; and if, with reference to the infinitely less costly and more simple provision for the conduct of the packed service by sailing vessels, the method of hiring under contract was enjoined on sufficient grounds, the propriety of this injunction appears to us to be now strongly enforced by experience of the results of the departure from it in the case of the steam-vessels at Holyhead."

Thus the postmasters-general failed in realising those profits, as proprietors of packets, by which the public were to be ultimately more than reimbursed for the great outlay which they demanded. But they did not fail in what they seemed to have much more at heart, namely, doing a very serious injury to the private adventurers.

Even if the post-office succeeded in realising the profits upon which they calculated, it would not, in our view of the matter, form any excuse for departing from the simplicity of their original arrangements. They were appointed for one specific purpose, and to the accomplishment of that they should have confined themselves. For this purpose, the vast and complicated machinery which they deemed it necessary to create was by no means required. They might have still, as before, entered into contract for the transmission of the correspondence. There is abundant evidence to prove, that they might have done so upon terms exceedingly advantageous to the public. Offers were made them to carry the mails for a considerable period, *without any compensation!* Indeed, the company with whom they were in treaty seem to have looked more to the advantage and credit

of carrying them, than to any thing else; and to that advantage and that credit, as the successful and enterprising originators of steam navigation, they were surely entitled. But these considerations the heads of the post-office overlooked, in the zeal, and, we must add, the acrimony with which they entered upon a contest with them as rivals in the trade of conveying passengers, for whose accommodation the postmaster-general was by no means responsible, and whom they might have safely left to the increased facilities of intercourse which this new discovery had created.

It seems strange that, in proportion as the progress of science caused a *division* of labour in the conveyance of passengers, the post-office should only have taken advantage of it for the purpose of causing a *complication of labour* in the transmission of the correspondence! Strange, that a discovery which not only shortens the time, but lightens the expense, of travelling, to private individuals, should only be felt as a heavy burden by the public at large!

There has been already a loss to the public of THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS! and this, uncompensated by any present or prospective advantage! Nay, attended, we may say, with the disadvantage of being incurred by a project which has done serious injury to private individuals! In these days of economy, it becomes parliament to look narrowly into this. It never should be the practice, as it never can be the policy, of government to enter into trade for the purposes of revenue. They are, properly, the regulators, the encouragers, the protectors of trade, but *not the rivals of private traders*.* Their only legitimate revenue can arise from the profits of individuals, which have been realised under the guarantee of their protection. But what will be said if these revenues are perverted to the purpose of oppressing and injuring the very parties from whom they are levied, of marring their industry, and blasting their prospects? This is precisely what has been done by the interference of the post-office with the trade of carrying passengers. Public funds have been employed in an extravagant and inglorious competition with private traders. That is,

private traders have been compelled to contribute to funds which have been employed for the injury of themselves! This is, surely, not even-handed justice. It is not right to ask of any interest in the country thus to be its own executioner. It is not wise to dry up the sources of revenue, by damping the spirit of enterprise, and breaking the springs of industry. No exigency existed which could justify so wide a departure from the soundest principles of political economy; which would have required, even if the government had ascertained the practicability of steam navigation, that the advantages of any trade to which it might give rise should be left to individuals. But the contrary having been the case, the trade having arisen out of the enterprise of private individuals, it is monstrous to think that its advantages should be monopolised by the government at their expense.

Thus, even supposing that there were advantages gained by it, the project of the postmasters-general should never have been adopted. What, then, must be said, when it is considered that its failure in point of economy was as complete as its interference with private traders was unjustifiable;—that the private companies were injured, not that the public might be benefited, but that the public might be injured also! Most earnestly do we hope that parliament will give an early and effectual attention to the following observations of the commissioners.

“To the legitimate object of the department of the post-office, as stated above, we conceive the attention of the postmaster-general should be limited. We cannot recognise any claim on their lordships to sacrifice the revenue for the purpose of affording an accommodation to the public, for which the postmaster-general is in no way responsible. The combination of the conveyance of passengers with the correspondence, as a speculative expedient, is one which, in our opinion, the postmaster-general should not resort to, where the means of carrying on the service, without such risk, are satisfactorily attainable. That such means were at the command of the postmaster-general at Holyhead, has, we think, been sufficiently shewn; and it was, we also think, contrary to official principle, in a double sense, to

* These remarks particularly apply to another expensive nuisance,—the Government Stationary Office.—O. Y.

reject those means ; first, as the rejection involved a departure from the approved system of the service,—and secondly, as the powers of the postmaster-general were used, in this instance, to suppress existing, and to preclude future, efforts of private enterprise, at least unnecessarily for any object falling within the proper exercise of his functions, and, as the event has proved, prejudicially to the revenue.”

The magnitude of the capital employed in the present equipments, render it impossible that they can be suddenly abandoned. The commissioners, therefore, advise that a gradual reduction shall take place, and that no opportunity be omitted of bringing back the service to the footing on which it stood previous to the present arrangements.

And here it is but right to say, that for any mistakes that have been committed, the postmasters-general of Ireland were not to blame. Indeed their advice was not solicited ; and when offered respectfully through their excellent secretary, Sir Edward Lees, was not treated with much consideration. Sir Edward clearly intimated to Mr. Freeling, that the expense of the new establishment was more than commensurate with its advantages.

We now come to the consideration of the Liverpool station, in which the post-office departed as widely from a principle which seemed to be recognised by themselves, (and upon which they rested the justification of their conduct towards the private adventurers, whom they considered intruders,) as has been already evinced respecting the injunction of the commissioners of 1788 and the committee of 1797.

When steam-packets were established between Dublin and Holyhead, by a private company, Government were in possession of the station. When steam-packets were established between Dublin and Liverpool by the Government, a private company were in possession of the station. In the former case, the ground of pre-occupancy was considered by the Government as sufficient to justify the monopoly for which they contended. In the latter case, they deny that such pre-occupancy should afford the company any protection ! They fight the company with a double-edged sword. In the one case they tell them, You have no right to come where we

have been established ! In the other case their language is, You have no right to be established where we choose to come ! It is, surely, a cruel mis-policy which thus converts funds, which have been levied from the profits of enterprising individuals, into the means of their own undoing ;—that they shall be taxed for the purpose of enabling his Majesty's postmaster-general to exclude their enterprise from one station, and destroy that enterprise upon another. And this is the more cruel and pernicious, when it is considered that the principle upon which private individuals were excluded from the trade in passengers between Dublin and Holyhead, would seem to guarantee to them the security of it between Dublin and Liverpool.

But the reader will perhaps suppose, that there was a refusal on the part of the proprietors of private steam-vessels to accommodate the post-office, by conveying the correspondence. No such thing : they were willing and anxious to have it so conveyed. But then it may be thought their terms were exorbitant. The postmaster-general might have had the business done upon his own terms ! The proprietors express themselves anxious “ to contract for a term of years, to carry the mail from Liverpool and back, regularly every day during the year ;” and also, “ at such hours, and subject to such regulations, as may be judged requisite, and to find security for the execution of such contract.” The memorialists further observe, “ that the only object of the postmaster-general being the speedy and certain conveyance of the mail and letters, your memorialists humbly conceive, that the same may be accomplished and carried into full effect by such proposed arrangement ;” “ and that should such offer be rejected, and additional steam-boats built and established at Liverpool, under the authority and sanction of the Government, it would most materially affect your memorialists, and put in hazard and jeopardy the large capital they have already expended and invested in the said undertaking, and cause an expense and outlay to Government of more than 60,000*l.*, and be attended with a very considerable annual expenditure, without being productive of any other advantage to Government beyond what they might obtain by allowing your memorialists

to carry the mail and letters by the steam-packets which they have already established." This offer, the commissioners tell us, "was supported by a memorial of the merchants and others interested in the trade between Dublin and Liverpool."

It was all in vain; the Government would not hear of it. Measures are immediately taken for introducing upon the Liverpool station vessels the property of the crown: The business which was done by contract with the owners of sailing vessels, while the communication was both uncertain and precarious, cannot be done by contract when a division of labour has taken place in the carrying trade; and the communication has, in consequence, become expeditious, cheap, and certain. The conduct of the post-office can scarcely be accounted for by any thing short of infatuation.

Still the companies did not relinquish the hope of being able to prevail on the Government to listen to reason. Another memorial, supported by a representation from the mayor, the principal bankers, and many respectable merchants of Liverpool, was presented to the Lords of the Treasury, stating, that for two years the company's steam-packets have, without intermission, plied between Liverpool and Dublin, for the conveyance of passengers, horses, carriages, and merchandise of all descriptions, with the greatest regularity, and without accident: "that for the more efficient service of the two ports, and in consequence of the great increase of trading, occasioned by the adoption of steam navigation, the company have increased their establishment; and that their capital of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is a bona fide subscribed capital. That memorialists are willing to undertake the conveyance of the mail from Liverpool, in the same manner as the Glasgow and Belfast mails are carried to those ports, leaving the remuneration of such service to the consideration of your Lordships, should it merit any beyond the relaxation of certain harbour and light duties, remitted to packets carrying His Majesty's mails. That memorialists are prepared to place daily a steam-packet under the orders of the postmaster-general at Dublin and Liverpool, respectively, to sail with the mail at such times as he may deem best, with reference to the state of the tides

and weather. And THAT MEMORIALISTS WILL ALSO UNDERTAKE TO PLACE ADDITIONAL PACKETS UNDER THE ORDERS OF THE POSTMASTER AT LIVERPOOL, WHENEVER EXTRAORDINARY EXPEDITION MAY BE REQUIRED FOR THE CONVEYANCES OF LETTERS."

The reasoning upon which the offers of the company were rejected, is thus summed up by the commissioners; viz. "the want of sufficient inducement to private individuals to conduct the service with zeal and regularity; the impossibility of arming the department with a sufficient control; and the inadequacy of penalties for failure of performance of a contract to prevent or to afford redress for mismanagement or neglect. On such grounds it is suggested, that even if an offer were made for the gratuitous performance of this, or any other similar duty, it is presumed that the responsibility on the part of the postmaster-general is too great to admit of its being entertained."

Now, it is to be observed, that these objections were made without any reference to experience. Indeed, as far as experience went, it would appear that they were unfounded. When the correspondence was transmitted in sailing vessels, the preference of Government was found to be quite a sufficient inducement to private individuals to conduct the service with zeal and regularity. The post-office always had a sufficient control over them, and there never was a complaint that their contract was not fulfilled. Why, then, presume, that all this must be reversed in the case of steam-packets, the proprietors of which must have had every inducement which belonged to the captains of the sailing vessels, in addition to that arising from increasing advantages, to be expected from their augmented trade? No attempt has been made to shew that the contract which in the one case was so punctually fulfilled, would in the other case be neglected. Can we discover, in the conduct or reasoning of the heads of the post-office, any thing to justify the apprehensions they affect to have entertained, or the extraordinary departure from established principle which they adopted. How little does it consort with their previously-expressed intention to avail themselves of every opportunity of again "moulding the system to the

established practice of the service!" But upon this part of the subject we cannot withhold from the reader the well-digested judgment of the commissioners:

"To the objections," they say, "to the employment of vessels not the property of the crown, as being incompatible with security to the public, a conclusive answer may be found, as appears to us, in numerous instances within the practice of the department. Besides the correspondence between the Isle of Man and Liverpool, bags of letters have been conveyed in vessels not the property of the crown from this same port to Belfast, Cork, Waterford, Glasgow, and Greenock; from Bristol to Cork and Waterford, and between various other parts of the United Kingdom; and your lordships are aware that an important portion of the foreign correspondence of the country is also intrusted to private vessels; some hired as packets to carry what are called mails, others carrying bags under the denomination of 'ship letter-bags.'

"The practice of employing such vessels in the home communications has extended itself (very properly, in our opinion) during the period of our enquiries, affording a presumption that, in fact, it has not been found attended, necessarily, with the imputed insecurity, and proof that the principle assumed in the correspondence which has been before quoted, that 'even if an offer should be made for the gratuitous performance of this or any other similar duty (by private individuals), it is presumed that the responsibility on the part of the postmaster-general is too great to admit of its being entertained,' is contrary to the custom of the service.

"In the case of the vessels of the steam companies of Liverpool and Dublin, we have observed no plausible ground of exception to restrict the discretion of his majesty's postmaster-general. The number and power of the vessels intended to be placed at their lordships' disposal were abundant and ample. To the proposed contracts were to be annexed such regulations and conditions as their lordships should think fit. The parties proposing to contract had a twofold interest in the safe and punctual performance of the service, in the advantage they sought to secure to themselves as the contractors, the forfeiture of which must have attended irregularity; and as being themselves principally to be benefited by the establishment of a rapid and certain communication between Liverpool and Dublin. Had the determination of his majesty's postmaster-general been such

'as to open this lucrative department to public competition,' according to the opinion of the finance committee of 1797, it cannot be doubted that, with such powers of capital and extent of establishments, and with such a desire on the part of the existing companies, the security and efficiency of the service might have been fully provided for. It does, therefore, appear to us, that the principle recently adopted by his majesty's postmaster-general, in deciding upon the formation of packet establishments, to the exclusion of private vessels, so far as it rests upon the ground of alleged insecurity, is contrary to experience, and inconsistent with the practice, in numerous existing instances; and that the application of this principle on this ground, in the case here referred to, was peculiarly uncalled for."

We have quoted so much from the Report, because we could not expect the reader, to take upon our authority a statement so very strongly opposed to the present practice. We shall only add that it is, in all respects, borne out by the oral and documentary evidence which forms the Appendix to the Report, and which affords a substantial proof of the zeal and the ability of the commissioners. It is most earnestly to be desired that parliament may adopt their recommendation, and that the country will, as soon as possible, be relieved from the operation of a system which, while it inflicted loss upon enterprising individuals, has been prejudicial to life revenue.

The manner in which this system operated to the injury of private individuals, is thus exemplified. The receipts of the Dublin company from cabin passengers had gone on increasing, until, in the half year previously to the establishment of the Government packets, they amounted to 6,000*l*. They then descended rapidly. In the first year the company lost about 6,000*l*. The following statement, which was given in evidence, will shew the rate at which the half-yearly receipts declined subsequently to the establishment of post-office packets in the autumn of 1826:

| | | |
|------|-------|--------|
| 1826 | | £3,700 |
| 1827 | | 2,200 |
| 1827 | | 2,170 |

The competition of Government with private traders is described by one of the witnesses, as so injurious as to prevent the employment of vessels for

the conveyance of passengers "more than three or four months during the height of the summer!" He then complains of the measures taken by the post-office for the regulation of the fares, as "manifesting a determination to prevent other than the post-office packets from sailing on the line again." His Majesty's postmaster-general, indeed, seems to have entered with as much eagerness into this competition with the private companies, as ever was manifested by the proprietors of opposition mail-coaches. He seems to have kept a vigilant watch upon the proceedings of the companies, and to have regulated his measures in such a way as that their interests must always be defeated. We cannot but lament this application of his zeal and ability, nor forbear observing, that, if he was half as intent upon improving the revenue, as he appears to have been to defeat the honest efforts of private enterprise, he would have conferred no small benefit upon the country. That the commissioners were of the same opinion, may be collected from the following observations:

"Your lordships will, we think, concur in opinion, that it is not fitting that any department of the government should be engaged in a competition such as is described in the documents and evidence referred to; or which should require to be sustained by the means pointed out in the regulation quoted above. In order to comply with it, an agent must be employed by his majesty's postmaster-general at the port, to keep a constant watch upon the proceedings of all private companies or individuals engaged in the passage-trade. The requisite information for adjusting the fluctuating rates of fares (if attainable at all with certainty) could be procured only by an unauthorised and invidious interference of a public officer in matters of private concern. The discretion vested in such an agent must afford opportunity for much abuse, by negligence, partiality, or collusion; and the uncertainty of such a system might give rise to endless references to the superior authorities, and call for their attention to the details of transactions frivolous or vexatious in themselves, and foreign to the proper functions of the department."

So far as to the embarrassing nature of the new arrangement, with respect to the working of the post-office department. But what will be thought of it, when considered in its bearing

upon the enterprise of private individuals? Upon this part of the subject the commissioners are sparing in their remarks, as it did not, in fact, fall within the strict line of their duty to observe very particularly upon it. But let any tradesman or merchant, whose protection and encouragement should form one of the ends of Government, imagine how he would feel, if he were subjected, by the functionaries of the state, to a system of supervision and espionage, with a view to the defeat of the object of his honest industry; and he will form some idea of how the steam companies (to whom the country is indebted for the establishment of steam navigation) must have felt, when they thus encountered the post-office as competitors in their trade, and were compelled, with increasing expenses and diminishing profits, to contribute to the maintenance of the system which was so well calculated to work their ruin. If the Government have a right thus to act with respect to one branch of trade, the same principle will justify them in adopting a similar course respecting any other. There is no species of industry which thus may not be embarrassed, and the revenue itself converted into the means of destroying the productive powers of the country, which are the only permanent and legitimate sources of all revenue. This Report will, we trust, put an end to this most pernicious practice. Indeed we have no hesitation in saying, that the interests which have already suffered injury are entitled to compensation.

While private property was thus injured, let us see what was lost to the public by the establishment of the packets upon the Liverpool station. The total disbursements appear, from accounts furnished, to have been 169,648*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*, while the receipts for passage-money amounted to 64,136*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*

"The result of this statement," says the Report, "is, that in this period, comprising nearly four years and a half, the current expenses of the establishment have exceeded the receipts for passage-money by 32,115*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.*; and if to this excess be added the cost of building and outfit, without charge of interest for money sunk, viz. 73,395*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*, the amount remaining to be reimbursed to the revenue at this station, up to the 5th of January last, is 105,511*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*

The accounts, however, appear to suggest little expectation of such indemnity: your lordships will remark that the current expenses in each of the separate periods included in them have exceeded the receipts, and that, upon a comparison of the two last years the charge has increased by 7,753*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*, whilst the income has increased only by 977*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.*, being only 489*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* more than the decrease in the receipts for postage-money at Holyhead in the corresponding period."

It is now time to advert, briefly, to another important part of the present Report. The correspondence between Liverpool and Dublin, previously to the establishment of the steam-vessels, was carried on chiefly by the route of Chester, and used to reach the Head "just in time to make too late an arrival for the purposes of the merchants." The London mail experienced a delay at Shrewsbury, and also at Holyhead, in waiting for the arrival of the Liverpool mail, which the inhabitants both of Dublin and Liverpool felt to be exceedingly inconvenient; and it accordingly became necessary to adopt some plan for the acceleration of the correspondence. Upon this subject we lament to perceive that there was a want of that cordial and confidential intercourse between the Irish and the English post-offices, which was necessary for the successful prosecution of the project which was in hand. In a matter affecting materially the distribution of the internal correspondence in Ireland, the heads of the Irish post-office never were consulted.

The manner in which the postmaster-general sought to obviate the inconvenience above alluded to was this: the packets from Liverpool were directed to touch at Holyhead, on their way to Kingstown; "it being calculated, that the time of their arrival off Holyhead would correspond very nearly with that of the mail from London, and enable them to receive the London mail on board without material delay, and so as to effect its delivery, under ordinary circumstances, in Dublin about 10 A.M. Such correspondence as, under this arrangement, was still to be brought in the Chester mail, was to be forwarded as previously from Holyhead, in the morning packet, which was to bring back the mail for London; whilst the correspondence from Dublin to Liverpool was to be carried by the

Liverpool packet, sailing direct from Kingstown to Liverpool."

If this plan were practicable, it would have established a direct communication between Liverpool and Dublin (with the exception of the deviation by touching at Holyhead), and the separate packet which it was thought necessary to despatch from Holyhead with the London mail, might have been dispensed with.

But it was not found practicable. "It was found that, within a period of seventy-seven days (from the 29th of August to the 14th of November, 1829), the Liverpool packet failed to effect twenty-five, or about a third, of her voyages to Holyhead by the appointed hour, and on these occasions extra packets were appointed to carry the London mail."

The inconvenience and uncertainty incident to this plan, as long as it was enforced, occasioned many complaints; and it was the investigation to which these complaints gave rise which disclosed to the commissioners the want of concert between the heads of the English and Irish post-offices; or rather, indeed, the manner in which the suggestions from the Irish office were, on the part of his majesty's postmaster-general, rejected and resented.

The commissioners inquire why, in a matter of such importance, the heads of the Irish post-office were not consulted. They are told "that it was considered as a *nautical question*." They then examine three of the commanders of the post-office packets, Captains Skinner, Stevens, and Duncan; and the report states, "the evidence of these officers is concurrent, that had their opinions been required as to the eligibility of the adopted project, *they would have been decidedly opposed to it*."

The postmaster-general for Ireland represents, "that the recent measure had led to the employment of five packets on one day, and that on another four had been at sea together; and that a perseverance in it must entail an increase of the packet establishments." The reply, which shews the *animus* of the English office, is as follows: "With regard to the number of packets which this or any other arrangement may require in the execution, my lord has only to observe, that the management and responsibility of the water conveyance, the means by

which it is to be carried on, and the expenditure, *rest entirely with him*; that the arrangement was made with the full concurrence and approbation of the lords of the treasury, and of his majesty's government, and his lordship will always be prepared to justify his proceedings to that board, to which he is alone accountable." And in answer to a suggestion for dispensing with the double despatch from Holyhead, it is observed, "My lord conceives that it is in his province alone to judge of the expediency and advantage of despatching a second packet from Holyhead."

This confidence and assumption soon gave way to a conviction of the impracticability of the new arrangement. "Notwithstanding the discountenance with which the objections of the postmaster-general of Ireland appear to have been thus met, it was deemed proper, by his majesty's postmaster-general, to discontinue the indirect passage of the Liverpool packets, after a very short trial of less than three months; and in the month of November, 1826, they ceased to touch at Holyhead."

The ostensible object for which the packets were established upon the Liverpool station having thus proved impracticable, it became an important question, whether the communication which might be carried on by this means direct with Dublin, was worth the expense. His majesty's postmaster-general had already stated, in a report dated the 15th of May, 1824, that the expense of a new establishment at Liverpool, confined to the conveyance of correspondence from that port to Dublin, "might be more than the object would justify." Notwithstanding this opinion, the establishment, which was created for the one purpose, for which it was not found to answer, is employed for another, which, in the recorded judgment of the individual responsible for having so employed it, was not of sufficient importance to justify the expense! And the establishment continues upon this footing a full year before the postmaster-general condescends to request the "sentiments of the postmaster-general for Ireland, as to the result of the new arrangements upon the mercantile and general interests of the correspondence of Dublin." The Irish secretary, mindful of the former rebuke, replies with

great naïveté, "The only room left for regret, in the consideration of the important advantages that have been effected, *is the great expense which they have occasioned*, and the sacrifice of revenue which they (the postmasters-general) apprehend has been unavoidably made to obtain them." The letter proceeds to state, that the postage arising from the correspondence conveyed by the Liverpool mail into Ireland amounted to about 8000*l.* a-year; and it is calculated that of this produce 5000*l.* arose from letters transmitted to the interior of the kingdom. It is then stated, that the delays by the arrival of such letters too late to be forwarded from Dublin on the day of their arrival, had been equal, in corresponding periods, by the route of Holyhead and the direct passage from Liverpool; and that "if any consideration regarding this portion of the correspondence should make it a question with Lord F. Montague, the continuance or discontinuance of this establishment, Lords O'Neill and Rosse can have no hesitation in affording his lordship the weight of their opinion, *that it need not be continued a day.*"

"It thus appears," observe the commissioners, "that the opinion of the postmaster-general for Ireland, *when called for by his majesty's postmaster-general*, after a year's experience, was in concurrence with that expressed nearly three years before by his majesty's postmaster-general,—that the expense of a separate establishment of packets at Liverpool, to convey only the correspondence between that place and Dublin, *could not be justified by the nature of the service.*"

"It seems scarcely necessary for us to add our opinion, that the arrangement which still subsists, in contradiction to the recorded sentiments of the responsible authorities who preside over the respective branches of the establishment, and the heavy and unnecessary expenditure attending it, *should be no longer permitted*; and that his majesty's postmaster-general should be instructed to provide for the transmission of the correspondence between Liverpool and Dublin in the manner prescribed in the report of the finance committee already quoted, and according to the existing practice in other cases which have been referred to in a former part of this report; for the extension of which practice peculiar facilities seem to present themselves at the port of Liverpool."

The commissioners next advert to the various proposals that had been made respecting the combined acceleration of the London and Liverpool correspondence. The first is that of Sir Henry Parnell, who shews that by improving the roads, and, consequently, increasing the speed of the coaches, the Liverpool correspondence may be made to reach Dublin with greater certainty, and in a shorter time, than if it were despatched direct from Liverpool. His calculation is, that the letters would arrive in about nineteen hours and forty-five minutes. But his proposal is liable to this fatal objection, that it requires the letters to be despatched from Liverpool four hours earlier than the present, and two hours earlier than under the former arrangement. The acceleration to be effected would by no means compensate for the inconvenience which must be felt by the trading and mercantile interests of so large a town, whose accommodation should be chiefly consulted in any plan for the transmission of the correspondence. It would also interfere materially with the arrangements of the Irish post-office respecting the departure of the country mails. It has therefore been wisely abandoned.

It being, then, ascertained that Holyhead is not the most convenient point for the departure of the Liverpool mails, it became important to consider whether the London correspondence might not be advantageously transmitted by way of Liverpool. The principal difficulties here to contend with were, the distance of Liverpool from London, and certain obstructions which existed, or were supposed to have existed, to the free navigation of the Mersey. With respect to the former, it is stated that if the distance between London and Liverpool could be shortened by *twenty miles*, it would render the latter port an eligible point for the departure of the mails. And with respect to the latter, the opinion of the most experienced pilots put it beyond all doubt "that when the intended light-house shall have been erected at the rock perch, there will not be any greater difficulty in going to sea by night than by day, in any weather in which a ship ought to put to sea under any circumstances." The London mail arrives at Liverpool about ten minutes past six in the evening. The packet sails exactly at five. If, therefore, the speed

of the coaches could be accelerated by about an hour and a quarter, the same conveyance which carries the Liverpool mail at present might also bring the London correspondence. That this is practicable, the commissioners aver—and state, upon the authority of Mr. Telford, that even a much greater saving of distance might be effected. They then observe, "that had the discretion of his majesty's postmaster-general been directed to an application of the revenue towards executing the necessary works and alterations for perfecting the inland communication between these places, equivalent to the expenditure which has been and continues to be defrayed out of it, *in creating and maintaining a superfluous establishment of steam-vessels, to compete with private enterprise for the passage between Liverpool and Dublin*, the intercourse between two of the greatest commercial ports of the United Kingdom, as well as that of intermediate places, might be materially expedited: the ulterior object of a combined acceleration of the London and Liverpool correspondence for Ireland, by the same conveyance over sea, might have become practicable; in which case a great saving would have arisen from the reduction of the establishment at Holyhead; whilst indemnity might have been secured, by temporary imposts under statutable provisions, and a vast permanent advantage might have been conferred upon the public, without detriment to private interests or to the revenue."

Most sincerely do we hope that these animadversions will be received as they are intended, and that his majesty's postmaster-general will never again be diverted from the business of his own peculiar department by "nautical" considerations. It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon this part of the subject, as the recent application of steam to land conveyance solves every difficulty, and renders it certain that Liverpool must eventually become the point of the departure of the London mails for Ireland. It is more than probable, that a letter, which now takes thirty-seven hours and seventeen minutes to reach Dublin from London, will, before many years, be delivered at the latter place in less than twenty-five.

The Milford establishment is next reviewed. The advantages of situation for the approach and departure of vessels, and of proximity to the opposite

coast of Ireland, appear to have pointed out the port of Milford as an eligible station for the transmission of the correspondence between the southern portions of the two kingdoms.

At first, the communication was carried on by sailing vessels hired by contract; but it was soon deemed expedient to adopt the more certain and expeditious mode which steam-navigation afforded. Here, as in other instances, offers were made by private companies to convey the mails for the specific sum of 3000*l.* a-year; but, upon the principle before adverted to, and so repeatedly condemned in the report, they were rejected. Even the representation of Mr. Goulburn, who was at that time Secretary for Ireland, was set aside; and the government came to the resolution of creating another establishment of steam-vessels, the property of the crown, and proceeded immediately to the consideration of the estimates which had been required for that purpose.

Upon these estimates we shall only observe, that they all fell immeasurably short of the expense actually incurred by this undertaking, and that most of the advantages proposed by it have not been realised. The annual charge for the maintenance of the establishment doubled its estimated amount. "The amount of passage-money, in the six years comprised in the accounts, has fallen short of the estimate, upon an average being 2,728*l.* instead of 3,500*l.*; and instead of a very considerable increase, which was calculated upon under this head, the three last years, compared with the three preceding, shew a decrease of 3,976*l.*" The report proceeds to observe, that "no increased rate of postage has been established, nor are we aware that the revenue has benefited otherwise by this establishment. The annual expenses have exceeded the receipts for passage-money by 79,836*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*, or about 13,000*l.* per annum; and the total unrepaid expenditure to the fifth of January, 1830, may be stated at 140,041*l.*" All this for the purpose of accomplishing what might have been done by contract for 3,000*l.* a-year! The motto of the postmaster-general would seem to have been, "*excusus propriis, aliena negotia curo*;" and, like most "busy-bodies in other men's matters," his interference in the affairs of his neighbours has proved as injurious,

as his neglect of his own is to be deplored.

As most of the calculations contained in the report have reference to the utmost attainable speed by the mode of land-communication at present in use, and which is likely to be so speedily superseded by steam-carriages, we will not particularly dwell upon them. It was formerly considered that the route which presented the shortest communication by sea was to be preferred to one which, in the whole amount of the voyage and the journey, might be shorter. The reasons for this preference (for it *was* reasonable) are obvious—but they no longer exist; for, by means of steam-navigation, the sea has been almost converted into a high road; and the commissioners are, therefore, perfectly justifiable in departing from a principle which the new discovery has superseded.

The route from London to Cork by the way of Milford and Waterford, is that which seems in the report to have been most approved of—not because it is the most expeditious, but because various local arrangements connected with the western and southern districts both of England and Ireland evince that it is the most convenient. At present most of the London letters to Cork pass *via* Holyhead. By the proposed route and the proposed improvements, it is calculated "that at least twelve hours will be gained to Cork, whilst a very extensive district will be at least equally benefited."

The establishment at Port Patrick is represented as greatly disproportionate to any object which it either has or can accomplish. The postage derivable from letters passing by that route amounts to no more than about 7,000*l.* a-year, the receipts for passage to not more than about two; for the sake of which, disbursements have been made to the amount of 35,366*l.* 0*s.* 8½*d.*; leaving to be repaid to the public, or, more properly speaking, constituting a public loss, up to the 5th of January, 1830, of about 25,736*l.* 16*s.*, exclusive of any charge for the interest of money sunk. The commissioners are therefore of opinion, that "by relinquishing the unprofitable competition hitherto maintained by his majesty's postmaster-general at this station for the conveyance of passengers, this branch of the service of the post-office may be more economically, and without inconve-

nience, provided for by transmitting the correspondence between Scotland and the north of Ireland in private vessels (as is now partially done) direct from Glasgow to Belfast.

"Should this, however, be found impracticable, we are of opinion that the provision to be made at the station should be, as your lordships have seen it was prior to the introduction of steam-packets, conformable to the former practice of the department, and to the recommendation of the finance committee, namely, by contract formed by competition with individuals or companies willing and competent to undertake the service."

The steam-vessels the property of the crown have, it appears, from the evidence, been built by contracts which were assented to by his majesty's post-master-general; but these contracts *were not produced by public competition, nor invited by any advertisement or notification circulated amongst the principal builders.* The principle upon which they were adopted is therefore strongly condemned, as one likely to lead, and having, in fact, led, to a wasteful expenditure of the public money.

The rates of passage on the different stations are considered, and we think

justly, as disproportionate. For instance, the fare from Holyhead to Howth is 1*l.* 1*s.*; that from Liverpool to Kingston, 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*—the distance, in the latter case, being more than double that in the former! The Milford passage is shorter by one-third than that from Liverpool, yet the charges at the former exceed the latter in every instance.

But it is time to conclude. We have been chiefly induced to bring this subject before our readers because it must soon come under the consideration of parliament. The commissioners have most ably done their duty; but whether a reforming ministry will adopt their views and suggestions—or whether any ministry, when deprived of their natural influence, can adopt any views and suggestions but those of the mob, is more than we can determine. The advice contained in the present report is based upon the justest consideration for the property of private individuals, and the most judicious regard for the interests of the revenue. If they were less just and less wise, they would, in all probability, in these days of passion and prejudice, be less hesitatingly adopted.

AMERICAN TRADITIONS.—NO. III.

BY JOHN GALT.

ONE of the finest bursts of eloquence in the House of Peers, uttered by the great Earl of Chatham during the discussions on the events of the American war of independence, was his apostrophe to the ancestors of their lordships on the tapestry of the walls, when the employment of the Indians in the war was the question. Few memorials have been preserved of the manner in which the savages attacked the settlers, for it was chiefly against the settlements in the back-woods that their undisciplined energies were directed; and history has been withheld from recording the atrocities of that remorseless warfare, by being furnished with only the slight notices of their co-operation with the king's troops. In a few years, the traditions concerning them will also be forgotten among the survivors of the sufferers, for the progress of civilisation and commerce has supplied their descendants with new topics; but still, like distorted facts of rumours from a distance, a few stories of the courage displayed, both by the settlers and the Indians in their feuds, may still be met with, the incidents of which are of stirring effect, and, if collected with care, would form materials for the future historians of the New England states.

The following sketch is of this kind, and as a picture of the feuds and bravery of those who were engaged in what may be called the savage war, merits to be classed with the heroic traditions of the Gael and Sassanach; which are also fast fading from the memory of the Highlanders, and the inhabitants of their neighbourhood in the Lowlands.

THE INDIAN AND THE HUNTER; OR, THE SIEGE OF MICFORD.

One fine afternoon, in the latter end of July, a weary hunter was seen hastily passing along the small and seldom-

frequented path that leads from Wincer to Micford: from his soiled dress and anxious look, it was evident that he

was the bearer of important intelligence.

At that time, the war for American independence was raging in the eastern part of Vermont, but had not yet reached the settlement towards which he was journeying, and which was situated on the banks of the Tontoo, to the west of the Green Mountains, the range which divides that state from north to south.

The inhabitants of Micford had been disturbed by the report that the Indians in their vicinity, headed by their formidable chief Chinchusa, had joined the British cause, to which they themselves were opposed; and this hunter, who was named Fisher, bore them the news that Wincer, which was a larger settlement than their own, had been destroyed by the savages.

Fisher said that he had been present during the destruction, which was attended with terrible slaughter. Chinchusa, followed by his band, had attacked the unsuspecting inhabitants; and after effecting an entrance, which he did without resistance, set the houses on fire, and slew all who fell into his hands in endeavouring to avoid the flames. He had himself escaped with difficulty, along with one of the settlers, and was pursued for some distance through the woods by Chinchusa and several of his Indians, when his companion, having unfortunately stumbled in leaping over a fallen tree, was surrounded and slain.

Immediately, Micford became the scene of busy preparation, and Fisher was unanimously chosen to direct the formation of the defences, every one endeavouring to render them as strong as possible; and in order that they might more easily discern the approach of their subtle adversaries, he ordered the underwood, which extended to the skirts of the forest, to be carefully removed, and a sentinel to be placed in the branches of a lofty elm that stood within the village. They then barricaded their only street; the houses without the wooden pickets were dismantled, and their owners retired within the village.

Though the sun was set, and the men had worked from the dawn, they were still labouring, in the hope of being able to complete their tasks before darkness had set in, during which they expected to be attacked. Fisher having himself relieved the

guard in the town, vainly attempted to pierce the gloom that surrounded him, and had for some time been casting eager looks over Micford, when he observed a light glimmering among the eastern defences. Supposing, however, that it was only the lantern of the guard stationed there, he did not at first deem it worthy of any particular attention, till he noticed that it had increased to a small flame. Before ascending the tree, he had given strict orders that every fire should be extinguished, and he thought himself no longer justified in delaying to alarm those below when he saw the light. Accordingly, having discharged his gun, he descended from his station.

On reaching the ground, several of the settlers met him, whom he told to follow; and having ran to the spot where he had seen the light, they discovered that the stakes and palisades were on fire. They did not at first suspect that the Indians had done it; but on one of them stepping out to examine the damage, a shot from the wood severely wounded him. As it was necessary, however, that the flames should be got under, Fisher ordered the inhabitants (who, guided by the light, were now collected together) to tear up some of the stakes nearest the blazing heap, that the fire might die out for want of nourishment, and also to roll a number of logs to fill up the gap.

While this was going on, they were surprised at a furious attack in the opposite direction, which was with difficulty repelled.

The moon, which had been hitherto obscured in clouds, now shone forth with unusual splendour, and displayed the assailants to the Americans, who had previously nothing to direct their aim. It likewise greatly diminished the advantage which the Indians had possessed, by making the latter strikingly apparent in the light of the fire.

The settlers, following Fisher, rushed through the opening, and assaulted the Indians, who, entirely unprepared for so sudden an attack, were driven back a short distance, but Chinchusa, rallying them, they rushed again to the combat, and the settlers, overwhelmed by their numbers, were in their turn obliged to retire within their bulwarks. The Indians having suffered severely by the late conflict, did not follow up

their advantage, but allowed their adversaries time to repair the damage.

Most of the inhabitants were partial to the management of Fisher, but there were several dissatisfied persons who took every opportunity of thwarting his plans; among whom a young settler, named Dixon, was conspicuous, and who, it was whispered, aimed at the command himself. His conduct had for some time been noticed by the hunter, and by several of the elder inhabitants, who spoke to him concerning it; but he denied it, saying, that as he did not see any danger, he was averse to be confined in the village (Fisher having desired all the settlers to remain within their defences). Upon this being told him, Fisher said there could be no objections to his leaving them if he chose, but that it would be at his own peril; and he warned him, that though Chinchusa had been defeated in his attempt to storm their village, he would be on the alert to take all stragglers.

Next morning Dixon proceeded to the woods, watched by most of his companions; but he had barely entered the forest when he reappeared, running at his utmost speed, and pursued by Chinchusa, who was easily distinguished from the other Indians by a large tuft of feathers, and who was rapidly gaining on the fugitive. At length Dixon came within gunshot of the palisades, and the settlers began to hope that he might escape; but his pursuer, levelling his gun, shot him dead. Fisher, who had been intently watching the issue of the pursuit, now hurriedly lifting his rifle fired, and struck one of the feathers from the head of the retreating chief. The Indians at this, with a dreadful yell, and led by the furious Chinchusa, rushed back, and endeavoured to surmount the pickets, but were bravely opposed by the inhabitants.

What the besieged most dreaded was famine, to avert which became now the endeavour of Fisher. Micford being situated on the banks of the Tontoo, which washed the western side of the settlement, he proposed to descend it for assistance and provisions; and no objections being made to this offer, he accordingly that evening entered a canoe, and swiftly paddled down the stream, without, as he thought, being discovered by the enemy.

Having proceeded all night, he next

morning arrived near the spot where it was necessary to disembark, and entering a small cove, he fastened his canoe to the trunk of a tree, whose branches would tend to conceal it; and taking his arms, he prepared to continue his journey on foot, when he heard the voices of several persons on the river. Having silently advanced to the mouth of the inlet, he saw two canoes full of his enemies rapidly approaching; and as he understood the Indian language, he found out that an attack had been made on Micford during the night to cover the departure of this party, and that they thought he could not be far in advance; when one proposed to land and lie in ambush, to which the others consented, and paddled to the creek where Fisher's canoe lay.

Thinking that he had no time to lose, he entered a large swamp, where he was effectually concealed by the long rushes; but he had hardly crouched among them, when he heard the cry of astonishment that burst from his enemies on finding his boat, and could plainly hear their conjectures as to which way he had gone, some thinking that he had taken the route to Kauford, and others to Moarck. After consulting together some time, they divided into two parties, one going to each of the above settlements.

Fisher waited until they had departed; and having passed through the swamp, he struck off in a straight direction to Moarck, in order to arrive before his enemies, who had taken the common route. The sun was setting when he reached the village, but the settlers, having heard his recital, were eager to go to the assistance of Micford, and resolved to set out that evening after he had rested.

Fisher accordingly told them the plans of the Indians, and proposed that they should endeavour to surprise them, when their canoes would serve to convey the provisions. For which purpose they went along the road, in hopes of meeting their adversaries, but without success; for as they had seen no traces of Fisher during a great part of the day, they had returned, not going to Moarck. On approaching the cove, Fisher advanced to the place where he had lain hid in the morning, that he might ascertain whether they were departed, or whether those who had gone to Kauford were yet returned,

and joyfully observed that their companions had not rejoined them. He then crept cautiously back to his comrades, informed them how their enemies were situated, and gave his opinion how they should attack them; which was, that those who were good swimmers should, while their friends were assailing the Indians by land, float down the river into the creek, and seizing their canoes, thus deprive them of the means of escape. This proposal was approved of by all; and having put aside their bundles, Fisher conducted them to the edge of the rushes. Thence he proceeded onwards to engage with the Indians, leaving with those who had offered to take the canoes strict orders, not to attempt it till they heard the noise of the combat.

He had hardly finished his directions, when they heard the cries of the Indians, who had then discovered them, and who were preparing to resist their attack. Those who were to swim immediately dashed into the water; and Fisher, commanding half to follow him, directed the remainder to creep through the flags, and not to fire until their companions were on the point of seizing the canoes, which would most likely enable them to bear them in safety to the river, while he should try to avert the attention of the Indians.

Darting onwards through the rushes, they were within a few paces of their enemies (who had kept up a continual discharge in their direction, but without effect) before they fired, but who, being partly protected by the trees, were not so much injured as they had hoped. Some, however, ran to secure their canoes; but seeing several of the swimmers already in them, while others were climbing over the sides, they, maddened at the sight, and with piercing yells, rushed on, hurling their tomahawks, most of which, from the eagerness with which they were cast, whizzed over the heads of those at whom they were aimed; others entered the canoes, from whence they were wrenched by the hands of the eager Americans, who were endeavouring to defend themselves with the paddles and their knives.

This unequal contest could not have lasted long, but the discharge which was now fired from the bushes overthrew several of the assailants, besides having the effect of raising the courage

of those it assisted, who now turned on their astonished enemies, and furiously drove them from the canoes, which they immediately pushed from the shore; while the others, leaping into the water, tried to overturn them, but were struck down by the heavy blows of the paddles. One of the canoes, however, being unfortunately seized by an Indian, was immediately upset, precipitating those it contained headlong into the river, who, on rising above water, were quickly engaged with their frantic enemies; when those who were concealed having reloaded, they poured another volley on the Indians, who were thereby reduced to nearly an equality in number with the others, and were no longer able to impede their retreat.

During these transactions, Fisher, with his companions, was desperately contending with those on land, being obliged to use the empty rifles in defending themselves against their superiorly armed enemies, who, having received an accession of strength in those who had been defeated on the river, were beginning to drive them back, when they likewise were joined by the party which had come from their ambush, and succeeded in surrounding most of the Indians, who, refusing to submit, were soon put to death.

After they had thus destroyed one half of their foes, they thought that the best way to entrap the others would be to remain hid in the place where they were; and they scarcely had time to conceal themselves, and the dead bodies of those they had slain, when they heard the approach of the party returning from Kaford, who advanced without the least suspicion, and were soon close on the ambuscade, from whence a deadly discharge was poured on them, which sent them flying back into the woods.

The Americans then placed their bundles in the canoes, and paddled up to Micford, where they arrived the following morning, and were gladly received by the despairing inhabitants, who had suffered severely in several attacks which Chinchusa had made on them; and being now almost equal in numbers to those led by him, they were determined no longer patiently to await his assaults, but when he came without the shelter of the woods to sally forth, and endeavour to prevent his return.

The plan being thus arranged, they waited with impatience until Chinchusa should again advance to the attack; which he did about mid-day, and in his usual manner, furiously rushing against the defences. In the meanwhile, a band of the besieged threw open a gate at the opposite side, and, by making a long circuit, had almost succeeded in intercepting his retreat, when they were perceived by Chinchusa himself, who, uttering a cry of surprise, and followed by his Indians, ran towards the small space that was open to the woods, and with several of his companions was successful enough to pass it; while those who could not do so, seeing no escape, turned all their endeavours to the destruction of their opponents, who, too eager, instead of destroying them with their rifles from a distance, after a single volley engaged with them hand to hand. Fisher had in vain tried to restrain their eagerness; but seeing that his endeavours were fruitless, now aided them to the utmost of his power, directing them on no account to leave the smallest opening for the escape of their prey, and to refrain from grappling with the Indians, who were so much more skilful in the use of the knife and tomahawk. But some disregarding his advice, drawing their knives and throwing aside their muskets, instantly closed with their desperate enemies, and were almost immediately dashed to the ground, their fate serving as a warning to their companions, who with their guns broke down every guard that their opponents could offer; but some of whom, by their superior address evading the blows, grappled with their destroyers, and were generally victorious.

Fisher, who had hitherto borne down all who opposed him, struck a heavy blow at the Indian with whom he was engaged, but, missing, his rifle flew from his hand. Being thus disarmed, he was obliged to seize his enemy with one hand, while with the other he drew his knife; and then, wrestling together, both fell to the ground, where they lay, each struggling to be uppermost. The Indian at length succeeded, and seizing his throat, was preparing to give a final stab, when his opponent's knife was driven forcibly beneath his arm; and, uttering a groan, he fell, making an expiring effort to kill him; but his weakness prevented the blow from taking effect.

The few who now remained, being overcome with fatigue and numbers, surrendered themselves to the mercy of their captors, who sent them, deprived of their arms, back to the town.

The victorious settlers were now eager for the pursuit of Chinchusa and his Indians, and, being led by Fisher, dashed into the woods. After running some distance, during which they saw nothing to make them suppose that they were gaining on their enemies, one of them, giving a loud shout, said that he had seen an Indian disappear among the thickets two or three yards in their front. On hearing this, Fisher ordered a few of them to discharge their rifles into the bushes; which being done, they waited to see if any of their enemies ran out, but, after looking some time, were beginning to advance, when a shot struck the rifle of Fisher. *

They had scarcely recovered from their amazement, when a volley was fired on them which killed one of their number; and, turning round, they beheld those they were in pursuit of making off as fast as possible; but the Americans, in their turn, fired, and killed two and wounded several, as they saw by the blood that marked their tracks. From the attack which had just been made on them, Fisher thought it advisable to send two or three on in front, to keep them from being again led into an ambuscade. As they proceeded, the blood became more and more distinct on the fallen trees, which made them hope that they might soon come up with their enemies; but suddenly the marks of blood ceased, and, looking round, they could see no signs by which they might continue the pursuit, when Fisher remarked that the bark of some of the neighbouring trees was stained with red spots which he had never before seen; and on looking up he perceived several Indians on the branches, taking cool aim at himself and his companions. Springing behind a tree, he called to his friends to do the same; but some of them, not understanding him, remained gazing round, and were immediately struck down by a fatal fire from the trees. The Indians, however, did not escape; for the Americans who remained, by continual discharges, brought them all to the ground.

The settlers had not again began the pursuit, nor reloaded, when about a

dozen Indians, rushing from the underwood, ran at them and fired their guns at only a few yards distance, which disabled more than half their number; and before the remainder were ready, rushed on them with their tomahawks. Chinchusa, with furious cries, attacked Fisher, who, endeavouring to defend himself with his rifle,

soon received several wounds from the despairing Indian; but who, slipping as he made a furious stab at Fisher, was slain by a blow from his adversary. The others, seeing their chief dead, ran to the woods; and but few remained to tell the defeat they had suffered on the banks of the Tontoo.

GERMAN POETRY.*

No. III.

BÜRGER—GOTTER—VOSS—HÖLTY.

ENGLISHMEN may gather, in respect to the writer who stands at the head of this paper, peculiar matter of triumph. The lovers of the Teutonic muse have, perhaps, too exultingly vaunted, on the part of literary Germany, that they meet in her annals of authorship with no Chattertons, Boyces, or Otways; that industry, in this form of it, enjoys peculiar encouragement there, and a competency, if not a fortune, is secured to all her men of genius. Bürger is an exception to the general rule. Was it not, however, by his own fault, and from his own defect? This might possibly be the case; but to what extent we have not the means of deciding. The same was the case, likewise, with the unfortunate writers of England. Prudence, with regard to both, would doubtless have prevented much of the evil, and ensured more of the good. Add to which, the literary life of Germany has been shorter than that of England; and we might as well decide upon the pre-eminence of republicanism over monarchism from the fifty years' experience of America, as to conclude definitively upon the number of examples of the same kind which may take place in Germany in a similar period of

time with that of England's literary history. Granted, however, it must be, that she commences her career under better auspices than those which accompanied the commencement of Britain's. Science is at its zenith—philosophy has stricken its roots deep and wide—the utility of literature is felt and acknowledged in all classes—consumers of all kinds of literary wares are in plenty—intellectual appetites are all agape—new wants are excited—and the supply can scarcely be greater than the demand. All these things are in favour of Germany. Similar to this, also, is the state of British literature at this time; and it is to be hoped that such tales of shame will not be to be told again of either country—that the poets of both may be more prudent, and the patronage in both of poets more generous.

Until the present day, however, it could not be denied that in both countries poverty was the lot of the literary man. We are not of those who see nothing but good in this same poverty—much evil, we confess, there certainly is. To assume philosophical airs relative to this subject, is peculiarly pleasant to the philosopher himself, who is not pinched black and

* Gottfried August Bürger's Gedichte. Herausgegeben von Carl Reinhard. 2 vols. Wien. Bey Ch. Kaulfuss und C. Armbruster.

Gedichte von Friederich Wilhelm Gotter. Wien, 1816. Bey Ch. Kaulfuss und C. Armbruster.

Idyllen von Johann Heinrich Voss. 2 vols. Neueste Auflage.

Luise, ein ländliches Gedicht, in drey Idyllen, von Johann Heinrich Voss. Neueste Auflage. Wien, bey B. Ph. Bauer.

Gedichte von L. H. C. Höltz. Neu besorgt und vermehrt von J. H. Voss. Upsala, bei Em. Bruzelius. 1816.

An Introductory Lecture delivered in King's College, London, November 2, 1831, by A. BENNAY, professor of the German language and literature to the college. London, 1831.

blue with the hard gripe of adversity ; but to many, who are writhing under the torture, its consolations are mockery. It is well for poverty to prove what fortitude there is in a man to bear the evils of life—it is well if it make an exhibition of his virtue—and it is indeed a sight for gods to see a good man struggling with adversity ! Even so. But in how many instances is such an exhibition made ? and in how many more is the spirit trodden to the dust, and the glorious life of genius extinguished—nay, and the very mind itself prevented, in the first germ of being, from manifesting that it had a being at all. These things are the work of poverty, and let no man speak in her praise. Necessity, indeed, is the spur often to great enterprise ; and, in the beginning of life, it may therefore be wholesome—though not then, if it preclude a good education. But supposing it to be not unfavourable to such education, the enterprise to which it is a spur should be profitable, else that foul fiend, called “Labour-in-vain,” will rise from Erebus, attended with myriads of blue devils, to dash in the excited energies back upon the heart which gave them animation, making them eat inward there into its core—a smouldering fire, consuming and consumed, yet still renewed—the eternal prey of its own unrewarded activity—

“And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.”

Godfred Augustus Bürger was born the 1st of January, 1748, at Wolmerswende, in the principality of Habsstadt, where his father was preacher. Slowly alike both in body and mind he grew, and indicated so little of his future excellence, that by his tenth year he had barely learned to read and write. Yet it is remarkable, that what he read in the Bible and Luther's hymn-book he easily retained ; a good prognostic, indicative of a spirit naturally sympathising, through a kindred feeling, with those awakeners of the immortal part of man ; and so was his awakened. Another indication of a poetical temperament was his boyish desire for solitary musing ; he also loved the feeling of awe with which twilight, gloomy woods, and uninhabited places, “o'er inform” the meditative mind. Nor was he at this early period without a feeling for the mecha-

nical part of verse-making ; for, before he knew any thing of the elements of grammar, a natural instinct suggested to him the minute proprieties of metrical composition, so that his ear quickly detected a fault, and his lines were correctly scanned. But the acquisition of Latin was to him so difficult, that in two years he failed to decline *mensa* correctly. He received instruction partly from his father, and partly from a neighbouring minister. In 1760 he was put under the care of his grandfather, Jacob Philip Bauer, for the purpose of attending school at Aschersleben. Whether he improved himself in Latin here, his biographers say not, but they record that his love for whatever was poetry so little cooled, that he ventured on metrical essays of more importance, and was, with his friend Gokingk, particularly selected for the school exercises in poetry. Some biting epigrams were of ill consequence to him. One on the monstrous and offensive bag-wig of an usher stuck to the wearer so closely, and was so much repeated by the schoolboys, that it drew down punishment on the unfortunate epigrammatist, and occasioned his removal. Sent to study theology at the University of Halle, by the direction of his grandfather, on whom, after his father's death in 1765, he was wholly dependent, he found that, notwithstanding his early religious impressions, he had no inclination for that study. Here he became acquainted with the celebrated Counsellor Klotz, who collected about him a number of quick spirits—an association which had no mean, though not the best, influence on Bürger's character, who naturally loved the glad enjoyment of life. His grandfather rewarded him, in anger, from Halle ; but in 1768 sent him to study jurisprudence at Göttingen, in which, being more suitable to his disposition, he made considerable progress. Bürger's knowledge appears so extensive, that an ordinary observer would suppose him to have been always in attendance at public lectures, and assiduous in the practice of private reading ; yet he states that he learned little from books, and took small pains to acquire information. Knowledge flew to him, as it were, of itself from all quarters. But, whatever was his diligence, or his success in learning, it availed him little, as he incurred, by acts of imprudence, the displeasure

of his grandfather, who withdrew from him his assistance, and left him without support, as a young man of whom there was no hope. Bürger fell desperately into debt. Yet, poor as he was, he was not without companionship, and formed, at this time, the literary society called "The Hainbund." Bürger was now spurred on to more industrious habits—studied the classics, and wrote verses. Some burlesque and humorous poems of this period indicated the character of his genius. The following is a free translation of "Herr Bacchus ist ein braver Mann :"

Lord Bacchus is a right brave man,
That I can well assure you ;
He charms more than Apollo can,
Whose note-books only bore you.

His gold-bepainted lyre is all
The riches he possesses,
Of which he boasts, in bower and hall,
Its value, past all guesses.

Yet lend not on his instrument
A farthing, gold-compeller ;
For music gladder far is sent
From Father Evan's cellar.

And if his poetry he vaunts,
As frequently he prosés,
Then tell him, Bacchus better chants
The verses he composes.

Though on Parnassus' woody hill
Apollo's treble pleases,
Here Bacchus' counter-bass us still
With finer pleasure seizes.

Up ! poet-god make we him yet,
Instead of that Apollo ;
For he, in favour with the great,
Does beat the lyrist hollow.

Apollo truckle must and bend,
To catch the smile of princes ;
But Bacchus with them if he wend,
Equality evinces.

Then to Parnassus we will bear,
All other things before,
The ample flask of Heidelberg,
With Nierstein running o'er.

Instead of bay-tree plant we will
The vine-stock in the place ;
And round full tuns dance wildly still,
With Bacchanalian grace.

Humour—a quality so characteristic of Bürger's poetry—is frequently the accompaniment of genius, to which it is indeed near akin. Both are contradistinguished from mere talent, inasmuch as they presuppose originality—

by which we do not mean the production of what had never been produced before, but that which is originally excited from within a man, without reference to its novelty. Talent, on the other hand, consists in a facility of arranging what is already known—it is not an instrument of production, but of accumulation—it acquires, and applies ; and in this process of administration lies all its *forte*. Those other two generate the *matériel* which it administers. Thus, genius and humour are both constitutional—talent and wit are derivable, the result of labour. Wit loves to bring together remote ideas which shall surprise, and so excite laughter by their unexpected juxtaposition. Humour needs no such elaborate catachresis to shake its jolly sides with mirth ; a simple idea, a single thought, will suffice for its excitement—

"Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw."

It describes the ludicrous as it is in itself, leaving to wit to expose it, by comparing it with something else. We, however, intend not to hunt these parallels to death, or to pursue a subject concerning things which are indeed (to use the expressive language of Barrow) "so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of fleeting air."

In correspondence with the broad distinctions thus instituted, we find, in general, that true genius and genuine humour are well enough content with the old in nature and man—old times, old feelings, old thoughts, are with them for ever fresh and living ; and, in short, as it is observed by Coleridge, "their moral accompaniment and actuating principle consists in the carrying on of the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood." Genius and humour are for ever children—unsophisticated children, for whom Nature ever blows her bubbles. Talent and wit, on the other hand, affect a more manly gait—they claim to have arrived at maturity, and profess a knowledge of the world as it is. Whatever qualities are new and fleeting in the state and manners of

society, they are ambitious of catching, "living as they rise," and give up the eternal life within for the fugitive life without. Thus it is that novelty and originality stand in opposition and contrast, instead of being one and the same. Thus Shakespeare is more original than Pope, and will for ever remain so, though the material of his divine works is as old as the creation of God, and that of Pope's is as new as the state of society in the reign of Queen Anne.

Shakespeare was the darling idol of the members of the Hainbund, though they disdained not to study the best old and new models of French, English, Italian, and Spanish literature. Bürger, in particular, with a sympathy for the original in art and in nature, brooded on the times of yore; and an old song moved his heart more than a trumpet, "though sung," as Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poetry* expresses it, "by some blind crowder." The *Percy Relics of Ancient English Poetry* was the hand-book of Bürger. What we admire, we imitate; and Bürger began to translate from these celebrated ballads, and to imitate them — so successfully, indeed, that Klopstock gave, in the hearing of Wordsworth, a commendation which he denied to Göthe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last. It is, however, Wordsworth's opinion that Bürger had not the fine sensibility of Percy, and he accuses him of tricking out and dilating the simple passages which he imitated. Wordsworth, we know, is, in theory, an utter enemy to what is called poetic diction, and contends for the simplicity of ordinary speech, as the language equally proper for poetry as prose. This is his theory. In practice, however, he has realised it only

in the lyrical ballads — his *Excursion* and other pieces being distinguished by a march of versification and an Ionian nobility of phrase, not to be rivalled by any other modern compositions. The passage adduced from Bürger by Wordsworth may or may not be censurable on the score of verbosity or false ornament; the theory, however, upon which it is censured demands particular consideration. Sir Philip Sydney, we think, very rightly supposes that the old song, so evilly appalled in the dust and cobweb of an uncivil age, would be more efficient if trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar. At the same time Wordsworth, in this very particular, has vindicated his high title to be considered a man of genius, inasmuch as he has dared to go back, as it were, to the state of human innocence, and present us with human nature in its primitive elements, divested of all artificial associations. Nay, in the very spirit of Shakespeare — in that spirit wherein the mighty master patronised with his genius the Silences and Shallows — Wordsworth has condescended to celebrate the mean in humanity and the minute in nature — a daisy — a pony — or an idiot boy. Bürger, however, entertained no idea of reproducing nature in such utter simplicity, in his imitation of the Percy ballads. His "Wild Hunter" and "Lenore" are, in fact, composed upon another principle; they are ornamented as much as the subject will admit — embellishment is rather sought than rejected. The difference between the genius of the two poets might be well discriminated by a comparison of Bürger's "Wild Hunter" and Wordsworth's "Hartleap Well." The moral of both is the same — they are both written for the sake of the same lesson. It is thus expressed by Bürger: —

Das Ach und Weh der Kreatur,
Und eine Missethat an ihr,
Hat laut dich vor Gericht gefodert,
Wo hoch der Rache Fackel lodert."

And thus by Wordsworth:

One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide, •
Taught both by what she shews and what conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

We have selected these two poems to discriminate the different genius of the two poets, not to contrast their

styles — the language of Hartleap Well being, in fact, of an elevated cast, as the subject is also of a somewhat higher

interest. It, however, so happens that the diction in which this moral is conveyed is no less distinctive of the style of expression than of the genius of the two poets. That of Bürger's, being interpreted, runs thus:—"The groan and grief of the creature, and thy persecution of it, have loudly arraigned thee there, where flames on high the torch of vengeance." It is impossible not to prefer the simple manner in which the same moral is expressed by Wordsworth. The style of each, however, is in accordance with the general spirit of either poem. The aims of the poets were different. Wordsworth endeavours in his ballad to realise the ideal—Bürger to idealise the real. Wordsworth effects his end by telling simply an unadorned tale, with its accompanying superstition, but touching in its simplicity, while Bürger effects his by introducing imaginary adjuncts, which give a supernatural air to a common story. The latter startles the attention—the former sinks into the soul; the one rouses the sinner to a sense of his depravity—the other impresses the man with a feeling of his duty.

Man's life is full of troubles as the sparks fly upward, and Bürger had to strive with his share of them; he was, however, not without friends. Boie procured him, in 1772, the stewardship of the manor of Alten-Gleichen, under the noble family of Uslar. The office was not profitable, but the occupation was agreeable to the man; and his friends believed that it would raise him sufficiently above want, to leave him leisure to produce a master-work which should increase the influence of his genius. One good it did him—it reconciled him to his grandfather, who was pleased to see him take to employment, and became surety for his good behaviour in his office, at the same time providing for the payment of his debts. But the consequences arising from an imprudent mode of life are incalculable; one fault has many evils in its train. The money was intrusted to a companion of Bürger's, who was himself in bad circumstances, and misapplied the funds which were intended to relieve our author from embarrassment. This misfortune embittered the remainder of his life. His grandfather appears to have died soon after, as we meet with the following little ode in 1773.

*At the Grave of my good Grandfather,
Jacob Philip Bauer.*

Rest, sweet rest, for ever hover
Peaceful o'er thy grave e'en here;
Scorn let none these mouldering ashes,
That with tears my sorrow washes,
And no curse profane this air!

For the just man who here slumbers
Proved the worth of honesty:
What, in former years and golden,
German umpires once were holden,
To his fellow-men was he.

Never calumny accused, e'en,
Of a stain his honest soul.
What is peccant moulders ever;
Spark celestial fadeth never,
But attains a glorious goal.

Ah! he was my faithful guardian,
From my cradle to ripe age;
What I am, and what I have,
Gave the man within this grave—
Thus I thank thee, worthy sage!

Rest, sweet rest, still love to hover
Peaceful o'er this grave away!
Till the heavenly Rewarder
Its just tenant call, in order
To receive his crown for aye!

Under these disadvantages, however, Bürger cultivated his talents—produced his celebrated ballad "Lenore"—and married. His wife was calculated to make him happy; but the man's genius was perverse. During their courtship he became enamoured of her younger sister, scarcely fourteen or fifteen years old—an amiable girl, who was not altogether indifferent to his attentions. Years strengthened their attachment, an attachment which served to set off the generosity of the married sister, who demonstrated a noble compassion for the weakness of the two lovers, according to the approved laws of German sentiment in such cases made and provided. It is said that this attachment caused much misery to the parties themselves: however this may be, it gave rise to many sweet love-songs, in which she is celebrated under the name of Molly. Here is one of them:—

MOLLY'S WORTH.

Ah! could I purchase Molly
For gold and precious stone,
I should not deem it folly
If heaps made her my own.
They bruit full much of gold,
What I cannot deny;
But wanting her, were sold
What it can never buy.

Yet if I were controller
Of Europe's monarchy,
For her, my heart's consoler,
I'd give it joyfully;
Save only, where our love
Might revel and carouse,
I' th' smallest fruit-tree grove,
The smallest garden-house.

Only the Lord of Heaven
My precious life may end;
Yet if to me 'twere given
Like gear and gold to spend,
Change it I would, I swear,
For any day that she
Were mine, in all the year,
Mine wholly, perfectly!

To improve his circumstances, Bürger hired, in 1780, a farm at Appenrode. From want of inclination, skill, or experience, neither he nor his wife succeeded in turning their land to a profitable account. Bad debts, also, to the amount of some thousand dollars (part of the sum he had staked in the concern, and which sum was the inheritance that fell to him on the death of his father-in-law) made it ultimately necessary for him to surrender the occupation. Add to this, he had the mortification of being accused, by that same false friend who misappropriated his grandfather's money, to the Hanoverian government, of irregularity and inexactness in the administration of his stewardship. He defended himself successfully, but willingly resigned his office. About the same time, he lost his wife.

He now addressed himself to his favourite studies, returned to Göttingen, and superintended personally the publication of his *Musen-Almanach*, which had annually proceeded since 1778. He subsisted as a private teacher, and read lectures on taste and German composition. In the following year, 1785, he married the younger sister of his deceased wife—that sister whom he had so long adored. Scarcely had he, however, time to feel his happiness, before the object of his affection was rent away from him by inexorable death, in her first and only childbed of a daughter. Bürger now lost all courage, all strength of mind and body. After some months he recovered;—affliction had made him stern—he became an iron man;—he set about his severe duties with alacrity, resumed his academic labours, and studied the philosophy of Kant, whereon he began

to read lectures, which were greatly frequented.

All this was, so far, well—so far sweet were the uses of adversity—these were the precious jewels which she bore in her head; but still—still she had been the ugly and venomous toad, and her venom began soon to work. Bürger had to contend with sickness; his health had been shaken, terribly shaken, by his misfortunes; he recovered, however, and his hours were more serene. Honours, also, were showered upon him. In 1787 the Göttingen University, upon occasion of its jubilee, which he celebrated in two poems, conferred on him a doctor's degree, and named him, in 1789, extraordinary professor, but without a salary. The possession of a public office, and hope of future provision, quickened him for a while, and he wished to take home his three children, who had been distributed among different kinsfolk, to attend to their education himself. For this purpose, he entertained the idea of marrying a third time—when, lo! a poem was sent to him from Stuttgart, wherein an apparently noble-minded lady professed to have been so intensely impressed by his poetry as to offer him her heart and hand. Bürger treated the affair, at first, as a jest; but, accounts favourable arriving of his *naïve* poetess, he began to believe, with many of his friends, that the matter merited some consideration. He returned her a poetical answer, and she became his wife.

He was only a few weeks happy with her: in 1792, she was, by legal process, separated from him, and the grief of which she was the cause contributed to his early death.

Shattered in soul and body, exhausted almost in power and ability, he secluded himself in his little study, locking himself up for the whole day, or only opening it to a few chosen friends. What his occupation? Translating for the booksellers, his only means of subsistence. Under such extreme destitution suffered the darling poet of the nation!

Thrown by sickness on his bed, he could labour no more. The government took pity on his distress, and sent him an unsolicited gift. This gladdened and cheered him, more from the hope which it presented of future support than the present assistance which it afforded. He, however, need-

ed no such future support. The peril of death hovered over him, but terrified him not. He died very gently and quietly, in his forty-sixth year, of a pulmonary complaint, the 8th of January, 1794.

Notwithstanding what we have said above, of the difference between the style of Bürger and Wordsworth, yet the principle of composition, at bottom, is the same in both. Bürger carefully weeded his poems of all conventional forms of expression, whether in the shape of poetic diction or of ordinary life; and this, we conceive, is the right mode of proceeding. Wordsworth thought that to avoid the one was sufficient, and professed, in theory, to adopt the other—in theory, we say, because in practice he does not carry it to this extent. Such language as he adopts, simple as it is, was never spoken by such persons as he ascribes it to. Would, however, he had but seen the thing more clearly in theory, and his poems would have been perfect! Let the young poet know that all conventional forms of expression are forbidden, whether poetical or of real life.

The defects of Bürger's moral character were the results of his genial excellencies. It is said, he was indolent; say rather, he was a man of genius. He was slow to outward impressions, and was not easily excited, because he loved to converse with his own mind *ab origine*. He had no idea of understanding what he was in himself by the representation of others; but his imagination brooded over its own stores within him, and in due time his spirit became pregnant,—the chaos of his soul was agitated, and light and order broke in upon a new creation. This habit of mind continued in his later life. What the world calls industry, is an assiduous solicitude for external acquisitions. These Bürger wanted not; his indolence was that of the brood-

hen on her nest: she sits calmly and quietly her appointed time, seeming to do nothing, yet she does her work. So it is with men of genius: your men of talent may bustle about in the places of public resort,—men of genius must sit still, at home.

He judged of the world at large by himself; he believed, being himself noble, in the nobility of human nature, and judged no ill of any,—hence he was cheated and betrayed. Good and generous transactions excited him to lively joy and loud expressions of astonishment; low and ignoble deeds roused his indignation, and he could often express it in strong language. His heart was full of affection; and, whatever his own circumstances, he was liberal, even to those who injured him. Like our Wordsworth, he was conscious of his poetical merit; and had little of the gallantry and fine manner of the man of the world. Though disliking business, for his friends he was always busy. He loved to make labour and inclination go together. He spared no pains on his poems; he himself attributes the whole of their merit to the file. He toiled to give them the utmost polish of which they were capable; for with poetry his very being was identified,—in it he found satisfaction, from it he expected honour; and to attain a high grade of excellence as a poet was his constant aim and his only earnest endeavour. A monument is erected to his memory in the garden of Ulrich, at Göttingen, where he was accustomed to meditate in the early hours of morning. He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone!

We have made no translations of his great ballads, because they have been so frequently translated, and we wished to present the public with what was unknown. The following is a beautiful poem, written at a very early period (1772).

SONG OF GRATITUDE.

Father all good! my lofty song
Shall magnify thee my life long;
Thy holy name all blessed be
From henceforth to eternity!

O God! let me on Myra's breast,
Be thrill'd with virtuous love, carest:
Thou who suppliest the grape with juice,
Rapture into my song infuse!

Great Giver! in delight intense
I speak of thy beneficence!

Nor kiss, nor festive meal, profanes,
Nor social glass, the pious strains.

This tender maid, who kisses me
To heavenly raptures, thanketh thee;
Thee thanks my song in ardent mood—
How love inflames my gratitude!

For me hath gifts the threshing-floor,
The garden, forest, mead, have more;
And from each generous press escapes
The fiery spirit of the grapes.

On vine-hills, far and nigh, alway,
From the high Cape to Malaga,
To Hochheim, Cyprus, Burgundy,
Drops nectar—drops—for me—for me!

For me—for me—from India come
Rich-laden ships o'er ocean's foam,
With generous spices, drugs, and beans
From Saba, to these distant scenes.

Who may tell all thy gifts? What man
The sands of ocean number can?
Who, in the firmament, may name
The sum of those bright orbs of flame?

Turn from the numberless array,
My spirit! and thyself survey;
Within this narrow dwelling, lo,
Of bounty what a wondrous shew!

God! thou instillest spirit through
The nerves, and strength the bones into;
Thou pourest into the veins pure blood,
The heart with courage hast endued!

Thy beauteous, lovely May feel I,
And Philomela's melody,
Summer's voluptuous airs, the hues
Of flowers, and the gentle dews.

Thy bounty gave the harper's skill,
The song to solace thousands still,
Unto my larynx and my hand—
Nor shall they shame my native land!

My fancy, hence, annihilates
Worlds by her might, and worlds creates;
And down to hell, and up to heaven,
Ascends, descends—not unforgiven.

My airy spirit hence discerns,
And of all things the nature learns;
And, unlike some, can well divide
The truth from error, and decide.

Hence, formed of free and upright mind,
I never was a fool design'd;
Nor flattery nor compulsion can,
All my life long, make me less man.

For this my soul exults, and she
Instructs my lip in praising thee;
Thy holy name all blessed be
From henceforth to eternity!

One word more upon Bürger. It is said somewhere in his *Biography*, that, whatever were his faults, they only injured himself, while his merits have been to the general benefit of the family of man. Out, we say, on such apologies for the eccentricities of a man of genius! All such are dictated by the selfishness of the world alone, and not by the principles of Christian feeling. The aim of religion is not to make a man useful to others in the first place, but useful to himself, and then to derive to the world the consequent advantage—first to better the individual, and then the species. This sort of defence is set up because Bürger was imprudent; and we have attributed, in some measure, his very poetical success to this imprudence. Even so! What then? Why, here we meet again with the curse of poverty—poverty which, in this instance (and in how many others?) rendered it impossible to reconcile private duty and public advantage in the same individual. Let no one dispute this position,—is it not proved by the fact? “The rich man’s wealth,” says Solomon, “is his stronghold; the destruction of the poor is his poverty.”

Pass we on to the next great genius of German poetry. Voss, too, had reason of complaint against this same Poverty; for though her wound might have been healed during his lifetime, yet has she left a cicatrice upon his memory which has disfigured it. The son of a farmer,* impoverished by the seven years’ war, he raised, by rigid economy as a private tutor, slender pecuniary means to study, at the age of 21, at the Göttingen University. A poor scholar, Heyne, the celebrated editor of Virgil and Homer, permitted Voss to attend his lectures gratis. So far, so good. But then it appears that a great difference exists between a hearer of lectures who pays and one who

pays not; and the difference is, that the one may have and express an opinion; and the other, if so unfortunate as not to help having an opinion, may not give utterance to it, if in opposition to that of the gratis lecturer. Now Voss happened to have an opinion, and whatever was its value then, we know that afterwards, on such subjects, it was of the highest value; and Voss expressed this opinion in type, in opposition to the lecturer’s. Now this was an act of great ingratitude; inasmuch as the interests of truth itself, it seems, are well sacrificed at the shrine of duty. Strange inconsistency! but upon thy head, thou, who hast therein a precious jewel! lies “the cause of this effect defective!”

“Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.”

It is said, that the controversy was marked, on the part of Voss, by vulgarity and low breeding—sins, indeed, of the rankest dye, but clearly attributable to his circumstances in life. Then, again, it is said, that he employed the very same arguments that the lecturer himself was wont to produce and refute. What then? Heyne, doubtless, thought that he had settled the objections completely; but was that any reason why Voss should think so? And if he *did not* think so, what was there but this same hateful thing, called poverty, to prevent him from giving his worst of thoughts his worst of words? He, however, borrowed four gold Fredericks, the admission fee to the course, and sent them to Heyne, who presented the money to a charitable institution for lying-in women. Thus ended the affair; but was not the poor myrtle scathed by what would have been well resisted by the unwedgeable and gnarled oak? Heaven’s ways are not so:—rather with its sharp and sulphurous bolt it splits the strong and lofty, than the lowly and the weak!

“O but man, proud man!

Dress’d in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would else themselves laugh mortal!”

* He was born on the 20th of February, 1751, at Sommerdorf, in Mecklenburg; he died of apoplexy in March 1826.

We, however, are not willing to subscribe so readily to the dogma, that "great men may jest with saints,—'tis wit in them, but in the less, foul profanation." We do not defend Voss, but we will find an excuse for him. "That in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the soldier is flat blasphemy." Who knows but to this very circumstance is owing the successful attention which he paid to that branch of study, in which he became so eminent? In this exercise of his intellect upon this very subject, who so dull as not to see the future unparalleled translator of Homer, of Virgil, of Hesiod, of Ovid, and of Shakespeare? He also translated Aristophanes, but with less success.

But it was not always thus with Voss; by his exertions he was enabled at last to defy the *iniquity* of fortune. In 1778 he was chosen rector, or master, of the school at Otterndorf; and, in 1782, he held the same situation in the school at Eutin. The prince

of Høltorn Goltorp conferred on Voss the dignity of an aulic counsellor; and when, in consequence of ill health, he resigned his rectorship, in 1802, his illustrious patron settled on him an annual pension of six hundred dollars, with full permission to spend it wherever he chose to reside.

This is all that is worth knowing in the life of Voss,—that is, all that can afford any moral instruction. The works which we have placed at the commencement of this article are well known. His idyls are improvements on those of Gesner,—they are more elaborate, more varied, upon subjects more recondite, adorned with wilder and bolder graces, such as distinguish that singularly wild and originally beautiful one entitled "The Devil Bewitched;" and others, in which some inspiration appears to have been caught from Bürger's "Wild Hunter" and "Lenore." We have translated the ninth idyl, and present our readers with it merely on account of its brevity.

THE BEGGAR.

JÜRGEN.

Why! my heart's child! Thy dog salutes thee—see—
Glad-whining, and thy sheep too bleats, by thee .
With bread made gentle. Why in the dew so early?
The morning air blows cold; scarce reddens yet
The sun above the fir-hill. In my fold
At night I'm almost frozen. Come, and kiss
Me warm again.

MARIE.

Thou frozen? In the rose-moon?
O lambkin, weak and tender, that e'en lies
I' th' mid-day sun, and trembles! Take the kiss—
Thy lip is warm enough, thou false one! So
Is thy hand too.

JÜRGEN.

Why in such haste? Thine eyes
Are not so clear as wont, and smile compell'd.

MARIE.

Beloved, hear, and vex me not. Yestre'en
I knitted in the bower, pleased to behold
The field of rye-grass wave in the golden gleam,
And hear the yellow-hammer, cuckoo, and quail,
In emulation sing, and thought the while
The same delighted Jürgen. Then there came
The old lame Tiess, and begged. Father, said I,
Is all the bread consumed I let you bake
Last holyday? Sure you grow shameless! Tiess
Would speak, but I was angry and o'erruled him.
God may again assist you, Tiess! The host
Supply you brandy gratis! Go! But then
I saw his bald head tremble in the gleam
Of th' evening sun, and a big tear flow down
From his grey twinkling eyes. Speak yet, said I,
Father, how is it? 'Maiden,' answered he,
'I beg not for myself, but for the old curate—
Good God! whom they to us degraded! He

Lies in the wood, with the poor forester
 Who has his house of children full, and wants !'
 O father !—I sprang up, and had almost
 Embraced him. You are a good man ! Come here.
 Then took I what my hand might seize, and stuffed
 His wallet full of sausages, and groats,
 Bacon, and cheese, and bread. Now, father, yet
 A glass of cümmelschnap ? 'No, maiden, no ;
 My head's too weak. God recompense you !' Forth
 He hobbled on his crutch unto the wood
 In moonlight, that he might not be observed.

JÜRGEN.

Well know I father Tiess. His comrade told me,
 That when a soldier, in the foeman's land,
 He rather gave than took. O great reproach !
 Our curate is so poor the beggar tends him,
 And we wist not of it !

MARIE.

I dreamt of him—

How good he was, in preaching, catechising,
 To counsel and to comfort in all chances,
 And at the sick bed. Young and old, all loved him.
 And when some sneak accused him of false doctrine,
 So that he ultimately lost at once
 His office and his bread—all pray'd and wept,
 Till he himself commanded their obedience.
 Wild from my dream I roused, and found with tears
 My cushion moisten'd. Scarce the cock had crow'd,
 I rose, and peas out of the garden took,
 And yellow wurzel, with this pair of pigeons—
 And hasten now to the old man therewith.
 The huntsman's wife, besides, brings in a basket
 His breakfast to his bed : he may be glad once.

JÜRGEN.

Glad is he ever, though he suffer wrong.
 He who acts honestly, trusts God in sunshine
 And storm—so taught he. Yet he was disgraced !
 Take also, Mary, my good-hearted maid !
 This piece of Dutch cheese in the basket ; yes,
 And say, I'll bring a lamb to him at evening.
 Fie ! shall a man of hunger die, because
 He teacheth what God saith, not men's traditions !
 Wolves in sheep's clothing ! hang your heads for shame !
 Nathless, God be your judge ! Old Tiess, and thou,
 Have so subdued my heart, that it resolves,
 Sunday, please God, to share their evening meal.

The *Luise* is a rural poem, of epical pretensions, and characterised by Grecian simplicity. It is divided into three idyls, entitled respectively, "The Feast in the Wood," "The Visit," "The Bridal-eve ;" and is written in hexameters, which some readers, perhaps, with Madame de Staël, may consider too pompous for the naïveté of the subject. We must, however, recollect the great simplicity of Homer's diction, and how capable Voss was of expressing his diction in all its simplicity. Its subject is no more than the marriage of Luise, the daughter of the venerable pastor of Grünau, which same pastor, by the by, Voss evermore styles *der ehrwürdige Pfarrer von Grünau* ; in the same manner as Homer

writes, "the blue-eyed daughter of Jupiter." Luise's lover is a young Lutheran minister, who had acted in the capacity of preceptor to a younger son of a dowager countess, who inhabits the hall during the summer months, whose daughter Amelia is Luise's friend, and, by means of the connexion between the parties thus established, has applied to the pastor and his wife for permission to wed their daughter. Invited to the parsonage-house, the morning is proposed to be spent in the open air, on the banks of the neighbouring lake, and in rowing on the water. The old people embark in a boat, while the lovers are permitted to go by land, to the place of rendezvous, where they intend to

breakfast altogether. Homer introduces the common customs of life into heroic song; and so Voss, in imitation of his exemplar, treats us with descriptions of the manner of making

coffee, and the important article of lighting and smoking a pipe; nay, such minutiae as the following are condescended to:—

“Quickly Louisa uplifted the lid of the basket, and took out
Cups of an earthen ware, and a pewter basin of sugar;
But when all had been emptied, the butter, the rolls, and the cold ham,
Strawberries, radishes, milk, and the cowslip wine for the pastor,
Archly Louisa observed, ‘Mamma has forgotten the teaspoons!’
They laughed; also the father; the good old lady she laughed too;
Echo laughed; and the mountains repeated the wandering laughter.
Walter presently ran to the birch-tree beside them, and cut off
Short smooth sticks with his clasp-knife, offering skewers for stirrers.”*

Matters proceed prosperously in the second canto. The venerable pastor of Grinaw is well pleased with Walter; and the countess and Amelia, upon paying a visit to the parsonage-house, it appears for no other purpose than to hint that the wedding may be fixed previous to their departure for town, are invited to the bridal. The important day arrives; and the third canto is occupied with details upon details of all the mighty note of preparation. Amelia presents the bridegroom with a new cassock, and the countess contributes to the dress of Luise. The dinner is a joint-stock contribution,—venison from the gamekeeper, fish from the villagers, ham, poultry, and fruit, from the parsonage-house itself, with pheas-

sants and hare killed by the bridegroom and a college fellow-student, whom he has brought with him, as a friend, on the happy occasion. Then comes the dessert; and a posset milked under the cow is mentioned with peculiar honour, which, after being tasted by the “party in the parlour,” is sent down for the solace of the servants in the kitchen. Subsequently to the ceremony, which is performed by the pastor himself, after dinner, in the presence of his guests, he addresses himself, in a faltering voice, to the bride. This nuptial benediction is characterised by such a purity of manner and fervour of sentiment, that we have ventured a translation.

May the blessing of God, my dearest and loveliest daughter,
Be with thee! yea, the blessing of God on this earth and in heaven!
Young have I been, and now am old, and of joy and of sorrow,
In this uncertain life, sent by God, much—much have I tasted:
God be thanked for both! O! soon shall I now with my fathers
Lay my grey head in the grave; how fain, for my daughter is happy!
Happy, because she knows this, that our God, like a father who watches
Carefully over his children, us blesses in joy and in sorrow.
Wondrously throbs my heart at the sight of a bride young and beautiful,
Dress’d and adorn’d, while she leans, in affectionate, childlike demeanour,
On the arm of the bridegroom, who through life’s path shall conduct her:
Ready to bear with him boldly let whatever may happen,
And feeling with him, to exalt his delight and lighten his sorrow;
And, if it please God, to wipe from his dying forehead the last sweat!
Even such my presentiments were, when after the bridal
I my young wife led home. Happy and serious, I shewed her, at distance,
All the extent of our fields, the church tower, and the dwellings, and this one,
Where we together have known so much both of good and of evil.
Thou, my only child! then in sorrow I think of the others,
When my path to the church by their blooming graves doth conduct me.
Soon, thou only one! wilt thou track that way whereon I came hither—
Soon, soon my daughter’s chamber, soon ’t will be desolate to me,
And my daughter’s place at the table! In vain shall I listen
For her voice afar off, and her footsteps at distance approaching.
When with thy husband on that way thou from me art departed,
Sobs will escape me, and thee my eyes bathed in tears long will follow;
For I am a man and a father, and my daughter who heartily loves me,

* The above version is Mr. Taylor’s.

Heartily love ! But I will in faith raise my head up to heaven,
 Wipe my eyes from their tears, and with folded hands myself humble
 E'en in prayer before God, who, as a father watches his children,
 Both in joy and in sorrow us blesses, for we are his children.
 Yea, for this is the law of the Eternal, that father and mother
 Ever they shall forsake, who as husband and wife are united.
 Go, then, in peace, my child ! forsake thy family and thy
 Father's dwelling—go, by the youth guided, who to thee must hence be
 Father and mother ! Be to him like a vine that is fruitful
 In his house ; round his table thy children like branches of olive
 Flourish ! So will the man be blessed in the Lord who confideth.
 Lovely and fair to be is nothing ; but a God-fearing wife brings
 Honour and blessing both ! for and if the Lord build the house not,
 Surely the builders but labour in vain.

After this, perhaps the reader will scarcely care to be told that sandwiches and music are celebrated, and that the clerk of the parish assembled a band without-doors in honour of the occasion ; that the countess and her daughter depart in her carriage ; that the party disperses ; and that the bridegroom leads Luise to her chamber ; and that thus concludes a poem which must remain the only one of its class. Surely, such a poem, on such a subject, can only be written once. This, however, may be added, that if Bürger be the Wordsworth of Germany, Voss may be perhaps esteemed as the Crabbe, but with more of poetical feeling, though certainly not of genius.

Voss collected the poems of Hölty, another of the Göttingen friends, a young man, who died at the age of 28, a martyr to excessive study. To this excess he was excited by his necessities ; for his father, who was a preacher at Mariensee, in the Hanoverian territory, was too poor to allow him the proper means of subsistence at the uni-

versity, and he was compelled to make up the deficiency by giving private lessons, and translating for the booksellers. In his love of solitude, and attachment to the wilder scenes of nature, he resembled Bürger ; but in temper he was widely different ; for from earliest infancy he was characterised by more than ordinary vivacity of disposition ; and so eager was his ardour for study, that he scarcely allowed himself leisure for his meals, and snatched many an hour from the time destined for repose. Hölty considered his most finished productions—and all are highly finished—only as boyish effusions, preparatory to maturer efforts. In delineations of rural beauty and melancholy sentiment lay his strength. His lyric poems are so generally recited in Germany as to rival Bürger's in popularity. His information was universal. Kostner was wont to remark, that " Hölty knew by far too much for a poet." We have attempted a translation of one of his effusions.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man who has the town escaped !
 To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
 The shining pebbles, preach
 Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
 To him, where God draws nigher to his soul ;
 Each verdant sod a shrine,
 Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The nightingale on him sings slumber down—
 The nightingale reawakes him, fluting sweet,
 When shines the lovely red
 Of morning through the trees.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God !
 In the ascending pomp of dawning day,
 Thee in thy glorious sun,
 The worm—the budding branch—

Where coolness gushes, in the waving grass,
 Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain, rests ;

Inhales the breath of prime,
 The gentle airs of eve.

His straw-deck'd thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
 And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest,
 Than golden halls of state,
 Or beds of down afford.

To him the plummy people sporting chirp,
 Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
 And from his quiet hand
 Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.

Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death ;
 And in the village churchyard by the graves
 Sits, and beholds the cross,
 Death's waving garland there,

The stone beneath the elders, where a text .
 Of Scripture teaches joyfully to die ;
 And with his scythe stands Death,
 An angel, too, with palms.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town !
 Him did an angel bless when he was born —
 The cradle of the boy
 With flowers celestial strowed.

Hitherto we have set forth the disadvantages of poverty ; our last instance testifies to the relative advantage of affluence. But for the care and means of his parents, Gotter,* perhaps, would not only have not written at all, but not lived to write. With a feeble constitution, and prematurely, at the age of sixteen, accomplished with all that the best masters could teach, he was obliged to travel for the sake of his health. He had been early attracted by French literature, and remained at Paris for some time, where he acquired Italian. In the year 1763, he was sent to the University of Göttingen to study the law. But he was not to be drawn aside from poetic exercises ; and, in particular, he indulged in some dramatic essays. In the year 1766 he returned to Gotha, his native place, and became archivist in the duke's service. In 1767 he accompanied the Baron of Gemmingen as secretary of legation to Wetzlar ; but engaged the following year in the education of two young noblemen in the University of Göttingen ; and also undertook with Bire the publication of the Göttingen *Musen-Almanach*, which owed its origin to his introduction into the Hainbund of a French *Almanach des Muses*, on the model of which it was framed. In the

year 1769 he returned to Gotha ; and in 1770 he went in his aforesaid office to Wetzlar, where he remained two years, after which he was made private secretary in Gotha. Wetzlar was a very advantageous place for the development of his mind. He met there with better company than that of rude agriculturists, — a circle of young men who emulated him in taste and talent. Göthe and the young Jerusalem were amongst them.

Gotter himself aimed at the polishing of his native language. His flesh, however, was weak, though his spirit was willing ; and in 1774, to recruit his health, he travelled to Lyons. Here he studied the French theatre, in favour of which he had already been prepossessed. The works of Lessing, Weisse, and other of his predecessors, first animated his love for the dramatic art. He indulged in private theatricals ; and sometimes improvised a play with a skill and facility not common. To conclude, Gotter was acquainted with the fine literature of France, England, and Italy, and formed his taste by the study of their models. Elegance was what he aimed at, and the mechanism of poetry was his chief object. He derived much of his matter from foreign sources — using it, how-

* Friederich Wilhelm Gotter was born September 3, 1746, at Gotha, and died March 18, 1797.

ever, in a spirit of freedom. All his works shew him to be a master of versification. He was a man of talent, not of genius;—what he was, he became by the force of favourable circumstances. While he lived, fortune was kind to him, and he had his reward during that little space. She cannot, however, preserve his name for after-times—it will not live through all ages. Nature is more true, though more severe, to the children whom she inspires. She keeps them poor, indeed, too often; but where she breathes a spirit which poverty cannot extinguish, she provides a guerdon which time shall not diminish, but increase. To Gottér, Bürger was accustomed to submit his verses for correction, and usually paid implicit deference to his taste. The critic, however, will “fade away into the intense inane;” but the poet will endure in remembrance “while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe.”

The following poem is a favourable specimen of Gottér's talents.

THE MAIDEN.

I am a maiden, young and fine,
And, thanked be Heaven! yet free;
Romantic passion I decline—
No sentiment for me!

Light flows my blood, I love a jest,
The song and dance beside;
My treasure is a happy breast,
A flowery wreath my pride.

Eve's nature I do not forswear,
O'er credulous, weak, and vain;
And curiosity so dear
Inherit I again.

But if not from the men I fly,
Mamma then warns me still,
That we poor maids were made—oh, fie!
But to obey their will.

Then pride invades my sense, though slight,
And happy 'tis for me,
That I remain a maiden white;
Let others angels be!

THE PRESENT BALANCE OF PARTIES IN THE STATE, AND THE RESULTS OF THE REFORM BILL.*

THE principles of all political parties should rest on the broad basis of honour, and should in themselves be distinct, well defined, and thoroughly understood. It is very natural that men, impelled by the operation of such principles, and holding dear certain measures, by the avowal of which they gained, perchance, their introduction into parliament, or their individual importance, should classify themselves into parties, should act in concert for all purposes of legislation, and endeavour, by every fair and open expedient, to gain and retain the proposal and regulation of all public affairs. “Factions,” says Mr. Hume, “subvert government, render laws impotent, and beget the fiercest animosities among men of the same nation, who ought to give mutual assistance and protection to each other.” On the other hand, favouritism is the growth of tyranny, and impregnated with all the hateful and poisonous qualities proper to its parent. Whenever the one or the other prevails, then good government is in reality

destroyed, and dangers innumerable, and of the most pernicious kind, are darkening into gloom over the national prosperity. But pure parties are assistants to good government, inasmuch as by the clash of wits truth is elicited, and by the application of a severe scrutiny into the actions of ministers, they are compelled, spite of every weakness of nature, to act openly and manfully, and according to the strictest dictates of honour.

Mr. Burke has depicted parties in colours of too ideal a cast, in his *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*; but he was either on one side or the other a zealous partisan, and he was naturally induced to become the apologist of party. The *beau idéal*, however, can never be realised, until human infirmities have been conquered, human passions neutralised, senses rendered more clear, error eradicated from the heart, selfishness ejected from the breast, avarice become innocuous in its operations, and rigid honour made the grand and triumphant characteristic of mankind.

* The Present Balance of Parties in the State. By Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P. Murray, 1832.

Human actions, however, gravitate towards the earth which we inhabit, and seldom have reference to the skies, which is the home of our hopes. Expectancy has little to do with politics, for every man looks to present and instantaneous fruition. Sir John Walsh has well observed, that "sympathy of opinions first attracts the elements of party together," as identity of interests may soon become the uniting cement betwixt them. The feelings of an ardent patriotism are often superseded by the narrow and less noble impulse of an *esprit de corps*. Men begin by seeking power, that they may accomplish great measures of policy; they sometimes end by using measures as instruments to acquire or to retain power. "Collision of objects, interests, and appliances for effecting purposes, engenders hostility; hostility begets exasperation; and exasperation sows the angry passions in the hearts of parties."

"In fairly bringing forward," says the philosophical and eloquent baronet, "the ostensible aims, in tracing the legitimate bounds, in describing the useful results of party combinations; and, on the other hand, in exposing the errors, the evils, and the vices, of which party spirit may be the cause,—we may form in our own minds a standard to measure the conduct of each particular party. The system is capable of a certain useful direction; it is liable to specific abuses. There ought to be a code of morals, expressly for the use of parties—a martial law for these regiments of politicians. We must endeavour to ascertain how far they pursue the laudable purpose they profess to seek, how far they avoid the faults to which their composition inclines them; without expecting that they can quite attain the one, or wholly escape the other. In every thing human we can only hope for an approximation to good."

In the just doctrine applicable to the conduct of parties, one main requisite is, that they be the actors in the eyes of the nation, but not mixed up with the passions of the nation. The nation should be, as it were, the court of appeal, exercising a salutary influence over their acts, and holding them within the limits of moderation. When once, however, a party has been dexterous enough, and sufficiently self-interested and wicked, to arouse the

dormant prejudices and the passions of the people, and to induce the multitude to array itself on one side, then the fulcrum between the advocates of state opinions is lost; and there being no vigilant observers of the conduct of public men, jealousies, passions, animosities, grow out of the most trifling disputes, and victory is contended for with all the energies of an implacable hatred. In such a state of things the interests of parties are opposed to the interests of the nation, and a civil war of opinions and passions is the circumstance most favourable to advancing the fortunes and perpetuating the rule of self-interested men and political adventurers.

It is now some years since popular passions dictated the measures of any ministry, and the result of this quiescent state of public feeling has been most beneficial to national prosperity. The non-interference of the multitude and the mob with his majesty's administration, left free play to the mental powers and free scope to the judgment of our legislators; and, to use Sir John Walsh's elegant phrase, "the intellect of the country was released from the trammels of prejudice and the dominion of temper." The public mind considered with dispassionate reflection the acts of the rulers; the opposition, however keenly they might have sighed for instalment in the ministerial benches, were obliged to assume a moderated behaviour,—to act as checks on the executive, and not as opponents and enemies to the faithful servants of the king. Now, however, the scene is changed; and, to take the baronet's description, "the neutrals, the sober by-standers, have almost entirely disappeared. Every one is keenly for or against the ministry and the Reform bill; which is, in fact, the abstract essence of the ministry. Every public measure is now debated with reference to its relation to the government and its effect on the bill, rather than upon its own merits. It is curious that the result of this has been to swell the ranks both of ministers and their opponents. Whigs, Tories, Radicals, all have gained recruits at the expense of the moderate, unbiassed, independent part of the House of Commons; just as disturbed and dangerous times make every man a soldier."

Our party divisions have been most

conspicuous in the politics of Europe. Guelph and Ghibelin, Neri and Bianchi, have not enjoyed so wide a renown as have our Tories and Whigs. The spirit and conduct of these parties have had a direct and widely-extended influence on the fortunes of their country; they have been mixed up in the principal transactions of the continent, and their plans been actually infused into the most important passages of European diplomacy. With such grand transactions, and the grandest senatorial displays, the brightest and most glorious names in England are associated; names, indeed, which must be dear to every patriotic bosom. That their possessors have been blameless, or that no vice was inherent in the constitution of the respective parties of which those memorable characters were the ornament and the boast, would be to insist on a Utopian desideratum. But Rapin has well observed, "that though the English are divided into two parties, and there is great enmity between them, their passion does not, however, cause them, in general at least, to abandon the interests of religion and liberty."* Both parties have always hitherto acted according to the limits of opinion and conduct prescribed by the principles of our British constitution: their measures have always been actuated by the pure dictates of high honour and of noble spirit. The Tory, indeed, was favourable to the crown, and to the permanence of the church; the Whig proclaimed himself the defender of popular rights, and stickled for the high privileges of the Commons: but the former never thought—particularly since the accession of the House of Hanover—of making prerogative more powerful than constitutional law, and reviving the atrocities of the Court of High Commission and the Star Chamber; nor yet the Whigs of levying money from the counties, as did the parliament under Oliver Cromwell, or of making that house paramount to the hereditary peerage and the kingly office. Theirs was the contest between two parties in the state, and not between two classes of society. The chiefs of each party were of the highest of the aristocracy. "The colour of their political opinions," says

Sir John Walsh, "became even a sort of hereditary faith in their families, and blended itself curiously enough with the pride of ancestry. In the Tories, these aristocratic feelings were natural—they were in perfect accordance with the general complexion of their views and policy; but in the Whigs they created an anomaly, and involved, if ever traced fairly up to their source, two contradictory and hostile principles. A proud and exclusive temper" (and herein Sir John Walsh differs materially from Rapin; but had the historian been now alive, and had witnessed the late memorable proceedings of the different political sets, he would have been of the same opinion with the baronet and ourselves), "a demeanour somewhat haughty and reserved, a devotion to the interests of particular families, a great deference to the accident of birth, were scarcely reconcilable with that extreme attachment to the spirit and the practice of the democratic parts of our government, which they so loudly proclaimed."

Until the French Revolution there were only two parties in the state, or, to speak more correctly, there were only two generic terms, without saying any thing of the numerous denominations into which those two classes were subdivided. The Whigs, before that fearful outbreaking of popular frenzy, were the democracy of England. Then, however, a new spirit burst forth, in the panoply of the infant Pallas, into existence, and that was the personified Opinion of which the editor of the *Memoirs of René Lavauvasseur, the ex-Conventionalist*, thus boasts:—"Cette opinion, contre laquelle les hommes de tous les partis se sont réunis, est le républicanisme ardent, dont le monde étonné a déploré les excès, et admiré les prodiges." When speaking of this self-same audacious, tyrannous, and bloody opinion, the old autobiographer exultingly exclaims:—"Alors trente millions de voix répétaient avec nous le cri de liberté! Alors ce qu'on prend aujourd'hui pour le délire de quelques maniaques exaltés, était le sentiment commun de tout un peuple, et en quelque sorte sa manière d'exister! Contre de ce mouvement immense nous étions entraînés par son énergie en cherchant à le diriger!"

* Dissertation on the Whigs and Tories.

The party in question was the same as that against which Burke, in his *Thoughts on the French Revolution*, poured forth the phials of his indignation, in terms which will be co-existent with the appreciation of nobleness of sentiment. Its upholders advocated the necessity of recurrence to the first principles of natural right, and their political *El Dorado* was the reconstruction of the Social Union. They preached equality of interest in life, because of equality of birth and of human responsibility,—they preached equality of worldly substance and riches, the destruction of the judgment-seat, the banishment of aristocratic differences and noble titles, and the annihilation of the kingly office. Sir John Walsh has well said of the rise of this rabblement of politicians ;

“ No circumstance could have been more prejudicial to the interests and ascendancy of the Whigs than the events of the French Revolution, and the simultaneous creation of this new party in the state. Hitherto their great source of moral power had consisted in their being the constituted and established organs of the popular feeling. The keystone of their political faith had been the innocence, the beneficial tendencies, and the power of self-control, inherent in popular bodies and institutions, when allowed an unlimited expansion. The birth of the Radicals undermined the former; the excesses of the reign of terror shook the latter. The Whigs, the established and orthodox champions of the rights of the democracy, found their province invaded, and their flock led astray, by these sectarians in politics. On the other hand, the more sober of their adherents, the most moderate in their opinions and aristocratic in their possessions, alarmed and disgusted by these dangerous rivals or doubtful allies, seceded entirely, and threw themselves into the arms of the Tories. Never had their benches exhibited a more brilliant union of splendid talents, of distinguished names, of statesmen of high reputation, than when this storm overtook them. Fox in the meridian of his powers, Burke in all the unimpaired vigour of his extraordinary faculties, Sheridan in the first dazzling glory of his parliamentary career, Whitbread, Tierney, the present Lord Grey, Windham, following with no distant steps the track of their great leaders, formed a catalogue of which they might well be proud.”

He also well delineates the further proceedings of the Whigs, and exhibits

the difficulties of their situation, and their inconsistencies :

“ Diminished in splendour by the secession of its brightest ornaments, Burke and Windham; in numbers, by that of many of the more moderate yet influential of the party in both houses of parliament; and embarrassed by the novelty of its position with respect to the powerful ultra-democrats springing into existence, the Whig opposition maintained a firm countenance. They continued to arraign the policy, and to scrutinise the conduct of the ministry, with equal acuteness, with no mitigated severity, and with a deeper shade of personal animosity. But no one can read the debates and the history of that period, without perceiving in their tone a consciousness of the difficulty of their situation, and traces of the inconsistencies in which it involved them. At one time they launch out in eloquent praise of the French revolution; at another, they gently blame, while they palliate its excesses. At one time they indulge in sanguine anticipation of the benefits with which it is pregnant to the whole human race; at another, they are staggered with the enormities which disfigured its course. Now they attack with violent declamation the coalitions of European powers, as conspiracies against the rights of mankind; and soon after they are obliged to admit, that the intrigues and military movements of the republic are assaults on the existence of governments, and aggressions on the independence of nations. At home, they enrol their names in political societies, and shrink from the ultimate objects which those societies have in view. They censure the dangerous designs and treasonable projects of affiliated Jacobins; yet they loudly and violently stigmatise all measures of repression, all vigorous policy, as invasions of liberty, and acts of unwarrantable oppression. They deny not the existence of the spirit of evil, yet they insist that, unopposed, it becomes perfectly innocuous; and that it is only when some attempt is made to check and control it, that it is rendered dangerous to society. Thus did they endeavour to thread their way through the narrow space which was left them, seeking to preserve their distinctness inviolate; hoping to direct and to restrain the Radicals with one hand, and to oppose the firm ministry of Pitt with the other. Had it been practicable, they would have accomplished it; for they were proud and able men, long versed in the warfare of party, devoted to their own: the aristocratic part of our representative system gave them sure

seats in parliament—their high reputation gave them weight in it. But they attempted an impossibility; they were interposed between the shocks of elements mightier than themselves. Identified with neither, they were opposed to all movement whatever: as they were in a manner neutralised, they insisted that the nation ought to be neutral; as they would not sanction any steps of a decisive character against sedition, they argued that it would expend itself: they maintained that amidst the crash of empires, and in the face of the most active and powerful agents of destruction, if we were only quiescent we should be safe,—as if some one were to counsel a traveller in the Arctic regions to take a sleep in the snow to recruit his strength, in a situation where inaction is death.”

The peaceful reign of George the Fourth was sufficient to allay all that remained of exacerbated feeling between the Whigs and the Tories. There was no scope for action or enterprise. Europe was in a state of exhaustion after its gigantic efforts in the revolutionary war, and a dead calm seemed to pervade the sea of politics. Inaction was most detrimental to the Whigs. Their partisans of enthusiasm or ambitious aspirations grew first faint-hearted, and then turned away in disappointment. Some retired into private life; others assumed a favourable demeanour to their opponents, in the hope of preferment. The Whigs were diminishing daily as a body, and the very affability of the Tory administration was almost the final blow to their importance and their popularity. There was little of identity left. They were gradually joining the higher or lapsing into the lower order of politicians. Some great and aristocratic families, however, still remained: they clung to the remembrance of the traditional and recorded glories of their ancestors; they rallied the small remnant of their followers, filled up vacancies in their ranks as well as they were able, held out every inducement to recruits of talent, and by their nomination boroughs kept up a shew of some force in the House of Commons. But their glory had departed; they were no longer the guardians of popular rights, or the pluckers down of royal prerogative. To atone for their impotence in parliament, they congregated as thickly as they could in the *salons* of Holland, Lansdowne, and Devonshire Houses.

From being a powerful party, they dwindled into a trifling handful of discontented yet arrogant party-men; and from having had the space of England for their theatre of action, they were satisfied, perforce, to meet and talk over the perils and fortunes of their predecessors and themselves in the lounging-room at Brookers’s.

The defeat of the Duke of Wellington’s administration occasioned no accession of forces to the Whigs. That defeat was effected by the junction of the High Tories, and Canningites, and the Neutrals, with small bodies of the professed disciples of Fox and of Whiggism. Hence it happened, that when this last party were called to the helm of government, they were too unimportant to form of themselves an administration. To use the figurative yet appropriate language of Sir John Walsh, “They were no more powerful than they had been for years past— weaker, on the contrary; but they were suddenly brought forward by the divisions of their opponents, just as a ship, which has lain for months enclosed by fields of ice, is at length released, not by her own strength working through them, but by the crumbling and breaking up of the masses by which she has been imprisoned.”

Their desire for office, their hungry yearnings after the good things of preferment, placed them in a dilemma; but that was a trifle to men not overburdened with conscientious scruples, and who, moreover, were for scudding, at all events, across the floor of the Houses of Parliament, to seize on the ministerial benches. Two ways were open to their operations: they might either advocate the policy of Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington, and, by conciliating the moderate Tories, and including the Neutrals and Independents in their number, might form an effective administration;—or they might throw themselves into the arms of the democratic party. Although long quiescent, this party had cast off its slough of weakness, and by the extended means of education it had acquired a conscious mental energy, and gathered the materials of political strength. Poverty-stricken by fiscal regulations, struggling in the midst of a hopeless adversity, yet led by acquired information to entertain lofty aspirations, which were, however, converted, by the shock they sustained

against their abject circumstances of life, into a desperation of envy against the better fortunes of their superiors in society — the Radicals of England were at fierce enmity with every other class, while they gloried in the anticipation of some civil commotion, which might redound to the advantage of their own. The enthusiastic author of *Corn-Law Rhymes* has given expression to the loud outcry of the furnishing multitude in the following stern lines : —

“ What is bad government, thou slave,
Whom robbers represent ?
What is bad government, thou knave,
Who lov’st bad government ?
It is the deadly *will*, that takes
What labour ought to keep —
It is the deadly *power*, that makes
Bread dear, and labour cheap.”

The moment of the retirement of the Duke of Wellington was one of excessive irritation and alarm : a steady head was required for the counsels of the king — an unflinching and steady hand for the helm of state ; and a multitude of accomplished and able men were prepared to surround and support the new ministry, if they had evinced any disposition and determination to wrestle with the exigencies of the times. By calling moderate and able men in the House of Commons to their aid, Lord Grey and Lord Brougham and their colleagues might have laid themselves open to the abuse of the democrats, and the sneers and sarcasms of the selfish and the disappointed ; they might have been told that their former professions were empty air, that their opposition had been a cunning juggle for office, and that, while they had been professing an earnest championship for the popular interests, they were deluding the people, and were haughty and avaricious aristocrats in heart. Most easy, however, would it have been to withstand these several attacks. By joining the Moderates and Neutrals, moreover, they would have completely broken up the remnant of the old Whig party, and thus have completed the annihilation of the two celebrated political divisions which had been commenced and nearly effected by Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington. But by calling in the democratic party to their aid, they have not only accomplished this very obliteration and fusion of their own party, but their paucity of numbers has been entirely swallowed

up by the multitude of that revolutionary party to which they have joined their fortunes.

The mischief arising from this junction was visible in the very first measure of the Liberal Cabinet. Burpings in Kent, riots in other counties, and an insurrectionary movement over the whole country, called imperatively for promptitude and decision on the part of the executive. The gentry not only most vigorously withstood the assaults of the peasantry, but by a display of vigour peculiarly English, they dispersed the mobs of rioters and marauders, and curbed the licentious spirit of the working classes into subjection. The prisons were crowded with men caught with arms in their hands, and in flagrant crime. Special commissions were issued for their trial. The judges dispensed the laws with admirable forbearance, and selected only a few from the mass of incendiaries, robbers, and ruffians, before them, for capital punishment ; they sentenced others to transportation, and either acquitted the remainder, or awarded the slightest possible punishment for their transgressions. When the trials were concluded, the journals took up the case of the culprits, and overawed the executive with their menaces and denunciations. The condemned were held up as martyrs to the cause of the people. The consequence was, that the ministry were intimidated with the bombastic and flagitious threats of club-law held out by the newspapers. Pardons were issued. “ A report,” says Sir John Walsh (and we all remember the circumstance), “ obtained currency that the pardons had been granted in opposition to the advice of the judges, and that the impossibility of resisting the popular cry had even been alleged in answer to their representations.” There is little or no doubt of this fact : a stultified clemency was dealt out to those daring offenders ; law and its judgments were held forth by the ministry to the people as a mockery and a farce ; and the leaders of the democracy were soon taught that a trembling, crouching, cringing executive (fearful of every rising measure of Radical discontent) had, in the pomp and circumstance of arrogance, vanity, and avarice, taken the place of the stern and intrepid Duke of Wellington. But this was only the commencement of the dastardly concessions of the ministers,

and consequently the first indication only of ministerial incapacity. Let us look for a moment to Ireland.

"The removal of the Catholic disabilities had not tranquillised that country—had not produced the slightest cessation or abatement of violence in the parties which distracted it. It had been wrung from the ministry by the agency of that formidable association which had acquired so wonderful an influence over the mass of the people, and had so dexterously used it. It was hoped that the complete fulfilment of their original purpose would be the signal for the dissolution of this body; but it will surprise no one who has any acquaintance with history, or experience of mankind, that such an expectation was disappointed. Mr. O'Connell, the principal leader of this union, and one of the most remarkable persons of his time, had directed its efforts to the attainment of another object; the success of which, and by such means, would be a virtual separation of the two countries. His great legal knowledge, and the address with which he had eluded all attempts to enforce the application of the laws against those combinations, constituted one of his most formidable powers. Not deterred by this, however, the Government did not hesitate to assume towards him an attitude of the most resolute hostility, to subject him to a prosecution for the breach of a statute passed to meet this particular evil; and they succeeded in obtaining a conviction against him and some other members. Nor did they relax upon this triumph: Mr. Stanley, in the House of Commons, on two occasions, on the 14th and 16th of February, declared, in answer to a question from the Marquess of Chandos, that Mr. O'Connell and his associates had not pleaded guilty in consequence of any compromise with Government; that no compromise existed: he concluded his speech on the 14th with these words:—'It is the unalterable determination of the law officers in Ireland to follow up the present proceedings against him, and they have no instruction that the law should not take its full course.' And on the 16th, after denying a second time the existence of a compromise, he again stated, still more unequivocally:—'It (the Crown) has procured a verdict against Mr. O'Connell, and it will undoubtedly call him up to receive judgment upon it.' On the 28th of February, a warm altercation took place between Mr. Stanley and Mr. O'Connell, commencing by a denial of Mr. O'Connell that any overture to a compromise had originated with any friends of his. Both

agreed that no compromise existed; but Mr. O'Connell contended that indirect overtures had been made through Lord Glengall and Mr. Bennett to him, which he had rejected; while Mr. Stanley asserted that written propositions for a compromise had been enclosed to those gentlemen in a letter from Mr. Manrice O'Connell, which were supposed to have been dictated by Mr. O'Connell. Upon this text the debate branched out into a review of Mr. O'Connell's conduct by Mr. Stanley, in which he charged him with a systematic attempt to agitate the minds and to rouse the passions of the people,—an accusation which he preferred in strong language, and sustained by extracts from the speeches and references to the published letters of the learned gentleman.

"Mr. O'Connell resorted with his usual vehemence, charging the ministers with a tyrannical and despotic spirit, compared with which the former administration was a blessing to Ireland. Such, up to the memorable 1st of March, was the tone and demeanour of the Government towards the party of the movement in Ireland."

The doctrine of the present ministers also assimilated to that of their predecessors in their avowal of non-intervention. This was the lure which they threw out to the autocrats of Russia, of Prussia, of Austria, and to the court of the Tuileries, to entice them to a peaceful demeanour towards this country, while the executive were attending to the insulting threats and ruffianly demands of the reformers of England. It was enough for Earl Grey to be overawed by the supercilious behaviour of Mr. Place, the tailor, and the swaggering mechanics of Westminster. If the smooth face of Lieven, or the smiling one of Esterhazy, had remonstrated or asked for concessions on his left side, while the vulgar squad of the Crown and Anchor were overcharging his pure mansion with their pestiferous breath on his right, the premier would most assuredly have been reduced to the last lamentable condition of fear. The grand and boasted principle of non-interference turns out, however, only to mean that one state should not meddle with the internal regulations or condition of another, unless it sees good cause and cogent reason to do so—*itself*, however, being the arbiter of *cogency*. It, consequently, is found, after all, to be nothing more or less than the common and ordinary rule of human

action. If the selfishness of the minister is stronger than his integrity and love of justice, he will pick out some occasion to aggravate it into importance, and immediately convert it into a lever for his astute schemes. Thus the exception is so wide, and the law is of so narrow an import, that the latter is completely and immediately nullified by the former; and non-intervention is, in reality, a term without a precise meaning—or such meaning as ministerial cunning may assume.

"America is very much affected by our regulations respecting the trade of Canada and the West Indies. We should be very much affected if the Emperor of China should prohibit the cultivation of tea." The successful revolt of our Colonies was a great cause of the French Revolution: the three days of Paris occasioned the separation of Belgium and Holland. Then the professors of these doctrines are perpetually falling into inconsistency. Those who are loud against intervention in the case of Belgium, are eager for it between Russia and Poland; those who blame it in the case of France towards Spain, view it more indulgently in that of England towards Portugal: very tenable grounds, certainly, upon the peculiar merits of the different questions, but inconsistent with a general principle of non-intervention. Could the rule be made absolute, and the law established, that no interests of its own should justify any nation in engaging in the domestic concerns of another, an important change would take place in human affairs; so important, indeed, that it will never occur till the millennium, or till Mr. Owen's division of the world into parallelograms. Until this loop-hole of self-interest be closed, this boasted principle will leave the world just as it found it."

The ministry had to terminate the conferences of the five great European powers with respect to Belgium and Holland. These were commenced by the Duke of Wellington, and had during their process under his administration been the subject of the constant attacks of the Whigs. The present Lord Chancellor ridiculed the meetings from his place in the House of Commons with his habitual biting sarcasm; and his diatribe was wound up with an avowal of his fear "that, before the plenipotentiaries even made the attempt to stop, they would have proceeded so far as not to be able to

withdraw, and then war—for interference on our part, in his opinion, must lead to it—would become inevitable." Yet, afterwards, who so quickly disengaged himself from the trammels of former opinions—who so eagerly stood forward as the vindicator of the necessity of conferences and protocols as my Lord Brougham? Next to him in inveighing when out of office against, and adopting when in office, the foreign policy of the Duke of Wellington, was the noble Premier. And what followed? Why, they allowed Russia to crush Poland, and Prussia to participate anew in the annihilation of that oppressed country—they allowed Louis Philippe to march into Belgium, and are allowing him to send an expedition into Italy—they allow Pedro to fit out in our own ports, contrary to the express word of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, an expedition for the purpose of dethroning his younger brother, because he refused to marry his infant niece—they are for forcing a mushroom king upon the Greeks—and they are for compelling an arrangement of the dispute between the two countries on the Kings of Belgium and Holland. First, then, they cavil at the doctrine of non-intervention because they are in opposition, and then they adopt it because they form the executive—knowing all the while that it simply means expediency or selfishness, and nothing more. Thus they immediately employ the influence and authority of England in regulating the domestic concerns of foreign nations, and allow every other nation of Europe to intermeddle in the affairs of its neighbour; so that on the first rupture, no matter in what quarter it happens, we shall find ourselves precipitated into a war. Our only safeguard from this ruinous crisis is, that every potentate of Europe has an exchequer equally exhausted with our own.

In their financial expedients, the progress of the ministers has been one line of shifting, and changing, and shuffling, and endeavouring to bamboozle the good sense of the country. Small salaries have been done away with, while large salaries have been suffered to remain. Their mountains of boast have veritably been mole-hills of performance. At length Lord Althorp was forced to admit that he could not bring expenditure below the level to

which it had been reduced. As a last resort, the ministers are endeavouring to save a little by a re-adjustment of the naval institutions of the country, which were before adjusted on as low a scale as possible. Three boards are to be reduced to one, various offices to be consolidated, and all matters regarding the navy of England to be carried on upon a truly economical footing. One of two things will happen: either the navy of England will suffer most materially, and be in the moment of exigency too curtailed of its effective strength; or as many officers will be required at the Admiralty for carrying on its concerns as have heretofore been employed at that office, in addition to the Navy and the Victualling Boards.

Let us now look at the policy of the ministry since the 1st of March. The motives which may have dictated the Reform bill "are," says Sir John Walsh, "mere matter of conjecture, founded upon data as uncertain as the passions, or the caprices, or the peculiar opinions, or the secret designs, of fourteen or sixteen individuals with whose private councils we have no acquaintance." Time may elucidate the mystery, and some book of memoirs may hereafter reveal, with the loquacity of another Pepys or of Sully, the precise reasons for the Reform bill, to the people. Certain it is that it surprised every body. Ultra Tories hailed the announcement of Lord John Russell with shouts of laughter—the Tories of the Wellington school with supercilious contempt; Mr. John Smith, and the borough-holding Whigs of the purfheus of the Exchange and Mansion House, had the breath taken out of their bodies—the Neutrals thought the time for neutrality had passed, and arrayed themselves in the opposition; the Moderates were aghast with affright; the *sans culottes* of Westminster danced with the gestures of drunken savages over the weltering limbs of the butchered constitution, and their mad cry of beastly triumph was hailed with approving shouts by the Radicals of the country. The proposed scheme was different to every thing ever thought or dreamed of. Mr. Pitt, in the period of the day-dreams of his youth—Mr. Fox, in the buoyant plenitude of his innovations—Mr. Brougham, when he itinerated through the towns of Yorkshire, trying his powers at mob-oratory, had severally fallen short of the sweep-

ing and all-destructive measure, which was suited only to the atmosphere of the lowest and vilest radicalism. Lord Grey had confessed to have modified his opinions since the inflamed period of his youth;—Lord John Russell had written books in a calm and dispassionate vein, and deprecated one uniform qualification of votes, and the appointment of delegates by the refuse of society;—Lord Melbourne was known as a moderate and amiable man, leaning towards the people, but kept in a just balance by the weight of prudential considerations;—Lord Durham exhibited the laughable amalgamation of the red-hot radical with the lofty and arrogant aristocrat;—Lord Lansdowne had acted with the Foxites and the Canningites, had veered his politics with his situation, and was called upon to uphold a sweeping measure, in which, from his past conduct, he certainly could not have had any hearty co-operation;—Mr. Charles Grant had changed to every point of the political compass; and if an English version of the *Dictionnaire de Girouettes* were to be made, his name would, in its appendant asterisks, outshine the fame of Talleyrand himself, and would beam forth in equal lustre with the name of Lord Viscount Palmerston;—Lord Goderich, "who never did a good thing, and never said a foolish one," is more fit for a private station than for ministerial eminence; for, without energy, activity, or solidity of judgment, or of sufficient independence to give utterance to his conscientious conviction, he stanchly follows the *penchant* of his superior;—Lord Holland was good as a make-weight in the opposition, but as a minister has no attraction for the people, and no weight in discussion: he is akin to Sir James Mackintosh in sentiment, in feeling, and political recollections, predilections, and views, (and we know that the member for Knaresborough has decried a too extensive reform in his *History of England*), and no friend of Utopian schemes and anarchical innovations; for the two always revert to the views of Mr. Fox, and are too great sticklers for his doctrines to desecrate any new scheme;—Lord Althorp exhibited the tricolor, and avowed his admiration of the French Revolution of 1830; but he is mentally incapable of originating any extensive plan whatsoever, and lacks

nerve, moreover, for hazarding the happiness of the country on such a measure as the Reform bill ;—the Duke of Richmond was incapable of approving of it, however much he might love office on account of the salary it brought him. Thus it will be seen that it is difficult to fix on the parents of the infernal measure ; for, however probabilities may point at some individuals, still there remains some drawback against the proof of identity. Our own opinion is such, that it may appear plausible to some, and ludicrous to others, yet of its truth we are persuaded :—The ministers brought in the present violent measure with the express view, and under the firm determination, that it should be lost. If they had introduced a moderate plan of reform, the Radicals would have immediately conceived that nothing more was to be got from the mongrel ministry ; and they would have shouted, *A bas les ministres !* with the full-toned frenzy of a Parisian mob. Their mainstay would have been gone—they would have been deserted by that portion of their supporters, who are in reality their temporary allies—the newspapers would have veered round with the veering cry of the populace, now leaders of opinion,—and the ministry must have resigned. But by the present bill they gave the people the amplest grounds for hope ; well aware, however, that the conservative portion of the community would never allow it in its original state to pass into a law. The opposition has modified, and it is to be hoped that the Lords will further modify it, so as to draw out all its venom and malignity. This they are sure to do. Then the ministers immediately turn to the people, and say, “See what we would have done, had we not been thwarted by a vile faction calling themselves conservatives. Truly may they so denominate themselves, since they withhold from you, the foundation and true source of power, only to conserve for themselves, to keep up their own aristocratic influence and arrogant pretensions. Surely you cannot be so deluded as to uphold those who have

denied to you the full enjoyment of your rights. Surely you will uphold us who have gained for you a partial enjoyment of those rights, and who will do what we can to gain for you the portion withheld. If so, and you cannot be so stultified as to do otherwise, return, by the exercise of that vote which we have conferred upon you, such men to parliament as shall secure to us a triumphant majority.” Such will be their language ; but they will see their error, and repent their folly, when returned to their proper places, the benches of the opposition.

The immediate effect of the introduction of the Reform bill was the merging of all divisions and subdivisions into two parties—reformers and constitutionalists—the movement party, and the conservative party. Demagogues, democrats, Iluntites, Cobbettites, Owenites, Jacobins, *suns culottes*, and dissenters of all classes and denominations, rallied round the ministry, like that

“pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,”

of which the poet of paradise speaks in reference to the first feat of the devils in pandemonium. But while Mr. O’Connell, the member for Preston, Mr. Hume, and Sir Francis Burdett, nodded in smiling approbation of my Lord Althorp and his colleagues, Mr. Charles Wynn, Sir Thomas Acland, Mr. Baring, Mr. Robert Palmer, Mr. Bethell of Yorkshire, Mr. Ward of London, and, latterly, Sir Henry Parnell, withdrew all confidence in them. To these may now be added the twenty-two gentlemen who voted against the ministers, and in favour of Lord Chandos’s motion, on Tuesday the 28th of February, against the allowance of members to the four new districts of the metropolis.* These men are to be considered as the expositors of the opinions of the private gentry of the nation, the most respectable and influential of any body of men in the world, and the foundation and prop of the prosperity and wealth of Great Britain. They were shocked at the junction of the Whigs with the ultra democrats, and

* These were, Mr. Adeane, Sir A. Agnew, Lord G. Bentinck, Mr. Buck, Sir R. W. Bulkeley, Mr. H. Burton, Mr. N. W. R. Colborne, Mr. J. Cripps, Mr. J. E. Denison, Mr. J. Dixon, Earl Grosvenor, Mr. J. Halse, Mr. J. J. H. Johnstone, Sir C. Lemon, Mr. J. Marryatt, Mr. J. Miles, Mr. F. North, Captain Polhill, Viscount Sandon, Sir G. Staunton, Hon. R. Watson, Sir H. Willoughby.

they are now, for some years to come, amalgamated with the Wellington and Peel Tories. And the ministers have the tremendous responsibility on their souls of having called from its subordinate, character and negative state of existence the hydra-headed party of the movement for the first time into action and avowed operation, and of having laid a train for a collision between the Houses of Commons and the Lords (such as only occurred during the sitting of the Long Parliament, and after the convocation of the States-General of France under Louis XVI., or between the Girondists and the Mountain party in the National Convention), as will inevitably destroy the permanence of the British Constitution. Then will be enacted between the two Houses of Parliament the same drama which Mr. O'Connell has already played off with great effect, to the cost of the present miserable and truckling administration. The agitator was convicted under a statute of George IV. for the suppression of the Catholic and all other associations of a like nature. Shortly after, he made a powerful speech in favour of the Reform bill. No doubt he was of the utmost service to the ministry; for, without his ample services in the House of Commons, the measure would have been abandoned, and Lord Grey and his colleagues must have resigned. He is, be it remembered, not *de jure*, but *de facto*, the ruler of Ireland; and obedience to him is either through predilection, or prejudice, or motives of prudence, and therefore more speedy than that induced by legal coercion. Some idea may be formed of his importance, from the fact, that since 1829 he has sat for three counties, and brought in his son for another — that the bare whisper of his disapprobation would have defeated any candidate, of whatever rank, and family, and fortune, or obliged him to incur ruinous expenses. Who would have canvassed any other county with such fearful odds to contend against? Accordingly, his behests are implicitly fulfilled by the body of Irish members, and his battle-cry is re-echoed by four-fifths of his countrymen. The consequence was, the prosecution against him was discontinued and dropped. In the two bills, moreover, respecting the registration of arms and the yeomanry, his authority was tacitly but

decidedly acknowledged by the executive. The ministers, blusterers as they are, were fairly forced to succumb to O'Connell and his party. The Irish demagogue has defied ministers, and beaten them — the reformed House of Commons will defy the House of Peers, and beat them. "The epitome," as Sir John Walsh very truly observes, "of Mr. O'Connell's history for 1831 is, that he was prosecuted to conviction by the government; that he laid it under essential obligations to him; that he supported it, schooled it, thwarted it; was honoured by it, and spurned it. Possibly in 1832, if indeed the catastrophe of the drama is not still nearer at hand, he may support it, school it, and spurn it again."

The shuffling, the truckling, the unconstitutional conduct of the ministers, is admirably exposed in the pamphlet.

"Need I dwell upon the inadvertence which crept so unwittingly into their Bill, by which at present half the 10*l.* constituency would have been disfranchised, or by which prospectively the landlords and not the occupiers would have had the elective voice; since, by the terms of the lease or agreement, they could at pleasure confer or withhold the privilege of voting? Need I recall the promptness with which this mistake was rectified, on its being pointed out by the loud voice of the multitude? Need I remind my readers of the formation of the Unions, of the reciprocal civilities bandied between the chairman of the Birmingham Political Union and the Premier, — of the still more memorable correspondence of Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell with the same individual. Has any one forgotten the design of arming these bodies? Do we not remember the meeting at which Sir Francis Burdett presided, or his subsequent retreat from an association which he found himself unable to control? The ashes of Bristol are still warm, — London has scarcely recovered from the consternation into which the intended assembly of White Conduit House threw it. The royal proclamation against these political unions so favoured by the minister, still puzzles us by its inconsistency with every previous act of his government, by its insulated and unconnected character. The king's speech, invoking the loyalty of his subjects as a defence against the illegal powers of these formidable combinations, still vibrates on our ears. We cannot yet account for the late session of eleven days, — so inconvenient to the members of the legislature, so useless as respects the

advancement of the public business,—except by supposing it a concession to the impatient demands of Mr. Place and the newspapers. These are notorious facts, the details of which are present to our memories : they require little commentary. Were they to be received as indications of any settled course, of any adherence to fixed principles of policy, of any intelligible and consistent plan for the government of this great empire, they would be riddles indeed. But when we take them as symptoms of the vacillation of men determined to bolster up the inherent weakness of the party now in power by the aid of allies whom they themselves dread,—of men who once launched in a false direction, are constantly actuated by the secret desire of deviating from it, and as constantly forced again to revert to it,—we find them capable of the easiest and most natural explanation. We see that a great political party, long exiled from place, has, in its old age and decay, been unexpectedly summoned to the helm of the state. After half a century of professions they are called upon for performance : it is a fearful arrear to discharge. Like some sect in religion, which nourishes through persecution or contempt a devoted attachment to its peculiar dogmas, they have clung, amidst the indifference of the nation, to their early party feelings. Their passions became enlisted in the cause ; and they identified a triumph over their political opponents with the prosperity of their country. Now that they are, at length, once more predominant, they have no dearer object than that of confirming and securing their victory over their ancient foes. But they find that the sources of their strength and popularity are dried up ; and it is only by purchasing, at a fearful price, the aid of their present auxiliaries that they can sustain the conflict. Those auxiliaries well know how necessary they are : they have none of the delicacy of forbearance ; they hate the Whigs while they serve them ; they serve them that they may finally overthrow and supplant them. The ministry feel this ; but they are still ignorant of their weakness in the country ; and they still fancy that the success of their Reform bill would give them a permanent footing in the government.

“At any rate, they flatter themselves that they will extinguish their rivals,—to effect which, they could almost be content to perish themselves. When Samson overthrew the pillars which sustained the edifice, he was blind : he crushed his enemies, but he destroyed himself.”

How now stands the case with the Whig ministry ? They have called in the Radicals to their aid—they had given a silk gown and patent of precedence to Mr. O’Connell—they have submitted to be openly insulted by him, in his inflammatory harangues to the people of Ireland—they quietly looked on while that people, having worked themselves up to frenzy and an absolute spirit of defiance, refused obedience to the laws, harassed the Protestant clergy to the death, and committed depredations and crimes of every kind in every part of the island—they suffered Bristol to be sacked and burnt by a mob of drunkards and blackguards—and then would have allowed that scandalous and bloody affair to have passed by in silence, had it not been for the loud and indignant remonstrances of the respectable portion of society, who gasped in horror or recoiled in disgust at such a frightful and abominable transaction—they tamely heard the threat of firing and desolating the British metropolis—and by recognising the Political Unions in the manufacturing towns, they coincided in sentiment with the invectives and insults levelled at the House of Lords and the bench of Bishops. At this period Lord Harrowby and Lord Wharncliffe opened negotiations with the Government respecting the removing of the most obnoxious clauses of the Reform bill, and its modification in other respects, as a consideration for their support. The ministers shuffled, and no treaty could be made. It was renewed at the instance of ministers. “How many motives of prudence,” exclaims Sir John Walsh, “of conciliation, should have induced them to seek some amicable settlement of this question ! The condition of the country, the distracted state of the public mind, the immense division of opinion, the hostile array of whole classes to each other, were calculated to startle the boldest !” By a moderate concession of extreme principles, they might have carried an excellent, extensive, permanent measure of reform ; one which would have been hailed with applause by every sensible or respectable man in the country, and which the Upper House would have passed without question, and without fresh promotions to the already overcharged peerage list. But when the negotiations were carrying on, the

press raised a hue and cry against Lord Grey and his colleagues—the Radicals opened their jaws like so many angry and famishing hell-hounds—the party of the movement was obeyed, and the treaty was abruptly broken off.

Desperate innovations are always the evidence of the existence and the contention between, not adverse opinions, but adverse classes of society. Such a contest is being waged in bitterness of spirit in this country. The lowest divisions of society, headed by demagogues from the second order, are carrying on a deadly war against the aristocracy, the gentry, the property, the wealth, the institutions of the country. The contest was begun at the out-bursting of the first French revolution, and ever since has been actively continued throughout Europe, and has occasionally extended to our own country. In France, particularly, the conflict has been waging with animosity and desperation. If there is, indeed, a breathing space now for the antagonist classes, through the efforts of Casimir Perrier, (who, sincere and enlightened, has endeavoured to check the low movement party), the suspension will be of short duration. The affairs of the ministry are becoming complicated, their posture with the absolute powers of eastern Europe perilous in the extreme, since they not only have never given actual countenance to the revolution of 1830, but

are regarding the proceedings of the French cabinet with suspicion, disapprobation, and apprehension, and are ready to act against it, should the affairs of the country approach any fearful crisis. The lowest orders in England took an intense interest and delight in the transactions of July 1830, and exhibited a spirit hostile to monarchical institutions. The Whigs have cherished the spirit, because it brought them temporary assistance, under the delusive hope that they can check it and pacify it at any moment that they please. No event has happened since the downfall of the Bourbons in 1830, that has not proved the madness of such an absurd notion. They have shewn themselves, in their infatuation and selfishness, blind to the immortal lessons of history. Have they not before them the various works treating of the great civil war, wherein the progress, and final ascendancy, and triumph of democracy, are written in unfading characters of blood? Is it not there inscribed, that the first party of assailants on the sovereign power was innocent and immaculate as compared with that last party which overturned the throne, beheaded the king, sacked the cathedrals, and made of our churches stables for their cavalry; and, finally, rioted on the fatness of the land, and by pillage and robbery, and extortions of the grossest kinds, reduced the inhabitants of England to beggary and starvation?*

* A very able pamphlet has appeared, called "The Progress of the Revolutions of 1640 and 1830." From page 28, we extract the following passage, which should appeal to the good sense or to the fears of every individual:—

"Now do the people hope for a cheap government! Let them read the testimony of those who favoured Reform in earlier days, and afterwards lived under it:—'This ship-money was generally disliked: myself was then a collector for it in the place I lived in. I remember my proportion was twenty-two shillings, and no more. If we compare the times then, and the present in which I now live, you shall see a great difference even in assessments, the necessity of maintaining our armies requiring it: for now my annual payments to the soldiery are very near, or more than, twenty pounds; my estate being no way greater than formerly.'—*Observations on the Life and Death of King Charles*, by W. Lilly, *Student in Astrology*."

"Walker, in speaking of grievances experienced from the Committees, as they were called, says, 'To historise them at large would require a volume as big as the Book of Martyrs. The people are now generally of opinion, they may as easily find charity in Hell as justice in any Committee; and that the King hath taken down one Star-Chamber, and the Parliament hath set up a hundred.'"

"These Committees are excellent sponges, to suck money from the people, and to serve, not only their own, but also the covetous, malicious, ambitious ends of those that raked them out of the dunghill for that employment.'—*Hist. Independency*."

"If any one has leisure, it would be worth his while just to look at a catalogue raisonné of placemen under the Commonwealth, given in the same work: it would make a monarchist's mouth water. We must, however, add the concluding paragraph:—'Besides these offices, commands, and gratuities, every member of the House of Commons is, by their own order, allowed four pounds per week a man;

Have they not, also, before their eyes the appalling history of the French revolution, of which not half the crimes have been yet laid bare to the eyes of the *curious* in such matters? Still, from the histories already published, even from that of Sir Walter Scott, superficial as it is, it will be seen how the *Constituents* gave way to the *Girondists*, and they in their turn to the *Montagnards*, till the gutters in every street of Paris ran with blood, and every dwelling was suddenly converted into a house of mourning for a son, a husband, a brother, butchered by the slow hands of the revolution? Every sign—and they have been plentiful; every warning—and they have been often repeated; every consideration—and Lord Grey and his colleagues are men of high rank, ample property, and large stakes in the country—has called on the ministers to pause, and retrace the course they have been so insanelly following,—but in vain!

The most steadfast supporter of the Reform bill in the House of Commons, and one who, not only by the subtlety of his arguments, his logical powers, but the splendour of his language, has drawn all eyes upon him, who is regarded as the cleverest and most able of the friends of the ministers, and who is listened to with deep attention and much curiosity by the opposition, is Mr. Thomas Macaulay. His papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, easily distinguishable for their peculiarities and their sparkling antitheses, had been much read and much admired; and he entered the House of Commons with an acknowledged reputation. Mr. Macaulay is an ardent admirer of the American constitution,

is about to become the historian of the Parisian revolution of 1830, and is at heart a republican. He delivered four speeches on the Reform bill previously to its being committed, and on the occasion of Lord Chandos's motion he gave utterance to a fifth. All his arguments are founded on certain postulates, which he assumes to be incontrovertible axioms. Sir John Walsh has ably defined the main principle of his arguments:

“Reviewing the history of our country through the long vista of ages,—marking the steady advance which it has made in all the acquirements of intellect, of the arts, of science,—dwelling upon the increase of its wealth, upon the diffusion of its intelligence, and upon the ameliorations which, at successive periods, have been effected in its institutions,—he arrives at the conclusion that this is a similar alteration, called for by the irresistible demand of the growing wants and desires of the nation. Pursuing an obvious but not less striking analogy between the growth of communities and of individuals, he tells us that time has brought one of those periods of inevitable change, resembling the different stages of life in the human frame; he assures us that we can no longer acquiesce in our ancient modes of government, more than the man can be satisfied with the rattles and playthings of the child. As he considers that this change is called for by the advancing march of society; so he inculcates that prompt compliance with the irresistible demand will be attended with a vast corresponding improvement. Restored harmony between the people and their institutions; a cordial union between the different classes in the country; ‘a long series of tranquil and happy years, in which we shall have a popular govern-

which amounts to one hundred and ten thousand pounds per annum.’ Would it have been high treason to call them pensions on the Civil List?

“Hume says, ‘It appears that the late King’s revenue, from 1637 to the meeting of the Long Parliament, was only 900,000*l.*’ in 1657, the whole of ‘the taxes might, at a medium, amount to about 2,000,000*l.* a-year; a sum which much exceeded the revenue of any former King. Cromwell died more than 2,000,000*l.* in debt, though the Parliament had left him in the treasury above 500,000*l.*, and in stores the value of 700,000*l.*’

“And yet Hobbes, in his *Behemoth*, when describing the temper of the people of England at the election of 1640, says, ‘He was thought wisest and fittest to be chosen for a member of Parliament, who was most averse to the granting of subsidies, or other public payments.’ (So it was in 1830.) The people must have been astonished at their first efforts in economy!

“Among other ‘evil influences,’ he stated, ‘the great power that an *interested and factious* party hath in the Parliament, by the continuance of the votes of the Bishops and Popish Lords in your Lordships’ House.’

“‘The fomenting and cherishing of a *malignant party* throughout the whole kingdom.’ For this speech he received the thanks of the House of Commons.”

ment and a loyal people,—in which war, if war be inevitable, shall find us a united nation,—of years pre-eminently distinguished by the decrease of public burdens, and by those species of peace-victories which, more than the most splendid military successes, contribute to the true prosperity of states and the glory of statesmen;—these are among the rewards of obedience he promises to us. On the other hand, nothing can be more fatal than the attempt at resistance,—nothing more blind, rash, and infatuated, than the slightest opposition to this mighty power. ‘The feeble cries of individuals will be lost in the uproar of the torrent; and they who seek to stem its violence will be destroyed and swept away by its resistless force.’ He traces the fate of Charles I. and of Louis XVI. to no faults of character in them, and to no unjustifiable violence in their destroyers, but to the mere endeavour to stand still while society was pressing on. His spirit of improvement is an irritable and revengeful deity, punishing with relentless severity the crime of resistance to its absolute will. Obstacles cannot stop, but they may exasperate it. Under such provocation, it may assume an aspect only distinguishable by a nice philosophical discernment from that of the spirit of destruction. It may proceed to the accomplishment of its objects through blood and massacre; the overthrow of the throne, the prostration of the aristocracy, riot, confiscation, and the entire dissolution of social order. Such are the penalties which Mr. Macaulay denounces against those,—such is the fearful responsibility,—such the tremendous risk, which they incur, who do not agree in his views of the Reform bill, and who have the temerity to declare their own opinions, and to act upon their own judgment.

“This attempt to paralyse all resistance, by proclaiming the invincible character of the opposing force, reminds me of one with whom Mr. Macaulay will not be affronted at being compared, although it is with one who did contrive to guide and to govern most despotically public opinion itself. How often have we read in the bulletins of Napoleon similar declarations of the futility and madness of opposition, and of the irresistible ascendancy of his destiny! Yet the snows of Russia and the plains of Waterloo furnished another to the long list of proofs that there is no earthly power,—neither that of military genius, nor of despotic sway, nor of democratic violence, nor, alas! that of reason and

virtue,—habitually and permanently invincible.”

And the summary of his last oration was to the following effect:*

“From all time the city of London had been of great importance in the struggles of party or of the people; and it had generally, by the force of its power, decided those struggles; but it would be absurd to think of making a law to regulate a power which was only to be dreaded when all law was at an end: as long as the rule of law continued, the power of London would only consist of the number of votes it had in that house; when law was at an end, the power of London would consist of 1,500,000 men, and of that power there was nothing to deprive it: as long as regular government existed the metropolis was, in fact, weak; but when the course of regular government was disturbed, the metropolis possessed and could employ a vast and overwhelming force. * * *

The cause of all commotions in states had been, that the natural and artificial powers did not correspond with each other: that had been the case with the government of Greece and Italy. It was no new principle; it had been laid down by Aristotle; it had been maintained and exemplified by Machiavel. Its effects in the earlier ages were well known. In the last century it had produced the French revolution; in this, the cry for reform. The danger was in struggling to resist that alteration which had been rendered necessary. That danger this bill was intended to rectify. It gave to the people a place in the government, like that which it must have in society; and was it not a most monstrous argument to say, because a great natural power existed, it should have no political power associated with it? Was it for them to create dissension, where none had yet appeared? This bill was meant to be a great deed of reconciliation—would they deprive it of that character? would they make it produce heart-burnings, instead of peace? It was the object of the government to frame a measure, as final as any human measure could be—would they make it short-lived? Was it to be the first business of the reformed House of

Commons to discuss a new measure of reform? The gentlemen opposite had predicted frequently, that this settlement of the reform question would not be permanent; they now took the greatest pains to accomplish their prediction. He agreed with them in their dislike and dread of change, as change, and he should bear many practical grievances rather than attempt a change; but when a change had become absolutely necessary, he thought it should be full and effectual. It was dangerous to change often. The constitution was more injured by frequent tamperings than by a great revolution. If no members were now given to the metropolitan districts, they would have clamours for members for them in the first session of the next parliament; and if gentlemen believed, as they professed to believe, that the new parliament would be more democratical than the present, the alteration would be larger. The question, then, was, whether they should pass the Reform Bill, not only not perfect, but in such a state as was sure to engender discontent? He should support the proposition to give members to the metropolitan districts, not only because members ought to be given, but because the majority of that house were now on their trial before the country; and it was for them now to prove whether they were sincere or not; whether the pledge they had given in last October, to support the principle and the leading details of the Bill, was now to be redeemed."

Such is the member for Calne's system, as embodied in his speeches. They are diversified, as Sir John Walsh well observes, with some episodes in the shape of attacks upon Sir Robert Peel and upon the late government, which occurred so regularly as apparently to induce the Right Honourable Baronet to imagine, as may be inferred from his expression "sweltering venom," that he was the object of a cherished and rooted dislike. But the probability is, that Mr. Macaulay, considering himself (as well, in truth, he may) the most able and eloquent man of his party, looked upon Sir Robert Peel as the only antagonist worthy of his excellence, and determined to run a tilt against him. The member for Calne, amid all his attractive oratory and declamatory displays, argues for political fatalism; and to prove his position, he ransacks all works of ancient and modern learning—he

brings all the elements, and all the sciences, and all the demonstrations of nature to his aid. Appeals to experience are appeals to our self-delusion—appeals to history are appeals to musty almanacks replete with prejudice and deception—appeals to the well-working of present institutions are appeals to ignorance, which is satisfied with moderate fruition, when by other elaborations of those institutions, ameliorated by improvements, golden harvests await us. All these rational arguments are brushed recklessly aside. Present prosperity is a molehill to the mountain of felicity which exists in his *El Dorado* dream. Necessity, necessity governs all things. Human nature is progressive, and its onward and silent pace as much defies all human obstacles, as do the myriads of everlasting stars which perform their given revolutions in the firmament. The government of Louis XVI., he says, was positively better than that of Louis XIV., yet it was less in accordance with the times, and consequently it fell. Although Philip de Comines declared that the English were the best-governed people in the world, still Montesquieu, after they had undergone amazing improvements, asserted, that though "they had been so well governed, they might be still better governed." Thus, too, in his last speech upon Lord Chaudos's motion, he argues that, because London had been of great importance in all struggles of the people, it would be absurd to deny it that, which by riot and rebellion it could win for itself. This is the argument of "Necessity," with a vengeance. Improvement, too, has long since bidden adieu to the ranks of the aristocracy; it has fairly turned its back on monarchy,—its movements are exclusively marching towards democracy. This inverts the order of improvement which prevails in America. While their prosperity depends on establishing an aristocracy—whether of wealth, of landed possessions, or of ancient blood, is all one for our present remark—which they are rapidly realising, Mr. Macaulay endeavours to prove that the converse of that position is only applicable to England. Democracy and moral and political improvement are synonyms, and a pure republic (the most Utopian of all forms of government) is the *acmé* of human perfection. "He is fully convinced that the time has arrived, at

length, when a great concession must be made to the English democracy."

These doctrines are pernicious. Who is to be the arbiter of the Necessity which is to overturn all existing institutions, and force them to give place to others fashioned after his own recipe for improvement? The demagogue would make mighty necessities of his own, and "the real sterling movements would soon have a great number of counterfeits." His theory is unnatural; but supposing it were not anomalous, still it is difficult and dangerous. With man his history and progression shew that the moral transcends the material. "The fulcrum of his lever," says the Baronet, "rests upon the preceding achievements of his species. We are wiser than our ancestors, not because we are individually superior to them, but because we know what they knew, and we add to it what we ourselves acquire. Could a generation be suddenly divorced from its records, remembrances, and traditions—could a draught of the waters of Lethe be given to it, it would be wretched and contemptible: it could not exist, but would perish miserably, if thrown upon its own single resources." The peculiarity and privilege of the human species is, that it conquers the present exigence by the experience of past ages.

Mr. Macaulay argues that nations are uniformly progressive in amelioration, and that nothing can retard the impulsive movement. But, unfortunately, there are barriers and stops on the road of improvement—there are checks and eddies and back-currents in the stream of civilisation. If this last were indeed continuous and progressive, would not Cairo be the Rome, and Babylon the Paris, and Athens the London, of the earth? The member for Calne, however, looks to the grand Necessity which is to impress every human institution with its sign, and those institutions are to obey its mandate as though it were the cabalistic command of a magician. He dwells on the growth of communities, without saying any thing of their decay; he speaks of dock-yards in the Hebrides as extensive as those of Liverpool, and of manufacturing towns in Galway as large as Manchester. But what if Liverpool should become a heap of ruins, like Carthage—if England should become a word of bygone reputation, like Tyre, the commercial mart

of the ancient world? This is an hypothesis, it may be said. We reply, look at Bruges and Venice.

States make and mar their own fortunes. If they rise, they become the glory—if they fall, the derision of mankind. Who thinks of Carthage now, though she sent her vessels to the Cassiterides, and ordered forth the celebrated expedition set forth in the *Periplus* of Hanno. Who gives a moment of reflection to Tyre or Sidon? Who shall be presumptuous enough to say that England shall be saved from their doom? And who shall predict that the Reform Bill shall not consummate this fate for England? The commerce of this nation may escape to other lands. America is a young country, full of energies, offering every bounty to adventurers, and on the watch for gaining what it can from the superabundance of other nations. France has not yet arrived at its fulness of political energies or its agricultural maturity. Russia, with yet greater powers and capacities, is only withheld from procuring commercial influence by being in the predicament of the infant Hercules in its cradle.

Because England has risen from barbarism to civilisation, from poverty to affluence, by its own energies, the member for Calne supposes that nothing can impede it in its course towards further improvement and ultimate and crowning perfection. The actuating principle is to be the Reform Bill. We have already said, that nations retrograde as well as advance. "We find," says Sir John Walsh, "no parallel for the present state of things in any former period of our own history: that our situation is critical—the edifice of our prosperity lofty indeed, but its foundations somewhat precarious; that we are surrounded by nations jealous of our greatness, and anxious to rival our commerce; and that we refuse to adopt his (Mr. Macaulay's) conclusions, or to consider the measure as tending to good, from the mere fact that it is clamorously demanded by a power which we may not be able to resist." It is the province of despotism to coerce opinion; and Mr. Macaulay's republic, based upon predestination, would be the worst of tyrannies. The Turk sees a fire or the havoc of the pestilence, and, exclaiming that the will of God must be obeyed, he allows his house to fall a sacrifice to the one, and himself and

family to the other. The Mussulman yields, as he conceives, to irresistible Necessity—and the member for Calne submits to the same mysterious power.

The Baronet and ourselves agree with Mr. Macaulay in the fact, that in England is presented a general movement in favour of democracy. The question is, Will democracy be favourable to the circumstances or the fortunes of England? Will such a consummation not cause "the most extensive retrograde movement known since the fall of the Roman Empire? The movement we have mentioned is akin to a revolution, if not politically, at least morally—but we think in both senses. The general idea is, that revolutions are just as necessary in states as earthquakes or thunderstorms in the physical world, to clear away impurities of soil and atmosphere. This is a false creed. Revolutions are dreadful diseases, and a succession of them are forerunners of death. Look at France: she is worse now than she was previously to 1789; indeed, that period, with all its drawbacks, was one of comparative prosperity and comfort. England is in its national structure little calculated for internal ruptures. "Our wealth, our power, our commerce, our credit, are all founded upon the permanence of our institutions." Having arrived at a very high state of civilisation, we deal principally in articles of luxury and factitious exigence. In case of civil commotion or political explosion, our workshops would be hushed, our manufactories shut up—all business would become stagnant. The capital which supports them is an artificial creation: men of substance would be scared away; banks would stop payment, or close their counters; insurance offices would become ciphers; savings' banks would be pillaged for political purposes. This consummation would follow that same necessity which forced the enactment of the Reform Bill.

We cannot avoid quoting the admirable observations which close Sir John Walsh's pamphlet:

"The fundamental difference of principle between the disciples of Mr. Macaulay's school of philosophy and ourselves is this: they consider that the whole progress of society is a progress towards pure democracy; and that the only problem to be solved is the suitable apportionment of the infusion of democratic spirit to the stage of advance at

which a people have arrived. We believe that that state of society is actually the best, actually the most fitted to call forth the varied excellences, the hidden powers and talents, the diversified endowments of social beings, which contains, indeed, a large mixture of the element of democracy, but in which it is not the predominant and exclusive principle. We think that a community in which individual liberty is unrestrained, and the rights of property secure,—in which industry and intelligence may acquire great wealth,—in which wealth, character, and talent may achieve honour and rank,—in which the dignity of hereditary nobility balances the importance of official power,—in which all the liberal professions are esteemed, yet none unduly preferred,—in which genius and literature are appreciated and cherished,—we think such a community preferable in all respects to a more democratised state. We are convinced that a society containing these inequalities of condition, these gradations of ranks, these lofty eminences which may be scaled, these successive prizes held out as inducements to the varied exertions of different classes, dispositions, and talents among her members, is superior to the plane level surface of democracy. We think that a society so constituted would be more cultivated, refined, ingenious, liberal, learned, and wise, than one founded upon the basis of republican equality. We think that in such a state the energies would be more awakened; the higher faculties of mind and intelligence more called forth; a greater number of the qualities and attributes of intellect and taste elicited: that, in fine, man would be more progressive under such institutions than under those of democracy. We believe, therefore, that the object towards which these innovations tend is not an improvement, but a deterioration. Were it attainable, it would be an exchange for the worse.

"The politicians of Mr. Macaulay's creed are very fond of holding up the United States to us as a pattern; and, while they admit some of the advantages I have dwelt upon, they contrast with them the greater happiness and comfort of the body of the lower orders as a balance. I have no ill will to America. I believe the Americans to be a spirited, active, intelligent, thriving people, who are destined to act a great part on the theatre of the world. As long as they preserve their present constitution, and find it suit them, I am well contented that they should keep it. As, in my own country, I like a variety of ranks and conditions; so, over the globe, it seems to me most agreeable to the de-

sign of the Great Author of Nature that there should be a diversity of laws and forms of government, producing, on a more extended scale, a similar result, viz.,—a variety of shades of national character, degrees and descriptions of excellence. But, with regard to their reasoning on America, they invert cause and effect most completely. The working classes are not happier, more easy and independent in their circumstances, in the United States, because they live under a Republic; but the institutions of democracy are practicable there, and have hitherto been found consistent with order, because, from the peculiar condition of society, the working classes are better off. The well-being of the labourer or workman is no immediate result of the laws under which he lives: for he is equally flourishing and prosperous in Canada (a colony of our own, governed by a constitution of our making), and in New South Wales, or Van Diemen's Land, which have no representative system whatever.

"In all colonies settled in favourable climates, or new, rich, unappropriated countries, which have surmounted the early difficulties and privations of their first establishment, and which enjoy, under any political system, protection of property and person, and equal laws, the working classes will possess great advantages over those in old and advanced communities. Against the single example of the United States we quote the whole history of democracy: the turbulence and distractions of the Greek states; the overthrow of the liberties of the Roman commonwealth; the confusion of the Long Parliament, followed by the iron sway of Cromwell; the horrors of the French revolution; the feebleness and anarchy of the South American Republics:—we read one unvarying tale, the despotism of the many occasioning the misery of all, and terminated by the absolute power of the few. It is repeated from Athens to Bogota.

"Such, then, is our justification in the strenuous and persevering opposition we have given to this measure; such is our defence against the charges of selfishness, of narrow-mindedness, of bigotry, and hostility, to the march of national improvement.

"We believe in the progressive nature of man.

"We conceive that extensive, sudden, and experimental innovation is diametrically opposed to the principle of this progressiveness, which, in every art, science, and path of human intellect, is gradual, and rests upon the foundation of what has been already accomplished.

"We wish that our nation should continue to take the lead in the mighty race.

"We think that a democratic form of government, could it be permanently established, or even a great increase of the democratic spirit, far from accelerating her advance, would be a retrograde step.

"We are convinced that the attempt to establish such a government in this country would lead to anarchy and confusion,—that it would be the wreck of her institutions, her property, and her civilisation,—that she would never recover the shock, but sink into a weak and second-rate state.

"We feel persuaded that the Bill in progress, giving so vast an accession to the democracy, conferring a right of voting amounting to universal suffrage upon the swarming and often discontented population of London and all the great manufacturing towns, while it greatly adds to the number of their representatives, introducing a constant source of national jealousy, by needlessly altering the proportions of members between the three kingdoms, giving to the turbulent peasantry of Ireland and their hostile leaders a vast addition of weight and power, is utterly incompatible with the institutions of the monarchy and the peerage.

"We think that it would substitute a democratic republic, perfectly incompetent to provide for the security of property, or to attain any of the great ends of government.

"Entertaining these rooted opinions; confirmed in them by all which has occurred and is occurring round us; believing that we are opposing ourselves, not to national improvement, but to national ruin, we have no doubtful or middle course.

"We cannot consent to waive our just right to the free declaration of our convictions. We should not be acquitted by our consciences in relaxing our efforts because our adversaries tell us that they are unavailing. We will not surrender our judgment to this *ex parte* assertion of an irresistible demand, and an over-ruling necessity. We impugn not the motives of others; but what may be madness in them would be guilt in us."

We had written thus far when we received our copy of the *North American Review*; and on turning to the first article, on "Reform in England," the very first words which strike us are the following: "Should we venture an opinion as to the precise state of mind with which ministers regard the Bill, we should say they would lament to have it defeated by a small majority!" Our readers thus see that,

republican though the reviewer be, he agrees altogether with what we have already said in regard to the sincerity of the ministry.

The reviewer then proceeds to lay down a lucid exposition and some cogent reasoning in regard to the measure, which demand the deepest attention from every observer of the spirit and progress of reform in England. Even he is staggered, more than John Smith of Midhurst, at the momentous import of the measure. "It tasks the apprehension," says he; "it excites the imagination. We cannot sit still, and behold unmoved this mighty operation in human affairs. The *experimentum in corpori vili*—the fate of East Retford, and Grampound, and Cricklade, and Aylesbury—might be discussed here without emotion. But this is the *experimentum crucis*. IT IS THE OPERATION OF LIFE OR DEATH ON A MIGHTY EMPIRE." If we uphold the Whig ministry, and their desperate scheme becomes law, the choice of alternatives will not be left us—our doom will be certain, and that doom will be DEATH.

The question of reform is an American question; for their principal commercial connexion is with this country. What remains of her foreign trade will also be affected by the state of her markets. The "three glorious days of Paris" did incalculable mischief to her trade with France, since it was then impossible to dispose of the very best bills upon the French capital, or elsewhere. To give an idea of the loss sustained in the year 1830 by the United States, their export of cotton to France fell short of the preceding year by one-third.

The North American reviewer lays it down as a broad assertion, which by his arguments he shews to be incontrovertible, "*That it will be found, in the practical operation of the bill, should it as it now stands become a law, that of itself, and unattended with other great measures of reform in the constitution and administration of the country, not one of the evils of which the people most complain will be remedied, while the Bill stops far short of its own principles!*" The ministers boast of laying down a uniform rule, and on this point they have spoken in the loftiest tone of a simulated disinterestedness. Mr. Croker, however, admirably exposed their paltry sophistry, and the unfairness of their proceedings

with regard to Appleby and Midhurst: the more considerable place is disfranchised, because it belongs to Lord Lonsdale; the smaller, though with only 1400 inhabitants, is still reserved in Schedule B, as a compensation to Mr. John Smith for the pain he underwent when the Reform Bill acted as an exhaustor to his lungs. But the boasted uniformity is no uniformity at all. All is inequality, because every thing is attempted to be established on averaging calculations. Thus towns differing materially in population have the like number of members. The same thing with counties. And between counties with two, and boroughs with two members, the disparity will be *à fortiori* more egregious. Lord Granville Somerset, on moving for a new district of boroughs in the county of Monmouth, stated that the population of the three northern counties, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, taken together, supplied one member for every nineteen thousand persons, whereas the three counties of Monmouth, Glamorganshire, and Brecknockshire, yielded only one in twenty-four thousand. To this Lord John Russell replied that, in arranging the system of representation, his majesty's ministers did not affect to have settled the just proportion between the population and the number of members in every case; and that if an addition were made to the representation, he could assure Lord Granville Somerset that greater irregularities could be pointed out than that of Monmouth. This admits that irregularities exist even in this system, which vaunts of being established on the basis of population. Will Lancashire, with one member for forty-eight thousand inhabitants, be satisfied when other counties have members in the ratio of one to nineteen thousand? Will London with its density of population, or Liverpool with its one member for seventy thousand inhabitants, be satisfied when other boroughs send one in one thousand, or one in sixteen hundred. Great differences, again, exist between England, Scotland, and Ireland. The last, which contains one-third of the population, will scarcely remain satisfied with only returning one-sixth of the members.

To all this the ministers exclaim, "PRESCRIPTION!" Is not the Reform Bill, however, the enemy to prescription? How then can they blow hot and cold—have prescription and no

prescription in the same breath? How can they break through prescription for one portion of their Bill, and claim the safeguard of that same prescription for the remainder? What we, moreover, ask, will be the consequence when, under the regulations of the Reform Bill, questions are lost by small majorities in the House of Commons? An outcry will be immediately raised, that had the representation been regulated by the ratio to population, different and beneficial results would have been effected for the country. Then will a clamour be excited and kept up for an *authentic* representation of the nation. And what other way remains for this, but dividing the country into districts according to population? The combination of the ratios of population and wealth has something plausible in it: for it was one of the provisions of the constitution after the revolution of 1789 in France. But this failed. To apportion representation according to property, the legislature must decide by the amount of taxation. Then will it come to pass that, as larger districts bear greater taxation than smaller, so the poor man of the former will participate more largely in the constituent power than the rich man of the latter. Mr. Burke has already exposed the fallacy and viciousness of this plan; and we opine that the rich man of the present generation will coincide with so wise and perspicuous-sighted a person as Mr. Burke. Besides this, property cannot always be represented as such; for men of property are guided as much as men of no possessions at all by internal conviction or prejudice; and two *millionaires* will be seen taking the opposite sides of the same question, since they consider political perfection to consist in the carrying into law of totally different questions. If all rich men were to be placed in a class, after the plan of Servius Tullius, they would nevertheless be divided into parties of opposed opinionists and politicians, similar in temper and feeling to those of the unennobled or the poor. This actually is exemplified in the House of Lords. Wealth must always, spite of every effort to curb its ascendancy, have that power which is wholesome for its existence. Beneath it in society are the frugal and poor, but principled and conscientious class; and as its members are always against civil convulsions, so they side with their superiors in worldly condi-

tion. The industrious mechanic is just as anxious as his Grace of Northumberland that property shall be safe, and the accumulations of assiduity and frugality be protected. If the Reform Bill is carried, geographical divisions will of necessity be speedily proposed; for by this method alone can be ascertained the *authentic* will of the people.

But this authentic expression of their will cannot be had without a remodification or subversion of the House of Lords. The barons stood formerly as a political body on the merits of military service. They are one estate of the realm by the sanction of tradition. But the military service by which tradition says they gained their seats, and were constituted into a house, is no longer necessary. Prescription is their only claim to the power which they politically exercise. But, say the Reformers, we will have no rotten boroughs, no corporations, no tenure of the elective franchise by prescription. This must be based on actual population, added to actual property. Why then destroy one estate of the realm which is upholden by prescription, and allow another to remain which is based (according to the Reformers' creed) on that very sandy foundation? The Bill, therefore, stops short of its own principle, which is, that anomalies and absurdities in government shall be destroyed, and that government shall be constituted according to "the sense of the people;" which "sense" will not be satisfied with the universal acquiescence that has hitherto upholden the British monarchy and the House of Lords, but is guided by the results of arithmetical calculations and mathematical demonstrations. Thus it follows that what Lords Grey, Althorp, and John Russell, have so repeatedly said from their seats in parliament, that the Reform Bill is a definitive measure, and must give the utmost satisfaction to the country at large, is at variance with truth. Mr. Canning said that the English government is a mixed and limited monarchy, and that the House of Lords is a necessary estate of that monarchy. This is not reasoning, but mere dictatorial assertion. If innovation is once commenced, the charm of prescription is destroyed; and if the Whigs fall into general disesteem, and the Tories are too weak as a body to reassume the reins of government, (which they will be after

the popular returns into the House of Commons), who shall stop the daring progress of speculative politicians and lawless adventurers, that will fashion government according to their own fantastic schemes of perfection; or, following the suggestions of their selfish views, will make it a golden *potterium* for themselves and their partisans. In the hours of desperate innovation, the more violent parties will always gain a temporary ascendancy—brute force will for a time be paramount to reason. Thus it was in the time of the Mountain party in the Convention of France; and thus, in our own civil war, Fairfax, Manchester, and the moderates, were constrained to make way for Oliver Cromwell and his band of desperadoes. History is regarded with contempt both by the military usurper and the speculative demagogue. Fearful will be the predicament of the House of Lords if the Reform Bill passes into a law, for that will lay down a precedent for violation of existing interests and prescriptive rights, which in the eye of our common law have a most sacred character; and the issue will be, that cunning, treachery, rapine, avarice, ambition, and democracy, will watch their auspicious occasions for destroying and laying in the dust the holiest, the most efficient, and the best of our national institutions.

This is no exaggeration. Did not the Mountain party, as Levasseur de la Sarthe, its recent vindicator, tells us, determine that the property of the rich should be sold to supply the exigencies of government and the wants of the less prosperous? Their plea was expediency—a word which has always been used by tyrants and ruffians, for the worst of purposes. That was the cool determination of the revolutionists and anarchists of France: will the revolutionists and anarchists of England prove more moderate in their desires and their actions, when opportunity shall have placed the commensurate power in their hands? The former most unfortunate country has voted for abolishing the House of Peers, and their decree was executed without any consequent civil commotions. And every thing tells us, that a reformed parliament will make but slight progression ere the subject of a senate in lieu of a House of Peers, will be mooted. Then • if the monarch be weak, and the minister backed by a revolutionary mob, perhaps a large

batch of peers may be made (as in France) to carry that question; and the law of the reformed House of Commons for abolishing our peerage, will also be promulgated without causing any convulsion in the state. And even supposing that a commotion were to follow, what harm would it effect to the ruling party? The aggrieved nobility, if they proceeded to the length of rising in rebellion, could get no soldiers for their ranks; and a war cannot, we fancy, be well carried on without soldiers. After the House of Peers has been voted “useless and dangerous, and therefore to be abolished,” will come the consideration of the utility of kingship. The very arguments which have been used in favour of the Reform Bill, will be used against the royal dignity. When kingship was established, it was useful and necessary; now if the people say it is not necessary, the reforming ministry and the reformed House of Commons *must* stand up on behalf of the unerring judgment of the people, and vote against the further existence of the crown. The king has certain defined duties to perform: he sends and receives ambassadors, makes treaties, leagues, and alliances, peace and war—has a negative on the acts of the legislature, is generalissimo of the army and navy, is the fountain of justice and honour, the arbiter of commerce, the supreme governor of the church. Suppose that our present most gracious king were to die immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill, and that the democratic party were triumphant, the obvious question which would be discussed would be, that it was monstrous to suppose that the Princess Alexandrina, being a child, could not perform the functions of her high office. Oh, but would say the Conservatives, if they might be allowed to open their mouths at all—oh, but why not appoint a regency? What! would exclaim the Radicals—let the queen receive all the large perquisites of office, and allow a *locum tenens* to supply her place? No, no; if a *locum tenens* can supply the office for a year, he can for twenty: so down with the queen, and up with the president! Then how would fare the church? The bishops sit as temporal peers in the House of Lords: no Catholic sits there, nor any dissenting teacher is allowed a seat on their bench. The dissenters (Catholics

Anglicans, however, are more in number than the Protestants. Will the reformed parliament allow the church in minority to be represented, and not that in the majority? Those who have upholden this Bill cannot, will not. Here, too, nothing can be said of antiquity and prescription, for the Roman Catholic religion is of far older date than the Protestant. Then, too, as to the property of the church. That which is in its present possession will be taken away from it, as remorselessly as the Irish tithes are from the owners; and that which by Henry VIII. was confiscated, and given out to different families, will be reclaimed by the rapacious harpies of reform, who know nothing of prescriptive rights and antiquity of possession, but every thing of utility, in their application. The universities will be thrown open to all comers, whether believer or infidel. The colonies will be lost to the mother-country, for the colonists, not being men of pre-eminent talent, or bustling demagogic characters, will not be able to obtain admission into the House of Commons. The American revolution shews that colonies must either be represented or become free. England,

in this respect, under the blessings of the Reform Bill, will find itself in a dilemma. If they are not represented, as we have just said, the colonies will inevitably become free. If they are represented, the members will be delegates; and, acting for the exclusive benefit of their respective constituencies, in the immediate welfare of which the other members of the House of Commons cannot feel a direct sympathy, they will be forced by the resident proprietors to so conduct themselves as to enable the colony to declare its freedom at the earliest moment. The trade of England then will suffer materially, and she will be gradually brought to bankruptcy. And thus, after having been on the pinnacle of national greatness, her impotent name will become a by-word and a scorn among the people of the earth.

We conclude by calling on the House of Peers—by every endeared remembrance, and every holy tie—by the blessed hope of saving their children from beggary, and their country from ruin—to reject the Reform Bill; or, if that cannot be done, at least to take the venom from its sting.

ON RECENT MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

No. III.

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

(Conclusion.)

I WOULD come far short of a true and faithful account of this solemn matter, did I leave my readers with the impression that we had merely received one of the many gifts enumerated in the list given by the apostle, while I believe that we have received that which is the root and the stem of them all, out of which they all grow, and by which they are all nourished. It is, I believe, the same form of utterance which was first given to the Church on the day of Pentecost, for her strengthening and enlargement, to the end she might be taught by the Holy Ghost, and trained up from childhood into the estate of manhood, when, in the various members, the various gifts and capacities appeared. Let it be observed how the prophet Isaiah, prophesying of this (Isa. xxviii. 9—14; compared with 1 Cor. xiv. 21),

declareth that God was to use this method for training up weaned children into the estate of manhood, at a time when the Church in general would be running after the strong drink of man's doctrines, commended with all the forms of lip-eloquence and natural understanding. To bring discredit upon all which human argument, and to cast down the hypocritical spirit of man from the usurped place of divine authority, God declareth that he would speak with stammering lips, precept upon precept, and line upon line, after the manner of a nurse to her weaned child; all the while giving forth, in this contemptible way, under the guise of this "foolishness of God," the "rest and the refreshment" wherewith those weary of the uncertainty and perplexity of man's teaching, might be brought to rest in the very truth of God, separate

and away from the manner wherein it was expressed. But to make certain that it was all the while from God, words of a tongue were added to it, which neither speaker nor hearer (except in the case of Pentecost) understood, and which, to every man who had confidence in the speaker as an honest man, yea, and from the very manner of it, was proof enough that it was supernatural. Even so now, in a day when we have as many sects, and systems, and gospels, as we have able and ingenious preachers—when men are attracted, not by the truth of God, but by the eminency of the preacher, by the oratory, the argument, the eloquence, the natural fervour and power of utterance,—God, that he might prepare a church for the stern duties and trials which are before her, and separate from her the impurities of man's traditions, whereof she is full, and send adrift all speculators in religion, hath brought forth the self-same instrument out of his armoury, raising up obscure persons—weak women and uneducated men—endowing them with the very same gift of speaking in “other tongues,” and with “stammering of lip,” and with frequent repetitions, “line upon line, line upon line; precept upon precept, precept upon precept;” and it hath been attended with the effect of driving away, in utter disgust, all but the simple-hearted, single-minded disciples, who love the truth for its own sake. These it hath gathered, these it hath refreshed—to these it hath taught their infantile and helpless condition: it is building them up in faith and holiness, it is rooting and grounding them in love, and it will, like good food strengthened as we need it, bring the Church unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Those things which are the popular objections to the work, viz. the unintelligibility of the tongues, and the inartificial style of the utterance in English, and the frequent repetitions, are, in truth, the very marks of its identity with that which is prophesied of by the prophet Isaiah, and described by the apostle Paul. And before leaving this, I may observe, that the effects also which it hath produced are the very effects prophesied by Isaiah, and experienced by the apostle; viz. the gathering out from the Jewish Church of a remnant according to the election of grace, by

whom the nations might be evangelised, and the stumbling of all the rest, according to the word of Isaiah in the same place, “that they might stumble and fall back, and be snared and taken.” So will it prove, yea, and hath in a manner already proved amongst us, to be for the rising of a few and for the falling of many in Israel; and for a similar end, the end, viz. of standing up against and by force of holiness, exposing the sevenfold coverlet of hypocrisy which is in the Church, especially that called evangelical—of detecting the mystery of iniquity, the spirit of Antichrist, in all departments of church, and state, and civil society, literature, and science, and art, education, benevolence, and religious associations—of building up a Church to stand firm and steadfast upon the Rock of Ages, when all things established are scattered like smoke before the wind—and, finally, of spreading the members of that Church abroad, to carry the full Gospel of the kingdom into all lands, just before the hour of the judgment arriveth, as it is prophesied in the two witnesses who resist Antichrist (Rev. xi.), and in the angel who, just before the judgment, flies through the midst of heaven, “having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people; saying, with a loud voice, fear God, and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.” (Rev. xiv. 6—7.)

Besides this appeal to the radical prophecy of Isaiah, to shew that the thing which we have received is the very gift of tongues bequeathed on the day of Pentecost, there are one or two other considerations quite decisive. The character of God in all respects, but especially in respect of the giving of the Holy Ghost, is contained in these words of the Lord: “And I say unto you, ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an

will he offer him a scorpion? If so, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke, xi. 9—13.) We asked him, we entreated and besought him for the Holy Ghost; we met morning after morning and confessed our sins, and perused his word, and exhorted one another, and pleaded the cause of his Church before him; we lamented and bewailed our low and lost estate; we waited patiently before the Lord at all times, and ceased not: and is it to be believed that the Lord, instead of the Holy Ghost should send us a delusion of the mind, or a possession of Satan? We have not such thoughts of God; we know better in whom we have believed. Had we gone to him without a warrant in his word, had we asked for what is above our privileges—for what the Church never had, or never was intended to have, we might have been punished for our profane ambition; but asking for the Holy Ghost, as he was heretofore possessed by the Church, as we are baptised into the hope of him—asking this gift for holy uses, and asking it in true catholic love to the whole Church of God—which we know in all sincerity and purity of conscience we did—we cannot think such thoughts of God—we dare not—as that he hath cheated and deceived us. Neither will we suffer any one to make such a thing in our hearing. For we can no more bear to have it said of God, that he would cheat his humble and sincere servants asking bread by giving them a stone, asking a fish by giving them a serpent, than we can suffer it to be said of any dear friends; but we will ever resent such a thing as a most gross insult and ignominious slander of our most faithful God. Nay, more, we believe that he hath such a care over us, that if we were to ask any thing unworthy of him to grant, or harmful to ourselves to receive, he would withhold it, as a father would withhold a weapon from his child, however he might desire to have it and to use it.

It is most true, indeed, that our God doth visit wicked people with the fruit of their own wickedness; and when they come to ask and inquire of him, setting before them the stumbling-blocks of their iniquity, he doth answer them to their own destruction, as

is fully taught in the prophet Ezekiel (ch. xiv.) We know, also, that the Lord himself doth deceive prophets who prophesy flattering and smooth things; yea, and he doth sometimes send forth a lying spirit into the mouth of many wicked prophets, in order to cause the people to err (1 Kings, xxii.); and we know, also, that the time is coming, or, rather, is fully come, when the Lord is about to send strong delusion upon all Christendom, that they might believe a lie—that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness (2 Thess. ii. 11, 12); and we are even now prepared for the coming forth of false Christs and false prophets, with signs and wonders, such as would almost deceive the very elect. (Matt. xxiv.) These things we know, but we stand up fearlessly in the face of all men, and say we are not such persons as the Lord will thus deal with: even our enemies being judges we are a people of a blameless walk and conversation, who have suffered, and do daily suffer, much for the truth's sake. We frequent not the saloons of the noble, nor the tables of the rich; but our resorts are the house of God and the habitations of the poor, to teach them the ways of godliness. Against whom have infidels, and free-thinkers, and heretics of every name, lifted up the hand? Who have stood for the meaning of God's ordinances in church, and state, and social life? Who have maintained the integrity of the faith as it was once delivered to the saints? Who have wrestled for it? Who have suffered the loss of good name, of honourable place, of friends, and of kindred, as we have done? We do not boast in this, but give God the glory; but we are forced to make mention of it, in order to prevent the slander and malice of our enemies from prevailing with the simple-minded.

There is another consideration, which would be stronger than all these put together with this suspicious generation, which examineth religious questions as an Old Bailey lawyer doth a thief. It is this, that the universal notion current in the Church concerning tongues was, that they were always understood and merely used for preaching in; and, therefore, this thing cannot be imposture, for it is like nothing that men looked for under the name "gift of tongues," but the very contradiction of

all their notions. Now no one doth strike a man a blow upon the face and call him a liar, when he is going to palm himself upon him as an old friend and acquaintance. Imposture it cannot be, for it offendeth all, imposeth upon no one. Secondly, it cannot be deception, for it begins by opening the eyes of every one, and setting us all to rights upon the matter of the gift of tongues in the Church. And, thirdly, it cannot be from Satan, because it leads men from a popular error, that tongues were merely given to preach in, and brings them to know a great truth of Scripture, that they are for communion with God, and edification of the soul in holiness. Now Satan is a hider, and not an expositor of the truth—a leader from God, and not a leader to God. These things I cannot pursue into their details; but it is an argument of great force.

It appears from the narrative given above, that the doctrine which had power to revive the manifestations of the Spirit in the body of Christ, which is the Church, is the doctrine of our union with him by the Holy Ghost,—the union between the Head enthroned in power and glory and the members on the earth encompassed about with infirmities and temptations. In virtue of which union we, though weak and mortal in the flesh, are quickened in the Spirit with all power to put forth and manifest the office and virtues which are resident in Him. This doctrine of “the power of his resurrection” hath not been preached in the Church since the days of the primitive Church as it hath been preached within these few years: with the knowledge the putting forth of the power did cease, and with the revival of the one came the revival of the other.

If it be true, as the Scriptures teach, and all orthodox divines have ever held, that there is a real union by the Spirit between Christ and his Church, after the nature of the union between the head and the members, which did manifest itself in the primitive Church by the fellowship of his holiness and love, and mind, and power; then, as this union dependeth not upon time, place, and circumstance, but is spiritual, and essential to the church, the wonder is not that there should in our time be the like manifestations of Christ in the body as there were in the apostolical times,* but that they should ever have ceased: and I feel assured

that, if the Scriptures are to be taken as the rule of Christian faith and the principle of all Christian argument, the burden of proof lies all upon those who maintain they were not intended to continue, and not with those who expect and believe in their revival; for the word of God beareth one, and only one, testimony, which is, that the gifts of the Spirit are as much the property of the Church as are the graces; nay, that these two are not separate the one from the other, but the outward and inward forms of the same in-dwelling of Christ. Wherever the gifts of the Spirit are mentioned in the Scriptures, they are spoken of as part and parcel of the Church's endowment, until the time of her perfection come, and never divided from those moral and spiritual graces, which all confess to be of a permanent endurance. For example, in the institution of Christian baptism, the gift of the Holy Ghost, which Christ had entered into by going to the Father, and shed down upon the disciples in the form of cloven tongues of fire, is promised as the end and reward of that Holy Sacrament, in connexion with repentance and remission of sins. “Repent, and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.” Now, no one doubteth that Christian baptism doth convey to the believer the gift of repentance or change of mind towards God, and the remission or putting away of our sins by the regeneration of the Holy Spirit of Jesus; and why should they doubt that it doth convey also the baptism with the Holy Ghost for speaking with tongues, and prophesying, and other supernatural manifestations of power; seeing that this, no less positively than the other, is held forth to all whom the Lord shall call to the knowledge of his Son. Nay, far more specifically and peculiarly do the supernatural manifestations of the Holy Ghost belong to Christian baptism than repentance and remission of sins, which are common to us with John (Mark, i. 4). They who preach baptism as containing no more than regeneration, are but disciples of John the Baptist; for Christ baptiseth not with water (John, iv. 1), but with the Holy Ghost

(8), after the manner which took place on the day of Pentecost (Acts, i. 5). And if the Christian Church be baptised into the thing which took place on the day of Pentecost, we should expect to find that same thing everywhere acknowledged to be in her throughout the apostolic writings. And so it is. After the Church of Jerusalem, which was baptised by Christ himself into this heavenly gift, cometh the Church of Samaria (Acts, viii.), which having been evangelised by Philip the deacon, and baptised, was not suffered to remain without the gift of the Holy Ghost, but, being straightway visited by the apostles, was, by the laying on of their hands, endowed with power from on high. Next comes the Church of the Gentiles, first called in the person of Cornelius, the good centurion, and his household (Acts, x. xi.), who, having heard the Gospel at Peter's mouth, and believed it, were baptised with the Holy Ghost by Christ himself, and then with water by the apostle. Next comes the Church of Ephesus (Acts, xix.), which Paul found walking in the power of John's baptism of repentance and remission of sins, but as yet entirely ignorant of that work of the Holy Ghost, which began from the day of Pentecost, upon all of whom, having laid his hands, they spake with tongues and prophesied. Besides these, we can specify the Churches of Galatia, among whom Paul "ministered the Spirit and wrought miracles" (Gal. iv. 5); and the Church of Corinth, whose endowments are given at length (1 Cor. xii. xiii. xiv.); and the Church of Rome (Rom. xii.); and all the Churches to which Peter's catholic epistle was addressed (1 Pet. iv. 10, 11.) By these instances, against which there cannot be brought one instance to the contrary, it is put beyond question, that to be baptised with the Holy Ghost, and to put forth supernatural powers of the Divine nature, both inwardly in the holiness and enjoyment of the soul, and outwardly in the works of the Church, is as truly an essential privilege of the Christian Church as to be washed from her sins in the

blood of Christ, or to be born again of water and of the Spirit, or to feed upon the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ. And that it was the experience of all the churches, as well as of those instanced above, to be endowed with power from on high, and to manifest the gifts of the Holy Ghost, is put beyond question by incidental expressions, occurring everywhere throughout the apostolic writings. For example, in writing to the Corinthians, among whom the gifts were in full exercise, Paul saith, "That in every thing ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you; so that ye come behind in no gifts, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." This shews that "utterance and knowledge" was the seal and confirmation of the preached and believed Gospel, and that the gifts of the Corinthians were common in the churches, so that they were nothing behind the rest, and that the end of the knowledge, utterance, and gifts, was to keep them waiting for the coming of the Lord. Again, "Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers" (Eph. iv.)—gifts from the true Christ—are declared to be by him given "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ," until it come to its perfection, and to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; that is, until the body be completed in all its members, until the number of the elect be accomplished. Again, "tasting of the heavenly gift," and "being made partakers of the Holy Spirit," and "the power of the world to come," all of which signify the supernatural power, are classed among the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, in company with the enlightening of baptism, and the nourishment of the word, and the resurrection of the dead, &c. (Heb. vi.); and, finally, in Cor. xiii., it is expressly said, that speaking with tongues and prophesying, and the other gifts, still continue, until "that which is perfect be come;" and that this is now come, no one but a self-blinded fool will dare to aver.

No. XXIII.

ISRAEL D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

OPPOSITE, in easy chair, sits Israel D'Israeli, one of the patriarchs of the nation. His name indicates the nation from which he has sprung, but there is nothing else Jewish—in the ill sense of the word, we mean—about him. That he is imbued with some of the spirit of the most recondite Jewish literature, is evident by many an indication, vocal to the intelligent, scattered throughout his amusing works.

We mean not the slightest offence by this reference to Mr. D'Israeli's original race; but we cannot help remarking it as a curiosity in literature, that among all the writers of the present day there is none who has so thoroughly imbibed the English feeling of affectionate regard for our history, even in its most minute branches, whether literary or political, or is so deeply impressed with a reverent love for all the great institutions of our country, as the gentleman before us. No Tory Doctor of Oxford is a warmer champion of the good old cause—not Anthony Wood himself a more unwearied searcher into the history of our literature. This we cannot help thinking a highly honourable trait. It was curious enough to perceive, in his late controversy with Lord Nugent, a descendant of the Grenvilles and Temples arraying himself with the enemies of Church and King, and a Hebrew of the Hebrews, whose ancestors, in the days of the great struggle against both, were wanderers over the earth, and would certainly have been rejected with marked indignation by the cavaliers and high churchmen of the days of Charles, raising his pen in zealous defence of the martyr. It is very unnecessary to say to those who have observed the works of Lord Nugent and Mr. D'Israeli on which side of the controversy the victory has rested.

D'Israeli has almost wholly escaped the two miseries which have formed the subject of his most amusing works. He has not mixed in the quarrels, nor has he been involved in the calamities of authors. His course has been prosperous and quiet, from agreeable youth to respectable old age. His future biographer will not have any materials to found "interesting anecdotes" upon, which is beyond question one of the pleasantest things that can be said of any man. His literary *mélanges* will always be referred to as the most curious collections of anecdotal lore ever brought together, and his historical and political compositions justly regarded as works in which the trivial traditions of gossip, which have generally passed current as history not to be contradicted, and been invested with all the pomp of sonorous periods, or the ornaments of graceful diction, are exposed to a searching scrutiny, supported by the most multifarious reading and indefatigable consultation of authentic documents. Our acknowledged Toryism does not draw from us this panegyric. If we were to write on the same subjects as those which have occupied the pen of Mr. D'Israeli, it is highly probable that we should differ in many instances from his conclusions upon characters and events; for our propensities are by no means so strongly biased towards the house of Stuart. We are more of the mind of old Daniel Burgess (we believe, or some other celebrated punster of his time), who observed that the Scriptures themselves were against the party of King James, because although the original name of the founder of the chosen nation was Jacob, yet was the nation called after his adopted title Israel. They were called *Israelites*, said Dan, because the Lord would not allow them to be called *Jacobites*. One, at least, of the descendants of Jacob, we find, does not believe in the correctness of this comment.

We hope that the *blandu senectus* of Mr. D'Israeli may yet be employed in those agreeable labours for which his reading and information so admirably fit him. And when he at last retires from the scene, as we all must do, will he not leave an heir behind him, even Benjamin the son of his right hand, who with the pen of a ready writer indite tales and novels, greatly by the

— "Spinsters in the sun,
And the free maids"—

admired and extolled? By the way, it is not entirely off the subject that we may, in this gorgeous Gallery of ours, exhibit the figure and countenance of the author of *Vivian Grey*, with a brief biography. In the mean time we bid his father adieu, with every demonstration of respect. Peace be with him!

THE SHIPPING INTEREST, SILK MANUFACTURE, AND
GLOVE TRADE.

AN ample period of trial has passed away since those navigation laws which England so long boasted of and worshipped as the basis of her maritime power and the cement of her magnificent empire, were consigned to the last home of mortality—since they were destroyed by parliament, as the murderer is by the public executioner. They were not parted with like a valuable friend whose favours were needed no longer—like a faithful servant, worn out and incapable of further usefulness; the separation called forth no tear of sincere grief, or common-place expression of decent civility; but they were annihilated amidst derision, hooting, and exultation, as though they had been a pest to society, a ruinous drain on national wealth and prosperity. An ample period of trial has passed away since that system of colonial and commercial policy under which England had enlarged herself into the first of empires was doomed to ignominious extinction by parliament, amidst roars of laughter and thunders of applause, elicited by the jokes and invectives of such men as Lord Goderich and Mr. Huskisson.

Nature regarded with disdain the puny immolators of law, and abolished not her statutes with England; cause and effect entered into no new relations in imitation of Whig and Tory; Truth, in stern majesty, cast from it the epithets “antiquated” and “exploded,” and remained what it had been from the Creation; therefore the unholy work of destruction, though led by a general confederacy of reviews and newspapers, shared in alike by Whig and Tory, greeted with national enthusiasm, and triumphantly carried to completion almost without foe or impediment, has produced a harvest of loss, ruin, and misery.

The shipping interest was necessarily plunged, by its loss of protection, into bitter suffering, which has exhibited through this long period a melancholy uniformity, not broken by a single hour of profit. In vain did Mr. Huskisson and his soothsaying brethren prophesy: the golden shower never fell;—in vain did the House of Commons vote and newspapers swear: the prosperity they manufactured never reached the waste

of capital sustained by the ship-owners. The latter have struggled in the waters, and, like men in their hopeless condition, caught at every straw—now called on Tory, and then on Whig, for assistance—in this moment denounced free trade, and in that trimmed and truckled to it—laid hold of enemies—abandoned friends—attacked, supplicated, and courted the parents of their calamity; but no hand has been stretched out to save them. Hostility and submission, manly exertion and disgraceful sycophancy, have been alike fruitless: Whig and Tory, parliament and press, with not many exceptions, have treated them with equal disregard or enmity.

After having long acted as though they had in despair resigned themselves to their fate, they apparently have resolved on another effort, and the moment is well chosen. Another heavy infliction hangs over them, from which they assuredly will not escape if they be silent and inactive. Certain of the reciprocity treaties have so far expired, that the time has come for taking the field against their renewal. Neither a month nor a year will suffice for disabusing and enlightening the public mind, or acquiring as much strength in the legislature as will insure from it a fair hearing: determined and incessant must be the efforts of the ship-owners, or the sources of their suffering will assume a permanent character, and be no longer open to discussion.

Because they have presumed to deliberate on their grievances and petition the throne, the Treasury press has been furiously assailing them. It has only put forth fiction and sophistry, which have been repeatedly refuted; but as it has drawn them from a pretty long slumber, they pass with this thoughtless generation as very convincing novelties; it is therefore necessary to bestow on them again refutation. Nothing new can be said of the question; but the truth ought to be continually rung in the public ear, until at least it be fairly comprehended.

We live under what is intended to be a free government—that is, one which will give the subject protection from wrongs and redress for grievances. Political liberties and privileges are in

object only means for obtaining such protection and redress, and in so far as they are inefficient, they are but worthless names and shadows. While, however, subject and ruler, in these incomprehensible days, vie with each other in clamouring for their extension, they are made ends, that they may be destroyed as means. The people are to elect and tyrannise over the House of Commons; but this House is not on any account to investigate and remove their grievances, if the latter be not comprehended in some matter of political privilege or party profit. They are to put the aristocracy under their feet, and change their institutions daily; but they are to be wholly prevented from moving the legislature to inquire into the causes of their insolvency and misery. The social edifice is to be demolished, and hacked into something superbly new; the last finish is to be given to liberty, but the great objects which alone could give it value are to be swept away; the House of Commons is to be reformed in so exquisite a manner, that it will be utterly disabled for redressing the substantial grievances of the people in detail, and therefore in the aggregate. Thus, the form of liberty is given, that the essence of tyranny may be established. Ever since the mock Whigs became dictators to the Tory ministers, almost every petition of the community which has related to such actual and grievous evils, as it is the great end of political liberty and privilege to procure a remedy for from the legislature and executive, has been by both treated with stern disregard. At this very moment, when such an uproar is made for rendering popular freedom boundless, its cabinet and newspaper parents insist that the grievances of the ship-owners, silk and glove manufacturers, &c., shall not be inquired into or noticed: the boundless freedom is to be an end—a worthless gimcrack, by which its owner may indeed be made an instrument of party and faction, but which he is never to use for the purpose of procuring redress for his own personal wrongs—relief from bankruptcy, hunger, and wretchedness. And what is the plea? The mandate of government: ministers are determined that a certain system shall be persevered in—that the policy which distresses and starves the people shall not be altered, therefore liberty and privi-

lege are in essentials to have no question.

In this manner our nominally free government is virtually perverted into an odious tyranny, and no part of the community has suffered more from it than the ship-owners. Again and again have the latter implored parliament to inquire into the causes of their suffering, and to receive from them conclusive proof that this suffering originated in grievous wrong inflicted on them by government; and as often have they met with contemptuous and insulting refusal. When it is openly avowed that the system of pleading the resolution of government in bar of the substantial exercise of freedom—of practically suppressing parliament in the more important of its functions—of making the will of the crown a reason for disregarding the right of the subject; it becomes the sacred duty of every man who wishes to see the government a free one in reality, to make common cause against it with the petitioning portions of the community. The question is made a general one, affecting all equally on a point of the first importance. It must be observed, that the case of the ship-owners differs essentially from that of every other complaining interest. They do not say that they are smarting under a common evil—that they merely suffer from a system which scatters suffering impartially and equally on all; but they aver that they are denied privileges which the rest of the community enjoys, and are the victims of criminal injustice. They pray not alone for relief from distress, but also for the redress of heavy wrongs inflicted on them by their rulers, and fair participation in the rights and boons enjoyed by the whole population save themselves.

Another mighty reason with me for supporting the ship-owners is this:—their complaint reaches very far beyond their own interests; it maintains that the national honour has been tarnished—that the sacred rights of the empire in matters which bear directly on its existence, as well as weal, have been wantonly sacrificed. This complaint involves a momentous public question, which ought to be better understood by all than any other, but which is more the object of misrepresentation, falsehood, concealment, and party animosity, and therefore less understood,

than any other. Public men and parties labour, in guilty union, to repel correct knowledge of it from both themselves and the country. The time is approaching when the shameful surrender of national right, benefit, safety, and existence, made by the reciprocity treaties, must be reclaimed or confirmed for ever.

If farther reason were necessary, I could find it in the conviction that the boasted "improvement" of the navigation laws, which is so ravishing in the eyes of Whig and Tory (shame to both!) that they are squabbling for the honour of its parentage, exhibits such disgraceful ignorance, criminal inconsistency, indefensible injustice, and barbarous invasion of the rights and property of the subject, as, I am sure, have no precedent. Nothing could save it from national execration but the brute force of party union, servility, and profligacy.

It can be denied by no man, that disjoined, divided, and scattered as the parts of the British empire are, they can only be preserved as a whole by the command of the ocean. On such command hang our colonies—our vast and valuable transmarine possessions. If ever any other nation or confederacy of nations be able even to rival us in naval power, the empire must be in a greater or smaller degree dismembered. While colonies must pass with naval power, it also must pass with them into the hands of enemies: the loss of maritime supremacy must be that of colonies, the loss of either must be that of both, and the loss of both must make it practicable for foreign foes to divide Ireland from Britain. In time of war maritime supremacy is essential for protecting our commerce, keeping foreign markets open for our manufactures, and preserving the nurseries of our seamen; and in time of peace it is the great cause which restrains at least one nation from becoming a destructive assailant. It is drawn from our commercial navy, and can have no other source.

This, I say, can be denied by no man, and on it the old navigation laws were founded. Their primary object had little to do with the "exploded" principles of commercial policy, against which so much drivelling nonsense is uttered; it was not to benefit trade or the ship-owner, but to enlarge and multiply nurseries of seamen for the sake of national preservation. To this ob-

ject they made trade and every thing subservient. Of course, in judging of it, we are not to inquire whether the doctrines of free-trade be true or false; the question is, are nurseries of seamen essential for the protection and existence of the empire?

Mr. Huskisson and his brethren, while they distinctly admitted the validity of this object, gave to the navigation laws a totally different one. They avowedly re-modelled these laws on the principle of making navigation subservient to trade, and to render it their object to sacrifice nurseries of seamen in any degree which the retention or increase of trade might call for.

I need not assist any discerning man in judging of the "Improvement," in respect of object.

The old navigation laws, to compass their object, used these means. They gave the ship-owner, as far as possible, a monopoly of the colonial trade. In the foreign trade, they imposed as much extra duty on the foreign ship as disabled her for taking lower freights than the British one; practically they did precisely what the system of protecting duties does in regard to manufactures—they subjected foreign ships, as this system subjects foreign cottons, woolsens, hardware, &c., to a duty for the protection of the native producers.

Every man must see, that in respect of the carrying trade they only differed from what is called Mr. Huskisson's protective system, in the single point of colonial monopoly: of course the only thing necessary to bring them into harmony with it, was the admission of foreign ships into the colonies, on payment of the 30 per cent, or other protecting duty, which Mr. Huskisson and his colleagues declared ought to be levied on foreign commodities generally. In the foreign trade they had already established the system.

Well, what did the "Improvement" do? It actually swept away every vestige of protecting duty in both the colonial and the foreign trade!—in both it placed the foreign ship on an equality touching duty with the British one, which necessarily exempted her wholly from protecting duty. At the time when Mr. Huskisson professed to establish a system of universal protection, declared that all the population had a right, in regard to taxation, to protecting duty, and distributed such

duty to all beside as a right, without excepting the inhabitants of the colonies, he would not grant the ship-owner a farthing! This goes beyond what the maddest economist ever called for; not only Adam Smith, but Mr. Ricardo and his disciples, admit that a protecting duty, equal in amount to the difference between British and foreign taxation, is both just and necessary.

Is the ship-owner so circumstanced that he needs not the protection granted to others? He needs it more than any other member of the community. In the cost of what is virtually his raw produce, he is in a worse situation than any other capitalist; machinery cannot serve, and natural advantages are against him: independently of taxes, the foreigner in various countries can build and navigate for much less, and therefore accept much lower freights, than he can do. The destructive competition in which he is involved in some trades must govern his freights in all; in the nature of things he can obtain no higher freights in the coasting and colonial trades, than he can obtain in that with Prussia, Sweden, and Hamburg.

In peace the ship-owner is bound to general losing freights; and what would be his case in war, of which we are annually in danger? In a war with France, the cost of most articles consumed by him, and also of insurance, would be greatly raised, while in general it would be little altered to his competitors; insurance of cargo would be so much higher in his ship than in a foreign one, that the difference would be equal to no small part of his freight. In consequence he would be entirely driven from the trade with America, and nearly all Europe; moreover, great part of the East India, and no little of the West India, trade would pass from him, and his Canada trade would be largely reduced by the advantages which Baltic timber would gain over Canadian. While war would operate thus ruinously against him, by immensely increasing the advantages of his competitors, it would have little of such effect on the other members of the community who enjoy protection; many of them would gain more from it on the one hand, than they would lose on the other. Nevertheless their protection can be augmented at pleasure; but to him alone this is prohibited by

national treaty: if in war it be seen that he must run his ship almost without freight to balance to the shipper the difference between insuring in a foreign and a British vessel; or that the foreign ship can take a freight which will do little more than pay the insurance on his, he can have no remedy: the duty on foreign cottons, woollens, &c. can be raised at any time; but on foreign ships solemn treaty declares that, no matter what the necessity may be, it shall not be imposed.

The protecting duties of the rest of the community operate far more grievously against the ship-owner, than the foreign corn-growers, manufacturers, &c., on whom they are intended to fall. It is avowed that the latter have such advantages in lightness of taxes, cheapness of materials, &c., that the duties only place them on a level with their British rivals. But the ship-owner has no such advantages; the whole mass of these duties falls on him by increasing the cost of every thing he uses, and he has no equivalent. Thus he practically pays a grinding tax to the rest of the community, from which it is exempted; and his own government deals far more harshly with him than it deals with foreign capitalists of all descriptions.

Speaking with reference to the empire alone, that great interest which forms the chain to bind it together, constitutes its life-blood, and without which it would be little better than a disjoined mass, capable of being broken to pieces, and appropriated by enemies at pleasure, is treated in a totally different manner from the other interests, which, however valuable they may be, have no especial connexion with the means of national defence and existence. And these are some of the points of difference:

1. The "Improvement" casts this interest out of Mr. Huskisson's protective system; it singles it out as the *only one* to be forced, without protection, into unfair, unjust, and ruinous competition with foreign rivals and enemies.

2. While prohibitory duties are granted to the cotton, woollen, hardware, and other trades, which need no protection, because they can undersell the world, the "Improvement" will not grant a farthing to this interest, although it needs protection more than

any other, because, from various causes, great part of the world can undersell it.

3. While other interests can have their protection increased at pleasure, the "Improvement" binds government, by solemn treaty with other nations, from giving any protection to this interest, no matter how urgent the necessity may be.

4. War must injure this interest far more than any other, if we look alone at risk and insurance; yet it is made the only one to which in time of war no protection can be given. The "Improvement" must disable it for competing at such time with its rivals, and thereby cut off the nurseries of seamen to a great extent at the moment when they will be needed for national defence; nevertheless it binds government from taking any measures for enlarging or preserving these nurseries, however inadequate they may be for manning the navy. It must in the first year of war most seriously reduce the naval power of the empire.

5. By the protecting duties given to other interests, the one in question is sacrificed to them. These duties not only operate as an oppressive tax on it, from which the rest are exempted, but as a heavy protecting duty enjoyed by its foreign rivals against it. The "Improvement" virtually levies a grievous discriminating duty on the British vessel, to benefit the foreign one.

Speaking with reference to the rights of the subject, the ship-owner stands, amidst his Majesty's subjects, the only victim to whom protecting duty is denied. The manufacturers who can undersell the world, the inhabitants of the colonies, and even of the East Indies, enjoy that protection which to him is despotically refused. Through this he is practically subjected to a grievous tax, from which the rest of the community is free; and his rulers place him in a much worse situation than they place either the ship-owner, or the corn-grower, manufacturer, &c. of foreign nations.

This is the "Improvement," the miserable bantling, for which a father's claim is preferred by both Whig and Tory. Alas! alas! how are the mighty fallen! Let us now look at the manner in which it is defended.

The ship-owners are as intelligent and able a body as can be found in

the country; their leaders are men who on the score of ability have no superiors in parliament. Is it likely that such men should be unable to perceive the causes of their distress—that they should know less of their own trade than those who know nothing of it whatever? When the ship-owner knows from arithmetic that the losing freight to him is a profitable one to the foreigner, and from auricular proof that, if refused by him, it will be accepted by the foreigner, is it likely that he can be mistaken? When demonstration tells him that freights are made losing ones to him in the trade with the reciprocity countries by the cheap rate at which his rival can navigate, and that in the nature of things they cannot be higher in the coasting and colonial trade than they are in this, is it possible for him to err touching the source of his general bad freights? Every man of common reason will exclaim—No! the matter is so self-evident that it must preclude all difference of opinion. Unhappy common reason! to thy own confusion, attend.

The ship-owners put forth their case, and lo! the Goderiches, Thomsons, Ifumes, Morrisons, and Torreuses, Cockney newspaper scribes, shop-keepers and mechanics—men who hardly know a ship from a porter-butt, and who are not better acquainted than a porter-butt with the trade of the ship-owner—men, too, who in point of intellect and intelligence rank between the fifth and tenth classes,—oracularly declare: These people know nothing of their own business and circumstances; we, we, we are the only great men who are cognisant of such matters, and we decide that they are utterly mistaken—that the reciprocity treaties, instead of injuring, hugely benefit them—and that their allegations of distress are false, and they are in excessive prosperity!

Its bloated ignorance and folly form the black, impenetrable cloud under which party hides its errors and guilt, therefore combined parties hail them with exultation: what the leaders of party say must be concurred in by the followers, therefore parliament listens with reverential admiration, lavishes its applauding thunders on their parents, and casts from it with jeers and execration the petition of the poor ship-owners. The newspaper passes them, profusely

spiced with falsehood and abuse, to readers who know no more of shipping than its own scribes; it assures these readers that they would be mightily injured by the granting of what the ship-owners crave; therefore it is adored as an oracle, and the unfortunate ship-owners are covered with national indignation.

To thy own confusion, common reason, attend! Yet thou wilt have thy revenge, if not thy triumph.

But does the rickety, consumptive babe, when it has so many fathers, receive no other food than assertion and declamation? Can its crazy life be saved without the more solid aliments of statement and reasoning? Its manifold parents, Whig and Tory, real and pretended, natural and foster, aware of what the questions imply, cram the creature with such statements and reasonings as the following:—

It is stated, that the ship-owners seek monopoly—are anxious to restore an abolished system of general policy. This is unmixcd, malignant falsehood. They only pray for such means of competing with foreigners, as Mr. Huskisson granted to the rest of the community—for the fair extension to them of his new system.

It is stated, that they wish to make great profits, at the cost of their fellow-subjects. They ask only for the same means of making profit which their fellow-subjects enjoy; and that the latter may no longer draw unjust profit from the sacrifice of both their profit and capital.

It is stated, that the British ship endures longer, requires fewer hands, and makes more voyages than the foreign one; and that, therefore, she really can be navigated at as cheap a rate as the latter. Again and again has this been proved to be false; but it is still, even in the teeth of official information published by Government, continually repeated.

It is stated, that although the ship-owner has no protecting duty, he still is protected; because he retains the coasting, and great part of the colonial trade. Protecting duty is given to agriculturists, manufacturers, &c., as much to keep up their profits as to preserve their trade; and they would retain the chief part of the latter were it wholly abolished. The ship-owner is now in the situation which would be theirs, should they lose it: part of

his trade has passed from him, he has sustained grievous loss of capital, and his profit is rendered inadequate in the trade which is left him. From the want of such duty he cannot obtain the profit it gives his fellow-subjects, or escape the loss it saves them from. If the statement be true, it follows that if foreign corn were admitted duty free, the agriculturist would still be protected, provided he should still be able to cultivate great part of his land.

It is argued, that the reciprocity treaties cannot injure the ship-owner in his general trade, because they only involve a part of it. This, in effect, asserts that freights cannot be reduced in the coasting and colonial, by being made ruinous in the Baltic trade; and it is the same as asserting, that if any law should make the cotton manufacturer's prices constantly bad in his London market, it would not affect them in the rest of the kingdom. Its parents, when they speak in the abstract, hold directly the reverse: they thus, to defend their miserable offspring, cut up their own general creed, and maintain what is utterly impossible. They, however, publish by it this shame to themselves: the men who thought themselves competent to alter the navigation laws, and those who pretend to be alone competent to judge of the alteration, were and are equally ignorant of the common-place fact, that if freights be reduced in some trades, they must fall in proportion in all.

It is argued, that the reciprocity treaties have rather benefited than injured the ship-owner, because since they were formed the tonnage entries of British shipping have increased. Is any evidence produced to shew, that these entries would not have been larger if they had never been heard of? Not a tittle. A ship, from inability to procure an outward cargo, sails in ballast, and here is a saving of time; she returns with half a cargo, and here is a further saving of time: the voyage is a losing one, therefore she is at once despatched in ballast on another, with no better success. Thus she now makes three voyages instead of two, and she carries no more goods in the three than she formerly carried in the two; moreover, she makes less profit in the three than she could formerly make in the two. In every voyage she makes, her tonnage is added to the

general entries. Thus she is compelled, by want of employment and loss, to add more to these entries than she would do if fully employed and prosperous; and this is cited as a proof that she is both!

But have the tonnage entries of British vessels increased in the trade with the reciprocity countries? They have decreased, in the face of an immense increase of carrying. Has the number of ships and seamen possessed by the empire risen? In the face of an immense increase of carrying, it has declined. Have the means of the ship-owner for employing capital, and making profit, been enlarged? These means have been contracted, his capital has been to a vast extent destroyed, and his profits are rendered inadequate. This, then, is the argument: if the treaties sweep your ships wholly out of the trade with the reciprocity countries, destroy half your ships and seamen, and bind your ship-owners to loss and insolvency, they still will be beneficial, provided you have an increase in the tonnage entries of your general foreign and colonial trade.

Hide thy diminished head, common reason! and make no vain attempt to discredit the new and admirable logic.

It is argued, that the ship-owner ought to have no relief granted him, because it would injure manufacturers and consumers. He is denied the protection which is given to both; his capital and profits are taken from him that theirs may be increased; and this is just and beneficial: but to place him on a level with them, and compel them to contribute as much to his gain as he contributes to theirs, would be, forsooth, unjust and injurious. He is practically as much a manufacturer and consumer as any of his fellow-subjects, yet for their gain as such he is to be robbed and consigned to beggary. Wonderful are the discoveries which the present generation flounders into, and this is far more comprehensive than its parents dream of. If the argument be true, where is the ground for defending the corn-law, or the right to any kind of property? If manufacturers and consumers have a right to the fortune of the ship-owner, have they not an equal one to that of the landowner and fundholder? From the contending fathers of the bantling called the Improvement of the Navigation Laws, I crave a reply.

But the argument is as false as it is wicked, in as far as it alleges that a proper rise of freights would materially injure manufacturers and consumers. An enormous part of the gain drawn from low freights is monopolised by foreigners, and never reaches this country. In general, advance of freight on foreign corn would be taken from its price abroad, but not added to it here; and the case would be the same with many other articles. In various commodities exported, an advance would be charged to foreigners. In so far as it would fall on our own population, it would seldom reach the consumer, or be much felt by the manufacturer. Thus, to a great extent the ship-owner is stripped of both profit and capital for the benefit of the inhabitants of other countries.

It is argued that the "Improvement" was as much a matter of necessity as of expediency. Why? Foreign nations were so much dissatisfied with the navigation laws, that a change was essential for preventing a suspension of intercourse with them. Mighty sonorous this! but what nations? Russia and Holland up to this hour have refused reciprocity—France long would not be courted into it—America had for many years enjoyed it—and Spain and Portugal were silent: as these nations had nothing to do with the confederacy, of what other did it consist? Why, chiefly Prussia!

Happy John Bull! how expert are thy schoolmasters in fabricating fiction for thy credulity!

Prussia was so much dissatisfied with the navigation laws, that she meditated retaliation, which might have suspended all trade with her. Prussia was no naval power; her ship-owners only formed a handful of her population; she depended principally on England as a market for her produce, and she excluded English goods to the utmost point her own necessities would admit of, and almost wholly; the trade with her consisted mainly of the buying of her productions by this country. Was it likely that she would distress her whole population by a useless attempt to benefit her handful of ship-owners—that she would destroy her market for corn, timber, &c., because she could not obtain a trifling increase of employment for her shipping—that from sheer anger she would lash her own sides, and take her own com-

mercial existence? If even she had done all this, England would scarcely have felt it. Let it be remarked that, had she by retaliatory measures raised freights to any extent in the trade with her, the consequences would have fallen mainly on herself: Prussian corn and timber would not have been made dearer in this country by additional freight than those of other nations; therefore such freight would have been paid in a great measure by her own producers.

This is equally applicable to Sweden, Denmark, &c.

To prevent these petty states from thus, in a sulky fit, taxing, scourging, and destroying themselves, the treaties were humbly entered into by the successors—weep, party, over thy withered glories!—of such men as Pitt and Fox. But why not think of real equality, instead of reciprocity? Oh, the latter, is so fair and equitable. Let us essay to discover its beauties by dissection. If a reciprocity treaty be entered into with a country which has cheaper ships than ours, it must be injurious; if with one which has dearer, it must be beneficial; nevertheless, so knowing are the champions of the “Improvement,” that they make no distinction, and in their eyes one with Prussia must be just as advantageous as one with Portugal, or any South American republic!

In so far as compulsion went, the treaties were only entered into with such governments as had much cheaper ships than ours. In principle, therefore, they were precisely the same as one would be by which England should bind herself to admit Prussian corn and Norwegian timber duty free, on condition that her corn and timber should be allowed to enter Prussia and Norway in the same manner. This was one branch of them; and by another England opened her colonies to such foreign nations as had none, on condition that theirs should be opened to her. Here was a boon given without even a nominal equivalent. It was in principle like consenting to receive French raw silk and Burgundy duty free, on condition that her raw silk and Burgundy should so be received by France.

Now for the reciprocal gains. The foreign vessel obtained an advance of freight which extended through every branch of her trade, domestic as well as foreign; and also a great and grow-

ing increase of employment. To the British vessel freight was ruinously reduced in every branch of her trade, foreign, colonial, and coasting, precisely as the price of corn would be to the farmer by the admission of the corn of Northern Europe duty free; and her employment was largely diminished. The foreign ship-owner gained higher profits, vast additional means of employing capital, and prosperity; but the British ship-owner reaped loss, reduced means of employing capital, and bankruptcy. And the benefit drawn from the reduction of freight was, to a large extent, monopolised by other nations.

As to right, Prussia and her brethren were as much entitled to demand that their producers of corn, timber, &c. should be placed on a level with ours in respect of duty, as that their ship-owners should. Their monstrous demand really was, that our shipping should be sacrificed to them, not only in its trade with them, but in its whole trade, and that our government should make a tyrannical and ruinous distinction amidst its subjects for their profit. All they could justly ask was such a revision of the discriminating duties as would place their vessels on a fair level with ours, allowing for difference of cost.

But, in the name of every thing that ever entered into diplomacy, why make such a criminal surrender the subject of solemn treaty? Why could not ships be treated like corn, cotton, and other goods? When the cheapest countries were commenced with, and all were invited, why not be content with a general law, admitting all ships at equality of duty which might be willing to accept it, without limitation of time! Before these days, treaties were always understood to give as well as take; and to perpetuate, not their surrenders, but the advantages drawn from them, was their sole object. But here an agreement is entered into, the advantages of which are wholly and confessedly monopolised by the foreigner; he calls for it as a matter of relief from great disadvantage and loss; England sacrifices by it advantages on which she always set the highest value, and neither in her opinion nor on his representation does she receive the least equivalent: the very foreigner, who on his own confession draws so much gain from it, does not

venture to say that he makes any sacrifice in return: nevertheless, such an agreement is made the subject of solemn treaty! So precious are destructive disadvantages, monopolies of loss, pure to the exclusion of every chance grain of profit, that in breathless haste, lest the donors should cry off, they are secured by solemn treaty! That foreign nations may not cast from them gigantic advantages over us which they enjoy without the smallest sacrifice, quarrel with boon, and call for the restoration of injury, they are bound hand and foot from it by solemn treaty! Who do these treaties really bind? England only; the foreign countries would be just as effectually bound without, as they are with, them!

Such are the treaties which parties combine to laud, as though they exhibited the perfection of intelligence, cunning, dexterity, and wisdom! Boast of possessing statesmen!—where are they?

It is stated that the ship-owner is only distressed like the rest of the community. Has the property of land-owners, cotton and woollen manufacturers, &c. &c. been as largely wasted, and as unproductive, in the last seven years, as his? No, the statement is like the rest—profligate fiction.

The Treasury prints, not content with vilifying the ship-owners, have in their wantonness actually labelled the King himself on the matter. According to them, his Majesty lately said to a deputation of ship-owners, he perceived the tonnage of ships built had in all these years of their distress regularly increased. Now really to proclaim it to the world, that the King of England does not know the difference between the tonnage of ships built and possessed, and that of ships entered inwards and outwards, and that from the want of such knowledge he has said what is unfounded in plain fact, is most unpardonable. Farther, they have insinuated that his Majesty advised the members of the deputation to build and buy no more ships until the excess should vanish. They would thus make us believe that the King of England—the sovereign of this maritime empire—advises, as the only remedy, a reduction of ships and seamen, without inquiring how their number stands in comparison with former periods, what the excess of them is produced by, whether there be no

other remedy, or how far the reduction will have to extend! Of course, it will impose on no man; but who can suppress his indignation when the "Patriot King" is thus slandered by the tools of his servants?

There are young men in parliament of birth and fortune, who attach small value to party fetters and opinions, and who are anxious to employ great ability and industry in acquiring due knowledge of the interests of their country. Let me invite their attention to this question. I will say to such men, You will never be competent to form a part of the government until you thoroughly understand it, and you will never acquire public confidence if you swim unheard and unseen in the stream of party leaders and newspapers. If you fear opprobrium, I ask, Have you no English blood in your veins? But on this matter take comfort; be assured, by the decided turn which late years have given to public feeling in regard to free trade, that history will still reserve her honours for the champions of truth, justice, and their country!

These points I would especially press on your notice, because, while they are leading ones, they are always carefully kept from the light in parliament:—

1. The ship-owner, to his great exclusive injury, is refused that protection which is given to all his fellow-subjects.

2. From this tyrannical refusal of protection, the whole shipping of the country, no matter what tonnage and tonnage-entries may be, is bound to such a rate of freight as keeps it in constant loss and suffering; and these must endure until British ships be driven out of the trade with various of the reciprocity countries.

3. No matter what the general tonnage-entries may be, British ships have lost much ground in the trade with the reciprocity countries, and the number of ships and seamen possessed by the country has greatly declined.

4. The reciprocity treaties must, in time of war, throw the foreign and much of the colonial carrying trade into the hands of neutrals, reduce nurseries of seamen, and grievously injure the naval power of the empire.

5. These treaties give, without real equivalent, what no foreign nation had any claim to, and what no British minister had any right to concede; they give not fair equality, but destruc-

tive advantage and boon to rivals and enemies. Every thing gained from them by this country would have been as secure without as it is with them.

Let not the vague and wretched nonsense, that trade with other nations would be injured by giving her right to the British ship, delude you. Here your country can defy and command the world. Such nations depend principally on her as a market for their productions, and in general they rigorously exclude her goods as far as their necessities will permit. Nine-tenths of the carrying trade are comprehended in the conveyance of their goods to her, and the goods they buy of her are now in a large degree carried by their own vessels. If she should decide that their corn, timber, wool, cotton, &c. should be brought solely in her own vessels, they could only choose between acquiescence and the ruin of their export trade; and a counter decision on their part would have little effect. If she should impose a discriminating duty on the ships of any of them, she could prevent retaliation by making a discriminating duty on goods also contingent on it. England has them so much at her mercy, and is as far independent of them singly, in regard to market, that she could almost dictate to them. And while this is the case, a glance at the enormous and rapid consumption of the shipping interest, touching timber, sails, cordage, iron, copper, &c. &c. may convince any man, that nothing would add more to the general trade of the empire than its prosperity and extension.

The situation of the silk and glove-manufacturers bears much resemblance to that of the ship-owner. They are indeed allowed some protection, but they have nominally or practically less than other parts of the community. If Mr. Huskisson's system had granted the same duty to all, solely on the score of difference of taxation, something might have been said for it on the ground of uniformity; but its avowed principle is, to vary protecting duty with ability to compete with foreigners. It gives forty per cent to linens, fifteen to woollens, and ten to cottons, and makes similar differences throughout. While it gives prohibitory duties to many trades, it binds the silk and glove ones to destructive competition with foreigners.

I need not dilate on this indefensible

invasion of the rights of the subject, or shew that it affects the workman more than the master.

The silk-manufacturer offers his goods for sale, and the mercers reply, We can buy at such and such prices in France; here are letters and invoices to prove it; and if you will not take the same, we can give you no order. In consequence, he is compelled to accept prices which sacrifice his own profit and the bread of his workmen. This is not the worst: he offers fancy silks, and the reply is, "We cannot buy them on any terms, for we can only sell foreign ones." Of course they lie on his hands unsaleable. The case is exactly the same with the glove-maker: he must take the French price, or make no sales; and his goods are rejected, because foreign ones are preferred by fashion. Both have ocular proof that their trades are distressed by excess of goods, and that a great import of foreign silks and gloves constantly operates to produce and feed such excess.

Mistake here is utterly impossible; the silk and glove manufacturers have the most conclusive evidence conceivable,—1, That their bad prices are caused by the rate at which foreign silks and gloves can be imported; 2, That the import of foreign silks and gloves is the cause why their own, to a considerable extent, cannot be sold; and, 3, That such import has a great share in producing and enlarging the excess which distresses them. Their workmen have the same evidence touching the baleful effects of the import on both their rate of wages and quantity of employment. I repeat, mistake is impossible.

Well, they meet, petition parliament, and are treated like the ship-owners. The newspaper scribes, Thomsons, Grants, &c. (men to whom the mechanism of the silk and glove trades is to the last degree unknown), without examining a single proof they tender, proclaim, These people know nothing of their own business; they are totally mistaken; the things they complain of yield them vast benefit; they are unworthy of notice, and shall receive none. Again and again have their prayers for impartial and dispassionate investigation of evidence met with nothing but contumelious refusal.

But the Whig ministry at length consents* that the state of the silk trade

shall be inquired into. What is the object? Doubtlessly these Whigs intend that parliament shall inquire properly and advise independently? What, Whigs suffer parliament to exercise its functions? — monstrous! who could ever dream of the folly? Mr. P. Thomson, in the plenitude of his knowledge and reverence of the constitution, reveals what the committee will resolve on before it is appointed! Of course, it might as well be comprehended in his own person. And what, according to him, will it resolve on? In the first place, it will strip the throwsters, that is, almost half the trade, wholly of protection; it will sacrifice one part of the trade to the other. But will the other part be suffered to benefit from the sacrifice? Oh, no, as the price of his neighbour's ruin, it will strip the manufacturer of a large part of his protection. Well, what mighty profit, on Mr. Thomson's shewing, will this shower on the trade? It will prevent a very insignificant share of smuggling, and exempt the trade from an imaginary, unfelt injury to prices; and it will self-evidently do it by greatly enlarging importation, and grievously reducing prices. The face has a pimple on it — oh, sad! then think of no other remedy than slashing off the head.

Now, has this admirable scheme been suggested by the distress of the trade? No such thing: it was concocted seven years ago, and is only the completion of what Mr. Huskisson commenced: report avers, that Mr. Thomson pledged himself in private, when he entered on office, to its immediate success. Matters, however, have been awkward; ministers have not ventured to introduce it in a manly manner, therefore it is smuggled, by these traducers of the unhappy smuggler by calling, into parliament under the pretext of granting the inquiry prayed for. Why examine a witness, if judgment be already decided on? Why prepare a report, if the measures it is to recommend be already prepared?

There are some upright and honourable men on the committee: if it be, like too many others, only to collect such evidence as will establish the minister's view of the case, and frame such a report as the ministry may dictate, let these men at once expose the delusion. Let them dispel Mr. Thomson's deplorable darkness touching the

constitution of England, and the rights of parliament. They may be assured that the evidence and report will be rigidly examined.

Let us now glance at some of the causes and reasons pleaded by the oracles of parliament touching the suffering of the silk and glove trades. Mr. C. Grant, perched on the pinnacle of abstract romance, looks down on the community: he hears the lamentations of the ship-owners, the horrible wretchedness of Bethnal Green appears before him, the West India interest tells him it is insolvent, the glove-makers supplicate his attention to their misery, agriculture cries aloud to him of its distresses, he beholds the whole population groaning under loss and want which have existed for seven years; and then he bursts forth into bombastic panegyric of Mr. Huskisson's principles and measures! It is not wonderful that such a man thinks Mr. Attwood's plain and solid English very common-place, or that his apostasy in respect of both principles and party, gross as it is, still suffers him to be faithful to error.

These oracles assert, that the silk and glove trades only suffer from the same causes which distress the rest of the community. Every man who has eyes or ears must know this to be impossible, for the causes which scourge some trades do not touch others. The assertion in reality is — the cotton and woollen trades are injured by the American tariff, *ergo* the latter injures, although it cannot reach, the silk trade; the West India interest is distressed by the loss of bounty, the production of foreign sugar and heavy duty, *ergo* these things distress, though they have nothing to do with, the glove trade; the shipping interest suffers from the low freights of foreign vessels, *ergo* these freights plunge into suffering, though they do not affect, the silk and glove trades. While they thus charge the distress of these two trades on causes which can scarcely touch them in any way, they maintain that they cannot be injured by other mighty causes which operate directly on them alone. Silks and gloves suffer dreadfully in price and sale from the reform question and cholera, but not in the least from the import of foreign ones! Admirable observers, and still more admirable logicians!

Then it is triumphantly urged that

the import of silks and gloves is too small to inflict any harm on the trades. What makes it so small? The low prices it produces: it demonstrably would be very great, if these prices were in any material degree higher. Throughout the trades, it binds them to prices which have taken away nearly all the master's profit and two-thirds of the workman's comforts and necessities. This is not noticed—the men who pretend to exclusive knowledge of the public interests, wholly overlook the effect of measures on profits and wages? And mark, these very men affect to deplore distress as a grievous evil, yet while it self-evidently consists, in the main, of bad profits and wages, they insist that the things which produce the latter are beneficial rather than injurious!

Let us look a little more at this point. In the late debate on the glove trade, Mr. P. Thomson gravely maintained that the distress was not caused by the import of foreign gloves. What did he arraign as the cause? Excessive production at home. Now, on the average, about twenty thousand pairs of foreign gloves are thrown weekly on the London market; the market, says the sage Mr. Thomson, is overstocked, which is the cause of the distress, but these foreign gloves neither produce nor increase the overstock;—oh, no, you make weekly twenty thousand pairs of gloves too many at home: if you exclude these foreign gloves, it will not yield you the least benefit; but if you strike the same number of pairs from your own production, it will be a remedy! The case is the same with the silk trade. Ten thousand pounds' worth of legally imported foreign silks are every week thrown on the London market; the market, cry Mr. Thomson and his brethren, is overstocked, which is the sole cause of the distress, but these silks contribute nothing to the overstock; you ruin yourselves by manufacturing too many; you can gain nothing by excluding these foreign silks, but if you manufacture the same quantity less weekly, it will be a remedy! In plain English this is—foreign gloves and silks cannot cause excess, but British ones can; if as many foreign ones were imported as the population could consume, it would not do the least injury to the glove and silk trades!

Wonderful John Bull, to have such schoolmasters, and an intellect capable of digesting their lessons!

Then Mr. Hume sagaciously avers, that free trade does no harm; the want of it in respect of corn is the great evil, therefore the abolition of the corn law must be the sovereign panacea. He and his brethren call for free trade in corn as a means of cheapening food and increasing the export of manufactures. The average price of wheat has been for some time fifty-nine shillings, and they say free trade would only reduce it to about fifty-four shillings: of course, the gain in cheapness would only be five shillings per quarter, and very little of this would reach the consumer. For several years this country has taken all the surplus corn of foreign ones, at higher prices than free trade would give them: as the economists allege that it could only be paid for with manufactures, it follows that free trade, by reducing its price, would reduce the export of manufactures in payment. What then, on the doctrines of its parents, is the worth of the remedy? It would make wheat some two shillings per quarter cheaper, and render the state of trade still worse by reducing the export of goods: moreover, it would diminish the consumption of silks and gloves amidst the corn-growers. This is to be the nostrum for loss of profit and capital caused by bad prices—glutted markets produced largely by importation—inability to sell goods because foreign ones are preferred—famine wages—and deficiency of employment;—yes, this is to be the nostrum: but, to exclude foreign silks and gloves, and thereby increase profit and trade, wages and employment, would only aggravate the malady! Oh! wisdom, wisdom! where hast thou been hidden since the world began, that thy face could never before be discovered?

But smuggling must be prevented. Why? Not to protect the revenue here, because the duties on silks and gloves are not imposed for the sake of revenue. It is to be prevented for the protection of the silk and glove trades. How? By inflicting on them infinitely more injury than it ever did or could inflict; they are to be kept in constant heavy distress, that the smuggler may not occasionally do them a trifling mischief.

When the consumption of raw silk

and skins is so great, exclaim these people, free trade cannot possibly have injured these two manufactures. This is the same as maintaining that the master cannot be injured by the loss of profit and capital, or the workman by that of wages—that it makes no difference to the former whether his price yields profit or loss, and to the latter whether his wages be sixpence per day or six shillings.

But the interest of the consumer must be attended to. Has the consumer an interest in the loss and starvation of these trades? If so, why not vote distress a national good? The consumer has no more right to profit from their suffering than they have to profit from his; and to the extent in which they are sacrificed to him, they are subjected to robbery. Far worse than detestable is the doctrine, that silks and kid gloves are to be made cheap to the wealthy by the want and misery of the unhappy beings who produce them.

Then the change was made by Parliament in a certain year, and it is not expedient to disturb it. Parliament made the change solely on opinion and conjecture; and, because it made, it is not to disturb it, although it operates ruinously. Farther, prohibition cannot be thought of. But it is granted to other trades. It is only given in the shape of duty. What signifies the shape, when, if the same reality is not given to all, a guilty distinction is made between man and man? But why not at least give it here also in the shape of duty?

France is the nation to which the silk and glove trades are sacrificed, and the return she makes is rigid prohibition of British manufactures. But we are sagely assured that the sacrifice will cajole her into a relaxation of her system. A man desires a cow; he gives her owner gratuitously all the money he possesses, and afterwards he asks her as a gift. "No," replies the owner; "you have nothing to pay for her with; if I consent, it will be so much dead loss to me; therefore I shall reserve to myself her milk and butter." In like manner we surrender to France gratuitously every thing which would serve as equivalent, and then we knock at her door and humbly pray for her system in the way of alms. "No," she disdainfully answers; "you have nothing to give in return;

what you crave would be so much dead loss to me, therefore I shall retain it." Was this ever equalled for insane folly?

So we act throughout. French silks and gloves are admitted without equivalent—American shipping is re-admitted into the colonies with one no better than a worthless promise—the Canadian timber trade is to be sacrificed to that of Northern Europe, but Prussia, Norway, &c. are not to be even asked to admit our goods in return—a free trade in corn is clamoured for, but no mention is made of a free trade in manufactures as the price to foreigners. While we thus cast from us every thing which could serve to buy markets with for our manufactures, we tamely submit to every suppression of these markets which foreign nations may resolve on. Russia, America, Holland, &c. raise their duties on our manufactures, but their productions remain unmolested, although a heavy discriminating duty on several of these would fall on themselves. Our glorious new system is, that we must neither buy nor retaliate, and that we can only profit from robbing ourselves and submitting to robbery from others.

What follows? While we keep increasing the distress of our own producers by admitting foreign productions, foreign markets are continually narrowed to our manufactures. The apostles of free trade cry, Persevere—throw all away—submit to every thing—other nations will soon see their error, and abandon their restrictive system! But, instead of confirmation, accounts pour on us from all quarters, that under their system the manufactures of these nations are making the most rapid advances. We were assured that America alone would be injured by her tariff—that her manufactures would be ruined by smuggling, and she would soon abandon it; the issue, however, is, that under her restrictive system she is in the most flourishing condition, her corn and cotton-growers thrive with dear manufactures, and her manufactures, instead of being ruined by ours through the smuggler, are fed by the emigration of our manufacturers and capital. Oh, says Lord Althorp, we know all this, but it is easily accounted for: a certain American document declares she flourishes, "not through restriction, but in

spite of it." Here is a discovery ! The absurd assertion applied by Smith to our old system, and since backed out by his followers, is gathered from the mud and applied to "the American system," by no less a personage than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It really amounts to this—the tree is no longer known by its fruit; the American thistle of restriction is bearing delicious grapes; but the English vine and fig-tree of free trade will only yield burs and pricks. To the discovery that America flourishes in spite of her restrictions, add the very stale fact, that England is constantly distressed in spite of her free trade, and you will have a sum of proof quite sufficient for shewing that the tree still is known by its fruit. The House of Commons, according to the public prints, loudly applauded Lord Althorp; let it vote that life is preserved, not through food, but in spite of it—that corn grows, not through, but in spite of, rain and sun.

Nevertheless we must persist, and we are only to think of remedying the distress of a part of the community by adding to the suffering of the rest. Let every man who is not outrageously lunatic turn from the nonsensical assertions and figures of the clamour for free trade in corn, to the facts and details of real life. At the utmost, wheat would be made from two to five shillings per quarter cheaper to the consumer, although the loss would be double to the grower; and it is utterly impossible that this could be even felt as a remedy to the master's loss of profit and the labourer's want of bread. It is notorious that the corn countries almost wholly exclude our manufactures, and would continue to do so, and that we now in general take all the corn they can spare; of course, the export of manufactures could not be increased: and it is certain that the reduction in corn would be thrown chiefly on farmers and their labourers. Here is demonstration, that while a vast part of the population would be dreadfully injured, the rest would not be sensibly benefited—would, in truth, lose more on the one hand than it would gain on the other. This applies to the other projects for sacrificing man to man and interest to interest.

The curse which sits on the empire, and scourges it with famine and pestilence, consists of bad profits, inade-

quate wages, and deficiency of employment: of course, nothing can be a remedy but a due rise of prices and increase of work; yet, in the teeth of this, we are to think of no other than laws for sweeping away profits, wages, and employment, still farther, and binding them perpetually to the lowest point practicable. So decide our rulers. Bedlam is not the only place which contains the mad, neither is the natural idiot the human being who possesses the least share of reason.

To the landed and other interests which are menaced I will say, You must either raise the ship-owners, &c. to your level, or be pulled down to theirs; you must either give sufficient wages and work to the labouring classes, or fall into their suffering. Either the system of granting protection and relief must be restored, or that of free trade must be very speedily completed. Putting reason, right, and expediency wholly out of the question, and looking at necessity—at what is unavoidable—alone, you have no other choice. To be convinced of this, you have only to glance at what is passing around you.

But the matter affects almost equally the whole community. These continual inroads on protection fall principally on the working classes and the lower part of the middle ones. Profits are so small that every compulsory reduction of price is of necessity thrown in a great measure on wages, and the loss to the labourer extends to the tradesmen who supply him. The bulk of the population is obviously to be bound to general penury. If even employment be abundant, the rate of wages must be insufficient for procuring an adequacy of necessities, and it cannot rise without causing a proportionate decrease of employment; no matter what imports and exports may be, the price of labour is intentionally to be so cheap as to keep its possessor in want. A despotism may rule such a population, but not a free government. If the people of this country be in want of food and raiment, they will be discontented and turbulent—if they be discontented and turbulent, they will have a profusion of demagogues and writers to make them disaffected and rebellious—and if they be disaffected and rebellious, they will, with the power which is passing into their hands, soon destroy both the monarchy

and the empire. History places this beyond dispute.

The cord of subjection is already strained to the utmost; in truth, the multitude and the executive rule alternately in both England and Ireland. It is idle to speak of parliamentary reform, or tithe reform, or any other tinkering of institution; because, if it do not better the bodily condition of the people, it will be no remedy: and our rulers declare that it shall not—that all the reforms shall be used to make this condition still worse, through the farther reduction of protection and wages. The revolutionary spirit and effort will certainly at once take up new objects, and we shall now have convulsion for cheap corn, a republic, and Irish independence; the change of object will only render them more injurious and dangerous. And it is equally idle to declaim against seditious and blasphemous publications, political unions, &c., because, however pernicious they may be, they cannot be suppressed by law.

If the people of this country have a

comfortable sufficiency of work, food, raiment, and shelter, they will be contented and peaceable; seditious and blasphemous publications will not find amidst them the means of existence; political unions will be disregarded, and revolution will not be thought of. No fact is better established by history than this. The means, the *only* means of making them orderly and loyal, suppressing sedition and blasphemy, dissolving the political union, and silencing the demagogue, must be found in giving them such sufficiency.

Do I plead for it on the ground of imperious state necessity alone? No: I say that it is the first duty of a government to provide its subjects with a sufficiency of necessaries. To this, imports and exports, political institutions, and other things, are but secondary and auxiliary. Next to ensuring protection for life, it is the great end of civil liberty to ensure the constant and effective discharge of this duty.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.

TROLLOPE AND PAULDING ON AMERICA.*

Mrs. TROLLOPE, by her own account, is an "old woman,"† who left England in company with Fanny Wright, otherwise known by the name of the *Iled Rover*, on a tour of observation or speculation in America. It is not clearly explained to us in Mrs. T.'s gossiping volumes what was the exact nature of her business in the States; and we not having the Yankee organ of "guessing," can only find from her hints that it was connected with some mercantile transactions in which one of her sons desired to engage. She made the usual

transit in the course of her travels, having gone out Whig, and come back Tory, ready with the Anti-jacobin, in the Robespierrian days in Paris, to cry out, "D— liberty! I hate its very name."

The *Quarterly Review*, constant under every change of Ministers to dislike of the States, has seized hold of Mrs. Trollope; and the last Number contains a very clever and amusing article respecting the old woman's book. The most remarkable passages are duly extracted, and commented

* Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Mrs. Trollope. In Two Volumes. London, Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

The Dutchman's Fireside: a Tale. By the author of "Letters from the South," "The Backwoodsman," &c. &c. In Two Volumes. London, Colburn and Bentley.

† "My general appellation amongst my neighbours was 'the English old woman;' but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term 'lady;' and they evidently had a pleasure in using it; for I repeatedly observed, that in speaking of a neighbour, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as 'the lady over the way what takes in washing,' or, as 'that there lady, out by the gulley, what is making dip-candles.' Mr. Trollope was as constantly called 'the old man;' while draymen, butchers' boys, and the labourers on the canal, were invariably denominated 'them gentlemen;' nay, we once saw one of the most gentlemanlike men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt-sleeves, and all sorts of detestable et-cetera, to one of his friends, with this formula, 'D****, let me introduce this gentleman to you.'"—*Trollope*, vol. i. p. 140.

upon with abundance of talent, and no want of peppering. The reviewer has forestalled us in the most piquant quotations; and we have little more to say than that Mrs. T. has made a very diverting work. As we are nothing if not critical, we must, however, begin by observing, that the greater part of her time in America was spent in Cincinnati, a village, or something not much better, of modern growth, at the back of the Alleghanies; and that her descriptions of American manners are almost as provincial as if an American were to make Taunton Dean or Kirkaldy, Hogs Norton or Kilkenny, his headquarters, and, unmercifully quizzing the peculiarities of these respectable locations, set down all he saw there as the genuine pattern of conduct and manners all through Great Britain and Ireland. She herself bears witness that they manage things much better at New York than at Cincinnati. New York, except for the nuisance of the Irish and the yellow fever, is one of the pleasantest places in the world. We must take possession of it in the next war.

Her work, we repeat, is singularly acute and amusing. We think she might have left out all the fine writing about Niagara, and the wonderful feelings she experienced when getting drenched with the spray there; and in general have blotted every passage where any thing but a shrewd and satirical observation of character was concerned. Nor should we have much objected to the omission of her botanical lore, which is rather profusely displayed, or of the *dilettante* pretensions to connoisseurship in the fine arts of all kinds, which she is ever on the stretch to put forward. But what she can do she does well. Her descriptions of American balls, American young ladies what goes out as helps, American boarding-houses, American literati, American bathing-places, &c. &c., are admirable. What can be better, for example, than the dialogue between the two genuine Yankees on board a steam-boat—one practising the art of pumping with the most exquisite dexterity, and the other resisting it with equal talent?

"The Quakers have been celebrated for the pertinacity with which they avoid giving a direct answer; but what Quaker could ever vie with a Yankee in this sort

of fencing? Nothing, in fact, can equal their skill in evading a question, excepting that with which they set about asking one. I am afraid that in repeating a conversation which I overheard on board the Erie canal boat, I shall spoil it by forgetting some of the little delicate doublings which delighted me; yet I wrote it down immediately. Both parties were Yankees, but strangers to each other; one of them having, by gentle degrees, made himself pretty well acquainted with the point from which every one on board had started, and that for which he was bound, at last attacked his brother Reynard thus:—

"Well, now, which way may you be travelling?"

"I expect this canal runs pretty nearly west."

"Are you going far with it?"

"Well, now, I don't rightly know how many miles it may be."

"I expect you'll be from New York?"

"Sure enough, I have been at New York often and often."

"I calculate, then, 'tis not there as you stop?"

"Business must be minded, in stopping and in stirring."

"You may say that. Well, I look then you'll be making for the Springs?"

"Folks say as all the world is making for the Springs, and I expect a good sight of them is."

"Do you calculate upon stopping long when you get to your journey's end?"

"'Tis my business must settle that, I expect."

"I guess that's true, too; but you'll be for making pleasure a business for once, I calculate?"

"My business don't often lie in that line."

"Then, may be, it is not the Springs as takes you this line?"

"The Springs is a right elegant place, I reckon."

"It is your health, I calculate, as makes you break your good rules?"

"My health don't trouble me much, I guess."

"No? Why that's well. How is the markets, sir? Are bread stuffs up?"

"I a'n't just capable to say."

"A deal of money's made by just looking after the article at the fountain's head."

"You may say that."

"Do you look to be making great dealings in produce up the country?"

"Why that, I expect, is difficult to know."

"I calculate you'll find the markets changeable these times?"

" 'No markets ben't very often without changing.'

" 'Why, that's right down true. What may be your biggest article of produce?'

" 'I calculate, generally, that's the biggest as I makes most by.'

" 'You may say that. But what do you chiefly call your most particular branch?'

" 'Why, that's what I can't justly say.'

" And so they went on, without advancing or giving an inch, 'till I was weary of listening; but I left them still at it, when I stepped out to resume my station on a trunk at the bow of the boat, where I scribbled in my note-book this specimen of Yankee conversation."

The dialogue between Clarissa and Mr. Smith, the literary criticisms of Mr. Flint, the various arguments to prove the superiority of the Americans in every thing, especially in speaking English, the *bel esprit* at the Wheeling Hotel, and fifty other things of the same kind, are exquisite. We never have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Trollope; but she has been so kind as to give us a sort of portrait of herself opposite the fifty-third page of her second volume; and her face is exactly such as we should have conjectured *à priori* from her writings*—shrewd, cunning, prying, and satirical. If, in the days of her youth, she resembled the young lady who accompanies her in this plate, and whom, from a sort of family likeness, we conjecture to be her daughter, she must have been a very handsome girl in her time. As it is, she is a knowing-looking old woman, whom we should be unwilling to permit as a spy upon the nakedness of any land in which we felt interested. She keeps a sharp eye on American morals, and is not very backward in exposing lubricity, when it comes in her way. *Ex. gr.*

Jefferson.—Few names are held in higher estimation in America than that of Jefferson; it is the touch-stone of the democratic party, and all seem to agree that he was one of the greatest of men; yet I have heard his name coupled with deeds which would make the sons of Europe shudder. The facts I allude to are spoken openly by all, not whispered privately by a few; and in a country

where religion is the tea-table talk, and its strict observance a fashionable distinction, these facts are recorded, and listened to, without horror, nay without emotion.

"Mr. Jefferson is said to have been the father of children by almost all his numerous gang of female slaves. These wretched offspring were also the lawful slaves of their father, and worked in his house and plantations as such; in particular, it is recorded that it was his especial pleasure to be waited upon by them at table, and the hospitable orgies for which his Montecielo was so celebrated, were incomplete, unless the goblet he quaffed were tendered by the trembling hand of his own slavish offspring.

"I once heard it stated by a democratical adorer of this great man, that when, as it sometimes happened, his children by Quadroon slaves were white enough to escape suspicion of their origin, he did not pursue them if they attempted to escape, saying, laughingly, 'Let the rogues get off, if they can; I will not hinder them.' This was stated in a large party, as a proof of his kind and noble nature, and was received by all with approving smiles."

Jefferson was indeed a pretty specimen of a free-and-easy president of a moral community of men of equal rights. But as he was a deist, let us see how the pious *pur excellence* carry on affairs in America.

A Camp Meeting.—"The floor was covered with straw, which round the sides was heaped in masses, that might serve as seats, but which at that moment were used to support the heads and the arms of the close-packed circle of men and women who kneeled on the floor.

"Out of about thirty persons thus placed, perhaps half a dozen were men. One of these, a handsome-looking youth of eighteen or twenty, kneeled just below the opening through which I looked. His arm was encircling the neck of a young girl who knelt beside him, with her hair hanging dishevelled upon her shoulders, and her features working with the most violent agitation; soon after they both fell forward on the straw, as if unable to endure in any other attitude the burning eloquence of a tall grim figure in black, who, standing erect in the centre, was uttering with incredible vehemence an oration that seemed to hover between praying and preaching."

* By the way, the prints of this book are excellent, though their lithographical execution is not to be commended. Who is A. Hervieu? He is a very clever fellow

Again :

"Many of these wretched creatures were beautiful young females. The preachers moved about among them, at once exciting and soothing their agonies. I heard the muttered 'Sister! dear sister!' I saw the insidious lips approach the cheeks of the unhappy girls; I heard the murmured confessions of the poor victims, and I watched their tormentors, breathing into their ears consolations that tinged the pale cheek with red. Had I been a man, I am sure I should have been guilty of some rash act of interference; nor do I believe that such a scene could have been acted in the presence of Englishmen without instant punishment being inflicted; not to mention the salutary discipline of the treadmill which, beyond all question, would, in England, have been applied to check so turbulent and so vicious a scene. * *

* * The stunning noise was sometimes varied by the preachers beginning to sing; but the convulsive movements of the poor maniacs only became more violent. At length the atrocious wickedness of this horrible scene increased to a degree of grossness that drove us from our station; we returned to the carriage at about three o'clock in the morning, and passed the remainder of the night in listening to the ever-increasing tumult at the pen. To sleep was impossible. At day-break the horn again sounded, to send them to private devotion; and in about an hour afterwards I saw the whole camp as joyously and eagerly employed in preparing and devouring their most substantial breakfasts as if the night had been passed in dancing; and I marked many a fair, but pale face, that I recognised as a demoniac of the night, simpering beside a swain, to whom she carefully administered hot coffee and eggs. The preaching saint and the howling sinner seemed alike to relish this mode of recruiting their strength."

No doubt some restoratives were necessary. We have another paw-paw story further on.

"One history reached me, which gave a terrible picture of the effect this power may produce; it was related to me by my mantua-maker, a young woman highly estimable as a wife and mother, and on whose veracity I perfectly rely. She told me that her father was a widower, and lived with his family of three daughters at Philadelphia. A short time before she married, an itinerant preacher came to the city, who contrived to obtain an intimate footing in many respectable families. Her father's was one

of these, and his influence and authority were great with all the sisters, but particularly with the youngest. The young girl's feelings for him seem to have been a curious mixture of spiritual awe and earthly affection. When she received a hint from her sisters that she ought not to give him too much encouragement till he spoke out, she shewed as much holy resentment as if they had told her not to say her prayers too devoutly. At length the father remarked the sort of covert passion that gleamed through the eyes of his godly visitor, and he saw, too, the pallid anxious look which had settled on the young brow of his daughter; either this, or some rumours he had heard abroad, or both together, led him to forbid this man his house. The three girls were present when he did so, and all uttered a deprecating 'Oh father!' but the old man added stoutly, 'If you shew yourself here again, reverend sir, I will not only teach you the way out of my house, but out of the city also.' The preacher withdrew, and was never heard of in Philadelphia afterwards; but when a few months had passed, strange whispers began to creep through the circle which had received and honoured him, and, in due course of time, no less than seven unfortunate girls produced living proofs of the wisdom of my informant's worthy father. In defence of this dreadful story, I can only make the often-repeated quotation, 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me;' but, in all sincerity I must add, that I have no doubt of its truth."

Very pretty. One would think that the Americans themselves had some notion that the ladies required watching, if we may credit some other tales of Mrs. Trollope. The Antique Statue Gallery scene is very good.

"One of the rooms of this academy has inscribed over its door,

ANTIQUE STATUE GALLERY.

The door was open, but just within it was a screen, which prevented any objects in the room being seen from without. Upon my pausing to read this inscription, an old woman, who appeared to officiate as guardian of the gallery, bustled up, and addressing me with an air of much mystery, said, 'Now, ma'am, now; this is just the time for you—nobody can see you—make haste.'

"I stared at her with unfeigned surprise, and, disengaging my arm, which she had taken, apparently to hasten my movements, I very gravely asked her meaning.

"'Only, ma'am, that the ladies like to go into that room by themselves, when there be no gentlemen watching them.'

"On entering this mysterious apartment, the first thing I remarked was a written paper deprecating the disgusting depravity which had led some of the visitors to mark and deface the casts in a most indecent and shameless manner. This abomination has unquestionably been occasioned by the coarse-minded custom which sends alternate groups of males and females into the room. Were the antique gallery thrown open to mixed parties of ladies and gentlemen, it would soon cease. Till America has reached the degree of refinement which permits of this, the antique casts should not be exhibited to ladies at all. I never felt my delicacy shocked at the Louvre; but I was strangely tempted to resent as an affront the hint I received, that I might steal a glance at what was deemed indecent. Perhaps the arrangements for the exhibition of this room, the feelings which have led to them, and the result they have produced, furnish as good a specimen of the kind of delicacy on which the Americans pride themselves, and of the peculiarities arising from it, as can be found."

Their conversation, it appears, is equally hedged round with similar fences. We make our last extract.

"Two very indifferent figurantes, probably from the Ambigu Comique, or la Gaîté, made their appearance at Cincinnati while we were there; and had Mercury stepped down, and danced a *pas seul* upon earth, his godship could not have produced a more violent sensation. But wonder and admiration were by no means the only feelings excited: horror and dismay were produced in at least an equal degree. No one, I believe, doubted their being excellent dancers; but every one agreed that the morals of the Western world would never recover the shock. When I was asked if I had ever seen any thing so dreadful before, I was embarrassed how to answer; for the young women had been exceedingly careful, both in their dress and in their dancing, to meet the taste of the people; but had it been Virginia in her most transparent attire, or Taglioni in her most remarkable pirouette, they could not have been more reprobated. The ladies altogether forsook the theatre; the gentlemen muttered under their breath, and turned their heads aside when the subject was mentioned; the clergy denounced them from the pulpit; and if they were named at the meetings of the saints, it was to show how deep the horror such a theme could produce. I could not but ask myself if virtue were a plant, thriving

under the form in one country, and flourishing under a different ~~one~~ in another? If these Western Americans are right, then how dreadfully wrong are we! It is really a very puzzling subject.

"But this was not the only point on which I found my notions of right and wrong utterly confounded; hardly a day passed in which I did not discover that something or other that I had been taught to consider lawful as eating, was held in abhorrence by those around me; many words to which I had never heard an objectionable meaning attached, were totally interdicted, and the strangest paraphrastic sentences substituted. I confess it struck me, that notwithstanding a general stiffness of manner, which I think must exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, the Americans have imaginations that kindle with alarming facility. I could give many anecdotes to prove this, but will content myself with a few.

"A young German gentleman, of perfectly good manners, once came to me greatly chagrined at having offended one of the principal families in the neighbourhood, by having pronounced the word *corsets* before the ladies of it. An old female friend had kindly overcome her own feelings so far as to mention to him the cause of the coolness he had remarked, and strongly advised his making an apology. He told me that he was perfectly well disposed to do so, but felt himself greatly at a loss how to word it.

"An English lady, who had long kept a fashionable boarding-school in one of the Atlantic cities, told me that one of her earliest cares with every new-comer was the endeavour to substitute real delicacy for this affected precision of manner: among many anecdotes, she told me one of a young lady about fourteen, who on entering the receiving-room, where she only expected to see a lady who had inquired for her, and finding a young man with her, put her hands before her eyes, and ran out of the room again, screaming 'A man! a man! a man!'

"On another occasion, one of the young ladies in going up stairs to the drawing-room, unfortunately met a boy, of fourteen, coming down; and her feelings were so violently agitated, that she stopped panting and sobbing, nor would pass on till the boy had swung himself up on the upper banisters to leave the passage free.

"At Cincinnati there is a garden where the people go to eat ices, and to look at roses. For the preservation of the flowers, there is placed at the end of one of the walks a sign-post sort of daub, representing a Swiss peasant girl, holding in her hand a scroll, requesting that the

roses might not be gathered. Unhappily for the artist, or for the proprietor, or for both, the petticoat of this figure was so short as to show her ankles. The ladies saw, and shuddered; and it was formally intimated to the proprietor, that if he wished for the patronage of the ladies of Cincinnati, he must have the petticoat of this figure lengthened. The affrighted purveyor of ices sent off an express for the artist and his paint-pot. He came, but unluckily not provided with any colour that would match the petticoat; the necessity, however, was too urgent for delay; and a flounce of blue was added to the petticoat of red, giving bright and shining evidence before all men of the immaculate delicacy of the Cincinnati ladies.

"I confess I was sometimes tempted to suspect that this ultra refinement was not very deep seated. It often appeared to me like the consciousness of grossness that wanted a veil; but the veil was never gracefully adjusted. Occasionally, indeed, the very same persons who appeared ready to faint at the idea of a statue, would utter some unaccountable sally that was quite startling, and which made me feel that the delicacy of which we were accused had its limits. The following anecdote is hardly fit to tell, but it explains what I mean too well to be omitted.

"A young married lady, of high standing and most fastidious delicacy, who had been brought up at one of the Atlantic seminaries of highest reputation, told me that her house, at the distance of half a mile from a populous city, was unfortunately opposite a mansion of worse than doubtful reputation. 'It is abominable,' she said, 'to see the people that go there; they ought to be exposed. I and another lady, an intimate friend of mine, did make one of them look foolish enough last summer: she was passing the day with me, and, while we were sitting at the window, we saw a young man we both knew ride up there; we went into the garden, and watched at the gate for him to come back; and when he did, we both stepped out, and I said to him, 'Are you not ashamed, Mr. William D., to ride by my house and back again in that manner?' I never saw a man look so foolish!

"In conversing with ladies on the customs and manners of Europe, I remarked a strong propensity to consider every thing as wrong to which they were not accustomed.

"I once mentioned to a young lady that I thought a pic-nic party would be very agreeable, and that I would propose it to some of our friends. She agreed that it would be delightful; but she add-

ed, 'I fear you will not succeed; we are not used to such sort of things here, and I know it is considered very indelicate for ladies and gentlemen to sit down together on the grass.'

Perhaps so! We are pretty sure that Mrs. Trollope has some very queer stories to tell, if she liked; but unless we could catch her over her toddy and oysters, in the fashion of the old ladies of Edinburgh, we could not make her as communicative as we desire.

The United States have much in their favour; but assuredly they must be a "tarnation" country for a lady to travel in. Mrs. Trollope complains sadly of the everlasting spitting and whisky-drinking of the people—their fancy for cocking up their feet higher than their heads, of wearing their hats and pulling off their coats in female society—their passion for gin-cocktail, and the perfect equality of their rudeness—the want of civilised cookery, and the abominable haste in which they gulp down their dinners—their perpetual stuffing you with politics, and the cool taking-for-granted of their superiority over all the rest of the world, &c. Now, we of the odious male sex can in a great degree tolerate most of these things. We know that if tobacco is to be chewed, the salivary organs must be in requisition—that drinking whisky may be a very reprehensible practice, but that it nevertheless is in considerable favour in various quarters of the globe—that gin-cocktail is very pleasant tipples, as Mrs. Trollope would confess, if she were to order a bowl at the Cocoa-tree—that nations so low in the scale of civilisation as Yankee-land cannot be expected to arrive at the last excellence of polished mankind, a scientific dinner, and that they may be pardoned, therefore, for getting rid of the aboriginal viands set before them with all the rapidity of which the human jaw is capable—that as we do not fancy the possibility of making a silk purse out of the auricular region of the porcine female, we do not seek for models of manners among the half-horse half-alligator ripstavers of Kentucky; and as for politics, why, after thirteen months' debating on the Reform bill, and the infliction of so much oratory from the great lights of Whiggery and the rising talent of the day, we are

equal to enduring any imposition of political discussion from New Orleans to Niagara. But we admit all this must be absolutely hideous to a lady. She besides wants one consolation which we have;—the American girls are very pretty; (indeed, Mrs. Trollope never ceases chanting their praises in this particular,) and the American gentlemen very especial louts. The opposite sexes are therefore differently entertained during their sojourn.

We shall take a more suitable opportunity of examining the grave questions to which the form of the American government, the institutions of the country, its position towards Europe, its past history, and its future prospects, give rise. The *Quarterly Review* has executed this part of its task pretty well; but much remains to be said. The Americans themselves are persuaded that every thing among them is for the best, and cannot bear contradiction on this topic. As Mrs. Trollope truly says, they are the most thin-skinned nation on the face of the earth.

"When a native of Europe visits America, a most extraordinary species of tyranny is set in action against him; and, as far as my reading and experience have enabled me to judge, it is such as no other country has ever exercised against strangers.

"The Frenchman visits England; he is *abîmé d'ennui* at our stately dinners, shrugs his shoulders at our *corps de ballet*, and laughs à gorge déployée at our passion for driving, and our partial affection for roast beef and plum-pudding. The Englishman returns the visit; and the first thing he does on arriving at Paris is to hasten to *le Théâtre des Variétés*, that he may see '*Les Anglaises pour rire*;' and if among the crowd of laughers you hear a note of more cordial mirth than the rest, seek out the person from whom it proceeds, and you will find the Englishman.

"The Italian comes to our green island, and groans at our climate; he vows that the air which destroys a statue, cannot be wholesome for man; he sighs for orange-trees and macaroni, and smiles at the pretensions of a nation to poetry, while no epics are chanted through her streets. Yet we welcome the sensitive southern with all kindness, listen to his complaints with interest, cultivate our little orange-trees, and teach our children to lip Tasso, in the hope of becoming more agreeable.

"Yet we are not at all superior to the rest of Europe in our endurance of cen-

sure, nor is this wish to profit by it at all peculiar to the English; we laugh at, and find fault with, our neighbours quite as freely as they do with us, and they join the laugh, and adopt our fashions and our customs. These mutual pleasantries produce no shadow of unkindly feeling; and as long as the governments are at peace with each other, the individuals of every nation in Europe make it a matter of pride, as well as of pleasure, to meet each other frequently, to discuss, compare, and reason upon their national varieties, and to vote it a mark of fashion and good taste to imitate each other in all the external embellishments of life.

"The consequence of this is most pleasantly perceptible at the present time in every capital in Europe. The long peace has given time for each to catch from each what was best in customs and manners, and the rapid advance of refinement and general information has been the result.

"To those who have been accustomed to this state of things, the contrast upon crossing to the new world is inconceivably annoying; and it cannot be doubted, that this is one great cause of the general feeling of irksomeness, and fatigue of spirits, which hangs upon the memory while recalling the hours passed in American society.

"A single word indicative of doubt, that any thing, or every thing, in that country is not the very best in the world, produces an effect which must be seen and felt to be understood. If the citizens of the United States were indeed the devoted patriots they call themselves, they would surely not thus encrust themselves in the hard, dry, stubborn persuasion, that they are the stub and heat of the human race, that nothing is to be learnt but what they are able to teach, and that nothing is worth having which they do not possess.

"The art of man could hardly discover a more effectual antidote to improvement than this persuasion; and yet I never listened to any public oration, or read any work, professedly addressed to the country, in which they did not labour to impress it on the minds of the people.

"To hint to the generality of Americans that the silent current of events may change their beloved government, is not the way to please them; but, in truth, they need be tormented with no such fear. As long as by common consent they can keep down the pre-eminence which nature has assigned to great powers,—as long as they can prevent human respect and human honour from resting upon high talent, gracious manners, and exalted station, so long may they be sure of going on as they are.

"I have been told, however, that there are some among them who would gladly see a change; some, who with the wisdom of philosophers, and the fair candour of gentlemen, shrink from a profession of equality which they feel to be untrue, and believe to be impossible."

The believers in these opinions, and there are many such, are increasing, and nothing but the dread of mob clamour keeps them from expressing their sentiments. Mrs. Trollope justly observes, that there is a small patrician band in the States who dwell apart, and leave the politics of the country to be managed by their tailors and tinkers. The time, however, will ere long come when this band will begin to act otherwise; and when they do, the dynasty of the tailors and tinkers is at an end. Why does not some tourist endeavour to give us a sketch of this particular class of men—we mean the real gentry of the Union? They appear to us to be the most singularly situated order in the world—the highest aristocrats conceivable in the midst of a brawling democracy, which they look upon with the profoundest disdain at heart, though offering to it, when necessity leads them to speak on political subjects at all, the humblest tribute of lip homage—exiles in their native land, their thoughts dwelling among other people and different institutions, and their hopes and aspirations directed to the overthrow of systems which, out of their own immediate coteries, they are obliged to declare the perfection of wisdom and genius. Galt, if we be not greatly mistaken, possesses ample materials for giving us graphic pictures of this caste, which has hitherto been overlooked by those who have written or reasoned about America.

We, of course, expect, with Mrs. Trollope, that her work will be excessively unpopular in the United States, and suppose that by this time many a voice is loud in its reprobation, and many a pen sharpened to cut it in pieces. The usual style of criticism will be adopted. A mistake in an obscure locality will be set down as proof undeniable of ignorance of the country—a mispelt name adduced as a sure mark of the want of the powers of observation. The newspapers will be angry, the reviews caustic—the Yankee will calculate that the lady has been considerably ungrateful, the polished Kentuckian will express his determina-

tion to cowhide the old woman, if she ever comes in his way. All this is as it should be.

But, whimsically enough, we have before us a book written by as genuine an American as ever abused another country—even by Mr. Paulding himself, whilome Secretary of the American Navy, and author of *Brother Jonathan* in England, a work in which we were exposed to considerable satire of a singular kind. We are sorry to say that we have but a misty recollection of this last composition, which purported to be the journal of an American traveller among us. We recollect, however, that he crosses the bridge which joins Twickenham and Greenwich—certainly a most stupendous work of art, and one well calculated to excite the wonder of the wayfarer as he journeyed along the arch which sweeps over London—and remember a conversation overheard by Mr. J. as he drove upon the top of a coach along the Strand, between two gentlemen consulting one another upon the state of the weather, as they lounged, full of *cnnui*, along the pavement. These little touches of nice observation are quite refreshing; and the character bestowed upon the English nation is deduced from particulars as correctly noticed as the span of a bridge thrown over London, or the lounging colloquy of idlers in the Strand overheard by the passers-by on the summit of the silent mail.

This gentleman has lately published a novel called the *Dutchman's Fireside*, which has been in no small degree extolled in divers quarters in this country, and has received a unanimous tribute of approbation in his own. It is sufficient to say that it was published by the illustrious house of Colburn and Bentley, to account for no trifling measure of approbation among the best public instructors here—its having been written by a republican gives it a fair right to the approbation of the *Westminster Review*, which it accordingly received—and the nationality of America supplied the rest. To speak plainly, there is some good writing in the book. It gives the life of a rustic lad, shy of female company, reared among the Dutch settlers in a primitive fashion, stimulated by affection for a fair cousin to attempt to play the man, and, by mixing in manly affairs, obtaining a more just estimate of his own powers, and, of course,

wooing and winning his lady-love. The story is trifling—it is only just to Paulding to say that he does not make any pretension to the formation of a regular novel—and the work derives its interest from the sketches of individual and national character which it contains. That of Timothy Weasel, for instance, is perfect, and quite new. Sir William Johnson (who, by the by, is not well managed—he is, in fact, struck in a wrong key,) thus introduces Tim, while recommending him as a companion to the hero in a spying expedition among the Indians.

“ ‘ Timothy Weasel! who is he? ’

“ ‘ What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmounter, as he calls himself? ’

“ ‘ Never. ’

“ ‘ Well, then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real ‘cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women, and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighbouring settlements, in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, had, as he says, only been ‘playing possum,’ raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one’s blood run cold. He managed to rouse himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighbouring settlement, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and then was put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the mean time the people of the settlement had gone and buried the

remains of his unfortunate family and neighbours. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favourable to killing the ‘kitters,’ as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself, but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the red-skins, ‘a woman’ in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game, that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of these ‘kitters.’ ”

Timothy himself is shortly afterwards introduced on the scene.

“ He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp, angular features, and a complexion, of course, bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt colour; his beard of a month’s growth at least; and his eye, of sprightly blue, never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest, or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarm.

“ ‘ Timothy,’ said Sir William, ‘ I want to employ you to-night.’ ”

“ ‘ H-e-m-m,’ answered Timothy.

“ ‘ Are you at leisure to depart immediately? ’

“ ‘ What, right off? ’

“ ‘ Ay, in less than no time.’ ”

“ ‘ I guess I am.’ ”

“ ‘ Very well—that means you are certain.’ ”

“ ‘ I’m always sartin of my mark.’ ”

“ ‘ Have you your gun with you? ’

“ ‘ The kitter is just outside the door.’ ”

“ ‘ And plenty of ammunition? ’

“ ‘ Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition? ’ ”

" 'Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?'

" 'Can't I? h-e-m-m!'

" 'And you are all ready?'

" 'I 'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got every thing to hand.'

" 'Have you any thing to eat by the way?'

" 'No; if I only stay out two or three days I sha'n't want any thing.'

" 'But you are to have a companion.'

" Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

" 'I'd rather go alone.'

" 'But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you.'

" Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

" 'I'd rather go by myself,' said he again.

" 'That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?'

" 'Yes.'

" Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy, much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

" 'But mayn't I shoot one of these tawny kitters if he comes in my way?'

" Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

" 'No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you.'

" 'Well, that's what I call hard; but may-be it will please God to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort.'

Timothy's conduct all through is in perfect keeping with this sketch. Paulding is at home here. Try him at a sketch of an English gentleman.

" Sir Thicknesse Throgmorton was what is now generally designated 'a real John Bull'; a being combining more of the genuine elements of the ridiculous than perhaps any other extant. Stiff as buckram, and awkward as an ill-contrived automaton; silent, stupid, and ill-mannered, yet at the same time full of pretensions to a certain deference, due only from others in exchange for courtesy and good breeding. Ignorant of his own country from incapacity to learn, and of the rest of the world from a certain contemptuous stupidity, he exalted the one, and contemned the other, without knowing exactly why, except that—that it certainly was so, and there was an end of the matter. His bow was both an outrage upon Nature and inclination,

except when he bent to the lady of the governor, or the governor himself; and his dancing the essence of solemn stupidity, aiming at a dignified *nonchalance*. Nothing called forth his lofty indignation more than being spoken to by an inferior in rank, dress, or station. This indignation was manifested by a most laughable jumble of insurmountable clumsiness with affected dignity and high aristocratic breeding. There was nothing he so much valued himself upon as the air noble. Independently of the outrage upon his personal, hereditary, and official dignity, manifested by an abrupt address from an inferior, Sir Thicknesse had another special cause for disliking to be spoken to by strangers. The fact is, he was so long in collecting the materials of an answer to the most common observation, that he seldom forgive a person for putting him to the trouble. He had a most rare and, at that time, original style of making the agreeable, which is now, however, pretty general among high-bred persons. He placed himself directly opposite the lady, straddling like a gigantic pair of brass tongs, to collect his ideas into one great explosion—such, for instance, as 'Don't you find it rather warm, *Mam*?' Perfectly satisfied with this mighty effort, the Knight would strut off in triumph, to repose himself for the rest of the evening under the shade of his laurels. Added to this he was a grumbling, ill-tempered, dissatisfied being, full of pretensions on the score of his personal accomplishments and the interest of his family. There is nothing, in fact, so dignified in the eyes of 'a real John Bull' as possessing a family influence, which renders personal merit and services quite superfluous.

" With regard to the person of Sir Thicknesse, it was admirably contrived to set off his exemplary awkwardness to the best advantage. It was a perfect caricature of dignified clumsiness. His limbs struck you as being too large for his body, until you studied the latter, when it seemed perfectly clear that the body was too large for the limbs. Taken by itself, every feature of his face was out of proportion; but examine them in connexion as a whole, and there was an harmonious combination of unfinished magnitude, that constituted a true and just proportion of disproportions. His eyes sent forth a leaden lustre; his nose was equally compounded of the pug and the bottle; his lips would have been too large for his mouth, had not his mouth been large enough to harmonise with them; and his cheeks expanded into sufficient amplitude to accommodate the rest of his face without any of the fea-

turns being crowded two in a room, which every body knows is the abomination of every 'real John Bull' in existence. Sir Thicknesse was of an ancient and honourable family, distinguished in the annals of England. One of his ancestors had committed an assassination in the very precincts of the court, and being obliged to fly in the disguise of a peasant, in order the more effectually to escape detection, was overtaken by the king's pursuivant, sawing wood with one of his companions in a forest. His attendant faltering on the appearance of the pursuivant, for a moment stopped sawing, when the other exclaimed significantly, 'Thorough'—or 'Through'—tradition is doubtful which. The attendant took the hint, continued his work, and the pursuivant passed them without detection. In memory of this great exploit, the illustrious fugitive from justice adopted this phrase as the motto of his coat of arms; and it descended to his posterity. Another of his illustrious ancestors was distinguished in the wars of York and Lancaster for his inflexible loyalty, being always a most staunch supporter of the king *de facto*, and holding kings *de jure* in great contempt. A third, and the greatest of all the family of Sir Thicknesse, was an illegitimate descendant of a theatrical strumpet and a scoundrel king, who demonstrated the force of blood by afterward marrying an actress of precisely the same stamp as her from whom he sprang. No wonder Sir Thicknesse was proud of his family."

Now, Paulding was not at home *here*. He had seen or heard of such people as Timothy Weasel—of English gentlemen he knew nothing. The picture of Sir J. Throgmorton is that of one of the travelling bagmen, who pass in the eyes of the Yankees as pure specimens of the aristocracy of England. "Don't you find it rather warm, *Mawm*?" is pure bagman. The genealogic and heraldic lore displayed in this extract is quite decisive of Paulding's pretensions. Timothy Weasel never would have mistaken an Algonquin for an Utawas;—if he did, his fame as a hunter of the Indians would be undone. What are we to think of the depicor of English manners who jumbles the device of the Hamiltons, the family history of the St. Albans, with the names of Thicknesse and Throckmorton—and blends them all into a character drawn from an original who travelled in razors or Macassar oil? It is curious enough that

the same class of men—the English aristocracy—which thus affords butts for the bungling humour of the provincial Paulding, who never saw one of the order, should be selected by Madame de Stael (in her *Corinne*), and fifty others who had every opportunity of knowing them, and had seen the models of the gentleman caste in all its varieties throughout the world, as the stock from which their most accomplished heroes were to be drawn.

We have made these extracts merely for the purpose of shewing that Paulding can describe character which he has seen, and that his prejudices are, to the last degree of absurdity, anti-English. Let us, therefore, take a few of his speculations respecting his countrymen.

Mrs. Trollope can compare the eternal noise and turmoil of the quarterly elections in America to nothing but the torment of the teasing insects of the country. She maintains, also, that probity is far from being regarded by our Transatlantic brethren as of much moment in their choice of public men, or the conduct of these said public men after they have been appointed. What says Paulding?

"Who, indeed, that hath gathered from history and tradition a picture of the manners, modes, and morals of the ancient patriarchs of Albany and its neighbourhood, but will be inclined to contrast them dolefully with those of the present times? Who but will sigh to behold their places usurped by gilded butterflies, ostentatious beggary, empty pretence, and paltry affectation? In the room of men independent of the smiles and frowns of bankers or bankrupts, he will find speculators glittering in their borrowed plumage for an hour or two, then passing away, leaving nothing behind them but the wrecks of their unprincipled career. Where once sat the simple magistrates, administering the few simple laws necessary to regulate the orderly community over which they presided, is now collected a body of garrulous, ignorant, visionary, or corrupt legislators, pampering their own private interests at the expense of the public good, and sacrificing the prosperity of one portion of the state to the grasping avidity of another. In the room of prosperous yeomanry and independent mechanics, we behold crowds of hungry expectants, neglecting the sure and only means of competency, and begging, in the abjectness of a debased spirit, permission to sacrifice their independence for a wretched pittance, held under the

wretched tenure of a man who has no will of his own. The once quiet city, where the name and the idea of political corruption was unknown, is now a whirlpool of intrigue, where empty bubbles are generated and kept alive by the agitation of the waters, and boiling and conflicting eddies gather into one focus all the straws, and chaff, and feathers, and worthless nothings, that float upon the surface of the stormy puddle.

"Undoubtedly, simplicity of manners is one of the great pillars of morality. It circumscribes our wants, and thus diminishes those besetting temptations to extravagance and dishonesty which originate in and receive their power from the love of dress, splendour, display, and luxury. Those who set an inordinate value upon the qualification of these vanities will come in time to sacrifice to their attainment all that solid stock of happiness which is derived from the possession of integrity and independence. An age of simplicity is, therefore, an age of morality; and hence it is, that the wisest writers of antiquity have made simplicity of manners essential to the preservation of that liberty which cannot be sustained by a luxurious and corrupt people. That our own high feelings of independence are rapidly fleeing away before the quick steps of ostentation and luxury, and that the love of wealth, as the means of attaining to these gratifications, is becoming the ruling passion, must be obvious to all observers."

What says Mrs. Trollope?

"I heard an Englishman, who had been long resident in America, declare, that in following, in meeting, or in overtaking, in the street, on the road, or in the field, at the theatre, the coffee-house, or at home, he had never overheard Americans conversing without the word *DOLLAR* being pronounced between them. Such unity of purpose, such sympathy of feeling, can, I believe, be found nowhere else, except, perhaps, in an ant's nest. The result is exactly what might be anticipated. This sordid object, for ever before their eyes, must inevitably produce a sordid tone of mind, and, worse still, it produces a seared and blunted conscience on all questions of probity. I know not a more striking evidence of the low tone of morality which is generated by this universal pursuit of money, than the manner in which the New England States are described by Americans. All agree in saying that they present a spectacle of industry and prosperity delightful to behold, and this is the district and the population most constantly quoted as the finest specimen

of their admirable country; yet I never met a single individual in any part of the Union who did not paint these New Englanders as sly, grinding, selfish, and tricking."

Mrs. Trollope is elsewhere not more vaticinatory of the overthrow of the American republic than its ex-Secretary—or more ready to denounce the "garrulous, ignorant, visionary, and corrupt legislators" of the States. Indeed, she, not having had the same opportunity of knowing them so intimately as Paulding, only sets them down as proving blockheads—he, to the manner born, depicts them as prating knaves.

She is shocked by the division in social life between the gentlemen and ladies, and attributes to it most of the coarseness and vulgarity of the Americans. The very idea of Paulding's book is derived from the absurd bashfulness of a young American gentleman, who, though possessed of the finest faculties, dares not speak to a lady. The following sentences might seem extracted from Mrs. Trollope—they are, in truth, from the Dutchman's Fireside:

"Nothing contributes so much to the relative dignity and virtue of the two sexes as the estimation in which they hold each other. Where women are neglected by their countrymen, or where men are neglected by their countrywomen, in their admiration for strangers, the result will probably be the degradation of both in the eyes of each other, and the estimation of those whose attentions they court."

What says Mrs. Trollope? After describing the forlorn condition of the ladies of Cincinnati, separated at supper from their sotted spouses, and the general neglect of lady society in the Union, she continues:

"I am led to mention this feature of American manners very frequently, not only because it constantly recurs, but because I consider it as being in a great degree the cause of that universal deficiency in good manners and graceful demeanour, both in men and women, which is so remarkable."

"Where there is no court, which every where else is the glass wherein the higher orders dress themselves, and which, again reflected from them to the classes below, goes far towards polishing, in some degree, a great majority of the population, it is not to be expected

that manner—should be made so much a study, or should attain an equal degree of elegance; but the deficiency, and the total difference, is greater than this cause alone could account for. The hours of enjoyment are important to human beings every where; and we every where find them preparing to make the most of them. Those who enjoy themselves only in society, whether intellectual or convivial, prepare themselves for it; and such make but a poor figure when forced to be content with the sweets of solitude; while, on the other hand, those to whom retirement affords the greatest pleasure, seldom give or receive much in society. Wherever the highest enjoyment is found by both sexes in scenes where they meet each other, both will prepare themselves to appear with advantage there. The men will not indulge in the luxury of chewing tobacco, or even of spitting; and the women will contrive to be capable of holding a higher post than that of unwearied tea-makers."

Indeed, the staple wit of Paulding's book shows the low estimation in which the ladies are held among his countrymen. They are the general commonplace butts of his very commonplace jests. An English officer is abused whenever it is possible; but a woman is at all times the regular subject for petty jeering and low sarcasm.

His account, however, of the modes of life of his fashionable countrywomen tallies, in a great measure, with that of Mrs. Trollope:

"Does not the fair reader, who, per-adventure, at the moment of reading this, sits at a window with our book in her hand, looking at the whiskered beaux as they pass up and down Broadway—does she not shudder at this dead loss of time—this blank in the existence of poor Catalina? Perhaps she is anticipating a visit to the Springs, to Long Branch, or Nahant, and grows pale at the very anticipation of a four days' passage, involving four days of absence from these happy retreats of people whose time is so precious. Let us see what privations this delay involves. The loss of at least forty-eight tumblers of Congress water—of four execrable dinners—of four restless, uncomfortable nights—a subscription ball—three dozen changes of dress—and three hundred and seventy-five desperate yawns at the Springs—of four or five bathings on the beach, followed by four or five shiverings when the sea-breeze comes in—of the pleasure of seeing the ladies make their transits to and fro from the waves, looking, not like the

fabled goddess rising from the ocean, but, with reverence be it spoken, like old clothes-women when they go in, and drowned rats when they come out—of spending day after day in a delightful variety of eating, drinking, and sleeping—sleeping, eating, and drinking—and drinking, eating, and sleeping—of being obliged to devour your dinners quicker than they do in a manufactory or a steam-boat, and discuss crabs and tough mutton against time—to sleep before dinner and after dinner, and between dinner and tea—finally, to endure the exemplary tyranny of Mrs. Sears, and suffer under the worst of all despotisms, that of a petticoat government at Long Branch:—or to pass all day watching for the sea-serpent—to magnify every porpoise into his likeness—to see the ripples of the waves assume the likeness of his joints, and to exercise the last degree of human credulity in believing in the existence of that fabled monster under the penalty of being frowned on by the young ladies, and denounced by their honoured fathers as freemasons, Jackson-men, and unbelievers, at Nahant."

His ideas of the educational ladies is not much different from hers:

"Madam Vancour had been seized with a passion for doing good on a great scale—a dangerous propensity in woman, because it is apt to degenerate into the weakness of indiscriminate charity. To relieve the distresses of mankind without encouraging their vices, their idleness, and extravagance, is a nice and delicate task: it requires a knowledge of the dark side of the world, and a self-denial which women happily seldom attain; and hence it is that the large share they have taken of late in the distribution of public and private charities has, without doubt, been one of the main causes of the vast increase of idleness, poverty, and their consequent vices, which cannot but be evident to every observer."

He takes an opportunity elsewhere of silyly expressing his opinion of the people who manage charities in general in America:

"Dennis Vancour was a good man. He never—for it was not the fashion at that time—he never was secretary, or, what is still better, treasurer to a society for expending the hard gains of honest industry in the encouragement of idleness and unthrift. He never went about begging of others what he was able to bestow himself; nor did he spend his time in the mischievous occupation of

doing good to his fellow-creatures, the poor, by teaching them, as the wise and benevolent Franklin has it, 'that there are other means of support besides industry and economy.'

"But these sins of omission were more than balanced by rare and valuable virtues. He never belied, or cheated, or overreached a human being."

This, we think, strongly indicates that, in Mr. Paulding's opinion, it is the fashion of *this* time in America to belie, cheat, and overreach everybody. Mrs. Trollope's testimony is pretty much to the same effect.

Paulding and Mrs. Trollope open on the subject of slaves. Mrs. Trollope is, however, tolerant of Quattrons — Paulding despises all colours short of White, and thinks slave emancipation humbug.

"She was the mother of three generations of blacks—I beg pardon—of people of colour—who all appertained to the establishment. The boys, at the time of their birth, were given to some one of the young white members of the family, to whom they continued especially attached all their lives; and the girls were in like manner considered the property of the young ladies, who attended strictly to their conduct, and taught them to be useful, as well as virtuous. They were all treated kindly, and as a part of the family; and there was something in the connexion of mutual services, mutual good-will, and mutual protection, thus established, that made the relation of master and slave, in those simple, honest times, one of the most endearing and respectable of all those which subsist between man and man. The slaves did not study metaphysics, nor stultify themselves with dissertations on the relative claims of the two rival colours of the present day; but they were far more happy, virtuous, and useful both to themselves and society, than the wretched victims of a rash and miscalculating philanthropy we see every day at the police and the quarter-sessions. Their labours were not more heavy than those of the owners of themselves and of the soil which they cultivated; they worked in the same fields, or at the same employments; and when they had given to their master the fruits of their youth and manhood, they found at his kitchen fire-side a refuge for the evening of their days. They neither spent it in the poor-house nor the penitentiary.

"It was gratifying in those days to see the interest which these old and

faithful retainers took in the affairs of their master, and the manner in which they, as it were, identified their own characters and consequence with his. The master and mistress were not afraid to go a journey and leave the house in charge of one of these; for they knew it would be even more carefully attended to than if they were at home. These poor people did not then, as they do now, consider themselves in the light of a wronged and injured race, whose right, nay, whose duty it was to resist, to run away, to defraud, to rob, or to murder their masters, if it were necessary, in the pursuit of freedom. The idea of a separation of interests between them and their masters never entered their heads; and if it had, their hearts would have rejected the suggestion."

• Something the same is in Mrs. Trollope. But she breathes a sigh over the native Indian:

"The circumstance which renders their expulsion from their own, their native lands, so peculiarly lamentable, is, that they were yielding rapidly to the force of example; their lives were no longer those of wandering hunters, but they were becoming agriculturists, and the tyrannical arm of brutal power has not now driven them, as formerly, only from their hunting grounds, their favourite springs, and the sacred bones of their fathers; but it has chased them from the dwellings their advancing knowledge had taught them to make comfortable; from the newly-ploughed fields of their pride; and from the crops their sweat had watered. And for what? To add some thousand acres of territory to the half-peopled wilderness which borders them."

Paulding, true republican, friend to the rights of man, member of Congress, and all that there, has no such notions. He is too liberal, we guess. He is pathetic, to be sure, to the following tune:—

"There were men alive not many years ago, who still remembered what the whole country then was, and whose eyes, though dimmed with age, yet saw what it had since become. The land itself, and the owners of the land, are changed; every animate and inanimate object—every thing living, and every thing dead—all changed! The red man is gone, and the white man is in his place. Such are the mutations of the world! Shall we lament them? No. It is the will and the work of Him that made all, governs all, disposes all; and

it is all for the best, or chance is Providence, and Providence is chance."

Providence is here made responsible for Congress. When the English are to be abused, nothing can be better than lamenting, as Tom Campbell has done, over the destruction of the Red Race—that was all boroughmongering. Slaughtering them now-a-days is only Providence and the natural equality of man.

As to reclaiming them, as Mrs. Trollope dreamt to be possible, that, according to Paulding, is out of the question. He embodies his idea of a reclaimed Indian in the character of a demi-civilised Algonquin, known by the name of Hans Pipe. Attempts had been made to reclaim him;

"But the usual melancholy consequences resulted from these kind and benevolent intentions. The Indian, in proportion as he lost the habits of the savage, acquired the vices of the civilised man, sharpened to a keener edge by the wild vigour of barbarism, and the early absence of the habit of self-restraint. His natural cunning was quickened by the acquirement of some of the practices of the white man; and his natural passions, such as cruelty, revenge, and the love of drinking, strengthened,—the first two by an infinite series of mortifications, insults, perhaps injuries, received from the white people among whom he sojourned, the latter by facility in the means of gratification.

"There are certain plants, and fruits, and flowers, that grow wild in the forest, which improve by being transplanted to the garden and cultivated with care; there are others that shoot forth in the rank and worthless luxuriance of weeds; and there are others that perish under the fostering hand of the most skilful gardener. There are birds and quadrupeds that may be tamed, and others which retain rank traces of their native wildness to the last. So does it seem to be with the race of man. As the Indian orator once said to President Monroe, 'The white man is born for the sunshine, the red man for the shade.' The

white man, the black man, and the man of every colour but the red, may be tamed, and improve by taming. He alone seems, indeed, born for the woods; it is there the virtues he possesses can alone be exercised to the benefit of himself and his tribe. Place him in the sunshine, in the haunts of social and civilised life, and sad is the experience, and woful the truth—he becomes, ninety-nine times in a hundred, the worst, the most mischievous of mongrels; a compound of the ferocity of the savage, and the cunning, deceit, and sensuality of the civilised scoundrel."

These extracts will do. Mr. Paulding and Mrs. Trollope perfectly agree; or rather, the gentleman goes too far for the lady. Society uncivilised, neglected women, impertinent and selfish men, corrupt or ignorant legislators, want of decency, civilisation, and refinement, figure in both books as the characteristics of the American Whites. She thinks people of colour respectable, does not despair of the civilisation of the Blacks, at least in the next generation, and is sorry for the destruction of the Indians. He, determined that no class of his countrymen should be shewn in colours too favourable, depicts the Blacks of the present day as the wretched victims of a rash, miscalculating philanthropy, whose last refuge is the prison or the penitentiary; the uncivilised Red race as "kitters" fit only for indiscriminate slaughter; and those of their tribes whom attempts have been made to bring towards European habits, as the most mischievous of mongrels, a compound of the ferocity of the savage, and the cunning, deceit, and sensuality of the civilised scoundrel.

Mr. Paulding, as we have already remarked, knows his countrymen, and can accurately describe what he sees. His *Dutchman's Fireside*, valueless as a novel, may be safely referred to as a record of American character. It has been translated into French, which we mention for his especial satisfaction.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S ADDRESS TO ALL CLASSES AND
CONDITIONS OF ENGLISHMEN.*

At the present crisis, when the laws and institutions of the British empire are openly menaced with destruction by a credulous and deluded populace, led on by revolutionary and unprincipled demagogues, aided and abetted by a profligate ministry, whose only hold on popular opinion is the countenance they give to agitation, and whose only chance of maintaining their places is by yielding to clamour and intimidation; it becomes the duty of every man whose love of country is not yet entirely extinguished, and in whose bosom every sense of justice, honour, and loyalty, is not yet obliterated, to use his most strenuous exertions, and make a last stand, in order to avert those calamities with which his King, his country, himself, and his children, are now threatened. When Napoleon declared that a revolution in France was a revolution in Europe, his words contained more truth than many of his admirers were disposed to admit. But insolent as was the exclamation, we question if Bonaparte himself included England in his imperial notions of the geography of Europe. The experience of twenty years had taught him that a revolution in France was *not* a revolution in England. In that short period many revolutionary changes had desolated and impoverished France, the concussion of which had shaken to their base several of the continental thrones, subverted old-established monarchies, sent kings into exile, and converted into French subjects, or rather French slaves, the inhabitants of those unhappy countries which had become the victims of military aggrandisement. All this while, however, England was like an impregnable fortress in the ocean, her ships covering every sea, herself its mistress, bidding defiance to the world, and trampling upon the tri-coloured flag wherever it was exhibited or unfurled, in the very harbours and under the forts of Bonaparte himself.

Despite the bravado directed against her from without, and the occasional growlings of the Whig faction at home—despite the march of infidelity and the

ravages of the French arms, England suffered nothing from revolution. She reposed on the waters, proud, prosperous, and happy, seldom or never aroused from her tranquillity, except to re-echo the shouts of victory wafted to her from the shores of the Nile, from Cape Trafalgar, from the fields of Portugal and Spain, from the passes of the Pyrenees, and last, not least, from the glorious plain of Waterloo. With able and faithful counsellors surrounding the throne of a wise and patriotic king, our beloved country, and her united people, laughed to scorn the threats of France, denounced her atheistical and revolutionary doctrines, and never ceased being at open war with these till a British army was in possession of Paris, and Napoleon a prisoner in St. Helena.

But, alas! when we consider the present relative situation of the two countries—we mean France and England—and contrast it with what it was not many years ago, the reflections which crowd upon our minds are of the most painful and humiliating kind. A new revolution has passed over France, and England is now in close alliance with a foreign revolutionary faction—courting the French minister with all the anxious importunity of a subordinate state, yielding an unsolicited approval of all his acts of foreign interference, and invasion, justifying his violations of international law, extenuating his wilful misrepresentations, even where the honour of England is concerned—and what are the consequences? **REVOLUTION, READY TO BURST FORTH, IN ALL ITS HORRORS, UPON THIS DEVOTED COUNTRY!**

And need we wonder at this? If there were no other causes, arising from democratic sympathy, the mere circumstance of France and England being in alliance for similar objects, if not secretly leagued together against the other governments of Europe, is proof sufficient that the progress of revolution must advance with equal strides and in the same ratio in both countries. Whilst such an unnatural

* An Address to all Classes and Conditions of Englishmen: by the Duke of Newcastle. London: T. and W. Boone. 1832.

union subsists, the views of the two governments must be precisely the same, and the results, whether these involve the stability of the respective monarchies, or the subversion of established institutions, must be the same also. France has once more passed through the ordeal which had been long planned—which the first revolutionists never lost sight of; and if under circumstances of a less revolting nature, these have arisen simply from fear, and a wish to deceive foreign states—a moderation, in fact, forced upon the Jacobins by necessity. But the revolution thus far accomplished—we say nothing of that which is meditated—is not by many degrees of so sweeping and levelling a nature as that which is *in transitu*—which is impending over us—which has forced its way, *in the name of the King*, through a packed and subservient English House of Commons. Some regard was paid to the charter of Louis XVIII.—the elective privileges of the nation were respected—the extension of the franchise was not a deprivation, inasmuch as all who enjoyed it before were allowed to participate in it under the new dynasty. The king was expelled, it is true, and certain recently created peers were stripped of their honours, and deprived of their hereditary rights. All this is bad enough, and yet by no means so wicked, or atrocious, or unjust, as we had a right to expect from the murderers of a king, and the hoary leaders of a revolution rendered infamous and for ever accursed by their insatiable thirst for human blood. But what have we to endure in England, if the present ministers, following the steps of their French allies, are permitted to carry their intended reform into effect? We gladly and most willingly concede that no menace has yet been breathed against the king on the throne, or any member of the illustrious house of Brunswick. Would we could say as much for the Peers! Certainly they are not yet threatened with extinction, nor is it intimated that any portion of the house is to be swamped, or their coronets tossed into the Thames. The upper house is only civilly told, that unless they support the ministerial revolution, they shall be robbed of every grace and ornament of independence—that unless they obey the dictates of the Commons, their heredi-

tary rights, as an independent estate of the realm, shall be at the mercy of certain ministerial creatures, insufferably obedient and base, who will be exalted to the peerage in order to bring the lords into contempt, overawe them by their numbers, vote as they are directed by some under-scrub of the Treasury, and by making the upper house a mere “registry office” for the decrees of the minister and the Commons, render it the scorn of the country, the contemned of all contemnors, the ridicule of the revolutionary faction, a worthless body, servile and degraded, and utterly incompetent to discharge the duties of a legislative assembly.

This, we are told, is meditated, nay, it is *threatened*, by all the communicative organs of Lord Grey's administration. To render that noble house abject, dependent, and inefficient, is the *summum bonum*, the much-desired infliction, the indispensable sacrifice, which our English Jacobins require and demand at the hands of Lord Grey,—demand not only as a propitiatory measure, conceded to yawning and usurping radicalism, but as the only expedient calculated to secure the desired revolution, and guarantee to the detestable faction now in office a long lease of power and emolument.

This infusion of servilism into the peers is to be done by virtue of the royal prerogative. The King, William IV., we are told, is to be made the instrument of inflicting this signal obloquy and disgrace on the nobility of England! WILL HE DO IT?

But no matter—we pass over the painful ideas and apprehensions which the bare mention of such an exercise of the royal prerogative is calculated to suggest, and the still more painful consequences which such a measure, affecting the house of Brunswick itself, most forcibly presents to a loyal mind. Bitter are the fruits of calm reflection in a case of this kind. Appalling are the evils which mingle their poison with the purer hopes of our early attachments. Execrable is the man who presents the cup filled with ingredients which we have reason to suspect and dread, and who, with the complaisance of a courtier, would bid us quaff it with our eyes open, and would exult in the delirium produced by its effects. No, let us wave for the present all discussion as to the

consequences which the degradation of the peerage would have on the monarchy, and proceed to inquire how far the other measures in contemplation bear any analogy to those already adopted by the French Jacobins.

The present ministers of William IV. do not circumscribe their maxims of innovation to the amendment only of the representative system of Great Britain. Theirs is an unhallowed, an unprincipled, a crude, a selfish, and being selfish, a detestable and unjust measure of expediency as concerns themselves, and a sweeping and ruinous revolution as concerns the country. In the first place, it is a measure based on injustice. The present Jacobins of France never countenanced a measure one thousandth part so oppressive in its enactments, or so invidious in its provisions. They extended the political franchise; but they never dreamt of depriving those whom the law invested with it of their prospective exercise of the franchise. But Lord John Russell's purge does all this; it sweeps boroughs and burgesses, freemen resident and non-resident, away at one fell swoop — deprives corporations of their chartered rights — robs Cornwall to pay Durlam — cheats Suffolk to benefit Lancaster — distrains upon the small agricultural towns to enfranchise the unwashed artisans of some place wholly dependent upon agriculture; — and all this without stooping to inquire — without offering any evidence whatever that the parties whom he disfranchises have abused their trust, or have committed any acts which invalidate their rights or should denude them of their privileges. If there were no other objections to the present Reform bill, this, in our estimation, is sufficient to shew its levelling nature and its gross iniquity. If it were a question of equitable adjustment, the weavers of Spitalfields would have as just a claim to the property of the house of Bedford, situated in Covent Garden Market, divided amongst them, as the weavers of Manchester have to the franchises of the towns of Dartmouth and Aldeburgh. No crime has been alleged against these injured parties. It is not even pretended, far less asserted, that these electors are not as capable, in the exercise of their chartered rights, of sending as honest, able, and incorruptible men to the House of Commons, as Manchester or Birmingham.

This, we say, is not so much as insinuated. The argument (if it can be called an argument) is, that these places are more deserving of a voice in the representation than the places deprived of this privilege. But, if this argument be admissible where political privileges are concerned, is it not equally cogent and tenable where the rights of property are involved? If the Duke of Bedford hold property, the turnpike or market dues of which are considered a heavy burden on the citizens of London, why should this property, considering the altered circumstances of the times, not be sacrificed to the general weal, and his grace be deprived by law, as the burgesses of Dartmouth are to be, of these ancient dues, for the public advantage? The Reform bill, without entering upon the conduct or the merits of the parties proposed to be robbed, deprives them of their privileges, which are to them as much property in fee and by descent, and equally recognised by the law, and as much entitled to protection, as is that of the Duke of Bedford in Covent Garden Market.

This, we say again, is INJUSTICE.

Whether we look at the designs of the English ministry, with respect to the peers, or their conduct towards the boroughs, there is a perfect conformity in their proceedings with those of the French Chamber of Deputies. The latter wish to arrive at their goal by a more direct course than the former. The one determines on abolishing the hereditary peerage *at once*; while the other, proceeding more cautiously and more warily, and apparently with more candour, which is nothing but hypocrisy, has resolved first to render the upper house worthless, in order that it may be extinguished with more goodwill and less regret. It does not in the least affect our argument whether Lord Grey shall accomplish his purpose by the creation of servile, certainly not *ennobled* peers, or by intimidating the present peers into submission. The character and independence of the house would be equally shipwrecked by the one measure as by the other. If the Reform bill shall pass into a law, it is clear that either creation or intimidation must be employed, and in either case we say again that such a bill would be fatal to the nobility of England. Down, down they would go —

"To the vile earth from whence they
sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

But the iniquity of such conduct, on the part of the ministry of Earl Grey, assumes another form when we consider the principle upon which the cabinet profess to be guided. They say that thirty, forty, or fifty persons, the electors, for instance, of some borough in Cornwall, ought not to possess the privilege of returning one, far less two members to the Commons' house of parliament. All this may be well and good. But how do the ministers apply the principle to their own official conduct? The cabinet consists of fifteen persons, who, although they deny the eligibility of fifty electors to return a member to the lower house, nevertheless arrogate to themselves the right of nominating, at their will and pleasure, for political purposes, in order also to protect their personal interests, not fewer than fifty or a hundred peers. If they can create ten peers for this purpose, they can, for the same reasons, and armed with the same authority, nominate one hundred or even five hundred. What inconsistency is this! Is the cabinet alone to have the privilege of abusing the principle which they apply in disfranchising corporations? Are these fifteen persons to possess the power which on a lesser scale they condemn in others, of exercising more power than both houses of parliament united, of calling into existence, with their official wands, like Harlequin in the pantomime, a new estate of the realm, in the shape of political peers, whose coronets they have purchased by selling their consciences by public auction? For these men are avowedly created for the purpose of overawing the existing assembly. Is Lord Grey, in defiance of his recorded principles, to exercise an authority which the people, if they were not blind as moles and insensible as the paving-stones in the Strand, must recognise as anomalous to all the professions of these patriotic reformers of Downing Street? But let them proceed in their guilty career. The people, at least that class of people before whom Lord Grey prostrates himself, are expert enough at discovering the errors and weaknesses of public men, and are rarely at a loss to take advantage of them. Let ministers carry their

revolutionary bill, and these people will very soon perceive that such power vested in the cabinet is exceedingly inconvenient. They will, we suppose, make as short work with it as ministers propose doing with what they call the refractory majority of the peers. They will cut up, root and branch, this arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative, with the same blood-hound shout of triumph as they are prepared to utter on the downfall of the peerage, the confiscation of the property of the church, the repeal of the corn-laws, the abolition of taxes, and the spoliation and robbery of the public creditor. These persons,

"Whether they make the rights of man
their theme,
Their country libel, or their God blas-
pheme,"

will, as sure as the sun shines, exact from Lord Grey's administration, if this abominable bill pass into a law, or from his successors, far more in favour of themselves, to the detriment—we ought rather to say the destruction—of the institutions of the country, and in the form of arbitrary restrictions upon the prerogatives of the crown and the power of the executive, than his lordship threatens to exact from the owners of boroughs and the refractory peers.

This, then, being the state of public affairs, and these the frightful prospects which haunt us by night and by day—these the terrors held up to our imagination—this the scorpion lash of revolutionary despotism flourished over our heads—the rabble in the ascendancy, and slavery before us; a venal and wicked ministry in power; the people starving; the beggar bold and insolent at your gate; political integrity at a discount; a feeble king in his old age beset by evil counsellors, anxious to maintain his just authority, but torpid in his resolves, and constrained to make concessions by acts of violence; a corrupt, profligate, and mendacious press, inculcating sedition under special protection; demagogues teaching rebellion by virtue of a patent of precedence; foreign states juggling us by professions of amity, and yet shutting their ports against our commerce, increasing their import dues on our manufactures, assailing and injuring our trade in every quarter of the world, invading neutral states, assaulting our allies, and treating with marked contempt our remon-

stances, thereby bringing the flag, and credit, and honour of England into disgrace,—all this pressing heavily upon us from without, and a clamorous and discontented people, fast sinking into demoralisation, menacing us with civil war; it is nevertheless gratifying to think, that although the majority is listless, there is at least one man, and one of noble birth, and the highest rank—of uncompromising integrity, and unquestionable independence—who has had the courage, regardless of the scoffs of the press, and the revilings of the mob, to hold the mirror up to nature, and address Englishmen, of all ranks and conditions, as they ought invariably to be addressed by all but demagogues and parasites, in the language of truth and soberness. This man is the Duke of Newcastle, whose Address forms the text of this article, and of whose sentiments we have with delight made a liberal appropriation in the foregoing remarks.

Within our limits, we are aware that it is impossible to do justice to the frank and unaffected appeal of the noble author. He has no political partialities to disturb the current of his thoughts, or curb the expression of his unbiassed and independent sentiments. He addresses himself to Englishmen *as* an Englishman—to peers and commoners—to churchman and layman—to the king and his humblest subject—to reformer and anti-reformer—to Tory, Whig, and Radical—with an undisguised openness of tone and manner which is so rare in these times, and which perhaps nothing but a sense of our critical situation as a people, would have extracted from one so averse from public display, and so much inured to retirement and the privacy of domestic life. Considering, as he gives cogent reasons for so doing, the monarchy in danger; the constitution undermined; the church, like a ship amongst breakers, riding upon her last cable, and likely to go down; and one estate of the realm in mortal conflict with the people; he has thrown aside the reserve which some of his party have too long deemed a point of decorum, and given a voice to his opinions in language characteristic alike of simplicity, honesty, fearlessness, and unostentation. There is no parade of words—no studied eloquence—though some of his descriptive passages, particularly that relative to the discussion on the

Reform bill in the house of which he is a member, are truly eloquent—there is no attempt to colour, or disguise, or extenuate, or apologise, or escape from a difficulty which party predilections or mistaken views might induce other men to blink: all is straightforward, and proceeds from a sensitive mind, and from a disposition open as day to melting charity, feelingly alive to the distresses of the country, and the fearful evils which impend over the land of his birth, the home of his fathers, the cradling place of their and his honours.

“Allow me to represent to you,” says the noble duke, in the commencement of his address, “what I conceive our situation, to be. Our finances diminishing from year to year; agriculture, manufactures, commerce, languishing lamentably; public spirit expiring, or nearly extinct; patriotism a dead letter; virtue disregarded; the Church attacked, the State undermined, the Throne circumvented; every interest, every institution, every condition, from the highest to the lowest, our properties, our liberties, and our lives, are placed in the most fearful jeopardy. We see poverty, distress, and pauperism, increasing, vice triumphing, crime frightfully multiplying. We see unions, associations, and other unlawful assemblies, usurping the power of the executive; mob law substituted for the law of the land; and a weak, wicked, and mischievous government fanning the flame of that usurpation, for reasons so selfish, culpable, and criminal, that every honest and well-judging mind must condemn their motives and reprobate their measures.”

“It is but too well known, that for many years distress of no ordinary nature has prevailed, from which, I believe, no class of individuals (save, perhaps, the annuitants) has been exempt. It has oppressed the manufacturer and the commercial man; it of course soon affected the agriculturist, and, by consequence, all those who derive their incomes from the possession of landed property. A concurrence of circumstances may have contributed to such a lamented state of things: various causes are variously assigned. According to my notions, the chief and leading causes are the altered state of the currency, and the introduction of that system which is known by the name of Free Trade. Be this as it may, distress has unabatingly prevailed for many years, and to this hour it is not mitigated. Distress sours the mind of even the best of men; it cannot be wondered at that it should affect a population

frequently reduced almost to a state of starvation. It would be unfeeling and unjust, if I denied to my suffering countrymen that praise which is so eminently due to them. They have, for the most part, borne their sufferings and privations with a most exemplary patience and forbearance from aggression of any kind. Some, however, whose unbridled passions and loose principles received force from the early perversion of education, which I have described, and who had become notorious members of mechanics' institutes and other societies, seeing the fitness of the occasion, and feeling the importance of a better-organized union, seize upon the favourable opportunity.

"It was now that political unions were formed; they soon acquired a show of strength that enabled them to assume a tone of dictation, which it was easy to see would, if permitted, very shortly embarrass the government, and supplant even the executive itself. The 'political unions' were formed upon the plan of the noted Roman Catholic Association. I believe that the first was founded with a good intent; but, once established, they were soon turned to the very worst and most dangerous purposes.

"In an evil hour, ever to be lamented (would that it could be forgotten! would to God that the 'damned spot' could be blotted out!) the bill for giving political power to the papists, and removing from them unconditionally all disabilities whatever, was passed. Passed, as I and many others thought, in opposition to the will and wishes of a large majority of the country, which was affectionately attached to our Protestant institutions in church and state. The petitions on this occasion were numerous, probably beyond all former example; but they were treated with scorn and derision by those supporters of the bill who had formerly arrogated to themselves the title of the friends of the people; almost every petition that was presented became a subject of cavil, mockery, and contest. The 'friends of the people' stifled and scoffed down the inherent right of petition set forth in the fervent prayers and earnest entreaties of a Protestant people, beseeching its legislature not to permit the re-introduction of popery. Not only were petitions treated with contempt and contumely, but the great charter of our liberties, the Bill of Rights, was set aside as a musty record, and our noble constitution disowned, or reviled with the most opprobrious epithets. It was natural that all who were sincerely attached to Protestantism, all who loved and knew how to value the British constitution, should

be deeply wounded: they felt that they were grievously injured; they imputed undue influence and improper motives to the parliament; they considered that it did not upon that occasion represent the sentiments of the nation; and many exemplary and well-meaning persons declared that a reform of parliament was necessary, as undue influence had led to a fatal decision, in opposition to the known national voice.

"Whilst I deplore the blindness, or the delusion, or the error, or the insatiation, which possessed these hitherto conscientious supporters of the constitution, I must not omit to remark, that, amongst the zealous advocates of reform (which, I maintain, is synonymous with revolution), none have been found more forward than those who were bound in gratitude to that parliament and that administration which had restored them to political life. No sooner was animation restored, than they stung the hand which vivified them, and assisted to overthrow the constitution, in the benefits of which they had aspired to participate. The Romanists, with, I believe, only one, or, at most, a very few honourable exceptions, have been found in the foremost ranks of reform."

It is true that those Tories who were favourable to reform, or rather saw the necessity for some amendment in the representation, in consequence of the conduct of the Wellington ministry, never for a moment contemplated any such sweeping and revolutionary measure as that now in progress. They have accordingly returned to their former position, the uncompromising opponents of Lord John Russell's bill, choosing rather "to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." Whatever regrets they may feel as to the disunion of their party, their conduct has been upright and consistent: would to Heaven we could say as much for the authors of their divisions! But it is a painful subject, and we willingly drop it.

The calm dignity with which the debate on the rejection of the first bill was conducted in the House of Lords must still be fresh in the memory of all our readers; but we cannot refrain from inserting a well-merited eulogium upon it from the pen of one who was an interested spectator of the scene.

"In coming to the discussion of this fatal bill," says the noble duke, "it is utterly impossible that any assembly could have laboured under

greater disadvantages. All that could be said, all that could be written, all that could be done, was set to work in the most nefarious manner, to detract, to intimidate, to vilify, to obstruct, by every art, by every threat, by every scheme that the tongue, or mind, or invention of man could devise, to overawe the peers, and to drive them from the performance of their duty. Here was moral, and, I am sorry to add, physical influence also, actively, unremittingly, authoritatively used, to overbear the House of Lords.

"I must not omit another incident—the creation of twenty-four new peers, in addition to a house already too numerous: be it observed also, *all created in the short space of less than one year*, and there can be no doubt, an extraordinary sacrifice on the part of the sovereign, who graciously consented to stretch his prerogative very far beyond the prudential limits, in granting so enormous a concession to the advice of his minister.

"Under circumstances such as these, the House of Lords entered upon the discussion.

"Although a member of that body, which, from having done its duty, will, I am surely convinced, never cease to be perpetuated in the remembrance and affection of every Englishman who has the slightest pretensions to worth, honesty, or patriotism; yet I must frankly own, that I could not behold the nature of its proceedings unmoved. The manner in which the peers met the performance of their duty, was, I may safely assert, as fine a scene as ever was witnessed. It was truly glorious and edifying to see men under the circumstances in which they were placed, under the awful responsibility of their position, of which they were subsequently so efficiently reminded; it was, I repeat, a grand, elevating, and proud, though painful spectacle, to see men met together to deliberate, whether the noble constitution of their ancestors and of themselves should be maintained by their wisdom, courage, and consistency, or whether they should basely deliver it into the foul hands of revolutionary harpies, for mutilation and ultimate destruction. It was a proud sight to see the peers of England, unawed by menace, regardless of stratagem, dreading no consequence but that of a seared conscience, proceed in the fulfilment of their duty, with calmness, dignity, and composed determination, which can never be forgotten by any one who was present;—by me it will be remembered in grateful and unfading recollection, whilst memory holds her seat.

"After a long and most elaborate discussion, the bill was finally rejected. The House of Lords proved its worth,—it proved that it possessed, in its ranks men who were endowed with talents of the highest order, for the arguments and eloquence were worthy of the brightest displays in any place, or at any former period; they were never surpassed as a whole, perhaps never before equalled. It proved, too, that it knew and appreciated the sacredness of its trust, and that, in the execution of it, it was resolved to be without fear and without reproach."

Of the rejected bill itself, the noble author expresses himself as follows:—

"The present ministers entered upon office under circumstances of a very advantageous nature. Their accession to office was greeted with satisfaction and considerable expectation. It was the same party which, on a former occasion, obtained the appellation of 'all the talents.' The sequel has proved how little this title was merited, and how often '*tel qui brille au second rang, s'éclipse au premier.*' But what must have been the confidence of these persons in their own profound ability, when they presumed to lay before parliament a measure, not to amend and ameliorate, but one to destroy and reconstruct. They find a constitution, the admiration and envy of the whole world, and which until lately, that we are grown 'unkind and unnatural,' was the pride and boast of every Englishman; they call it imperfect, and to make it better, they destroy the work of the practical wisdom of successive ages, and substitute in its place a new one, no doubt the work of the Birmingham artisans; but by whomsoever composed, it is the *arrantest counterfeit*, the most barefaced cheat, the most tangled mass of incongruities, impracticabilities, injustice, and nonsense, that ever emanated from the brains of rational men, or ever was ushered in under the auspices of a talented cabinet. I put it to the common sense of any one, whether he does not laugh to scorn this new constitution, as much as he pities the obliquity of judgment which could have led any set of Englishmen to imagine the overthrow of the old and approved British constitution by the substitution of a vain conceit, a palpable, ill-executed counterfeit.

"The bill remedies none of the evils which it professes to cure. Does it make the constituency more pure? No; the impurity, if such it is, is by the last bill to be preserved! Does it destroy the influence of peers? No; on the contrary, one of the chief arguments in favour of the new scheme is, that every peer will now have the power of intrig-

tiating himself with the electors, and rendering himself popular: if he can do this, then he will be able to influence the elections, and may obtain parliamentary power. Does it equalise the representation? No; it proceeds, in the most arbitrary manner, to select those who are to form the Utopian constituency. I say, if you admit the inherent right of every Englishman to vote for a representative, you must grant the right to all; for, if it be a right, it must not be withheld; if it be not a right, and that the qualification is to be given by an arbitrary rule, why then I say continue to us what we have hitherto had.

"Then, again, by the most unheard-of injustice and tyranny, the small boroughs are to be totally annihilated and robbed of their chartered rights: convicted of no crime, accused of no delinquency, not even allowed the form or semblance of a previous trial, but by the arbitrary will of a reckless ministry and a packed parliament, they are to be blotted out of the constituency, unrequited even by a bare allowance of compensation. For, as writes a noble author on the English constitution, and who, we must conclude, may be an author of the Reform bill also:

"By such means, if applied with judgment and sincere desire of improvement, the balance of the House of Commons might be thrown once more on the side of the people, without so violent a measure as declaring the privilege of the small boroughs to be forfeited. Undoubtedly those privileges are a trust—but so is the crown; and we ought to have as good, and as strong, and as cogent reasons for disfranchising Old Sarum, as we had for expelling James II." *Mark here the gross injustice and partiality of the last bill: in those places where the boroughs are preserved, there the right of voting will also be preserved to the present voters; but in the places which are to be disfranchised, there not only will those boroughs be deprived of their chartered and inalienable rights and privileges, but the voters of those places will also be deprived of their votes. Mark, again, the scandalous partiality in the selection. Observe: a reformer's borough is seldom to be touched, and is always favoured; whilst the great spoliation is levelled against the boroughs of the conservators. And why is this? obviously because party-advantage, not the good of the country, is the whole object of the bill. The reforming party see clearly, that, if they can pass this bill, they are settled in office for half a century perhaps; or, at all events, that the conservative party cannot obtain an entrance, and that the future choice must be between them and something still worse."*

Few men in any rank of life have recently been more frequently the subject of vulgar vituperation by the hirelings of the radical press than the Duke of Newcastle. Perhaps no higher compliment than this could be paid to his loyalty and his consistent and independent principles. But, at a period like the present, when these malevolent aspersions are directed against persons of his rank in life, apparently for no other purpose than to stimulate the angry passions of the mob, and point them out as fit victims of their ferocity, these noble persons owe it to themselves to stand forward in their own vindication. This the noble duke has done with singularly good taste, and we regret much that our limits prevent us from quoting his own words.

In speaking of the other measures, or rather the series of failures of the present ministry, the exposure of the author is equally effective. "I beg to recall to your recollection," says his grace, "the celebrated budget; did not that pre-eminently fail? Look at the several attempts at legislation which have been strangled in their birth, but most especially the Irish Arms bill; did that display legislative wisdom? The only bill of any consequence that has passed into a law is the Game bill, and that has remarkably failed in the result anticipated by the luckless projectors." Again—"At home the failure of all the ministerial measures has been notoriously complete. Now look back at our foreign policy; what have we done in that branch which redounds to the honour, or conduces to the advantage of England? French connexion seems to be the leading feature. French alliance ought not, perhaps, to be objected to; but every care should be taken that evil communication does not corrupt good manners, and that no sacrifice should be made to that revolutionary France which now keeps England in a ferment. What credit have we gained by sacrificing our old allies? Why is Portugal to be abandoned by us, and insulting language to be used against our oldest ally? But very especially I ask you to reflect upon the nature of our conduct towards the King of the Netherlands. See how we have patronised revolution by favouring Belgium. Why do we desert our ally in the time of his utmost

need? We have deserted him because his subjects revolted; revolution was the rage; the reformers threw up their caps in favour of the '*brave Belgians*,' and our government had not the magnanimity, or they had not the will, to discourage the revolutionary frenzy. Belgium is become an unsightly wen on the body politic of Europe; the sooner it is eradicated, and the parts reunited, the better it will be for our credit and the general advantage of nations. Our foreign policy has been exhibited to disadvantage in various other points, which have been communicated to us through the press. If I am rightly informed, our foreign policy does not lay, for the administration, a favourable claim to statesmanship."

All this is true; but the noble duke, had he been disposed, might, by entering more fully into the details, have exhibited in a stronger light the wretched policy, the unfortunate blunders, of the Grey administration. The Wine Duties bill, by the mode of enforcement, was not only an unexampled act of cruelty, but on the score of policy was unjust in the highest degree towards Portugal and the middle classes of society in England. There, again, was the Hackney Coach bill—let any man read it, and, whether lawyer, common-councilman, or cobbler, if he can read at all, we venture to insure him more amusement than he ever found even in the pages of Don Quixote. Of all the oddities in legislation this is the oddest; and, as a satire on senatorial wisdom, beats any thing to be met with in Swift. "Black letters on a white ground," or "white letters on a black ground," have caused more serious disputes than ever were occasioned in Lilliput among the big-endians and small-endians. But this is not all—we pass over the Ancona affair—the ignorance of Lord Palmerston, both as to the sailing and destination of the French fleet—we pass over all this with sickness of heart, and bid the admirers of the ministry look at the West Indies! Here is blood enough and burning enough, which, when considered in conjunction with that of Bristol, ought, in all conscience, to gratify, if not satisfy, the most sanguinary Jacobin. If we are only threatened with rebellion in Ireland, here is actual insurrection in our western colonies. And this is caused, by what? Not by poverty—not by

tithes—not even by heavy taxes—but by certain orders in council concocted by Lord Goderich, who, although formerly celebrated as Mr. Prosperity Robinson, is certainly one of the unhappiest and most unfortunate gentlemen in England. This one stroke of liberal policy, if persisted in, will inevitably dis sever these valuable dependencies from the British crown; and then farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness!

We also, for the reasons before stated, pass over the noble author's animadversions upon the state of affairs in Ireland. They are well worth the attentive perusal of every man who wishes to preserve the integrity of the empire, and to see the rights of property protected, and impartial justice administered to all classes of the King's subjects. We hasten to that which is of more importance at the present moment, namely, the threatened creation of peers. The following will be read with interest:—

"We are told, what is the use of resistance; new peers will be created to such an amount that resistance will be perfectly unavailing, and it will be better at once to concede something, rather than be ultimately forced to yield to the numerical force which will be brought against us. Concession will save the House of Lords, and there will be no necessity for a creation of peers; resistance, on the other hand, will be its ruin, and it will be overwhelmed by a creation which will at once make it despicable and impotent.

"That the British people should desire to see the House of Lords rendered useless is not the fact; the very reverse, I am convinced, is the truth, provided that the Lords prove themselves worthy of their nobility, and do not, by meanness or pusillanimity, forfeit their claim to the respect and affection of their countrymen. That the reformers themselves should desire it, is what I cannot understand, if I am to listen only to their own reasoning upon the necessity of reform; namely, the undue control and influence exercised over the members of the House of Commons, which causes a corrupt state, and renders the representation a mockery. But that the King should desire any thing so preposterously absurd—so monstrously wicked! The very idea is treasonable: but if such is the idea, what would the act be? The reflection is really too fearful to be entertained; nor would I admit it for a moment, if it were not proper to endeavour to refute

the foul calumny with which the revolutionists seek to stigmatise our gracious Sovereign, hoping to force a belief in the truth of the aspersion, or to inveigle their King into an accordance with their desires, on the ground of insuring his own popularity and the stability of the throne. Vain hope! The King knows far better his duty to the kingly authority and to his people. The King would not forget, although the reformers may not choose to remember, that an overstretched prerogative lost James II. his throne, even more than his odious display of popery. The page of history would shew that the English and Scotch conventions, even then, considered that a compact existed between the King and his people (subsequently strengthened and confirmed by the Bill of Rights), which James had violated. 'Enslaved by the Romish superstition,' we are told, 'and blinded with the love of arbitrary power, he obstinately violated the civil and religious constitution of his country, and was therefore justly deprived of his throne.' The memorable resolution of the English convention was, 'That King James II. having endeavoured to subvert the constitution, by breaking the original contract between king and people; and having violated the fundamental laws,' &c. The Scotch convention was even more decisive: 'That King James, by maladministration, and by his abuse of power, had forfeited his right of the crown.' Even though a king might be inclined to an arbitrary exercise of power, he would learn wisdom from such an example; and, reasoning from analogy, would profit by the deduction. A king, for his own sake, if he were a merely selfish person, would do this; but our King, we may be sure, is actuated by still higher feelings, and more worthy motives. He loves the nation over which it is his destiny to rule. He would not violate the solemn compact that he entered into before the altar, and in the

face of that nation; nor would any counsellors be able to persuade him to the commission of an act of arbitrary power unexampled in history, and ill requiting that affection and confidence which all ranks of his subjects repose in him, as the father of his people. Reformers, therefore, for their own vile purposes, may confidently spread the base report; but depend upon it, King William IV. will never betray his duty, nor outrage the lawful independence of any class of his subjects.

"The House of Lords, we are informed, was constituted for two purposes; *ad consulendum* and *ad defendendum regem*. If the Lords should be deprived of the power of the one, how could it be expected that they should be of the slightest use for the other? It must be evident, that the existence of the House of Lords as an independent branch of the legislature, depends upon the modified exercise of the king's prerogative. If it be exerted to control debate by an influx of new members, its independence is gone, the liberties of the body are extinguished for ever, and with them those of the nation."

We are sorry we must stop here, our limits being already overstepped. The pamphlet contains much more able matter on the same subject; and, in fact, this part of it is the most forcible and unanswerable in the whole Address. We say again, we rejoice to see the Duke of Newcastle standing forward in this fearless manner, exposing himself to further obloquy from the rabble press—vindicting himself and his order from the slanders which have been heaped upon them—and contending for the law, the whole law, and nothing but the law of the constitution, against its revolutionary assailants.

THE PERILS OF A POLITICAL UNIONIST.

BY A MEMBER OF THE JACOBIN CLUB.

It would be a superfluous effort, in the midst of that halo of prejudice and misconstruction which, hell-born as the falsehoods by which it was raised, envelopes in "dim eclipse" the lights on our altar and the pillars around our throne, to attempt to draw from the archives of that French revolution (whose horrors we in vain disclaim, while enululating their inseparable preli-

minaries,) materials for reflection and compassion in the sufferings of priests and of nobles; nay, even of the defenceless and offenceless crowd of women and children, to whom party was unknown, and whose crime it would have baffled even Jacobinism to define.

Peace to the manes alike of these illustrious and nameless victims! whose bloody obsequies have been celebrated

on their native soil and elsewhere, beneath a course of retributive discipline, from the effects of which "*le peuple tigre-singe*" (as that "anarch old," Voltaire, chose to designate the nation he had perverted,) have been recently rousing themselves to a fresh taste of blood.

How these "fantastic tricks beneath high heaven" affect the loftier natures which contemplate them, we know not; but well might "angels weep" to see the gallant vessel of our state drifting in the turbid wake of the foe she once breasted on the wildest billows of revolution, directly on that whirlpool over whose abysses she long held out, secure in her own steadfast, rock-girt anchorage—a warning beacon to a tempest-shattered world! But imminent as is the peril, let it still be a crime to despair. England expects every man to do his duty; and as the tiny skiff which carries out through foaming breakers one additional anchor, contributes, none can tell how essentially, to the safety of the vessel, so may the humblest effort of the humblest individual add a link to that chain of faith, and hopes, and principles, which, till Heaven in its wrath shall cast it loose from its adamantine moorings on high, still retains from the brink of the abyss the destinies of Britain.

In this bright concatenation of much that is rich, and rare, and heaven-born, the ignoble but useful alloy of self-interest must necessarily have a place; and it is to this I address myself, while throwing together, from unquestionable republican authority, a few brief traits of the instinctive ferocity which taught that fertile parent of mischief, the French revolution of 1793, to devour, not enemies and opposers, not aristocrats and emigrants, not bishops and anti-reformers, in short, alone—but her own once darling brood of Jacobins, incendiaries, and levellers; men who, not satisfied to follow, had preceded her in the cry of spoliation and march of equality—who were king-haters while France was yet a king-worshipper, and sworn republicans ere renegade courtiers had dared to lay their trembling hands on one pillar of the tottering throne.

Such were the men of the famous Gironde!—the Brissots and Barbaux, and Rolands and Valadys, whom their mob-monster no sooner grimly

suspected of backwardness to glut her slakeless thirst for blood, than, stretching her hydra heads, she hunted them from one end to the other of the France they had revolutionised, to invoke in their extremity the Heaven they had so often defied, and curse in stupid misery the human nature they had steeled and degraded—to be spurned from door to door by friends to whom friendship had become a name, and ties a derision—and to cumber the public ways and polluted rivers of their demoralised country with the self-immolated corpses of those who first made her a charnel-house, and who had taught her to deny to themselves a Christian grave!

And whom do I accuse (and with truth and history on my side) of these atrocious crimes, and recall to the memory of my countrymen as thus dismally expiating them? Was it the Marats, or Dantons, or Robespierres, of the reign of terror—men whose "bad eminence" in the annals of crime and carnage has gone far to shield from opprobrium the calm, philosophic, bloodless, yet not less guilty agitators who, from the solitude of their chambers, as well as in public assemblies where their voice for a brief period predominated, insinuated into the minds and ears of Frenchmen that "leprous distilment" of incredulity and disorganisation, whose ultimate consequences (as it is my purpose not to deny, but enforce,) those decorous moralists no more contemplated than the conscientious reformer of our own land does, that total overthrow of all he most venerates, which the removal of the landmarks with which he is ignorantly tampering must entail on himself and his descendants.

It is to such—and they form a numerous, and as yet, perhaps, reclaimable class—that I have deemed it might not be wholly fruitless to recall a brief sketch, and from his own trembling pen, of the persecution of an individual Girondist—a persecution which he shared with all the most illustrious of his party, and which he almost alone, thanks to a more robust constitution, and that devotedness of female attachment of which, from the licentious tone of his writings, he might have been pronounced unworthy—ultimately escaped to record.

It is from the journal of the too famous Louvet, vice-president of the

Jacobin club, that the following hurried extracts are selected; and lest any suspicion of the *incivisme* (alias, leaning to monarchy and order) for which he was ostensibly proscribed should remain in the breast of any reader, it may be well to let him, in one confidential sentence, define his sentiments, and those of the friends whose opinions and périls he shared.

"I was," says he, "of the small number of those bold philosophers who had, at the end of 1791, deplored the fate of a great nation, obliged to stop midway in the career of liberty, and to style herself emancipated while she yet had a court and a king!!!" And yet—mark what follows, ye who assign to revolution its mile-stones and halting-places—he was content, he adds, (with a solemn appeal to Heaven), to have awaited the *inevitable end* of the previous steps already taken, viz. his beloved republic, had not circumstances, over which he does not even pretend a control, hurried it irresistibly forward.

One other feature—one alone—in the opening pages of this memorable journal (with a host of conservative pamphlets!) deserves mention, before proceeding further. Louis the Sixteenth still nominally reigned in France, when, with a simplicity which sees nothing remarkable either in the fact or the expression, Louvet informs us that peace or war with Austria depended on the fiat of the Jacobin club! Whatever latitude may prevail in defining, among ourselves, the sacred privileges of Political Unions, this function, at least, has not as yet been assumed or recognised.

With equal coolness and palpable application, he informs us, that four stanch republicans composed at this time the leading ministers of the crown, and that he, a fifth, only missed being proposed to, and, as a *matter of course*, accepted by, the puppet monarch, through a counter intrigue of Robespierre, his sworn enemy and rival in the tribune. And why does he chiefly regret the failure? As fatal to the *immediate* foundation of the republic!

These particulars I record, for a double reason—as a Jacobin testimony to the inevitable result of a radical ministry, and an additional proof (were any wanting) that *ultra* republicanism was in France, as it will be in England, no guarantee for the

safety of its professors, amid the collision of interests and strife of passions to which Reform will fling open—alas! to shut no more—the Stygian portals.

Let me concentrate this conviction in the energetic words of its victim himself. Speaking of some want of nerve, which, at an important crisis, had paralysed his well-intentioned party, he says, "Henceforward I foresaw that the men of daggers would, sooner or later, overwhelm the men of principles, and warned my wife to prepare for exile or the scaffold!"

One quotation more—too applicable to the "blind guides" among ourselves, who, on the mine of revolution, are coolly adjusting imaginary franchises. "The nation, the press, the galleries, every thing," says Louvet, "re-echoed with cries of insubordination and revolt; and still our unhappy friends continued to see for all these ills but one *sovereign panacea*—the plan of a constitution at which they were labouring! and when exhorted to vigour in putting down conspiracy, they answered, with the most *deplorable sang froid*, that it was inexpedient to irritate by resistance the natural violence of the public temper!"

"It is almost needless," he says, "to add, that among those who could thus talk and thus act, on the brink of the already flaming volcano, there were some men of rare talent and pure morals, fitted to shine in private life, and regenerate, perhaps, a peaceful, long-established republic; but *not one* capable so much as of suspecting, far less fathoming, the extent of the peril impending over themselves and their country, or of averting it, if suspected, otherwise than by futile axioms and idle declamation. Their intentions," he says, "were too honest—they were too virtuous!" Will the honesty of Lord Althorp, or the virtues of Lord Goderich, fit them better for the crisis they have provoked? Will their principles, such as they are, let them earn a title to radical favour as unquestionable as that which failed to save Louvet—the motion (of which he boasts in vain) for the expulsion of the Bourbons.

There only remains to be added, previous to entering on the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of this martyr of Jacobinism, his testimony to that delightful revolutionary freedom of dis-

cussion, which never once permitted him, for some eventful weeks, to open his lips in the assembly over which he nominally presided—to that dear-bought liberty of the press which rendered his printed addresses equally nugatory, by intercepting them at their entrance into every department—and that enviable republican vigilance, which subjected to inquisitorial scrutiny the whole private correspondence of France, and left its occasional invasions by royal *surveillance* under the old *régime* hopelessly behind!

The *Girondists*, to the number of twenty-two, had been formally proscribed, and their heads demanded, in the "Political Union" over which they had lately ruled. This proof of the mutability of popular assemblies might suffice for my purpose; but it "hides its diminished head" before the nearly incredible but nevertheless true circumstance, that, moved by the rhetoric of an eloquent defender, two-thirds of the assembly rose up, embraced, and openly united themselves to the proscribed deputies, who—mark the sequel!—were not one whit the less, ere two short days had elapsed, again on the black list, hunted, denounced, forced to conceal themselves in holes and corners, with despair for their portion, and fire-arms for their resource! And against whom? The people, to whom they had offered a republic, and who clamoured, in answer, for bread and for blood!

What a picture, for those who flatter themselves that even republican virtue can disarm revolutionary fury, does Louvet present to us, when describing the situation of the really amiable mother of his friend Barbaroux—awakened, during a whole horrible night, from successive fainting fits, by the sound of the tocsin, and shouts of the populace demanding her son's head, to exclaim, "Do mothers, then, educate you the most virtuous of sons, only that you should thirst for their blood?" And while a parent thus exclaimed in bitterness of spirit, what must have been the agony which whitened, during that eventful night, the yet youthful looks of the republican wife of Louvet?

At length Louvet and his wife contrived to escape from Paris, at the gates of which commenced a new species of moral martyrdom, as the unconsciously levelled curses of their ferocious Maratist driver, and his rejoicings over the

report of the arrest of one of their dearest friends, formed a sample of the conversation they were henceforth doomed not only to endure, but, to avoid suspicion, cheerfully join in! while the junction, further on, of their fugitive comrade Guadet, his plebeian disguise, and harassing pedestrian escape, gave some foretaste of the lot awaiting them all.

The reign of terror had now commenced; and bitter are the reflections from the apostle of its introductory doctrines, by his experience of their accursed fruits! "It was all over," says he, "with the republic! and we, its unhappy founders, are about to experience all the horrors attendant on the lot of men as universally known as proscribed, whom every villain persecutes, and every coward abandons. Those whose possessions we had, at incalculable risk to ourselves, so long protected from rapine, never offered us, in our distress, the least portion of those riches which on the morrow they abjectly laid at the feet of every brigand who chose to seize hold on them. Those whose lives we had for ten months, at the peril of our own, been defending, refused to put theirs to a moment's hazard by opening us their doors. Nay—hardest trial of all to which we were subjected—friends of twenty years' standing hunted us from their dwellings to the very foot of the scaffold! Since, even in a country on the eve of regeneration, the good are so weak, and the wicked so omnipotent, it is clear that every aggregate of men pompously styled, by fools like me, *the people*, is, in fact, but a senseless flock, too happy to be permitted to grovel under a master!"

God forbid that we should re-echo sentiments so foreign to Britons, and which he from whom they were extorted by agony, himself seeks to excuse! Suffice it for our moral, that one to whom despotism and anarchy were alike intimately known, hesitates not to pronounce happy those whom the former yet shields from acquaintance with the latter!

Twenty of the chief Girondists had now united, with the joint view of escape, and of cherishing, by their presence, the expiring flame of pure republicanism in the department to which they chiefly belonged. For greater safety, they joined on the march the retreating battalions of patriot volun-

teers, who, disgusted with the tyranny at Paris, were returning to their native homes.

The dangers which, even thus formidably escorted, the proscribed deputies encountered, and by their presence of mind, and military attitude, averted, in districts as yet imperfectly terrorised, would be sufficient of themselves to form a romance. It was often amid a turned-out guard and pointed cannon that they made their *entrée* into towns, which all their address and courage scarce enabled them to quit unarrested; and ere their perilous journey was half accomplished, distrust and dissension among their once enthusiastic defenders obliged them (to prevent bloodshed) voluntarily to separate from them.

Arms, ammunition, every necessary, was now officiously pressed upon them. Six picked men, real, not, like themselves, fictitious soldiers, were given them for an escort, and false passes, fabricated as for volunteers of Finistère returning by the shortest route to their domicile at Quimpre. Between them and this doubtful haven there remained a pedestrian journey of forty French leagues, through a difficult and, to all but their guides, perfectly unknown country; of whose people and their dispositions they knew nothing, and of whose language (the Bas Breton) they were, while all the time professing themselves natives, in equally utter ignorance.

This "forlorn-hope," for such it might well be called, consisted, besides other less known names, of the famous Péton, Barbaroux, Salle, Brizot, Cussy, and Louvet himself, in all nineteen persons, including their guides. Their first day's march, for obvious reasons through cross-roads wherever practicable, terminated at a farm-house, when they were too happy to sup. on one small hare, black bread, and sour cider, and be allowed to sleep unmolested upon straw. The second was passed more tantalisingly; its earlier part concealed in a thicket, where they were condemned by evil advisers to shiver six or seven hours in torrents of rain; its latter part (after a cruel fright from hearing the *gendarmerie* beaten in a neighbouring village) in a precarious asylum, where the beds promised for all amounted only to two, and the supper was altogether forgotten! Small evils these! and quickly thrown into the shade by all the realities of misery!

No further than the following night they had cause to regret the security at least of the previous one. After cruel hesitation, whether to awaken suspicion by passing in the dusk through the little town of Roternheim, in quest of worse accommodation beyond its walls, or stopping short at about an equal distance from them, fatigue induced them to prefer the latter alternative. Short were their slumbers in the vast barn where all the nineteen slept (as outlaws sleep!) upon one pile of straw! At one in the morning the to them fatal knell of "*Au nom de la loi, ouvrez!*" smote on their ears. One of their number peeped out, and, on seeing the house surrounded, an unanimous shout of "To arms!" succeeded their first brief trance of painful surprise.

To dress in the dark, and snatch up the arms, which in such circumstances were not immediately forthcoming, was no easy task; but the determined spirit which those within manifested, unconsciously lowered the tone of the assailants, especially when one of the guides, a *bonâ fide* old soldier, making his way unceremoniously through them, drew up his little battalion in line, with shouldered muskets and fixed bayonets. This, to functionaries who expected to have had to do with a parcel of Paris dandies, was rather an unexpected demonstration; though fifty foot-soldiers, and a troop of cavalry drawn up in reserve, might have appalled any, save men who had the scaffold as an incentive to sell their lives dearly.

They took care to parade the arms with which they were profusely furnished—Louvet having, besides his pistols, a blunderbuss (the present of his wife) capable of sending forth twenty bullets at a time! This, with the bold mien of the whole party, the gigantic stature of Barbaroux, and several other six-feet men, like himself, had its effect on municipal troops, not yet inured to civil conflicts.

Here I cannot but pause, to transcribe the remark of the writer of these minute details. "I love to think," says he, "that some years hence readers may peruse them with a tranquil and pleasing interest; and who knows," adds he, yet more prophetically, "what degree of interest they may acquire from the yet unborn events which a dark futurity has in store!"

Having avoided the too manifest snare of going (as advised) to sleep again, the little band had only the painful alternative of marching onward, headed by *gens-d'armes*, with forty fusiliers *en queue*, and *gens-d'armes* again bringing up the rear; and this to a district town, where their passports, already eyed with suspicion, were sure to be detected at once.

Valour, under these circumstances, was not only the "better," but the only "part of discretion;" and the *Marseillois* hymn, sung in full chorus, disguised the alarm, while it taxed the feelings of the pseudo soldiers. One consoling omen alone broke in on their uneasiness. They were recognised by, and had well-wishers among their escort. One clapped Louvet on the shoulder, with a "Bravo! brother!" another squeezed Pétion by the hand, with "Keep up! you will find friends!"

The town was entered, happily, as yet sunk in repose. The perplexed magistrates offered them billets to remain all day, which, with well dissembled haste, they declined. At length, as a last resource for detention, a treat of cider was offered, which it was deemed dangerous to refuse. Time passed, and no cider came, but plenty of curious idlers, who beguiled its flight by remarks on the famous traitors, whose capture had been held out as the need of civic enterprise. Patience oozed out with every remark, and the troop were in motion to depart when the cider at length arrived; to add to whose refreshing qualities, a functionary now read to the astounded partakers their formal denunciation by name, on the faith of which they had been hitherto detained! To this our fugitives listened with the most apparently indifferent air, while each agonising syllable fell like molten lead on their ears. Concluding their arrest inevitable, they made a shew, at least, of proceeding on their march, when lo! to their unspeakable relief, they found a clear field, a circumstance which, though, humanly speaking, due to the good-will of the many and the cowardice of the terrorists, they failed not, all philosophers as they were, at the time to ascribe to Providence.

Next night was embittered by uncertainties more harassing still than open perils. The day had been sufficiently painful. The heat was excessive, the country open *landes* without shelter,

and scantily furnished with water. More than half the band were already halt and lame—Cussy groaning at every step under a fit of the gout—Brizot too heavy to walk even when relieved by another of his arms—Barbaroux adding to great corpulence a disabled sprained ankle—Ribouffe, who had been obliged to discard too late a pair of tight boots, hopping on tiptoe and barefoot, with heels skinned and blistered, and this for upwards of twenty miles, while their miserable ale-house refreshment was turned to gall, by the warning of the landlord that they were informed against, and that two squadrons of *gendarmes* lay in wait for them at Carhaix.

This formidable town must then, at every expense of flesh and blood, be passed, if possible, in the night, and ten hours of forced march enabled the laggards, and all were nearly such, to reach its vicinity. But the guides, fairly at fault, declared it impossible to proceed, it being too dark for them to recognise the only foot-path by which the town could be avoided, the slightest failure in which would lead the whole party into a swamp, where daylight must find them sticking.

The only other alternative was to keep, under cloud of night, the main road, which mercifully passed through a bye lane only of the town. This was adopted; and, in spite of the votes of many, to whom death appeared at this moment less formidable than locomotion, and with all the breathless stillness a lingering love of life could dictate, the party hastened through the dreaded lane, of whose narrow defile they hoped at the worst to profit in their expected encounter with the *gens-d'armes*.

Three-fourths of the lane were passed, all was as yet silent, when a little girl, hidden in a dark entry, suddenly pushed open the door of a lighted house adjoining, and was heard distinctly to pronounce, "There they go by!" These ominous words induced the whole party to throw themselves hastily into a hollow way in which the lane terminated. Here some imagined they already heard the tramp of horses, and, "it must be confessed," says Louvet, "that the stoutest hearts of the party beat audibly, while fear lent wings to the most enfeebled."

Nothing came in the shape of pursuit; but as day dawned, a more seri-

ous evil discovered itself, in the loss of their principal guides. Those who remained were ignorant of this part of the road; and after marchings and countermarchings, through hedges and ditches, and swamps, where they were nearly engulfed, they found themselves at length in the same identical hollow way, only, sad to relate! much nearer the fatal town.

There was nothing for it but to proceed; but, to fatigue and distress, were now added torn clothes, bruised limbs, and, above all, that discouraging uncertainty which paralyses exertion. After ineffectual attempts to move, which inability and the approach of daylight soon equally forbade, the party were at length driven to the desperate measure of sending their last guide (the others having evidently absconded) forward towards Quimpre, in the hope of falling in with the friend on the look out to receive them. This he providentially did, and the fugitives were at length extricated, — thirty-one hours having elapsed since they enjoyed either food or rest, — from a thick wood, where they had lain literally under water from incessant torrents of rain.

Quimpre, the haven so long looked forward to, proved soon too dangerous for its republican inmates. One part of them, the least prudent, too openly freighted a crazy bark, in which they hoped to reach their beloved Garonne, but were taken almost at the outset of their ill-advised enterprise; while the other, with whom Louvet cast in his lot, embarked, at what risk it is needless to say, in a merchant vessel; and, after enduring all the horrors of approaching capture by the English, (in which case they were sure to incur the double opprobrium of passing for Jacobins in England, and being stamped as royalist traitors* by their enemies in France,) they exchanged them only for the more imminent and well-nigh distracting peril of finding themselves in the very heart of their own great Brest fleet, from whose repeated challenges, and most inconvenient* convoy during several days of agony, nothing but the admirable coolness and presence of mind of their captain, a wary Scot, could have successfully extricated them. With equal courage and kindness did he land them, under cloud of night, and beneath the fire of hostile batteries, in a skiff, which the slightest motion would have sufficed to send to the

bottom: at length, on the shores of their land of promise, the — as they fondly hoped — yet unterrorised Gironde.

But here, as elsewhere, the demon of persecution had penetrated. Not a friend durst exercise towards them the long-yearned-for rites of hospitality. An empty house belonging to a purposely absent well-wisher, was all they could command; and from this cold asylum a few hours sufficed to dislodge them, on receiving warning of 400 men, and two pieces of cannon, which the terrorists of Bourdeaux magnanimously dispatched to overpower half a score of wretches, whose beds the heroes of this memorable expedition boasted (and with truth) of having found yet warm! while the hunted fugitives, after invoking, in agonised impatience for three-quarters of an hour, the aid of a deaf boatman, threw themselves once more on the waters of the Dordogne, and found shelter in a quarry, where, it being fortunately Sunday, no workmen happened to be employed.

Here it became necessary for the party, reduced to eight, once more to separate. Louvet, Barbaroux, and two more, suffered incredible vicissitudes; now finding precarious shelter in a loft, where, half suffocated amid partially-heated hay, they had, (added to the pangs of thirst and hunger, consequent on the forced absence of their only confident,) the sudden alarm of capture, occasioned by his failure of moral courage, — now cheered with a night's hospitality, and a taste of the never-before-appreciated comforts of civilised life, by one of those worthy calumniated pastors, whose charity, and that of woman alone, redeem these dreary annals of perfidy and suffering. At length, they were concealed in a cellar by one of those angels of the revolution, whose heroic self-devotion no perils could shake, and who continued, for a whole month, to share with seven strangers — any one of whose names would have been her certain passport to the guillotine — the scanty portion of food — *one pound of bread per day!* — which famine, the blessed fruit of rapine and disorganisation, permitted her to receive from the public bake-house.

Her private resources being exhausted, she was at length forced, with tears in her eyes, to see her inmates again tempt the perils* of the upper

world. On the 14th of November, 1793, in the midst of the most dreadful weather, did these miserable fugitives once more knock in vain at the rigidly barred door of a very different person — one of the few females who there belied their sex's superiority, and who denied to the very man who had saved her from a disgraceful prosecution, not only fire and shelter for himself and the shivering, apparently dying, Louvet, but the slightest refreshment—nay, a drop of cold water!

To this outrage on humanity, Louvet, by the contempt of danger and loathing of life which it inspired, was perhaps indebted, (under the Providence which even philosophy failed not to acknowledge,) for his ultimate escape. It drove him to separate his fortunes from those of a band, nearly all of whom, soon after, met violent deaths; and, under the paramount influence of conjugal affection and anxiety, to turn his face alone, in the midst of unnumbered perils, towards Paris!

Every step of this daring pilgrimage was marked, as he truly observes, by miracles of providential preservation. The first challenge of the first sentry, in a fortified town, would have sufficed to nip in the bud this apparently insane project. He was approached with trembling steps and a beating heart, and found—quietly asleep on his post! A fortunate lameness put an early period to a pedestrian journey, which a series of such interpositions could alone have enabled him to achieve, and which weeks would have been required to perform. Its pain was, however, in the first instance, unmeritoriously aggravated by the reiterated attempts of a cruel and interested landlady to betray her more than suspected lodger—endeavours only baffled by the boorish ignorance of the illiterate municipals, whom Louvet was too happy to propitiate, by pledging them in deep draughts of sour *vin de pays*, seasoned with coarse jests at the expense of all he had perilled his life to purchase, and curses both loud and deep on himself and the friends of whose fate they were but too ominous!

Let us follow him in his agonising attempt to rush from this Scylla on a yet more formidable Charybdis, in the shape of an innkeeper, who embittered his night's lodging by the comfortable assurance he gave of denouncing him

on the morrow—a purpose for which the despairing pedestrian saw him depart, well mounted, and which he was well-nigh driven to anticipate by surrendering himself, when chance threw in his way a friendly, nay, heroic *voiturin*, who, seeing in him only a suffering fellow-creature, and supposed deserter from the army, made him get into his waggon, and by so doing, spared him for some days a world of perils, and almost inevitable arrest.

From the roof of this good Samaritan, where he had found the rest and refreshment nature so much required, he was, ere long, dislodged by the panic of the poor man's wife, and with difficulty transferred to a brother of the craft, of equal good nature and higher moral courage; but, unfortunately, not like his predecessor, a common carrier, but a *roulier* of the upper class, who conveyed passengers as well as goods.

Seven of these, of various rank, age, and sex, but agreeing only in ultrajacobinism, (not that of Louvet, but of Marat and Danton,) were, for many days of painful penance, his inseparable companions, all apprised of his supposed danger as a deserter, and as such disposed by humanity to secrete him, but any offer of whom, on a bare suspicion of his being any thing above, or beyond it, would have esteemed it a glory, as well as a duty, to denounce him.

Imagine, then, the ordeal of not only lying, at the approach of every post, (synonymous at that time with every village,) *perdu* in the bottom of the waggon, under cloaks, and bales, and parcels, when men, women, and children were often arbitrarily ordered out to be examined, but the more lingering torture of the whole days of dissimulation and conviviality, during which one hint of the real station or opinions of their comrade would have proved fatal, or one mark of fear or disgust when apprised (with the most savage exultation) of the successive deaths of his friend Madame by the guillotine—of her unhappy husband by suicide on the high road—of Cussy massacred in the Gironde, and Kersaint at Paris—and of Lidon, who, wandering about, and, like himself, disabled by lameness, was sacrificed by the very friend to whom he confidently wrote for a horse, and who sent him two brigades of *gendarmérie* instead!

Such were the tidings which, day after day, without moving a muscle, Louvet was doomed to hear, nay, to comment upon! a martyrdom of which none, he says, but those who have experienced it, can calculate the extent; but which, we might add, that he, who was unconsciously awaking, though too late, to the suspicion of having himself contributed towards it, could alone fully estimate!

Louvet was now approaching — let some of our pledged and popular representatives look to this! — the scene of his greatest and most dreaded peril — the department and town of Orleans, for which he had been unanimously chosen member, and whose interests he had conscientiously, nay, enthusiastically, served. At the time of his entrance into this formidable place, where he was unfortunately but too well known, the domiciliary visits of the preceding night had added forty to the four hundred previous victims doomed to the scaffold for the mere crime of *Louvetism*! *alms*, attachment to the party and principles of him, who, buried in the depths of a carrier's waggon, would, probably, if recognised, have inscribed the names of his whole travelling companions on the list.

Four dreadful hours were spent by him in a place where he was personally known to hundreds, and where thousands had celebrated his election as a triumph over royalism and tyranny! It was at the bridge of Orleans that the most alarming of all the previous inspections of the waggon took place; that every soul was made to get out, in consequence, said the functionary, of *too good information*; that Louvet, (left by the absence of the women and children, whose spread garments formed on such occasions his usual protection,) all but exposed to the eyes of the inquisitor, lay with his beloved blunderbuss in his mouth, while the inspector threw about the baggage under which he shrunk, nay, knelt on the very limbs of the despairing representative for Orleans!

Nor did the danger terminate with the providential departure of the baffled *gendarme*. So irksome and difficult was it to disarm the suspicions of his

fellow-travellers as to the extreme desire for concealment of a simple deserter, that Louvet once more meditated escaping from the constraint, and embracing open peril instead. Not one of the least painful of the days which he passed, scarce breathing beneath the load of human beings whose friendly weight alone preserved him on similar occasions, was that during which the vehicle was detained by the grand civic festivities which celebrated at *Etampes* the passage of his former rival and sworn foe, the most ferocious Jacobin of the *new school*, and a leader of the too famous *Montagne*! — while, in the same town, where, six months before, their relative positions had been so singularly reversed, the late idol of the people lay in painful and humiliating concealment, and his bloody successor was surrounded by testimonies of popular esteem and respect — a triumph which, but for the shrewd suspicions, and humane interposition of the friendly *volturier*, might have probably found its meet consummation in the detection and murder of the Ex-M.P.!

Neither our leisure nor limits will permit us to follow Louvet to Paris, where his appearance, like that of a plague-stricken individual, sufficed to clear of its inmates the house of the friends to whom his life had been devoted; nor during those two months of precarious existence, which, thanks to the heroism of his wife, he dragged out within its walls, in a cage of wood-work and plaster, erected by her own unassisted hands! nor to his final retreat in a cavern of the Jura, where his journal was penned in utter solitude, and in the depth of despondence!

We can only add to his deep acknowledgments to Heaven for deliverance from his perils, our thankfulness that he was spared to record them, and our prayers that they may be averted from those among ourselves who imagine that to shake thrones is necessarily to conciliate the people; and who have to learn that agitators, nay demagogues themselves, may live to forfeit the immunity they have sought to purchase, at the expense of the altar, the aristocracy, and the country!

THE MEMBER : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, in our estimation, combines, in a more eminent degree than any other species of writing, instruction and delight. Those mental phenomena whose series constitutes feeling and thought, can only be ascertained by an attentive survey of our own minds, or by the accurately recorded emotions of others. The man, therefore, who faithfully discloses the workings of his heart and mind, who confesses not only his vices, but what, with Rousseau, we deem a harder task, his frailties and his follies -- who, in proud candour, dares to exhibit himself not only as vicious but ridiculous -- contributes a more useful offering to the stores of metaphysical learning, than he who brings whole volumes of ethical theories. John Galt's *Member* is, of course, a mere sketch of fancy; but his creative powers have so conferred on it an aspect of reality, as to place it, in regard to moral utility, next in rank to real example; for, in perusing the pawkie pleasantries of Archibald Job-bry, we can scarcely believe that he is only the shadowy offspring of a prolific imagination. We once thought that the simplicity of Balwhidder, and the quiet humour of Lawrie Todd, and the sly peddling of Bogle Corbet, could not be excelled; we now recognise the development of fresh and novel powers, and feel an increased admiration of Mr. Galt's versatility of talent, in his character of a keen, shrewd observer of mankind. If the graces of innocent fiction may be lawfully employed to mitigate the austerity of truth -- and the well-wrought tale often wins its convincing way where the severe proposition would fail of beneficial effect -- we trust that we are not, in these prefatory remarks, introducing the *Member* too solemnly to notice. Our reason for not sooner observing upon it, originated in our anxious wish to escape any the slightest imputation of partiality in praising a production issued by our own publisher. As long as we felt constrained to praise, we rigidly adhered to this rule, from which we have hitherto in no single instance depart. d; but as we must, on further reflection, conscientiously find fault, we shall no

longer abstain from giving our opinions, in addition to the many with which the public has already been favoured. The *Member* is too clever -- its very excellence is faulty! Irony is at all times hard to be understood by the multitude; but the irony is here so exquisite, as to mislead even the more discerning. We were, the other morning, stopped in Palace Yard by a worthy old parliamentary friend, who asked, with evident concern, the cause of John Galt's political tergiversation! We sought an explanation of this to us most unexpected charge, when our honest friend replied: "Why, have not I seen a book of Galt's praised in all the Whig and Radical journals, as exposing the corruption of boroughs, and proving the necessity of reform?" We could not deny that the stupid Whigs had been deceived by playful irony, or that the wicked Radicals had, like the toad of eastern allegory, extracted venom from the sunbeam of Galt's wit; but we endeavoured to assure our friend of his unshaken allegiance to the old institutions of the country. The conversation, however, in which we unfolded the real object and tendency of the *Member*, though finally satisfactory, was laborious and long; and we will now embody the arguments in writing which at last convinced our matter-of-fact friend of his erroneous estimate of this clever flight of fancy. While we wound Galt by our censures, we must not withhold the balm that may flow from a recollection of similar blame attaching to high and venerable names in our literary history, and similar mistakes having been made as to the nature and purport of their writings. When Burke published his *Vindication of Natural Society*, though the real underplot is readily discernible beneath the web of sophistry, it was misunderstood by most, and even denounced as pernicious by many. Wilkes annexed the name of Warburton to some ribald notes on his *Essay on Woman*, and the good bishop thought it necessary to disavow his being the author of them in the House of Lords, when, in truth, the irony was too coarse to deceive even the stupid and the

* The *Member* : an Autobiography.. By the Author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," &c. &c. London : Fraser.

vulgar. Paley, much to the scandal of his grave and stately companions, advocated the cause of bribery and corruption before the Hyson club at Cambridge. "I am always an advocate," he exclaimed, "for *braibery* and *corroption*," (would that we might again hear the honest man's good Cumberland speech!) "for who is so mad as to wish to be governed by force? or who is such a fool as to expect to be governed by virtue? There remains nothing else but *braibery* and *corroption*." We will not do more than allude to Swift's argument against abolishing Christianity; nor need we remind our readers how often poor Boswell was puzzled, and misled by Johnson's irony; but we will confess to a mistake on the opposite side into which we once fell ourselves. When Mr. Dillon published his narrative of Lord Mayor Venables' Voyage to Oxford, we laughed right merrily over it, as one of the best bits of irony we had seen for many a day; and no slight mortification did we feel when convinced, though hardly, that the worthy chaplain was endeavouring to record facts in all simple sincerity. The narrative is, we believe, now out of print, and we have heard an extravagant sum offered for a single copy. If Mr. Dillon will essay another similar tract, we will purchase the copyright on liberal terms, though much do we jalousie that the reverend gentleman would experience as much difficulty in repeating the experiment, as once did a clumsy tar, who, in playing some mountebank feats on the main-topgallant mast truck, fell from his giddy height, and through his limbs and life being preserved by the nettings, he, in happy confidence, challenged any one to do the same trick, yet was Jack never seen to repeat his agility. "Sure never was mortal man more thoroughly a wit *malgré lui-même* than parson Dillon."

The *Member* contains the parliamentary career of an honest Scot, who goes out to India penniless in search of fortune, and returns laden with wealth, which, to gratify his yearnings for the green hills of his youth, he longs to spend at home. The Scotchman may wander far—may collect treasures by industry and enterprise in a distant land, but a moiety of his pittance is remitted to his parents, and his days of labour are cheered and rendered tolerable by the prospect of future benefi-

cence to his kith and kind,—and those who appreciate not the force of these dear ties, ridicule him for his homely propensities. "When a man comes home from India with a decent competency, he is obliged to endure many afflictions, not the least of which are nestsful of cousins' children, in every corner of the kingdom, all gaping, like voracious larks, for a pick. This it behoves him to consider; for his bit gathering would be short in the outcoming, were he to help them from that fund: he is, therefore, under the necessity of reflecting how a modicum of his means can be laid out to the best advantage, not only for the benefit of his relations, but to spare a residue to himself, and to procure for him a suitable station in the world—the end of all creditable industry."

In pursuance of this determination, our good Archibald begins to "clock on the idea of getting himself made a member of parliament;" and his negotiations to effectuate this purpose are detailed in so humorous a spirit of trafficking, and with such racy mirth, that we wish our limits would allow us to quote them fully; but we must pass over this part cursorily, in order to dwell and comment on the serious underplot of this singular production. For his picture of a parliamentary agent we must make space, since it delineates a gentleman whose sonnie features we recognise. "Mr. Probe was a smaller sort of man, with a costive and crimson countenance, sharp eyes, and cheeks smooth and well stuffed: but one thing I remarked about him, which I did not greatly admire, and yet could not say wherefore, namely, he had a black foretooth, as if addicted to the tobacco-pipe; and, moreover, although it could not be said that he was a corpulent man, he certainly was in a degree one of the fatties; but he was very polite and introductory—told me his name—how Mr. Curry had requested him to call—and was, in every respect, as couthy and pleasant as an evil spirit." In fine, friend Jobbry, who

"Like Tam, kent what was what fu' brauly,"

negotiates for and obtains his seat for the borough of Frailtown; but, in the course of his treaty, "could not help laughing in his sleeve to hear that the honest man believed, in seeking to

help a friend, I did not see he was really helping himself; but we are short-sighted creatures, and such self-delusion is not uncommon."

The same vein of sly humour pervades the whole book, inasmuch that we wonder not at its having deceived the simple, and been perverted by the designing. But ever and again there occur remarks of deep sagacity and of the highest political import, though, to maintain the verisimilitude of the character, they are couched in quaint phrase and uttered in laughing guise. "In those days there had been none of that heresy about savings, which has been such a plague both to ministers and members of late years. * * When he had discoursed in this manner for some time, he then told me that he had heard it said that government was going to reduce all things that could be well spared. 'In a sense, Sir John,' said I, 'nothing can be more plausible; but they cannot reduce the establishments without making so many people poorer and obliging them to reduce their establishments, thereby spreading distress and privation wider. It is not a time to reduce public appointments when there is national distress; the proper season is when all is green and flourishing.' 'Very true,' replied Sir John; 'it would seem that the best time of providing for those who must be discharged when governments reduce their appointments, is when new employments are easy to be had; but things at present look not very comfortable in that way; and therefore I am grieved to hear that the distemper of making savings to the general state, at the expense of casting individuals into poverty, has infected the government. In truth, Mr. Jobbry, this intelligence has distressed me quite as much as a change of administration would; for a change of administration does not make actual distress, inasmuch as the new ministers always create, in redeeming their pledges, a certain number of new places, and commonly indemnify for those they abolish; but a mere system of economising — of lessening expenditure during a period of general hardship — is paving the way to revolution."

We confidently ask whether—in all the serious expositions of Whig folly and fraud, in all the fierce denunciations of their real rapacity and miserly retention of sinecures, while they mean-

ly truckled to popular clamour in affecting to save candle-ends and cheese-parings, in their heartless rejection of poor clerks to pauperism, and their adoption of rich relatives to place and pension—a truer picture of their mingled imbecility and wickedness has been drawn than in the above apparently sportive effusion? Have not seventy bankrupt commissioners been pensioned on the country; and while they lie idle, have not new judges, with augmented salaries, new commissioners, new-fangled assignees cycled official, been croated in the very teeth, so to speak, of the mercantile classes, to whose service they were professedly dedicated? Have not the judges of Westminster Hall been increased at a time when all business is sensibly diminished?

Oh for a poet's power to travesty poor Swift's last stanza!

"Ah, solid proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
Whon nothing's left us for defence,
We build a magazine."

And have not all these extravagances been perpetrated while the words Reduction and Economy have been bound by ministers as a phylactery on their nerveless arms?

"It appeared, when I came to think of it," says the Member, "that the great cause which stirred men to be in opposition to government, was to provide for their friends and dependents, and that that was the secret reason why the Opposition found such fault with existing institutions and places, and why they put forth new plans of national improvement, which they pledged themselves, if ever they got into office, to carry into effect. Time has verified this notion. Under the pretext of instituting better official and judicature arrangements, new ones have been introduced by the Opposition when they came into power, which enabled them to provide for their friends and dependents; but they were obliged to indemnify those who enjoyed the old offices. Whether the change was an improvement or not, I would not undertake to maintain; but the alteration was very conducive to the acquisition of a new stock of patronage."

The same caustic sagacity characterises every page wherein our present internal policy is discussed, especially

where the mistake of the "roaring multitude" is set forth, "who cry out for reformation in parliament, when the whole ail and sore is in the withers and loins of the executive government." To the truth of this remark every man who has to do with Whig officials will yield a mournful assent. To enter into a detailed discussion of the vexed Reform question is not our present purpose, having often and amply exposed its fallacies. In one short quotation, however, we must indulge.

"It is not likely that half a million of electors will make a better choice than a smaller number. In fact, the wider the basis of representation is spread, the greater will be the quantity of folly that it will embrace; and we have only to look at the kind of persons whom the multitude send to parliament, to anticipate what will be the character of a reformed house. Look at the moiety of Westminster, for example!

"All that may be very true, Mr. Selby; and I am glad to hear that ye're not a reformer."

"I beg your pardon; I am a very firm one, but not of the parliamentary sort. I desire to see the law purified and exalted, that mankind may enjoy the true uses of government, protection."

By the "moiety of Westminster," we are reminded of Sir Francis and his man. If the true uses of government are protection, we can only say that the present mode of administering those uses is but little satisfactory to men who care for their persons, their properties, and lives. Some months ago, when the Protestant population of Ireland, to whom the reigning family of England are alone indebted for the annexation of that island to the crown, were obliged to arm themselves in opposition to the violence against which government declined to protect them, the *Times* thus remarked on their conduct: "A state is governed by the laws; and government by factions is a dissolution of the state; and to the brink of that gulf we are at this moment driven by men, the avowed object of whose combination is to supersede at once the executive power and the legislative power, and, under the pretence of upholding the constitution, to chain down the exercise of all those authorities through which only a constitution can act, or can exist." Had Lord John Russell read

this passage when he corresponded with the Birmingham Union? From Lord Althorp's apparent ignorance of that best of all possible public instructors, the *Times*, we presume that he had not seen these valuable remarks when he encouraged factions and clubs to overawe the legislature? Will the *Times* apply its own observation to the threatened processions of the fast-day—the day on which a sinful nation was called to weeping and to mourning—when we were menaced with the sound of revelry in our streets, and the heedless multitude were invited to eat flesh and drink wine, in place of humble prayer and decent sorrow? "Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the Lord; shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this!" It is when we contemplate this fearful spirit of opposition to all that is ordained of God, raging over the land, that we despair for our country, and dread lest the mandate should have already gone forth to turn our blessings into curses.

For much of this spirit, so little in unison with that once prevalent in England, we are indebted to instructors in high places, who have sought by every means in their power to liberalise, to foreignise our people. "And of all the nations in Europe," observes Mr. Galt, "we are the most apt, by our freedom, to catch the infection of opinions." On the pernicious popular tendency of the mass of these imported opinions we need not descant. Sir James Macintosh, in his *Vindicia Gallicia*, twenty years ago, pronounced our government the most democratic in Europe: what has been its progress since? what is its position and character now? Can any reflecting man, looking upon it in relation to continental politics at this moment, raise his spirits from despondency? Have the ruins of the revolutionary earthquake yet settled into solid ground? Does not the earth still heave and rock with hidden throes, and is not the world in looser disorder now than at the close of the first French Revolution? Do not all the signs of the times concur in betokening the speedy advent of a crisis in the world's destinies, and are not the waters of that moral deluge visibly rising which is to overspread the earth, beneath whose wild waves the mountain-tops of royalty are to be buried, and from the slime of which, creeping things are to crawl over the pillars of

the temple and the tapestry of the palace? And will no ark float over this dark tide, steered by Almighty Mercy as of old? Are all to be destroyed? We once thought that in Britain a remnant from the lost race might be saved, to enter on the regenerated age—the *salvage* of the moral world. We can, in this hour of doubt and gloom, only bow our heads in silent prayer that our worst fears may not be realised.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the elevated tone in which Mr. Galt discusses the present state of Europe and our foreign affairs. We regret that our limits preclude long quotations; but we must dwell somewhat on his remarks touching the vilified Holy Alliance. He complains, and we think with justice, that the subject was never rightly considered among us. Young declaimers denounced this conjunction of monarchs as an alliance of sovereigns against subjects, they saw nothing in it but the dungeons and chains of tyranny; while old scoffers mocked at the pious terms in which its objects were expressed; and its early well-wishers turned from it with feelings of disappointment when kings drew back in the performance of promises which they had made in times of peril to their people. The latter should have reflected, before they hastily condemned, on the real relations subsisting on the continent between rulers and people. The peace of Europe was but as ice upon the surface of a lake, that was liable to be tossed by a storm; and every thing tended to shew the existence of a deeply-seated, wide-spreading disease, not yet susceptible of wholesome curative treatment. Liberty can only be conferred safely on a disciplined recipient: to the Negro and the Neapolitan it would as yet be but *donner adieu*—a gift without benefit. Sneering politicians, too, should have paused before they indulged in declamatory invectives, the bad effects of which they may now see and will presently feel. “They have sown distrust between subjects and governments by their arguments, endeavouring to shew that the governors have interests apart from the governed; and this has weakened their reciprocal ties to such a degree, that even the foundations of property, the oldest and most consecrated of temporal things, are now in a state of being moved: the result who can tell? In a word, a wild and growing notion prevails that governments,

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and all things pertaining to them, are of less use than had been always supposed—a doctrine which, in the struggle of asserting, the most civilised and refined communities will be driven to the wall. Before the time of this parliament, according to my reflections, the kingly portion of the state was considered a thing necessary and indestructible, and whose utility it was denying first principles to call in question; but from some of the discussions alluded to, it has ceased to be an undisputed thing, whether in England there should be a monarchy, or any other principle of government acknowledged than the opinion of the present age. By and by we shall see that this notion has begun extending itself, and that, in consequence, many of those things which made the grandeur of England have been, by the unconscious *invidia* of those whose lot in life makes them of the lower orders, deteriorated not only in veneration but utility.” We add not one word of comment on these observations, at once forcible, acute, and just; but pass on to the remaining pages of this delightful little volume. Galt’s works generally contain many admirable descriptions, but he has perhaps surpassed his former efforts of the kind in a night scene in London, which we must quote at length, though in violation of our oft-repeated promises: this, however, shall be our last breach of faith.

“One night, after a very jangling debate, of which I could make neither head nor tail, and came away from sheer weariness of spirit before it was ended, as I was leisurely picking my steps along the plain stones up Palace Yard, the Abbey clock boomed twelve. It was a starry night; the sounds and buzz of the far-spreading city around were sunk into a murmur as soft as the calm-flowing tide on the sands of the sea-shore. It was a beautiful night, and the moon rode high and clear; not a breath was stirring; and the watchman, with his cry of ‘Past twelve o’clock,’ seemed as suitable to the occasion as the drowsy effigy of a dream going towards a weary politician’s pillow. I thought, coming out of the foul air of the close house, that I had never seen such a serene, sweet night since I had left the cool and hallowed shores of the Ganges: a new sense, as it were, was opened in my bosom; like the fresh spring which Moses drew from the rock in the desert; and I said to myself, If I am becoming an older man, surely it is also pleasing

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Heaven to make me a better; and yet I was never much of a saint, though, in a parliamentary sense, I had an inclination for the pastures of these innocent and pawky creatures. Stepping thus along with easy paces towards my lodgings in Manchester Buildings, as I passed the steps from Cannon Row to the back way that leads to the bridge, I beheld, by the glimpses of the moon, a remarkable young woman sitting there, with several children about her. At such an hour and time, this was a sight that would have interested any man—and it found me in the season of my softness. ‘Young woman,’ said I, ‘what are you doing at this time of night, with these children, sitting in such a melancholy posture, and in such an out-of-the-way place?’ Her head, at the time, was resting on her knees, but on hearing me speak, she looked up, and her face was pale and shining, like the moon in the heavens.

“‘We are,’ replied she, ‘waiting.’”

“‘This is,’ quoth I, ‘a strange place to wait. For whom are you waiting?’”

“‘She looked up again, and all the children did so likewise—and then she said, ‘For death!’ and stooped down again, as if she cared not what I thought of her sad answer; but all the children gave a very pitiful wail. Really, thought I, this is a strange scene to happen to a member coming from a debate for the good of the nation; and I was greatly rebuked and confounded. ‘My good young woman,’ said I, in amazement, ‘what has put it into your head to make me such a reply!’ She looked up suddenly again for a moment, and said—‘Want!’”

“‘Want! my body; what do you want?’”

“‘Every thing;—parents, shelter, food, clothing, friends—every thing that makes the curse or the blessing of life.’ This was said as one that was well educated, and it put me in a most disordered state; I could therefore do no less than exclaim, ‘My God! what are you to do!’ At which she started up on her feet, and said, with a stern voice, ‘To die!’ The other children, at this, began to cry; and she turned round and chided them, and then said to me, ‘Sir, we are a family in utter misery. I have told you our condition—we are starving. Can you help us? will you? If not, go away, and disturb us not while we perish!’ I was astonished; for she was but young in her teens, though she spoke as dreadful as a matron in years.”

The wants of the family, we need scarcely subjoin, are immediately relieved by our worthy friend, whose exertions, on learning their further history, place them once more in competence

and comfort. Many descriptions have we read in poetry of silent cities, many plaintive pictures of solitude and repose have we gazed on, and often have we traversed the squares of this mighty Babel, “when deep sleep falleth on men,” and fear has come upon us amidst the death-like pause of life and sound; but all the feelings peculiar to that hushed hour, *cum quies mortalibus ægris*, have been recalled by the pages before us.

We must now conclude, though with reluctance, for many subjects crowd upon our memory on which we have not dwelt with an attention adequate to their intrinsic importance, and the skill with which they are handled by Mr. Galt. It has been somewhere remarked, that more recondite lore in philosophy, both natural and political, is spread over the cantos of *Hudibras*, than is contained in any book in the English language. A somewhat similar observation, though limited, of course, may be applied to the *Member*, who, with smiling humour, but profound prudence, observes more or less upon every important question that has recently agitated the councils of the nation. The currency, the corn-laws, agricultural distress and disturbances, foreign affairs and domestic policy, and the theories of utilitarians and economists, are successively canvassed, and many a hint is thrown out which may well form germs for ample volumes. The money question is treated as one distinct from the principles of government, and we think this consonant with sound policy and good sense. We wish to draw Sir Robert Peel’s attention to this view of the question, for it is well known that he has always stipulated for an accordance with his financial system as a condition precedent to his joining any administration. Enemies may impute this to pettishness or overweening conceit; we by no means do this; entertaining a high notion of Sir Robert Peel’s integrity, and always considering the currency question as one on which difference of opinion must be conceded. Heartily do we wish that gentleman to concur with Galt’s wholesome advice, and then, though “we are free to confess” that certain recollections of the year 1829 do cling to our memory with unpleasant tenacity, yet, regarding Sir Robert Peel as a man able to do his country good service,—we will hail with gratulations his return to power. In-

dependently, too, of those personal considerations which induce a favourable estimate of Sir Robert's qualifications for office, he is no Whig; and the sight of a Whig in place always discloses to our eye the worst points of humanity—a painful exposure of weakness and corruption. Let us hear friend Archibald hereon. "I had, indeed, a sore heart when I saw the Whigs and Whiglings coming louping, like the puddochs of Egypt, over among the right-hand benches of the House of Commons, greedy as corbies, and chattering like pyets. It was a sad sight; and I thought of the carmagnoles of France, the honours of the sitting, and all that which made our French neighbours, forty years ago, so wicked and ridiculous." *Αχχα τον αυδα δουλιν*, says the Stagirite—a Whig's true nature is revealed by office.

The disturbances among our rural population furnish the last topic for Mr. Galt's observations, the propriety of which our personal experience enables us to confirm. The lamentable change that has taken place in their morals and habits within the last thirty years, is easily discernible; but the causes assigned for this revolution are as numerous as they are conflicting. We believe, with Mr. Galt, that a majority of the rioters and incendiaries were not urged on by want, nor instigated by a spirit of revenge—though cases of each kind, no doubt, occurred—but acted as they did "out of a mistaken notion, that by so shewing themselves, they would force on a reformation of the national abuses, as they considered them, not only in tithes and rents, but taxes and poor-rates." Whence this notion has sprung, is a serious question. The labourers themselves can have no interest in promoting this discontent; for were taxes and tithes to be abolished forthwith, they would still only earn their hire, which would bring them, as heretofore, no more than a subsistence. The landlords and the clergy cannot have diffused these doctrines among the commonalty, which, we agree with Mr. Galt, have originated with the farmers. To many, this may at first view be a startling proposition; but we can assure our metropolitan readers that the yeoman farmers of England are a sadly altered class. Once they were "their country's pride," and its best support; but now, if not destroyed, they are miserably corrupted. We are old

enough to recollect Redhede Yorke's complaining of their being too stupid to understand his declamations on liberty and equality, and too sluggish to be roused into insurrection. Better for themselves and for all would it have been, had their honest stupidity remained undisturbed; for their half-illuminated intellect is only pregnant with mischief. Their minds can just grasp crotchets, but cannot follow to their consequences the sophistical theories with which they have been industriously supplied. In politics, certainly, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," however desirable the smallest modicum may be shewn to be in literature and science by the Useful Knowledge Society, since they have set to work to controvert Pope's long-admitted maxim. We do not mean to contend that the farmers directly instigated the conflagration of their corn-ricks; but we have evidence to prove that they blew the coals to a certain degree, hoping to mitigate the burdens which we well know press heavily upon them. In conversations we have held with them, from the counties of Cumberland to Sussex, and from Monmouthshire to Essex, we have detected an exasperated spirit of complaint against the agricultural members, as neglectful to watch over country interests. And in many cases, during the late elections, we know that farmers voted against their better feelings and better judgment to spite their landlords. This was their own language; and our reasoning, though allowed by them to be just, failed to bring them to a better temper. Let the country gentlemen look to this; and instead of scouring the country with dragoons, and directing their course by the glare of midnight fires, let them sit themselves down in council and consider the complaints of the people. Their task is no easy one; but, as we firmly believe that it involves the best interests, nay, the vital safety of the nation, we earnestly implore them not to hesitate longer in commencing their arduous duties: we say commence; for, in our opinion, a proper inquiry has not yet been instituted. Fear will occasionally deter a commander from prosecuting a mutiny to its farthest extent—and timidity often leads to a patient's death by a delicate concealment of his malady. Let the gangrene be probed, and a cure may yet be effected.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI. NO. III.

LETTER OF WILLIAM HOLMES, ESQ., M.P., TO ARCHIBALD JOBBRY, ESQ., EX-M.P.

[*.* Since the foregoing article was in print, the kindness of Mr. Jobbry has enabled us to communicate to our readers a letter addressed to him by the most distinguished of the late ministerial party, Mr. W. Holmes. It will be recollected that Mr. Archibald Jobbry has dedicated his Autobiography to the writer; and we break no confidence, we are sure, in laying the following letter before the public, who will, of course, be so good as to consider it perfectly confidential. O. Y.]

DEAR JOBBRY,

I return you many thanks for your agreeable volume, which I have set up in the most honoured shelf of my library, among *Hatsell's Precedents*, the *Court Guide*, *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, *Whippers-in*, &c. my own interleaved copy of *Burke's Peerage*; and the other elementary works of that business, in which I so long was followed by the closest observers to have excelled. I have to thank you also for the kind and handsome manner in which you have spoken of me, and for the tribute of panegyric you have bestowed upon my humble labours. Applause from such men as you is not to be despised. You are of the class and order which I have always considered to be far the most useful in parliament. It is no doubt important, in a certain sense, to have people in the house to make speeches, and all that. I do not deny that these men have their place; though, of course, it cannot be contended by those who know what's what, that their place is a high one, or that they are to be regarded with any thing like the attention which the staple body of the house commands from persons of common sense and judicious reflection. As the business of a university, rightly considered, is not to bestow education, but to give degrees, so the business of the House of Commons is not to listen to speechifying, but to vote money. I have no objection that the ignorant should be deluded into a different belief; but it is not for you and me, old and well-trained veterans, to pretend to impose on one another, as if we fancied any stuff so ridiculous.

Every thing, of course, has some kind of use. We put canary birds and piping bulfinches into cages, where they sing very elegantly, and we have peacocks walking about in our lawns, as proud as Lord Mayors on Lord Mayor's day, shewing their tails (which my friend Tom Moore says very much resembled Dick Sheridan's mind, and a sign it was that old Rednose was dead, or Tom never would have heard the end of that comparison) to the sun. All that is very pretty, no doubt, and it may be instructive to the innocent mind of youth. But who in his senses, if he came to talk of birds in general, would compare them to a goose, roasted, and stuffed with sage and onions, smoking beautifully upon the table in all the glories of Michaelmas-day? Nobody, dear J. Poets may sing of the sweet note of the lark—painters may draw fine pictures of the grand feathers of the flamingo,—but when the real business of life comes on, every body cries, "Give me the goose." So, in the House of Commons; and "elsewhere," (you know what I mean,) there are your Cannings, and all the rest of that sort of people, who are the canary-birds of the house, pretty enough to listen to; but, dear Archibald, it is the geese, after all, who are the solid and real body of both assemblies.

How affairs have gone on in St. Stephen's since you have given up your seat, and I have given up my office, is truly afflicting to a well-regulated mind. You say that the Whigs came over from the opposition benches as noisy as pyets. Pyets, I believe, in the queer language which people of your country speak, who never had the benefit of a Siles education as I had, meant magpies; and I can assure you the comparison holds good in many more ways than in their chattering. If you have been in any place where birds will remain (I am told, that as soon as they get wings in Scotland they immediately fly away south out of it, just as the people themselves do), you would have noticed that the magpie is the biggest thief in the whole tribe of winged creatures. There is nothing that he will not steal,—corn, eggs, silver spoons, bits of cloth, every thing in short. He wages war at once with the pastoral, agricultural, manufacturing, and financial property

of every place where he is to be found, and by a system of free trade soon makes an inroad upon their prosperity. He is continually scraping every thing he can lay his claw or his beak upon into his own nest, which, indeed, he generally well supplies at the cost of the public stock. And all the time the fellow keeps prate, prate, prating away in such a style, that I am very sure, if we could understand what he was driving at, we should find it to be a defence of his own purity of conduct, and a long panegyric on the expansion of his intellect. John Russell always puts me in mind of a magpie, but that the feathered biped has a fine eye, while that of the unfeathered one is as dull as an oyster.

Like as are the Whigs to magpies in chatter, they are far liker them in thieving. Dear Mr. Jobbry, if you were in the house now, your mouth would water to turn Whig. Between you and me, though I hate the blackguards, and sure I have reason, I must do them the justice to say, that they have done some as pretty strokes of work since they came in as ever was seen. Of course, it is our cue to abuse them; but if we were to speak candidly, is not old Grey quite right in quartering off all his breed, seed, and generation on the public? And there is my countryman, Plunkett, with the whole tribe of his high-born family: I remember the man's father, an old snuffy Socinian preacher, somewhere at the back of Ormond Quay, in Dublin. They, too, are what the Yankees called "considerably fixed." I was like to die of laughing at a song about the one little Plunkett, two little Plunketts, and so on to the ten little Plunkett-boys, which I read in the *Evening Mail*, at the Athenæum some days ago. Remmy is a very droll hand at a bit of fun; but, on reflection to myself, I could not help thinking all such things pleasant, but wrong. Is it to stand to reason or natural justice that the Whigs are always to be in power? Certainly not. If they are, they will, in course of time, be so much improved by a knowledge of business, that they may be by rational men considered the same thing, for all practical purposes, as Tories. Sir Robert Walpole, for instance, was a Whig, but he was a man who knew the world, and was really a minister one felt a pleasure in acting with. But if it be granted to me that the Whigs are not to be always in office, may I ask, where is the sense in our bleating against places and pensions, and wages and sinecures? Dawson was very good; he made a capital speech, in which he proved that if Lord Plunkett was not Lord Bacon in point of talent, he had some points of resemblance to that great man. But by and by, when we ourselves get in, will it not be exceedingly inconvenient and embarrassing to his Majesty's government, if some of the then opposition get up and make use of Dawson's words against himself and the rest of us? There is no sense in this talk. Some of the things Dawson said in that speech made my hair stand on end; and when he wound it up with a quotation out of a play-book, I could not help giving a loud groan. I thought within myself the world was coming to an end, when he said (just as if he were Canning, always a flashy fellow, who made this sort of rubbish pass off well enough) —

"There is no terror, Cassius, in thy threats,
For I am strong in mine own honesty."

So I looked at him hard in the face, as much as to say, "The devil you are!" — and when he stopped and asked me what I thought of his speech, I only answered, "The least said, Mr. Dawson, of that sort of thing, the soonest mended: talking about honesty that way is scarcely parliamentary language." What did the *Examiner* say of it the next Sunday? Why, that the whole speech was a good one, except for the name at the top. It was plainly admitting that George had made a Whig speech. Then the *Examiner* went on further to compare my friend to the fox who had lost his tail, and wished to persuade all the other foxes to cut off theirs too; — and as for George being strong, why, said the fellow, foxes too are strong, but if it is with honesty, then honesty is in bad odour in this world. These are all just observations arising out of an unguarded attack upon the salaries and little pickings of public men. As for Plunkett's cutting off his tail to oblige Dawson or any body else, the thing is not in reason. He that can coax Plunkett to give up sixpence that he can clutch, must rise wonderfully early in the morning. That I will say in defence of the man. The Marquess of Clanricarde, who knows how to play his cards, will agree with me in opinion.

As for the Reform bill, it is now out of the House of Commons, after a hard fight. How it is to be decided, Providence only knows, if indeed Providence ever troubles itself with what is done in parliament. Will old Grey make peers? I don't know. They tell you that he has a list of near two hundred, all ready to be lorded without a minute's delay. Will they be wanted? Who can tell? There are my Lords Harrowby and Wharnccliffe, they have regularly ratted;—they are the first number of a *Waverley* series, and if many more follow, why make lords? If Grey thought that the Greylings could get any thing by it, it stands to reason he would make a ship-load of them, if he was let; but if they are only wanted for the bill, what's that to him so particular that he should bother himself about it? It's the bill keeps him in office, and the longer it is battled and rattled, the better for him. It puts me in mind of what I read when I was a boy, in a story-book, how the Queen of Sheba, or some other place, was to be hanged when she finished a story, so she took good care never to come to an end of it. So by the Whigs, they have no more fancy for finishing this bill, than you or I have for passing it; but it helps them in office." Therefore there is nothing on the face of this earth so hard to say as what will be the consequence.

It will be brought on again on the 5th of April,—a pretty day the Whigs have chosen, when the revenue will have tumbled some 20 per cent through their own botchery. It is amazing how every thing these wonderful and great men have put their hand to has broken down—except the bill. As for old Grey himself, he is not the bantam cock he used to be when he crowed so loud against us. On the Treasury bench he is but a dunghill fowl enough; and not the less so because he picks up the crumbs, without much minding whether the quarter they come from be clean or dirty. On the whole, I find it much easier to be in opposition. Many a man of our party, who never opened his mouth while in office, or was any thing better than a butt, now talks away as bold as brass—I mention no names. But, after all, what consolation is that? There is no glory in cutting a figure in the newspapers, compared with the figure opposite your name on quarter-day.

I think, however, I see streaks of morning. Something must turn up, and then we may turn in; which last is the constant prayer of,

Dear Jobbry, yours faithfully,

Fulham.

WILLIAM HOLMES.

P.S. As you have nothing to do in the evenings, could not you give me a call? They make a great noise in the North of your whisky, but it is impossible to persuade me that your Glenlivet, or whatever is the crack drink in Scotland, is equal to our Inishowen or Roscrea. At all events, I shall give you an opportunity of trying, and you may decide impartially. Claret is beastly drink in March for men who know the world; and I have given up Port since Lord Althorp taxed it to relieve the middle classes.

* * We have not ventured to alter a word in this admirable letter; but we fancy that the Queen of Sheba alluded to must be intended for the Sultanness Scheherazade, in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.—O. X.

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M.DCCC.XXII.

To Regina, about to appear in May.

BY A YOUNG PASTORAL POET.

STEP gladly forth to meet the day —
Step gladly forth, my Queen!
For welcome as the flowers in May
Is *Fraser's Magazine*.

The birds are singing on the spray
Their prettiest songs, I ween;
But more enchanting is the lay
Of *Fraser's Magazine*.

The roses blushing tints display,
Like flowers of modest mien —
As sweet and modest, all will say,
Is *Fraser's Magazine*.

The trees are blooming, bright and gay,
The spring-time earth is green;
But greener — greener far are they
* Who do not due devotion pay
To *Fraser's Magazine*.

Then step forth, glad to meet the day —
Step gladly forth, my Queen!
For welcome as the flowers in May
Is *Fraser's Magazine*.

FAVONIUS.

* Various reading by the Publisher: —

Who scruple half-a-crown to pay
For *Fraser's Magazine*.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXVIII.

MAY, 1832.

VOL. V.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.*

Æsor's Fly, sitting on the axle of the chariot, has been much laughed at for exclaiming: What a dust I do raise! Yet which of us, in his way, has not sometimes been guilty of the like? Nay, so foolish are men, they often, standing at ease and as spectators on the highway, will volunteer to exclaim of the Fly (not being tempted to it, as he was) exactly to the same purport: What a dust *thou* dost raise! Smallest of mortals, when mounted aloft by circumstances, come to seem great; smallest of phenomena connected with them are treated as important, and must be sedulously scanned, and commented upon with loud emphasis.

That Mr. Croker should undertake to edit *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, was a praiseworthy but no miraculous procedure: neither could the accomplishment of such undertaking be, in an epoch like ours, anyway regarded as an event in Universal History; the right or the wrong accomplishment thereof was, in very truth, one of the most insignificant of things. However, it sat in a great environment, on the axle of a high, fast-rolling, parliamentary chariot; and all the world has exclaimed over it, and the author of it: What a dust thou dost raise! List to the Reviews, and "Organs of Public Opinion," from the *National Omnibus* upwards: criticisms, vituperative and laudatory, stream from their thousand

throats of brass and of leather; here chanting *Io Peans*; there grating harsh thunder, or vehement shrew-mouse squeaklets; till the general ear is filled, and nigh deafened. Boswell's Book had a noiseless birth, compared with this Edition of Boswell's Book. On the other hand, consider with what degree of tumult *Paradise Lost* and the *Iliad* were ushered in!

To swell such clamour, or prolong it beyond the time, seems nowise our vocation here. At most, perhaps, we are bound to inform simple readers, with all possible brevity, what manner of performance and Edition this is; especially, whether, in our poor judgment, it is worth laying out three pounds sterling upon, yea or not. The whole business belongs distinctly to the lower ranks of the trivial class.

Let us admit, then, with great readiness, that as Johnson once said, and the Editor repeats, "all works which describe manners, require notes in sixty or seventy years, or less;" that, accordingly, a new Edition of Boswell was desirable; and that Mr. Croker has given one. For this task he had various qualifications: his own voluntary resolution to do it; his high place in society unlocking all manner of archives to him; not less, perhaps, a certain anecdotic-biographic turn of mind, natural or acquired; we mean, a love for the *minuter* events of History;

* The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.: including a Tour to the Hebrides: By James Boswell, Esq.—A new Edition, with numerous Additions and Notes: By John Wilson Croker, LL.D. F.R.S. 5 vols. London, 1831.

and talent for investigating these. Let us admit, too, that he has been very diligent; seems to have made inquiries perseveringly, far and near; as well as drawn freely from his own ample stores; and so tells us, to appearance quite accurately, much that he has not found lying on the highways, but has had to seek and dig for. Numerous persons, chiefly of quality, rise to view in these Notes; when and also where they came into this world, received office or promotion, died, and were buried (only what they *did*, except digest, remaining often too mysterious),—is faithfully enough set down. Whereby all that their various and doubtless widely-scattered Tombstones could have taught us, is here presented, at once, in a bound Book. Thus is an indubitable conquest, though a small one, gained over our great enemy, the all-destroyer Time; and as such shall have welcome.

Nay, let us say that the spirit of Diligence, exhibited in this department, seems to attend the Editor honestly throughout: he keeps every where a watchful outlook on his Text; reconciling the distant with the present, or at least indicating and regretting their irreconcilability; elucidating, smoothing down; in all ways, exercising, according to ability, a strict editorial superintendence. Any little Latin or even Greek phrase is rendered into English, in general with perfect accuracy; citations are verified, or else corrected. On all hands, moreover, there is a certain spirit of Decency maintained and insisted on: if not good morals, yet good manners, are rigidly inculcated; if not Religion, and a devout Christian heart, yet Orthodoxy, and a cleanly, Shovel-hatted look,—which, as compared with flat Nothing, is something very considerable. Grant too, as no contemptible triumph of this latter spirit, that though the Editor is known as a decided Politician and Party-man, he has carefully subdued all temptations to transgress in that way: except by quite involuntary indications, and rather as it were the pervading temper of the whole, you could not discover on which side of the Political Warfare he is enlisted and fights. This, as we said, is a great triumph of the Decency-principle: for this, and for these other graces and performances, let the Editor have all praise.

Herewith, however, must the praise unfortunately terminate. Diligence, Fidelity, Decency, are good and indispensable: yet, without Faculty, without Light, they will not do the work. Along with that Tombstone-information, perhaps even without much of it, we could have liked to gain some answer, in one way or other, to this wide question: What and how was *English Life* in Johnson's time; wherein has ours grown to differ therefrom? In other words: What things have we to forget, what to fancy and remember, before we, from such distance, can put ourselves in Johnson's *place*; and so, in the full sense of the term, *understand* him, his sayings, and his doings? This was indeed specially the problem which a Commentator and Editor had to solve: a complete solution of it should have lain in him, his whole mind should have been filled and prepared with perfect insight into it; then, whether in the way of express Dissertation, of incidental Exposition and Indication, opportunities enough would have occurred of bringing out the same: what was dark in the figure of the Past had thereby been enlightened; Boswell had, not in shew and word only, but in very fact, been made *new* again, readable to us who are divided from him, even as he was to those close at hand. Of all which very little has been attempted here; accomplished, we should say, next to nothing, or altogether nothing.

Excuse, no doubt, is in readiness for such omission; and, indeed, for innumerable other failings;—as where, for example, the Editor will punctually explain what is already sun-clear; and then anon, not without frankness, declare frequently enough that “the Editor does not understand,” that “the Editor cannot guess,”—while, for most part, the Reader cannot help both guessing and seeing. Thus, if Johnson say, in one sentence, that “English names should not be used in Latin verses;” and then, in the next sentence, speak blamingly of “Carteret being used as a dactyl,” will the generality of mortals detect any puzzle there? Or again, where poor Boswell writes: “I always remember a remark made to me by a Turkish lady, educated in France: ‘*Ma foi, monsieur, notre bonheur depend de la façon que notre sang circule;*’”—though the Turkish lady here speaks English-French, where

is the call for a Note like this: "Mr. Boswell no doubt fancied these words had some meaning, or he would hardly have quoted them; but what that meaning is the Editor cannot guess?" The Editor is clearly no witch at a riddle.—For these, and all kindred deficiencies, the excuse, as we said, is at hand; but the fact of their existence is not the less certain and regrettable.

Indeed, it, from a very early stage of the business, becomes afflictively apparent, how much the Editor, so well furnished with all external appliances and means, is from within unfurnished with means for forming to himself any just notion of Johnson, or of Johnson's Life; and therefore of speaking of that subject with much hope of edifying. Too lightly is it from the first taken for granted that *Hunger*, the great basis of our life, is also its apex and ultimate perfection; that as "Neediness and Greediness and Vainglory" are the chief qualities of most men, so no man, not even a Johnson, acts or can think of acting on any other principle. Whatsoever, therefore, cannot be referred to the two former categories (Need and Greed), is without scruple ranged under the latter. It is here properly that our Editor becomes burdensome; and, to the weaker sort, even a nuisance. "What good is it," will such cry, "when we had still some faint shadow of belief that man was better than a selfish Digesting-machine, what good is it to poke in, at every turn, and explain how this and that which we thought noble in old Samuel, was vulgar, base; that for him too there was no reality but in the Stomach; and except Pudding, and the finer species of pudding which is named Praise, life had no pabulum? Why, for instance, when we know that Johnson *loved* his good Wife, and says expressly that their marriage was 'a love-match on both sides,'—should two closed lips open to tell us only this: 'Is it not possible that the obvious advantage of having a woman of experience to superintend an establishment of this kind (the Edial School) may have contributed to a match so disproportionate in point of age.—Ed.?' Or again when, in the Text, the honest cynic speaks freely of his former poverty, and it is known that he once lived on fourpence halfpenny a-day, —need a Commentator advance, and comment thus: 'When we find Dr.

Johnson tell unpleasant truths to, or of, other men, let us recollect that he does not appear to have spared himself, on occasions in which he might be forgiven for doing so?' Why, in short," continues the exasperated Reader, "should Notes of this species stand affronting me, when there might have been no Note at all?"—Gentle Reader, we answer, Be not wroth. What other could an honest Commentator do, than give thee the best he had? Such was the picture and theorem he had fashioned for himself of the world and of man's doings therein: take it, and draw wise inferences from it. If there did exist a Leader of Public Opinion, and Champion of Orthodoxy in the Church of Jesus of Nazareth, who reckoned that man's glory consisted in not being poor; and that a Sage, and Prophet of his time, must needs blush because the world had paid him at that easy rate of fourpence halfpenny *per diem*,—was not the fact of such existence worth knowing, worth considering?

Of a much milder hue, yet to us practically of an all-defacing, and for the present enterprise quite ruinous character,—is another grand fundamental failing; the last we shall feel ourselves obliged to take the pain of specifying here. It is that our Editor has fatally, and almost surprisingly, mistaken the limits of an Editor's function; and so, instead of working on the margin with his Pen, to elucidate as best might be, strikes boldly into the body of the page with his Scissors, and there clips at discretion! Four Books Mr. C. had by him, wherefrom to gather light for the fifth, which was Boswell's. What does he do but now, in the placidest manner,—slit the whole five into slips, and sew these together into a *sextum quid*, exactly at his own convenience; giving Boswell the credit of the whole! By what art-magic, our readers ask, has he united them? By the simplest of all: by Brackets. Never before was the full virtue of the Bracket made manifest. You begin a sentence under Boswell's guidance, thinking to be carried happily through it by the same: but no; in the middle, perhaps after your semi-colon, and some consequent "for,"—starts up one of these Bracket-ligatures, and stitches you in from half a page, to twenty or thirty pages, of a Hawkins, Tyers, Murphy, Piozzi; so that often

one must make the old sad reflection, "where we are we know, whither we are going no man knoweth!" It is truly said also, "There is much between the cup and the lip;" but here the case is still sadder: for not till after consideration can you ascertain, now when the cup is at the lip, what liquor is it you are imbibing; whether Boswell's French wine which you began with, or some Piozzi's ginger-beer, or Hawkins's entire, or perhaps some other great Brewers penny-swipes or even aleger, which has been surreptitiously substituted instead thereof. A situation almost original; not to be tried a second time! But, in fine, what ideas Mr. Croker entertains of a literary *whole* and the thing called *Book*, and how the very Printer's Devils did not rise in mutiny against such a conglomeration as this, and refuse to print it,—may remain a problem.

But now happily our say is said. All faults, the Moralists tell us, are properly *shortcomings*; crimes themselves are nothing other than a *not doing enough*; a *fighting*, but with defective vigour. How much more a mere insufficiency, and this after good efforts, in handicraft practice! Mr. Croker says: "The worst that can happen is that all the present Editor has contributed may, if the reader so pleases, be rejected as *surplusage*." It is our pleasant duty to take with hearty welcome what he has given; and render thanks even for what he meant to give. Next and finally, it is our painful duty to declare, aloud if that be necessary, that his gift, as weighed against the hard money which the Booksellers demand for giving it you, is (in our judgment) very greatly the lighter. No portion, accordingly, of our small floating capital has been embarked in the business, or shall ever be; indeed, were we in the market for such a thing, there is simply *no* Edition of *Boswell* to which this last would seem preferable. And now enough, and more than enough!

We have next a word to say of James Boswell. Boswell has already been much commented upon; but rather in the way of censure and vituperation, than of true recognition. He was a man that brought himself much before the world; confessed that he eagerly coveted fame, or if that were not possible, notoriety; of which latter as he gained far more than seemed his

due, the public were incited, not only by their natural love of scandal, but by a special ground of envy, to say whatever ill of him could be said. Out of the fifteen millions that then lived, and had bed and board, in the British Islands, this man has provided us a greater *pleasure* than any other individual, at whose cost we now enjoy ourselves; perhaps has done us a greater *service* than can be specially attributed to more than two or three: yet, ungrateful that we are, no written or spoken eulogy of James Boswell any where exists; his recompense in solid pudding (so far as copyright went) was not excessive; and as for the empty praise, it has altogether been denied him. Men are unwiser than children; they do *not* know the hand that feeds them.

Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the Time he lived in; were far from common then, indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled; not recognisable therefore by every one; nay apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a wine-bibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the braggadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the Tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakspeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted "CORSIKA BOSWELL," round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude: all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. The very look of Boswell seems to have signified so much. In that cocked nose, cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff up the smell of coming pleasure, and scent it from afar; in those bag-cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contain more; in that coarsely protruded self-mouth, that fat dewlapped chin; in all this, who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterous imbecility enough; much

that could not have been ornamental in the temper of a great man's overfed great man (what the Scotch name *flunky*), though it had been more natural there. The under part of Boswell's face is of a low, almost brutish character.

Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. That Boswell was a hunter after spiritual Notabilities, that he loved such, and longed, and even crept and crawled to be near them; that he first (in old Touchwood Auchinleck's phrasology) "took on with Paoli," and then being off with "the Corsican landlouser," took on with a schoolmaster, "ane that keeped a schule, and ca'd it an academy:" that he did all this, and could not help doing it, we account a very singular merit. The man, once for all, had an "open sense," an open loving heart, which so few have: where Excellence existed, he was compelled to acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and (let the old sulphur-brand of a Laird say what he liked) *could not but* walk with it,—if not as superior, if not as equal, then as inferior and lackey, better so than not at all. If we reflect now that this love of Excellence had not only *such* an evil nature to triumph over; but also what an *education* and social position withstood it and weighed it down, its innate strength, victorious over all these things, may astonish us. Consider what an inward impulse there must have been, how many mountains of impediment hurled aside, before the Scottish Laird could, as humble servant, embrace the knees (the bosom was not permitted him) of the English Dominie! "Your Scottish Laird," says an English naturalist of these days, "may be defined as the hungriest and vainest of all bipeds yet known." Boswell too was a Tory; of quite peculiarly feudal, genealogical, pragmatical temper, had been nurtured in an atmosphere of Heraldry; at the feet of a very Gamaliel in that kind; within bare walls, adorned only with pedigrees, amid serving-men in threadbare livery; all things teaching him, from birth upwards, to remember, that a Laird was a Laird. Perhaps there was a special vanity in his very blood: old Auchinleck had, if not the

gay, tail-spreading, peacock vanity of his son, no little of the slow-stalking, contentious, hissing vanity of the gander; a still more fatal species. Scottish Advocates will yet tell you how the ancient man, having chanced to be the first sheriff appointed (after the abolition of "hereditary jurisdictions") by royal authority, was wont, in dull pompous tone, to preface many a deliverance from the bench, with these words: "I, the first King's Sheriff in Scotland."

And now behold the worthy Boszy, so prepossessed and held back by nature and by art, fly nevertheless like iron to its magnet, whither his better genius called! You may surround the iron and the magnet with what enclosures and encumbrances you please,—with wood, with rubbish, with brass: it matters not, the two feel each other, they struggle restlessly towards each other, they *will* be together. The iron may be a Scottish squirelet, full of gulosity and "gigmanity;"* the magnet an English plebeian, and moving rag-and-dust mountain, coarse, proud, irascible, imperious: nevertheless, behold how they embrace, and inseparably cleave to one another! It is one of the strangest phenomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of Discipleship (such as brought men from far countries, with rich gifts, and prostrate soul, to the feet of the Prophets) had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does), perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart,—James Boswell should have been the individual, of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering, and, for a long while, laughing, and unrecognising world.

It has been commonly said, The man's vulgar vanity was all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen near him, to be thought connected with him. Now let it be at once granted that no consideration springing out of vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any considerable transaction of his life. At the same time ask yourself: Whether such vanity, and

* "Q. What do you mean by 'respectable'?—A. He always kept a gig."—(*Thurtell's Trial*.)—"Thus," it has been said, "does society naturally divide itself into four classes: Noblemen, Gentlemen, Gigmens, and Men."

nothing else, actuated him therein; whether this was the true essence and moving principle of the phenomenon, or not rather its outward vesture, and the accidental environment (and de-facement) in which it came to light? The man was, by nature and habit, vain; a sycophant-coxcomb, be it granted: but had there been nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself? At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated "scholar," dwelling in Temple-lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentlemen, the glass of fashion; honour-giving noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; renowned free-eaters, swordsmen, gowmsmen; Quacks and Realities of all hues,—any one of whom bulked much larger in the world's eye than Johnson ever did? To any one of whom, by half that submissiveness and assiduity, our Bozzy might have recommended himself; and sat there, the envy of surrounding lickspittles; pocketing now solid emolument, swallowing now well-cooked viands and wines of rich vintage; in each case, also, shone on by some glittering reflex of Renown or Notoriety, so as to be the observed of innumerable observers. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtierships were his paid drudgery, or leisure-amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted yet enthusiastic man, doffing his Advocate's-wig, regularly take post, and hurry up to London, for the sake of his Sage chiefly; as to a Feast of Tabernacles, the Sabbath of his whole year? The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt Court, to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man, and a sour-tempered blind old woman (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger); and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may but be allowed to listen, and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honour, as from its fountain, descends. Bozzy, even among

Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have been laughed at than envied: his officious, whisking, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, could gain from the world no golden, but only leaden, opinions. His devout Discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean Spanielship, in the general eye. His mighty "constellation," or sun, round whom he, as satellite, observantly gyrated, was, for the mass of men, but a huge ill-snuffed tallow-light, and he a weak night-moth, circling foolishly, dangerously about it, not knowing what he wanted. If he enjoyed Highland dinners and toasts, as henchman to a new sort of chieftain, Henry Erskine, in the domestic "Outer-House," could hand him a shilling "for the sight of his Bear." Doubtless the man was laughed at, and often heard himself laughed at, for his Johnsonism. To be envied is the grand and sole aim of vulgar vanity; to be filled with good things is that of sensuality: for Johnson perhaps no man living *envied* poor Bozzy; and of good things (except himself paid for them) there was no vestige in that acquaintanceship. Had nothing other or better than vanity and sensuality been there, Johnson and Boswell had never come together, or had soon and finally separated again.

In fact, the so copious terrestrial Dross that welters chaotically, as the outer sphere of this man's character, does but render for us more remarkable, more touching, the celestial spark of goodness, of light, and Reverence for Wisdom, which dwelt in the interior, and could struggle through such encumbrances, and in some degree illuminate and beautify them. There is much lying yet undeveloped in the love of Boswell for Johnson. A cheering proof, in a time which else utterly wanted and still wants such, that living Wisdom is quite *infinitely* precious to man, is the symbol of the Godlike to him, which even weak eyes may discern; that Loyalty, Discipleship, all that was ever meant by *Hero-worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make the world alive! James Boswell we can regard as a practical witness (or real martyr) to this high, everlasting truth. A wonderful martyr, if you

will; and in a time, which made such martyrdom doubly wonderful: yet the time and its martyr perhaps suited each other. For a decrepit, death-sick Era, when CANT had first decisively opened her poison-breathing lips to proclaim that God-worship and Mammon-worship were one and the same, that Life was a *Lie*, and the Earth Beelzebub's, which the *Supreme Quack* should inherit; and so all things were fallen into the yellow leaf, and fast hastening to noisome corruption: for such an Era, perhaps no better Prophet than a parti-coloured Zany-Prophet, concealing (from himself and others) his prophetic significance in such unexpected vestures,—was deserved, or would have been in place. A precious medicine lay hidden in floods of coarsest, most composite treacle: the world swallowed the treacle, for it suited the world's palate; and now, after half a century, may the medicine also begin to shew itself! James Boswell belonged, in his corruptible part, to the lowest classes of mankind; a foolish, inflated creature, swimming in an element of self-conceit: but in his corruptible there dwelt an incorruptible, all the more impressive and indubitable for the strange lodging it had taken.

Consider, too, with what force, diligence, and vivacity, he has rendered back, all this which, in Johnson's neighbourhood, his "open sense" had so eagerly and freely taken in. That loose-flowing, careless-looking Work of his is as a picture painted by one of Nature's own Artists; the best possible resemblance of a Reality; like the very image thereof in a clear mirror. Which indeed it was: let but the mirror be clear, this is the great point; the picture must and will be genuine. How the babbling Bozzy, inspired only by love, and the recognition and vision which love can lend, epitomises nightly the words of Wisdom, the deeds and aspects of Wisdom, and so, by little and little, unconsciously works together for us a whole *Johnsoniad*; a more free, perfect, sunlit, and spirit-speaking likeness, than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man! Scarcely since the days of Homer has the feat been equalled: indeed, in many senses, this also is a kind of Heroic Poem. The fit *Odyssey* of our unheroic age was to be written, not sung; of a Thinker, not of a Fighter; and (for want of a Homer) by the first open soul that

might offer,—looked such even through the organs of a Boswell. We do the man's intellectual endowment great wrong, if we measure it by its mere logical outcome; though here, too, there is not wanting a light ingenuity, a figurativeness, and fanciful sport, with glimpses of insight far deeper than the common. But Boswell's grand intellectual talent was (as such ever is) an *unconscious* one, of far higher reach and significance than Logic; and shewed itself in the whole, not in parts. Here again we have that old saying verified, "The heart sees farther than the head."

Thus does poor Bozzy stand out to us as an ill-assorted, glaring mixture of the highest and the lowest. What, indeed, is man's life generally but a kind of beast-godhood; the god in us triumphing more and more over the beast; striving more and more to subdue it under his feet? Did not the Ancients, in their wise, perennially significant way, figure Nature itself, their sacred All, or PAN, as a portentous commingling of these two discords; as musical, humane, oracular in its upper part, yet ending below in the cloven hairy feet of a goat? The union of melodious, celestial Free-will and Reason, with soul Irrationality and Lust; in which, nevertheless, dwelt a mysterious unspeakable Fear and half-inad *panic* Awe; as for mortals there well might! And is not man a microcosm, or epitomised mirror of that same Universe; or, rather, is not that Universe even Himself, the reflex of his own fearful and wonderful being, "the waste fantasy of his own dream?" No wonder that man, that each man, and James Boswell like the others, should resemble it! The peculiarity in his case was the unusual defect of amalgamation and subordination: the highest lay side by side with the lowest; not morally combined with it and spiritually transfiguring it; but tumbling in half-mechanical juxtaposition with it, and from time to time, as the mad alternation chanced, irradiating it, or eclipsed by it.

The world, as we said, has been but unjust to him; discerning only the outer terrestrial and often sordid mass; without eye, as it generally is, for his inner divine secret: and thus figuring him nowise as a god Pan, but simply of the bestial species, like the cattle on a thousand hills. Nay, sometimes a

strange enough hypothesis has been started of him; as if it were in virtue even of these same bad qualities that he did his good work; as if it were the very fact of his being among the worst men in this world that had enabled him to write one of the best books therein! Falser hypothesis, we may venture to say, never rose in human soul. *Bad* is by its nature negative, and can do *nothing*; whatsoever enables us to do any thing is by its very nature *good*. Alas, that there should be teachers in Israel, or even learners, to whom this world-ancient fact is still problematical, or even deniable! Boswell wrote a good Book because he had a heart and an eye to discern Wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent, above all, of his Love and childlike Open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthy in him, are so many blemishes in his Book, which still disturb us in its clearness; wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not Sycophancy, which is the lowest, but Reverence, which is the highest of human feelings. None but a *reverent* man (which so unspeakably few are) could have found his way from Boswell's environment to Johnson's: if such worship for real God-made superiors shewed itself also as worship for apparent Tailor-made superiors, even as hollow, interested mouth-worship for such, — the case, in this composite human nature of ours, was not miraculous, the more was the pity! But for ourselves, let every one of us cling to this last article of Faith, and know it as the beginning of all knowledge worth the name: That neither James Boswell's good Book, nor any other good thing, in any time or in any place, was, is, or can be performed by any man in virtue of his *badness*, but always and solely in spite thereof.

As for the Book itself, questionless the universal favour entertained for it is well merited. In worth as a Book we have rated it beyond any other product of the eighteenth century: all Johnson's own Writings, laborious and in their kind genuine above most, stand on a quite inferior level to it; already, indeed, they are becoming obsolete for this generation; and for some future generation, may be valuable chiefly as Prolegomena and expo-

sitory Scholia to this *Johnsoniad* of Boswell. Which of us but remembers, as one of the sunny spots in his existence, the day when he opened these airy volumes, fascinating him by a true natural-magic! It was as if the curtains of the Past were drawn aside, and we looked mysteriously into a kindred country, where dwelt our Fathers; inexpressibly dear to us, but which had seemed for ever hidden from our eyes. For the dead Night had engulfed it; all was gone, vanished as if it had not been. Nevertheless, wondrously given back to us, there once more it lay; all bright, lucid, blooming; a little island of Creation amid the circumambient Void. There it still lies; like a thing stationary, imperishable, over which changeful Time were now accumulating itself in vain, and could not, any longer, harm it, or hide it.

If we examine by what charm it is that men are still held to this *Life of Johnson*, now when so much else has been forgotten, the main part of the answer will perhaps be found in that speculation "on the import of *Reality*," communicated to the world, last Month, in this Magazine. The *Johnsoniad* of Boswell turns on objects that in very deed existed; it is all *true*. So far other in melodiousness of tone, it vies with the *Odyssey* or surpasses it, in this one point: to us these read pages, as those chanted hexameters were to the first Greek hearers, are in the fullest, deepest sense, wholly *credible*. All the wit and wisdom, lying embalmed in Boswell's Book, plenteous as these are, could not have saved it. Far more scientific *instruction* (mere excitement and enlightenment of the *thinking power*) can be found in twenty other works of that time, which make but a quite secondary impression on us. The other works of that time, however, fall under one of two classes: Either they are professedly Didactic; and, in that way, mere Abstractions, Philosophic Diagrams, incapable of interesting us much otherwise than as *Euclid's Elements* may do: Or else, with all their vivacity, and pictorial richness of colour, they are *Fictions* and not *Realities*. Deep, truly, as Herr Sauerteig urges, is the force of this consideration: The thing here stated is a fact; these figures, that local habitation, are not shadow but substance. In virtue of such advantages, see how a very Boswell may become Poetical!

Critics insist much on the Poet that he should communicate an "Infinitude" to his delineation; that by intensity of conception, by that gift of "transcendental Thought," which is fitly named *genius*, and inspiration, he should *inform* the Finite with a certain Infinitude of significance; or as they sometimes say, ennoble the Actual into Idealness. They are right in their precept; they mean rightly. But in cases like this of the *Johnsoniad* (such is the dark grandeur of that "Time-element," wherein man's soul here below lives imprisoned), the Poet's task is, as it were, done to his hand: Time itself, which is the outer veil of Eternity, invests, of its own accord, with an authentic, felt "infinitude," whatsoever it has once embraced in its mysterious folds. Consider all that lies in that one word, *Past!* What a pathetic, sacred, in every sense *poetic*, meaning is implied in it; a meaning growing ever the clearer, the farther we recede in Time,—the *more* of that same Past we have to look through!—On which ground indeed must Sauer-teig have built, and not without plausibility, in that strange thesis of his: "that History after all is the true Poetry; that Reality if rightly interpreted is grander than Fiction; nay that even in the right interpretation of Reality and History does genuine Poetry consist."

Thus for *Boswell's Life of Johnson* has Time done, is Time still doing, what no ornament of Art or Artifice could have done for it. Rough Samuel and sleek wheedling James *were*, and *are not*. Their Life and whole personal Environment has melted into air: The Mitre Tavern still stands in Fleet Street: but where now is its scot-and-lot paying, beef-and-ale loving, cocked-hatted, potbellied Landlord; its rosy-faced, assiduous Landlady, with all her shining brass-pans, waxed tables, well-filled larder-shelves; her cooks, and bootjacks, and errand-boys and watery-mouthed hangers-on? Gone! Gone! The becking waiter, that with wreathed smiles, wont to spread for Samuel and Bozzy their 'supper of the gods,' has long since pocketted his last sixpence; and vanished, sixpences and all, like a ghost at cock-crowing. The Bottles they drank out of are all broken, the Chairs they sat on all rotted and burnt; the very Knives and Forks they ate with have rusted to the heart, and become brown oxide of iron,

and mingled with the indiscriminate clay. All, all, has vanished; in very deed and truth, like that baseless fabric of Prospero's air-vision. Of the Mitre Tavern nothing but the bare walls remain there: of London, of England, of the World, nothing but the bare walls remain; and these also decaying (were they of adamant), only slower. The mysterious River of Existence rushes on: a new Billow thereof has arrived, and lashes wildly as ever round the old embankments; but the former Billow with its loud, mad eddyings, where is it?—Where!—Now this Book of Boswell's, this is precisely a Revocation of the Edict of Destiny; so that Time shall not utterly, not so soon by several centuries, have dominion over us. A little row of Naphthalamps, with its line of Naphthalight, burns clear and holy through the dead Night of the Past: they who were gone are still here; though hidden they are revealed, though dead they yet speak. There it shines, that little miraculously lamp-lit Pathway; shedding its feebler and feebler twilight into the boundless dark Oblivion, for all that our Johnson *touched* has become illuminated for us: on which miraculous little Pathway we can still travel, and see wonders.

It is not speaking with exaggeration, but with strict measured sobriety, to say that this Book of Boswell's will give us more real insight into the *History of England* during those days than twenty other Books, falsely entitled "Histories," which take to themselves that special aim. What good is it to me though innumerable Smolletts and Belshams keep dinning in my ears that a man named George the Third was born and bred up, and a man named George the Second died; that Walpole, and the Pelhams, and Chatham, and Rockingham, and Shelburn, and North, with their Coalition or their Separation Ministries, all ousted one another; and vehemently scrambled for "the thing they called the Rudder of Government, but which was in reality the Spigot of Taxation"? That debates were held, and infinite jarring and jargoning took place; and road-bills and enclosure-bills, and game-bills and India-bills, and Laws which no man can number, which happily few men needed to trouble their heads with beyond the passing moment, were enacted, and printed by the King's

Stationer? That he who sat in Chancery, and rayed out speculation from the Woolsack, was now a man that squinted, now a man that did not squint? To the hungry and thirsty mind all this avails next to nothing. These men and these things, we indeed know, did swim, by strength or by specific-levity (as apples or as horse-dung), on the top of the current: but is it by painfully quoting the courses, eddyings, and bobbings hither and thither of such drift-articles, that you will unfold to me the nature of the current itself; of that mighty-rolling, loud-roaring, Life-current, bottomless as the foundations of the Universe, mysterious as its Author! The thing I want to see is not Redbook Lists, and Court Calendars, and Parliamentary Registers, but the *LIFE OF MAN* in England: what men did, thought, suffered, enjoyed; the form, especially the spirit, of their terrestrial existence, its outward environment, its inward principle; *how* and *what* it was; whence it proceeded, whither it was tending.

Mournful, in truth, is it to behold what the business called "History," in these so enlightened and illuminated times, still continues to be. Can you gather from it, read^d till your eyes go out, any dimmest shadow of an answer to that great question: How men lived and had their being; were it but economically, as what wages they got, and what they bought with these? Unhappily you cannot. History will throw no light on any such matter. At the point where living memory fails, it is all darkness; Mr. Senior and Mr. Sadler must still debate this simplest of all elements in the condition of the Past: Whether men were better off, in their mere larders and pantries, or were worse off than now! History, as it stands all bound up in gilt volumes, is but a shade more instructive than the wooden volumes of a Backgammon-board. How my Prime Minister was appointed is of less moment to me than how my House Servant was hired. In these days, ten ordinary Histories of Kings and Courtiers were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good History of Booksellers.

For example, I would fain know the History of Scotland: who can tell it me? "Robertson," cry innumerable voices; "Robertson against the world." I open Robertson; and find there,

through long ages too confused for narrative, and fit only to be presented in the way of epitome and distilled essence, a cunning answer and hypothesis, not to this question: By whom, and by what means, when and how, was this fair broad Scotland, with its Arts and Manufactures, Temples, Schools, Institutions, Poetry, Spirit, National Character, created and made arable, verdant, peculiar, great, here as I can see some fair section of it lying, kind and strong (like some Bacchus-tamed Lion), from the Castle-hill of Edinburgh?—but to this other question: How did the King keep himself alive in those old days; and restrain so many Butcher-Barons and ravenous Henchmen from utterly extirpating one another, so that killing went on in some sort of moderation? In the one little Letter of Æneas Sylvius, from old Scotland, there is more of History than in all this.—At length, however, we come to a luminous age, interesting enough; to the age of the Reformation. All Scotland is awakened to a second higher life: the Spirit of the Highest stirs in every bosom, agitates every bosom. Scotland is convulsed, fermenting, struggling to body itself forth anew. To the herdsman, among his cattle in remote woods; to the craftsman, in his rude, heath-thatched workshop, among his rude guild-brethren; to the great and to the little, a new light has arisen: in town and hamlet groups are gathered, with eloquent looks, and governed or ungovernable tongues; the great and the little go forth together to do battle for the Lord against the mighty. We ask, with breathless eagerness: How was it; how went it on? Let us understand it, let us see it, and know it!—In reply, is handed us a really graceful, and most dainty little Scandalous Chronicle (as for some Journal of Fashion) of two persons: Mary Stuart, a Beauty, but over lightheaded; and Henry Darnley, a Booby, who had fine legs. How these first courted, billed and cooed, according to nature; then pouted, fretted, grew utterly enraged, and blew one another up with gunpowder: this, and not the History of Scotland, is what we goodnaturedly read. Nay, by other hands, something like a horseload of other Books have been written to prove that it was the Beauty who blew up the Booby, and that it was not she. Who or what it was, the thing once for

all *being* so effectually done, concerns us little. To know Scotland, at that great epoch, were a valuable increase of knowledge: to know poor Darnley, and see him with burning candle, from centre to skin, were no increase of knowledge at all.—Thus is History written.

Hence, indeed, comes it that History, which should be “the essence of innumerable Biographies,” will tell us, question it as we like; less than one genuine Biography may do, pleasantly and of its own accord! The time is approaching when History will be attempted on quite other principles; when the Court, the Senate, and Battle-field, receding more and more into the back-ground, the Temple, the Workshop, and Social Hearth, will advance more and more into the foreground; and History will not content itself with shaping some answer to that question: How were men *tired* and *kept quiet* then? but will seek to answer this other infinitely wider and higher question: How and what *were men* then? Not our Government only, or the “House wherein our life was led,” but the *Life* itself we led there, will be inquired into. Of which latter it may be found that Government, in any modern sense of the word, is after all but a secondary condition: in the mere sense of *Taxation* and *Keeping quiet*, a small, almost a pitiful one.—Meanwhile let us welcome such Boswells, each in his degree, as bring us any genuine contribution, were it never so inadequate, so inconsiderable.

An exception was early taken against this *Life of Johnson*, and all similar enterprises, which we here recommend; and has been transmitted from critic to critic, and repeated in their several dialects, uninterruptedly, ever since: That such jottings down of careless conversation are an infringement of social privacy; a crime against our highest Freedom, the Freedom of man's intercourse with man. To this accusation, which we have read and heard oftener than enough, might it not be well for once to offer the flattest contradiction, and plea of *Not at all guilty?* Not that conversation is noted down, but that conversation should not deserve noting down, is the evil. Doubtless, if conversation be falsely recorded, then is it simply a Lie; and worthy of being swept, with all despatch, to the Father of Lies. But if, on the other hand,

conversation can be authentically recorded, and any one is ready for the task, let him by all means proceed with it; let conversation be kept in remembrance to the latest date possible. Nay should the consciousness that a man may be among us “taking notes” tend, in any measure, to restrict those floods of idle insincere *speech*, with which the *thought* of mankind is well nigh drowned,—were it other than the most indubitable benefit? He who speaks honestly cares not, needs not care, though his words be preserved to remotest time: for him who speaks dishonestly, the fittest of all punishments seems to be this same, which the nature of the case provides. The dishonest speaker, not he only who purposely utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely, and with sincere heart, utter Truth, and Truth alone; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility,—is among the most indubitable malefactors omitted, or inserted, in the Criminal Calendar. To him that will well consider it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all Hollowness, Halfness, *Infidelity* (want of Faithfulness); the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of every kind attain the mastery over noble fruits in man's life, and utterly choke them out: one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost withstood. Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept: *Watch thy tongue*; out of it are the issues of Life! “Man is properly an *incarnated word*,” the *word* that he speaks is the *man* himself. Were eyes put into our head, that we might *see*; or only that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend; we had *seen*? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul's-brother of man; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so *divide* man, as by enchanted walls of Darkness, from union with man? Thou who wearest that cunning Heaven-made organ, a Tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit: *hold thy tongue* (thou hast it a-holding) till some meaning lie behind, to set it wagging. Con-

sider the significance of SILENCE: it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted; unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confessed suicidal dislocation and stupor: out of Silence comes thy strength. "Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; Speech is human, Silence is divine." Fool! thinkest thou that because no Boswell is there with ass-skin and black-lead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless. Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths: the paper tablets thou canst "burn; of the "iron leaf" there is no burning.—Truly, if we can permit God Almighty to note down our conversation, thinking it good enough for Him,—any poor Boswell need not scruple to work his will of it.

Leaving now this our English *Odyssey*, with its Singer and Scholiast, let us come to the *Ulysses*; that great Samuel Johnson himself, the far-experienced, "much-enduring man," whose labours and pilgrimage are here sung. A full-length image of his Existence has been preserved for us: and he, perhaps of all living Englishmen, was the one who best deserved that honour. For if it is true and now almost proverbial, that "the Life of the lowest mortal, if faithfully recorded, would be interesting to the highest;" how much more when the mortal in question was already distinguished in fortune and natural quality, so that his thinkings and doings were not significant of himself only, but of large masses of mankind! "There is not a man whom I meet on the streets," says one, "but I could like, were it otherwise convenient, to know his Biography:" nevertheless, could an enlightened curiosity be so far gratified, it must be owned the Biography of most ought to be, in an extreme degree, *summary*. In this world, there is so wonderfully little self-subsistence among men; next to no originality (though never absolutely *none*): one Life is too servilely the copy of another; and so in whole thousands of them you find little that is properly new; nothing but the old song sung by a new voice, with better or worse execution, here and there an

ornamental quaver, and false notes enough: but the fundamental tune is ever the same; and for the *words*, these, all that they meant stands written generally on the Churchyard-stone: *Natus sum; esuriebam, querebam; nunc repletus requiesco*. Mankind sail their Life-voyage in huge fleets, following some single whale-fishing or herring-fishing Commodore: the log-book of each differs not, in essential purport, from that of any other; nay the most have no legible log-book (reflection, observation not being among their talents); keep no reckoning, only *keep in sight* of the flagship,—and fish. Read the Commodore's Papers (know *his Life*); and even your lover of that street Biography will have learned the most of what he sought after.

Or, the servile *imitancy*, and yet also a nobler relationship and mysterious union to one another which lies in such imitancy, of Mankind might be illustrated under the different figure (itself nowise *original*) of a Flock of Sheep. Sheep go in flocks for three reasons: First, because they are of a gregarious temper, and *love* to be together: Secondly, because of their cowardice; they are afraid to be left alone: Thirdly, because the common run of them are dull of sight, to a proverb, and can have no choice in roads; sheep can in fact *see* nothing; in a celestial Luminary, and a scoured pewter Tankard, would discern only that both dazzled them, and were of unspeakable glory. How like their fellow-creatures of the human species! Men too, as was from the first maintained here, are gregarious: then surely faint-hearted enough, trembling to be left by themselves: above all, dull-sighted, down to the verge of utter blindness. Thus are we seen ever running in torrents, and mobs, if we run at all; and after what foolish scoured Tankards, mistaking them for Suns! Foolish Turnip-lanterns likewise, to all appearance supernatural, keep whole nations quaking, their hair on end. Neither know we, except by blind habit, where the good pastures lie: solely when the sweet grass is between our teeth, we know it, and chew it; also when grass is bitter and scant, we know it,—and bleat and but: these last two facts we know of a truth, and in very deed.—Thus do Men and Sheep play their parts on this Nether Earth; wandering restlessly in large masses, they know not whither; for most part,

each following his neighbour, and his own nose.

Nevertheless, not always : look better, you shall find certain that do, in some small degree, *know whither*. Sheep have their Bell-wether ; some ram of the folds, endued with more valour, with clearer vision than other sheep ; he leads them through the wolds, by height and hollow, to the woods and water-courses, for covert or for pleasant provender ; courageously marching, and if need be, leaping, and with hoof and horn doing battle, in the van : him they courageously, and with assured heart, follow. Touching it is, as every herdsman will inform you, with what chivalrous devotedness these woolly Hosts adhere to their Wether ; and rush after him, through good report and through bad report, were it into safe shelters and green thymy nooks, or into asphaltic lakes and the jaws of devouring lions. Ever also must we recall that fact which we owe Jean Paul's quick eye : " If you hold a stick before the Wether, so that he, by necessity, leaps in passing you, and then withdraw your stick, the Flock will nevertheless all leap as he did ; and the thousandth sheep shall be found impetuously vaulting over air, as the first did over an otherwise impassable barrier." Reader, wouldst thou understand Society, ponder well those ovine proceedings ; thou wilt find them all curiously significant.

Now if sheep always, how much more must men always, have their Chief, their Guide ! Man too is by nature quite thoroughly *gregarious* ; nay, ever he struggles to be something more, to be *social* ; not even when Society has become impossible, does that deep-seated tendency and effort forsake him. Man, as if by miraculous magic, imparts his Thoughts, his Mood of mind to man ; an unspeakable communion binds all past, present, and future men into one indissoluble whole, almost into one living Individual. Of which high, mysterious Truth, this disposition to *imitate*, to lead and be led, this impossibility *not* to imitate, is the most constant, and one of the simplest manifestations. To "*imitate* !" which of us all can measure the significance that lies in that one word ? By virtue of which the infant Man, born at Wolstrop, grows up not to be a hairy Savage, and chewer of Acorns, but an Isaac

Newton, and Discoverer of Solar Systems !—Thus both in a celestial and terrestrial sense, are we a *Flock*, such as there is no other : nay, looking away from the base and ludicrous to the sublime and sacred side of the matter (since in every matter there are two sides), have not we also a SHEPHERD, " if we will but hear his voice ?" Of those stupid multitudes there is no one but has an immortal Soul within him ; a reflex, and living image of God's whole Universe : strangely, from its dim environment, the light of the Highest looks through him ;—for which reason, indeed, it is that we claim a brotherhood with him, and so love to know his History, and come into clearer and clearer union with all that he feels, and says, and does.

However, the chief thing to be noted was this : Amid those dull millions, who, as a *dull flock*, roll hither and thither, whithersoever they are led, and seem all sightless and slavish, accomplishing, attempting little save what the animal instinct (in its somewhat higher kind) might teach (to keep themselves and their young ones alive),—are scattered here and there superior natures, whose eye is not destitute of free vision, nor their heart of free volition. These latter, therefore, examine and determine, not what others do, but what it is right to do ; towards which, and which only, will they, with such force as is given them, resolutely endeavour : for if the Machine, living or inanimate, is merely *fed*, or desires to be fed, and so *works* ; the Person can *will*, and so *do*. These are properly our Men, our Great Men ; the guides of the dull host,—which follows them as by an irrevocable decree. They are the chosen of the world : they had this rare faculty not only of "*supposing*" and "*inclining to think*," but of *knowing* and *believing* ; the nature of their being was, that they lived not by Hearsay but by clear Vision ; while others hovered and swam along, in the grand Vanity-fair of the World, blinded by the mere "*Shows of things*," these saw into the Things themselves, and could walk as men having an eternal loadstar, and with their feet on sure paths. Thus was there a *Reality* in their existence ; something of a perennial character ; in virtue of which indeed it is that the memory of them is perennial. Whoso

belongs only to his own age, and reverences only *its* gilt Popinjays or soot-smeared Mumbojumbos, must needs die with it: though he have been crowned seven times in the Capitol, or seventy and seven times, and Rumour have blown his praises to all the four winds, deafening every ear therewith,—it avails not; there was nothing universal, nothing eternal in him; he must fade away, even as the Popinjay-gildings and Scarecrow-apparel, which he could not see through. The great man does, in good truth, belong to his own age; nay more so than any other man; being properly the synopsis and epitome of such age with its interests and influences: but belongs likewise to all ages, otherwise he is not great. What was transitory in him passes away; and an immortal part remains, the significance of which is in strict speech inexhaustible,—as that of every *real* object is. Aloft, conspicuous, on his enduring basis, he stands there, serene, unaltering; silently addresses to every new generation a new lesson and monition. Well is his Life worth writing, worth interpreting; and ever, in the new dialect of new times, of re-writing and re-interpreting.

Of such chosen men was Samuel Johnson: not ranking among the highest, or even the high, yet distinctly admitted into that sacred band; whose existence was no idle Dream, but a Reality which he transacted *awake*; nowise a Clothes-horse and Patent Digester, but a genuine Man. By nature he was gifted for the noblest of earthly tasks, that of Priesthood, and Guidance of mankind; by destiny, moreover, he was appointed to this task, and did actually, according to strength, fulfil the same: so that always the question, *How; in what spirit; under what shape?* remains for us to be asked and answered concerning him. For as the highest Gospel was a Biography, so is the Life of every good man still an indubitable Gospel, and preaches to the eye and heart and whole man, that Devils even must believe and tremble, these gladdest tidings: "Man is heaven-born; not the thrall of Circumstances, of Necessity, but the victorious subduer thereof: behold how he can become the 'Announcer of himself and of his Freedom;' and is ever what the Thinker has named him, 'the Messiah of Nature!'"—Yes, Reader, all this

that thou hast so often heard about "force of circumstances," "the creature of the time," "balancing of motives," and who knows what melancholy stuff to the like purport, wherein thou, as in a nightmare Dream, sittest paralysed, and hast no force left,—was in very truth, if Johnson and waking men are to be credited, little other than a hag-ridden vision of death-sleep; some *half*-fact, more fatal at times than a whole falsehood. Shake it off; awake; up and be doing, even as it is given thee!

The Contradiction which yawns wide enough in every Life, which it is the meaning and task of Life to reconcile, was in Johnson's wider than in most. Seldom, for any man, has the contrast between the ethereal heavenward side of things, and the dark sordid earthward, been more glaring: whether we look at Nature's work with him or Fortune's, from first to last, heterogeneity, as of sunbeams and miry clay, is on all hands manifest. Whereby indeed, only this was declared, That *much Life* had been given him; many things to triumph over, a great work to *do*. Happily also he did it; better than the most.

Nature had given him a high, keen-visioned, almost poetic soul; yet withal imprisoned it in an inert, unsightly body: he that could never rest had not limbs that would move with him, but only roll and waddle: the inward eye, all-penetrating, all-embracing, must look through bodily windows that were dim, half-blinded; he so loved men, and "never once *saw* the human face divine!" Not less did he prize the love of men; he was eminently social; the approbation of his fellows was dear to him, "valuable," as he owned, "if from the meanest of human beings:" yet the first impression he produced on every man was to be one of aversion, almost of disgust. By Nature it was farther ordered that the imperious Johnson should be born poor: the ruler-soul, strong in its native royalty, generous, uncontrollable, like the lion of the woods, was to be housed, then, in such a dwelling-place: of Disfigurement, Disease, and lastly of a Poverty which itself made him the servant of servants. Thus was the born King likewise a born Slave: the divine spirit of Music must awake imprisoned amid dull-croaking universal Discords; the Ariel finds himself encased in the

coarse hulls of a Caliban. So is it more or less, we know (and thou, O Reader, knowest and feelest even now), with all men: yet with the fewest men in any such degree as with Johnson.

Fortune, moreover, which had so managed his first appearance in the world, lets not her hand lie idle, or turn the other way, but works unweariably in the same spirit, while he is journeying through the world. What such a mind, stamped of Nature's noblest metal, though in so ungainly a die, was specially and best of all fitted for, might still be a question. To none of the world's few Incorporated Guilds could he have adjusted himself without difficulty, without distortion; in none been a Guild-Brother well at ease. Perhaps, if we look to the strictly practical nature of his faculty, to the strength, decision, method that manifests itself in him, we may say that his calling was rather towards Active than Speculative life; that as Statesman (in the higher, now obsolete sense), Lawgiver, Ruler; in short, as Doer of the Work, he had shone even more than as Speaker of the Word. His honesty of heart, his courageous temper, the value he set on things outward and material, might have made him a King among Kings. Had the golden age of those new French Prophets, when it shall be: *A chacun selon sa capacité; à chaque capacité selon ses œuvres*, but arrived! Indeed even in our brazen and Birmingham-lucker age, he himself regretted that he had not become a Lawyer, and risen to be Chancellor, which he might well have done. However, it was otherwise appointed. To no man does Fortune throw open all the kingdoms of this world, and say: It is thine; choose where thou wilt dwell! To the most she opens hardly the smallest cranny or doghutch, and says, not without asperity: There, that is thine while thou canst keep it; nestle thyself there, and bless Heaven! Alas, men must fit themselves into many things: some forty years ago, for instance, the noblest and ablest Man in all the British lands might be seen not swaying the royal sceptre, or the pontiff's ceuser, on the pinnacle of the World, but gauging ale-tubs in the little burgh of Dumfries! Johnson came a little nearer the mark than Burns: but with him too, "Strength was mournfully denied

its arena;" he too had to fight Fortune, at strange odds, all his life long.

Johnson's disposition for *royalty* (had the Fates so ordered it) is well seen in early boyhood. "His favourites," says Boswell, "used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus was he borne triumphant." The purty, sand-blind lubber and blubber, with his open mouth, and face of bruised honeycomb; yet already dominant, imperial, irresistible! Not in the "King's-chair" (of human arms) as we see, do his three satellites carry him along: rather on the *Tyrant's-saddle*, the back of his fellow-creature, must he ride prosperous!—The child is father of the man. He who had seen fifty years into coming Time, would have felt that little spectacle of mischievous schoolboys to be a great one. For us, who look back on it, and what followed it, now from afar, there arise questions enough: How looked these urchins? What jackets and galligaskins had they; felt headgear, or of dogskin leather? What was old Lichfield doing then; what thinking?—and so on, through the whole series of Corporal Trim's "auxiliary verbs." A picture of it all fashions itself together;—only unhappily we have no brush, and no fingers.

Boyhood is now past; the ferula of Pedagogue waves harmless, in the distance: Samuel has struggled up to uncouth bulk and youthhood, wrestling with Disease and Poverty, all the way; which two continue still his companions. At College we see little of him; yet thus much, that things went not well. A rugged wild-man of the desert, awakened to the feeling of himself; proud as the proudest, poor as the poorest; stoically shut up, silently enduring the incurable: what a world of blackest gloom, with sun-gleams, and pale fearful moon-gleams, and flickerings of a celestial and an infernal splendour, was this that now opened for him! But the weather is wintry; and the toes of the man are looking through his shoes. His ruddy features grow of a purple and sea-green colour;

a flood of black indignation mantling beneath. A truculent, raw-boned figure! Meant he has probably little; hope he has less; his feet, as we said, have come into brotherhood with the colt mine.

"Shall I be particular," inquires Sir John Hawkins, "and relate a circumstance of his distress, that cannot be imputed to him as an effect of his own extravagance or irregularity, and consequently reflects no disgrace on his memory? He had scarce any change of raiment, and, in a short time after Corbet left him, but one pair of shoes, and those so old that his feet were seen through them: a gentleman of his college, the father of an eminent clergyman now living, directed a servitor one morning to place a new pair at the door of Johnson's chamber; who seeing them upon his first going out, so far forgot himself and the spirit which must have actuated his unknown benefactor, that, with all the indignation of an insulted man, he threw them away."

How exceedingly surprising!—The Rev. Dr. Hall remarks: "As far as we can judge from a cursory view of the weekly account in the buttery books, Johnson appears to have lived as well as other commoners and scholars." Alas! such "cursory view of the buttery books," now from the safe distance of a century, in the safe chair of a College Mastership, is one thing; the continual view of the empty (or locked) buttery itself was quite a different thing. But hear our Knight, how he farther discourses. "Johnson," quoth Sir John, "could not at this early period of his life divest himself of an idea that poverty was disgraceful; and was very severe in his censures of that economy in both our Universities, which exacted at meals the attendance of poor scholars, under the several denominations of Servitors in the one and Siziers in the other: he thought that the scholar's, like the Christian life, levelled all distinctions of rank and worldly pre-eminence; but in this he was mistaken: civil polity," &c. &c.—Too true! It is man's lot to err.

However, Destiny, in all ways, means to prove the mistaken Samuel, and see what stuff is in him. He must leave these butteries of Oxford, Want like an armed man compelling him; retreat into his father's mean home; and there shut himself for a season to inaction, disappointment, shame,

and nervous melancholy night run mad: he is probably the wretchedest man in wide England. In all ways, he too must "become perfect through suffering."—High thoughts have visited him; his College Exercises have been praised beyond the walls of College; Pope himself has seen that *Translation*, and approved of it: Samuel had whispered to himself: I too am "one and somewhat." False thoughts; that leave only misery behind! The fever-fire of Ambition is too painfully extinguished (but not cured) in the frost-bath of Poverty. Johnson has knocked at the gate, as one having a right; but there was no opening: the world lies all encircled as with brass; no where can he find or force the smallest entrance. An ushership at Market Bosworth, and "a disagreement between him and Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of the school," yields him bread of affliction and water of affliction; but so bitter, that unassisted human nature cannot swallow them. Young Sampson will grind no more in the Philistine mill of Bosworth; quits hold of Sir Wolstan, and the "domestic chaplaincy, so far at least as to say grace at table," and also to be "treated with what he represented as intolerable harshness;" and so, after "some months of such complicated misery," feeling doubtless that there are worse things in the world than quick death by Famine, "relinquishes a situation, which all his life afterwards he recollected with the strongest aversion, and even horror." Men like Johnson are properly called the Forlorn Hope of the World: judge whether his hope was forlorn or not, by this Letter to a dull oily Printer, who called himself *Sylvanus Urban*:

"Sir,—As you appear no less sensible than your readers, of the defect of your poetical article, you will not be displeased if (in order to the improvement of it) I communicate to you the sentiments of a person who will undertake, on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column.

"His opinion is that the public would," &c. &c.

"If such a correspondence will be agreeable to you, be pleased to inform me in two posts, what the conditions are on which you shall expect it. Your late offer (for a Prize Poem) gives me no reason to distrust your generosity. If you engage in any literary projects

besides this paper, I have other designs to impart."

Reader, the generous person, to whom this Letter goes addressed, is "Mr. Edmund Cave, at St. John's Gate, London;" the addresser of it is Samuel Johnson, in Birmingham, Warwickshire.

Nevertheless, Life rallies in the man; reasserts its right to be *lived*, even to be enjoyed. "Better a small bush," say the Scotch, "than no shelter;" Johnson learns to be contented with humble human things; and is there not already an actually realised human Existence, all stirring and living on every hand of him? Go thou and do likewise! In Birmingham itself, with his own purchased goose-quill, he can earn "five pounds;" nay, finally, the choicest terrestrial good: a Friend, who will be Wife to him! Johnson's marriage with the good Widow Porter has been treated with ridicule by many mortals, who apparently had no understanding thereof. That the purblind, seamy-faced Wild-man, stalking lonely, woe-stricken, like some Irish Gallowglass with peeled club, whose speech no man knew, whose look all men both laughed at and shuddered at, should find any brave female heart, to acknowledge, at first sight and hearing of him, "This is the most sensible man I ever met with;" and then, with generous courage, to take him to itself, and say, Be thou mine; be thou warmed here, and thawed to life!—in all this, in the kind Widow's love and pity for him, in Johnson's love and gratitude, there is actually no matter for ridicule. Their wedded life, as is the common lot, was made up of drizzle and dry weather; but innocence and worth dwelt in it; and when death had ended it, a certain sacredness: Johnson's deathless affection for his Tetty was always venerable and noble. However, be this as it might, Johnson is now minded to wed; and will live by the trade of Pedagogy, for by this also may life be kept in. Let the world therefore take notice: "*At Edial near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON.*" Had this Edial enterprise prospered, how different might the issue have been! Johnson had lived a life of unnoticed nobleness, or swelled into some amorphous Dr.

Parr, of no avail to us; Boszy would have dwindled into official insignificance, or risen by some other elevation; old Auchinleck had never been afflicted with "ane that keepest a schule," or obliged to violate hospitality by it. "Cromwell do? God, sig, he gart kings ken that there was a *lith* in their neck!" But the Edial enterprise did not prosper; Destiny had other work appointed for Samuel Johnson; and young gentlemen got board where they could elsewhere find it. This man was to become a Teacher of grown gentlemen, in the most surprising way; a Man of Letters, and Ruler of the British Nation for some time,—not of their bodies merely, but of their minds, not *over* them, but *in* them.

The career of Literature could not, in Johnson's day, any more than now, be said to lie along the shores of a Pætolus: whatever else might be gathered there, gold-dust was nowise the chief produce. The world, from the times of Socrates, St. Paul, and far earlier, has always had its Teachers; and always treated them in a peculiar way. A shrewd Townclerk (not of Ephesus), once, in founding a Burgh-Seminary, when the question came, How the Schoolmasters should be maintained? delivered this brief counsel: "D—n them, keep them *poor*!" Considerable wisdom may lie in this aphorism. At all events, we see, the world has acted on it long, and indeed improved on it,—putting many a Schoolmaster of its great Burgh-Seminary to a death, which even *cost* it something. The world, it is true, had for some time been too busy to go out of its way, and *put* any Author to death; however, the old sentence pronounced against them was found to be pretty sufficient. The first Writers (being Monks) were sworn to a vow of Poverty; the modern Authors had no need to swear to it. This was the epoch when an Otway could still die of hunger: not to speak of your innumerable Scrogginses, whom "the Muse found stretched beneath a rug," with "rusty grate unconscious of a fire," stocking-nightcap, sanded floor, and all the other escutcheons of the craft, time out of mind the heirlooms of Authorship. Scroggins, however, seems to have been but an idle spot at all so diligent as worthy Mr. Joyce, whom we might have seen *sitting up* in bed,

with his wearing-apparel of Blanket about him, and a hole slit in the same, that his hand might be at liberty to work in its vocation. The worst was, that too frequently a blackguard recklessness of temper ensued, incapable of turning to account what good the gods even here had provided: your Boyces acted on some stoico-epicurean principle of *carpe diem*, as men do in bombarded towns, and seasons of raging pestilence;—and so had lost not only their life, and presence of mind, but their status as persons of respectability. The trade of Author was about one of its lowest ebbs, when Johnson embarked on it.

Accordingly we find no mention of Illuminations in the city of London, when this same Ruler of the British nation arrived in it: no cannon-salvoes are fired; no flourish of drums and trumpets greets his appearance on the scene. He enters quite quietly, with some copper halfpence in his pocket; creeps into lodgings in Exeter Street, Strand; and has a Coronation Pontiff also, of not less peculiar equipment, whom, with all submissiveness, he must wait upon, in his Vatican of St. John's Gate. This is the dull oily Printer alluded to above.

"Cave's temper," says our Knight Hawkins, "was phlegmatic: though he assumed as the publisher of the Magazine, the name of Sylvanus Urban, he had few of those qualities that constitute urbanity. Judge of his want of them by this question, which he once put to an author: 'Mr. —, I hear you have just published a pamphlet, and am told there is a very good paragraph in it, upon the subject of music: did you write that yourself?' His discernment was also slow; and as he had already at his command some writers of prose and verse, who, in the language of Booksellers, are called good hands, he was the backwarder in making advances, or courting an intimacy with Johnson. Upon the first approach of a stranger, his practice was to continue sitting; a posture in which he was ever to be found, and for a few minutes to continue silent: if at any time he was inclined to begin the discourse, it was generally by putting a leaf of the Magazine, then in the press, into the hand of his visitor, and asking his opinion of it.

"He was so incompetent a judge of Johnson's abilities, that meaning at one time to dazzle him with the splendour of some of those luminaries in Literature, who favoured him with their correspond-

ence, he told him that if he would, in the evening, be at a certain alehouse in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, he might have a chance of seeing Mr. Browne and another or two of those illustrious contributors: Johnson accepted the invitation; and being introduced by Cave, dressed in a loose horseman's coat, and such a great bushy wig as he constantly wore, to the sight of Mr. Browne, whom he found sitting at the upper end of a long table, in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, had his curiosity gratified."—*Hawkins*, 46—50.

In fact, if we look seriously into the condition of Authorship at that period, we shall find that Johnson had undertaken one of the ruggedest of all possible enterprises; that here as elsewhere Fortune had given him unspeakable Contradictions to reconcile. For a man of Johnson's stamp, the Problem was twofold: *First*, not only as the humble but indispensable condition of all else, to keep himself, if so might be, *alive*; but *secondly*, to keep himself alive by speaking forth the *Truth* that was in him, and speaking it *truly*, that is, in the clearest and fittest utterance the Heavens had enabled him to give it, let the Earth say to this what she liked. Of which twofold Problem if it be hard to solve either member separately, how incalculably more so to solve it, when both are conjoined, and work with endless complication into one another! He that finds himself already *kept alive* can sometimes (unhappily not always) speak a little truth; he that finds himself able and willing, to all lengths, to *speak lies*, may, by watching how the wind sits, scrape together a livelihood, sometimes of great splendour: he, again, who finds himself provided with *neither* endowment, has but a ticklish game to play, and shall have praises if he win it. Let us look a little at both faces of the matter; and see what front they then offered our Adventurer, what front he offered them.

At the time of Johnson's appearance on the field, Literature, in many senses, was in a transitional state; chiefly in ~~this~~ sense, as respects the pecuniary subsistence of its cultivators. It was in the very act of passing from the protection of Patrons into that of the Public; no longer to supply its necessities by laudatory Dedications to the Great, but by judicious Bargains with the Booksellers. This happy change has been much sung and celebrated; many

a "lord of the lion heart and eagle eye" looking back with scorn enough on the bygone system of Dependency: so that now it were perhaps well to consider, for a moment, what good might also be in it, what gratitude we owe it. That a good was in it, admits not of doubt. Whatsoever has existed has had its value: without some truth and worth lying in it, the thing could not have hung together, and been the organ and sustenance, and method of action, for men that reasoned and were alive. Translate a Falsehood which is wholly false into Practice, the result comes out *zero*; there is no fruit or issue to be derived from it. That in an age, when a Nobleman was still noble, still with his wealth the protector of worthy and humane things, and still venerated as such, a poor Man of Genius, his brother in nobleness, should, with unfeigned reverence, address him and say: "I have found Wisdom here, and would fain proclaim it abroad; wilt thou, of thy abundance, afford me the means?"—in all this there was no baseness; it was wholly an honest proposal, which a free man might make, and a free man listen to. So might a Tasso, with a *Gerusalemme* in his hand or in his head, speak to a Duke of Ferrara; so might a Shakspeare to his Southampton; and Continental Artists generally to their rich Protectors,—in some countries, down almost to these days. It was only when the reverence became *feigned*, that baseness entered into the transaction on both sides; and, indeed, flourished there with rapid luxuriance, till that became disgraceful for a Dryden, which a Shakspeare could once practise without offence.

Neither, it is very true, was the new way of Bookseller Mecænasship worthless; which opened itself at this juncture, for the most important of all transport-trades, now when the old way had become too miry and impassable. Remark, moreover, how this second sort of Mecænasship, after carrying us through nearly a century of Literary Time, appears now to have well nigh discharged its function also; and to be working pretty rapidly towards some *third method*, the exact conditions of which are yet nowise visible. Thus all things have their end; and we should part with them all, not in anger but in peace. The Bookseller System, during its peculiar century, the whole of the eighteenth, did carry us handsomely

along; and many good Works it has left us, and many good Men it maintained: if it is now expiring by PUFFERY, as the Patronage System did by FLATTERY (for *Lying* is ever the forerunner of Death, nay is itself Death), let us not forget its benefits; how it nursed Literature through boyhood and school-years, as Patronage had wrapped it in soft swaddling-bands;—till now we see it about to put on the *toga virilis*, could it but find any such!

There is tolerable travelling on the beaten road, run how it may; only on the new road, not yet levelled and paved, and on the old road, all broken into ruts and quagmires, is the travelling bad or impracticable. The difficulty lies always in the *transition* from one method to another. In which state it was that Johnson now found Literature; and out of which, let us also say, he manfully carried it. What remarkable mortal *first paid copyright* in England we have not ascertained; perhaps for almost a century before, some scarce visible or ponderable pittance of wages had occasionally been yielded by the Seller of Books to the Writer of them: the original Covenant, stipulating to produce *Paradise Lost* on the one hand, and *Five Pounds Sterling* on the other, still lies (we have been told), in black-on-white, for inspection and purchase by the curious, at a Bookshop in Chancery Lane. Thus had the matter gone on, in a mixed confused way, for some threescore years;—as ever, in such things, the old system *overlaps* the new, by some generation or two, and only dies quite out when the new has got a complete organisation, and weather-worthy surface of its own. Among the first Authors, the very first of any significance, who lived by the day's wages of his craft, and composedly faced the world on that basis, was Samuel Johnson.

At the time of Johnson's appearance, there were still two ways, on which an Author might attempt proceeding: there were the Mecænases proper in the West End of London; and the Mecænases virtual of St. John's Gate and Paternoster Row. To a considerate man it might seem uncertain which method were the preferable: neither had very high attractions; the Patron's aid was now well nigh *necessarily* polluted by sycophancy, before it could come to hand; the Bookseller's was deformed with greedy stupidity, not to

say entire wooden-headedness and disgust (so that an Osborne even required to be knocked down, by an Author of spirit), and could barely keep the thread of life together. The one was the wages of suffering and poverty; the other, unless you gave strict heed to it, the wages of sin. In time, Johnson had opportunity of looking into both methods, and ascertaining what they were; but found, at first trial, that the former would in nowise do for him. Listen, once again, to that far-famed Blast of Doom, proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and, through him, of the listening world, that Patronage should be no more!

"Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my Work* through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance,† one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope, it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations, where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my Work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less: for I have long been awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

"My Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

* The *English Dictionary*.

† Were time and printer's space of no value, it were easy to wash away certain foolish soot-stains dropped here as "Notes;" especially two: the one on this word (and on Boswell's Note to it); the other on the paragraph which follows. Let "Ed." look a second time; he will find that Johnson's sacred regard for *Truth* is the only thing to be "noted," in the former case; also, in the latter, that this of "Love's being a native of the rocks" actually has "a meaning."

And thus must the rebellious "Sam. Johnson" turn him to the Bookselling guild, and the wondrous chaos of "Author by trade;" and, though ushered into it only by that dull oily Printer, "with loose horseman's coat, and such a great bushy wig as he constantly wore," and only as subaltern to some commanding-officer "Browne, sitting amid tobacco-smoke at the head of a long table in the alehouse at Clerkenwell,"—gird himself together for the warfare; having no alternative!

Little less contradictory was that other branch of the twofold Problem now set before Johnson: the speaking forth of *Truth*. Nay, taken by itself, it had in those days become so complex as to puzzle strongest heads, with nothing else imposed on them for solution; and even to turn high heads of that sort into mere hollow *vizards*, speaking neither truth nor falsehood, nor any thing but what the Prompter and Player (*ὁ παρρησιος*) put into them. Alas! for poor Johnson, Contradiction abounded; in spirituals and in temporals, within and without. Born with the strongest unconquerable love of just Insight, he must begin to live and learn in a scene where Prejudice flourishes with rank luxuriance. England was all confused enough, sightless and yet restless, take it where you would; but figure the best intellect in England nursed up to manhood in the idol-cavern of a poor Tradesman's house, in the cathedral city of Lichfield! What is *Truth*? said jesting Pilate; What is *Truth*? might earnest Johnson much more emphatically say. *Truth*, no longer, like the Phoenix, in rainbow plumage, "poured, from her glittering beak, such tones of sweetest melody as took captive every ear;" the Phoenix (waxing old) had well nigh ceased her singing, and empty wearisome Cuckoos, and doleful monotonous Owls, innumerable Jays also, and twittering Sparrows on the housetop, pretended they were repeating her.

It was wholly a divided age, that of Johnson; Unity existed no where, in Heaven, or in its Earth. Society, through every fibre, was rent asunder:

all things, it was then becoming visible, but could not then be understood, were moving onwards, with an impulse received ages before, yet now first with a decisive rapidity, towards that great chaotic gulf, where, whether in the shape of French Revolutions, Reform Bills, or what shape soever, bloody or bloodless, the descent and engulfment assume, we now see them weltering and boiling. Already Cant, as once before hinted, had begun to play its wonderful part (for the hour was come): two ghastly Apparitions, unreal *simulacra* both, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM are already, in silence, parting the world. Opinion and Action, which should live together as wedded pair, "one flesh," more properly as Soul and Body, have commenced their open quarrel, and are suing for a separate maintenance,—as if they could exist separately. To the earnest mind, in any position, firm footing and a life of Truth was becoming daily more difficult: in Johnson's position, it was more difficult than in almost any other.

If, as for a devout nature was inevitable and indispensable, he looked up to Religion, as to the pole-star of his voyage, already there was no *fixed* pole-star any longer visible; but two stars, a whole constellation of stars, each proclaiming itself as the true. There was the red portentous comet-star of Infidelity; the dimmer and dimmer-burning fixed-star (uncertain now whether not an atmospheric *meteor*) of Orthodoxy: which of these to choose? The keener intellects of Europe had, almost without exception, ranged themselves under the former: for some half century, it had been the general effort of European Speculation to proclaim that Destruction of falsehood was the only Truth; daily had Denial waxed stronger and stronger, Belief sunk more and more into decay. From our Bolingbokes and Tolands, the sceptical fever had passed into France, into Scotland; and already it smouldered, far and wide, secretly eating out the heart of England. Bayle had played his part; Voltaire, on a wider theatre, was playing his,—Johnson's senior by some fifteen years: Hume and Johnson were children of the same year. To this keener order of intellects did Johnson's indisputably belong: was he to join them? Was he to oppose them? A complicated question: for, alas! the Church itself is no longer, even to

him, wholly of true adamant, but of adamant and baked mud conjoined: the zealously Devout must find his Church tottering; and pause amazed to see, instead of inspired Priest, many a swine-feeding Trulliber ministering at her altar. It is not the least curious of the incoherences which Johnson had to reconcile, that, though by nature contemptuous and incredulous, he was, at that time of day, to find his safety and glory in defending, with his whole might, the traditions of the elders.

Not less perplexingly intricate, and on both sides hollow or questionable, was the aspect of Politics. Whigs struggling blindly forward, Tories holding blindly back; each with some forecast of a half truth; neither with any forecast of the whole! Admire here this other Contradiction in the life of Johnson: that, though the most ungovernable, and in practice the most independent of men, he must be a Jacobite, and worshipper of the Divine Right. In Politics also there are Irreconcilables enough for him. As, indeed, how could it be otherwise? For when Religion is torn asunder, and the very heart of man's existence set against itself, then, in all subordinate departments there must needs be hollowness, incoherence. The English Nation had rebelled against a Tyrant; and, by the hands of religious tyrannicides, exacted stern vengeance of him: Democracy had risen iron-sinewed, and "like an infant Hercules, strangled serpents in its cradle." But as yet none knew the meaning or extent of the phenomenon: Europe was not ripe for it; not to be ripened for it, but by the culture and various experience of another century and half. And now, when the King-killers were all swept away, and a milder *second* picture was painted over the canvass of the *first*, and betitled "Glorious Revolution," who doubted but the catastrophe was over, the whole business finished, and Democracy gone to its long sleep? Yet was it like a business finished and not finished; a lingering uneasiness dwelt in all minds: the deep-lying, resistless Tendency, which had still to be obeyed, could no longer be *recognised*; thus was there half-ness, insincerity, uncertainty in men's ways: instead of heroic Puritans and heroic Cavaliers, came now a dawdling set of argumentative Whigs, and a dawdling set of deaf-eared Tories; each half-foolish,

each half-false. The Whigs were false and without basis; inasmuch as their whole object was Resistance, Criticism, Demolition,—they knew not why, or towards what issue. In Whiggism, ever since a Charles and his Jeffries had ceased to meddle with it, and to have any Russel or Sidney to meddle with, there could be no divineness of character; not till, in these latter days, it took the figure of a thorough-going, all-defying Radicalism, was there any solid footing for it to stand on. Of the like uncertain, half-hollow nature had Toryism become, in Johnson's time; preaching forth indeed an everlasting truth, the duty of Loyalty; yet now (ever since the final expulsion of the Stuarts) having no *Person* but only an *Office* to be loyal to, no living *Soul* to worship, but only a dead velvet-cushioned *Chair*. Its attitude, therefore, was stiff-necked refusal to move; as that of Whiggism was clamorous command to move,—let rhyme and reason, on both hands, say to it what they might. The consequence was: Immeasurable floods of contentious jargon, tending nowhither; false conviction; false resistance to conviction; decay (ultimately to become decease) of whatsoever was once understood by the words, *Principle*, or *Honesty* of heart; the louder and louder triumph of *Half-ness* and *Plausibility* over *Wholeness* and *Truth*;—at last, this all-over-shadowing efflorescence of QUACKERY, which we now see, with all its deadening and killing fruits, in all its innumerable branches, down to the lowest. How, between these jarring extremes, wherein the rotten lay so inextricably intermingled with the sound, and as yet no eye could see through the ulterior meaning of the matter, was a faithful and true man to adjust himself?

That Johnson, in spite of all drawbacks, adopted the Conservative side; stationed himself as the unyielding opponent of Innovation, resolute to hold fast the form of sound words, could not but increase, in no small measure, the difficulties he had to strive with. We mean, the *moral* difficulties; for in *economical* respects, it might be pretty equally balanced; the Tory servant of the Public had perhaps about the same chance of promotion as the Whig: and all the promotion Johnson aimed at was the privilege to *live*. But, for what, though

unavowed, was no less indispensable, for his peace of conscience, and the clear ascertainment and feeling of his Duty as an inhabitant of God's world, the case was hereby rendered much more complex. To resist Innovation is easy enough on one condition: that you resist Inquiry. This is, and was, the common expedient of your common Conservatives; but it would not do for Johnson: he was a zealous recommender and practiser of Inquiry; once for all, could not, and would not believe, much less speak and act, a Falsehood; the *form* of sound words, which he held fast, must have a *meaning* in it. Here lay the difficulty: to behold a portentous mixture of True and False, and feel that he must dwell and fight there; yet to love and defend only the True. How worship, when you cannot and will not be an idolater; yet cannot help discerning that the Symbol of your Divinity has half become idolatrous? This was the question, which Johnson, the man both of clear eye and devout believing heart, must answer,—at peril of his life. The Whig or Sceptic, on the other hand, had a much simpler part to play. To him only the idolatrous skel of things, nowise the Divine one, lay visible: not *worship*, therefore, nay in the strict sense not heart-honesty, only at most lip- and hand- honesty, is required of him. What spiritual force is his, he can conscientiously employ in the work of cavilling, of pulling down what is False. For the rest, that there is or can be any Truth, of a higher than sensual nature, has not occurred to him. The utmost, therefore, that he as man has to aim at, is *RESPECTABILITY*, the suffrages of his fellow-men. Such suffrages he may weigh as well as count; or count only: according as he is a Burke, or a Wilkes. But beyond these there lies nothing divine for him; these attained, all is attained. Thus is his whole world distinct and rounded in; a clear goal is set before him; a firm path, rougher or smoother; at worst a firm region wherein to seek a path: let him gird up his loins, and travel on without misgivings! For the honest Conservative, again, nothing is distinct, nothing rounded in: *RESPECTABILITY* can nowise be his highest Godhead; not one aim, but two conflicting aims to be continually reconciled by him, has he to strive after. A difficult position, as we said; which

accordingly the most did, even in those days, but half defend,—by the surrender, namely, of their own too cumbersome *honesty*, or even *understanding*; after which the completest defence was worth little. Into this difficult position Johnson, nevertheless, threw himself: found it indeed full of difficulties; yet held it out manfully, as an honest-hearted, open-sighted man, while the life was in him.

Such was that same “twofold Problem” set before Samuel Johnson. Consider all these moral difficulties; and add to them the fearful aggravation, which lay in that other circumstance, that he needed a continual appeal to the Public, must continually produce a certain impression and conviction on the Public; that if he did not, he ceased to have “provision for the day that was passing over him,” he could not any longer live! How a vulgar character, once launched into this wild element; driven onwards by Fear and Famine; without other aim than to clutch what Provender (of Enjoyment in any kind) he could get, always if possible keeping *quite* clear of the Gallows and Pillory (that is to say, minding heedfully both “person” and “character”),—would have floated hither and thither in it; and contrived to eat some three repasts daily, and wear some three suits yearly, and then to depart, and disappear, having consumed his last ration: all this might be worth knowing, but were in itself a trivial knowledge. How a noble man, resolute for the Truth, to whom Shams and Lies were once for all an abomination,—was to act in it: *here* lay the mystery. By what methods, by what gifts of eye and hand, does a heroic Samuel Johnson, now when cast forth into that waste Chaos of Authorship, maddest of things, a mingled Phlegm and Fleet-ditch, with its floating lumber, and sea-krakens, and mud-spectres,—shape himself a voyage; of the *transient* driftwood, and the *enduring* iron, build him a seaworthy Life-boat, and sail therein, undrowned, unpolluted, through the roaring “mother of dead dogs,” onwards to an eternal Landmark, and City that hath foundations? This high question is even the one answered in Boswell's Book; which Book we, therefore not so falsely, have named a *Heroic Poem*; for in it there lies the whole argument of such. Glory to our brave Samuel! He accomplished

this wonderful Problem; and now through long generations, we point to him, and say: Here also was a Man; let the world once more have assurance of a Man!

Had there been in Johnson, now when afloat on that confusion worse confounded of grandeur and squalor, no light but an earthly outward one, he too must have made shipwreck. With his diseased body, and vehement voracious heart, how easy for him to become a *carpe-diem* Philosopher, like the rest, and live and die as miserably as any Boyce of that Brotherhood! But happily there was a higher light for him; shining as a lamp to his path; which, in all paths, would teach him to act and walk not as a fool, but as wise, in those evil days also, “redeeming the time.” Under dimmer or clearer manifestations, a Truth had been revealed to him: “I also am a Man; even in this unutterable element of Authorship, I may live as becometh a Man! That Wrong is not only different from Right, but that it is, in strict scientific terms, *infinitely* different; even as the gaining of the whole world set against the losing of one's own soul, or (as Johnson had it) a Heaven set against a Hell; that in all situations (out of the Pit of Tophet), wherein a living Man has stood or can stand, there is actually a Prize of quite *infinite* value placed within his reach, namely a *Duty* for him to do: this highest Gospel, which forms the basis and worth of all other Gospels whatsoever, had been revealed to Samuel Johnson; and the man had believed it, and laid it faithfully to heart. Such knowledge of the *transcendental*, immeasurable character of Duty, we call the basis of all Gospels, the essence of all Religion: he who with his whole soul knows not this, as yet knows nothing, as yet is properly nothing.

This, happily for him, Johnson was one of those that knew: under a certain authentic Symbol, it stood for ever present to his eyes: a Symbol, indeed, waxing old as doth a garment; yet which had guided forward, as their Banner and celestial Pillar of Fire, innumerable saints and witnesses, the fathers of our modern world; and for him also had still a sacred significance. It does not appear that, at any time, Johnson was what we call irreligious: but in his sorrows and isolation, when hope died away, and only a long vista

of suffering and toil lay before him to the end, then first did Religion shine forth in its meek, everlasting clearness; even as the stars do in black night, which, in the daytime and dusk, were hidden by inferior lights. How a true man, in the midst of errors and uncertainties, shall work out for himself a sure Life-truth; and adjusting the transient to the eternal, amid the fragments of ruined Temples build up, with toil and pain, a little Altar for himself, and worship there; how Samuel Johnson, in the era of Voltaire, can purify and fortify his soul, and hold real communion with the Highest, "in the Church of St. Clement Danes:" this too stands all unfolded in his Biography, and is among the most touching and memorable things there; a thing to be looked at with pity, admiration, awe. Johnson's Religion was as the light of life to him; without it, his heart was all sick, dark; and had no guidance left.

He is now enlisted, or impressed, into that unspeakable shoeblack-seraph Army of Authors; but can feel hereby that he fights under a celestial flag, and will quit him like a man. The first grand requisite, an assured heart, he therefore has: what his outward equipments and accoutrements are is the next question; an important, though inferior one. His intellectual stock, intrinsically viewed, is perhaps inconsiderable: the furnishings of an English School and English University; good knowledge of the Latin tongue, a more uncertain one of Greek: this is a rather slender stock of Education wherewith to front the world. But then it is to be remembered that his world was England; that such was the culture England commonly supplied and expected. Besides Johnson has been a voracious reader, though a desultory one, and oftenest in strange scholastic, too obsolete Libraries; he has also rubbed shoulders with the press of actual Life, for some thirty years now: views or hallucinations of innumerable things are weltering to and fro in him. Above all, be his weapons what they may, he has an arm that can wield them. Nature has given him her choicest gift: an open eye and heart. He will look on the world, where-soever he can catch a glimpse of it, with eager curiosity: to the last, we find this a striking characteristic of him; for all human interests he has a

sense; the meanest handicraftsman could interest him, even in extreme age, by speaking of his craft: the ways of men are all interesting to him; any human thing, that he did not know, he wished to know. Reflection, moreover, Meditation, was what he practised incessantly, with or without his will: for the mind of the man was earnest, deep as well as humane. Thus would the world, such fragments of it as he could survey, form itself, or continually tend to form itself, into a coherent Whole; on any and on all phases of which, his vote and voice must be well worth listening to. As a Speaker of the Word, he will speak real words; no idle jargon, or hollow triviality will issue from him. His aim too is clear, attainable, that of *working for his wages*: let him do this honestly, and all else will follow of its own accord.

With such omens, into such a warfare, did Johnson go forth. A rugged, hungry Kerne, or Gallowglass, as we called him: yet indomitable; in whom lay the true spirit of a Soldier. With giant's force, he toils, since such is his appointment, were it but at hewing of wood and drawing of water for old sedentary bushy-wigged Cave; distinguishes himself by mere quantity, if there is to be no other distinction. He can write all things; frosty Latin verses, if these are the saleable commodity; Book-prefaces, Political Philippics, Review Articles, Parliamentary Debates: all things he does rapidly; still more surprising, all things he does thoroughly and well. How he sits there, in his rough-hewn, amorphous bulk, in that upper-room at St. John's Gate, and trundles off sheet after sheet of those Senate-of-Lilliput Debates, to the clamorous Printer's Devils waiting for them, with insatiable throat, down stairs; himself perhaps *impransus* all the while! Admire also the greatness of Literature; how a grain of mustard-seed cast into its Nile-waters, shall settle in the teeming mould, and be found, one day, as a Tree, in whose branches all the fowls of heaven may lodge. Was it not so with these Lilliput Debates? In that small project and act, began the stupendous FOURTH ESTATE; whose wide world-embracing influences what eye can take in; in whose boughs are there not already fowls of strange feather lodged? Such things, and far stranger, were done in

that wondrous old Portal, even in latter times. And then figure Samuel dining "behind the screen," from a trencher covertly handed in to him, at a preconcerted nod from the "great bushy wig;" Samuel too ragged to shew face, yet "made a happy man of" by hearing his praise spoken. If to Johnson himself, then much more to us, may that St. John's Gate be a place we can "never pass without veneration."*

Poverty, Distress, and as yet Obscurity, are his companions: so poor is he that his Wife must leave him, and seek shelter among other relations; Johnson's household has accommodation for one inmate only. To all his ever-varying, ever-recurring troubles, moreover, must be added this continual one of ill health, and its concomitant depressiveness: a galling load, which would have crushed most common mortals into desperation, is his appointed ballast and life-burden; he "could not remember the day he had passed free from pain." Nevertheless, Life, as we said before, is always Life: a healthy soul, imprison it as you will,

in squalid garrets, shabby coat, bodily sickness, or whatever else, will assert its heaven-granted indefeasible Freedom, its right to conquer difficulties, to do work, even to feel gladness. Johnson does not whine over his existence, but manfully makes the most and best of it. "He said, a man might live in a garret at eighteen pence a-week; few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On *clean-shirt-day* he went abroad, and paid visits." Think by whom, and of whom this was uttered, and ask then, Whether there is more pathos in it than in a whole circulating-library of *Cinours* and *Harolds*, or less pathos? On another occasion, "when Dr. Johnson, one day, read his own Satire, in which the life of a scholar is painted with the various obstructions thrown in his way to fortune and to fame, he

* All Johnson's places of resort and abode are venerable, and now indeed to the many as well as to the few; for his name has become great; and, as we must often with a kind of sad admiration recognise, there is, even to the rudest man, no greatness so venerable as intellectual, as spiritual greatness; nay properly there is no other venerable at all. For example, what soul-subduing magic, for the very clown or craftsman of our England, lies in the word "Scholar!" "He is a Scholar:" he is a man wiser than we; of a wisdom to us *boundless*, infinite: who shall speak his worth! Such things, we say, fill us with a certain pathetic admiration of defaced and obstructed yet glorious man; archangel though in ruins,—or rather, though in *rubbish*, of encumbrances and mud-incrustations, which also are not to be perpetual.

Nevertheless, in this mad-whirling all-forgetting London, the haunts of the mighty that were, can seldom without a strange difficulty be discovered. Will any man, for instance, tell us which *bricks* it was in Lincoln's Inn Buildings, that Ben Jonson's hand and trowel laid! No man, it is to be feared,—and also grumbled at. With Samuel Johnson may it prove otherwise! A Gentleman of the British Museum is said to have made drawings of all his residences: the blessing of Old Mortality be upon him! We ourselves, not without labour and risk, lately discovered Gough Square, between Fleet Street and Holborn (adjoining both to Bolt Court and Johnson's Court); and, on the second day of search, the very House there, wherein the *English Dictionary* was composed. It is the first or corner house on the right hand, as you enter through the arched way from the North-west. The actual occupant, an elderly, well-washed, decent-looking man, invited us to enter; and courteously undertook to be *cicerone*; though in his memory lay nothing but the foolishhest jumble and hallucination. It is a stout old-fashioned, oak-balustraded house: "I have spent many a pound and penny on it since then," said the worthy Landlord: "here, you see, this Bedroom was the Doctor's study; that was the garden" (a plot of delved ground somewhat larger than a bed-quilt) "where he walked for exercise; these three garret Bedrooms" (where his three Copyists sat and wrote) "were the place he kept his—*Pupils* in!" *Tempus edax rerum!* Yet *ferax* also: for our friend now added, with a wistful look, which strove to seem merely historical: "I let it all in Lodgings, to respectable gentlemen; by the quarter, or the month; it's all one to me."—"To me also," whispered the Ghost of Samuel, as we went pensively our ways.

burst into a passion of tears : Mr. Thrale's family and Mr. Scott only were present, who, in a jocular way, clapped him on the back, and said, 'What's all this, my dear sir? Why you and I and *Hercules*, you know, were all troubled with *melancholy*.' He was a very large man, and made out the triumvirate with Johnson and *Hercules* comically enough." These were sweet tears; the sweet victorious remembrance lay in them of toils indeed frightful, yet never flinched from, and now triumphed over. "One day it shall delight you to remember labour done!"—Neither, though Johnson is obscure and poor, need the highest enjoyment of existence, that of heart freely communing with heart, be denied him. Savage and he wander homeless through the streets; without bed, yet not without friendly converse; such another conversation not, it is like, producible in the proudest drawing-room of London. Nor, under the void Night, upon the hard pavement, are their own woes the only topic: nowise; they "will stand by their country," the two "Back-woods-men" of the Brick Desert!

Of all outward evils Obscurity is perhaps in itself the least. To Johnson, as to a healthy-minded man, the fantastic article, sold or given under the title of *Fame*, had little or no value but its intrinsic one. He prized it as the means of getting him employment and good wages; scarcely as anything more. His light and guidance came from a loftier source; of which, in honest aversion to all hypocrisy or pretentious talk, he spoke not to men; nay, perhaps, being of a *healthy* mind, had never spoken to himself. We reckon it a striking fact in Johnson's history, this carelessness of his to Fame. Most authors speak of their "Fame" as if it were a quite priceless matter; the grand ultimatum, and heavenly Constantine's-Banner they had to follow, and conquer under.—Thy "Fame!" Unhappy mortal, where will it and thou both be in some fifty years? Shakspeare himself has lasted but two hundred; Homer (partly by accident) three thousand: and does not already an ETERNITY encircle every *Me* and every *Thee*? Cease, then, to sit feverishly hatching on that "Fame" of thine; and flapping, and shrieking with fierce hisses, like brood-goose on her last egg, if man shall or dare ap-

proach it! Quarrel not with me, hate me not, my Brother: make what thou canst of thy egg, and welcome: God knows, I will not steal it; I believe it to be *addle*.—Johnson, for his part, was no man to be killed "by a review;" concerning which matter, it was said by a benevolent person: "If any author *can* be reviewed to death, let it be, with all convenient despatch, *done*." Johnson thankfully receives any word spoken in his favour; is nowise disobliged by a lampoon, but will look at it, if pointed out to him, and shew how it might have been done better: the lampoon itself is indeed *nothing*, a soap-bubble that, next moment, will become a drop of sour suds; but in the meanwhile, if it do any thing, it keeps him more in the world's eye, and the next *bargain* will be all the richer: "Sir, if they should cease to talk of me, I must starve." Sound heart and understanding head! these fail no man, not even a man of Letters.

Obscurity, however, was, in Johnson's case, whether a light or heavy evil, likely to be no lasting one. He is animated by the spirit of a true *workman*, resolute to do his work well; and he *does* his work well; all his work, that of writing, that of living. A man of this stamp is unhappily not so common in the literary or in any other department of the world, that he can continue always unnoticed. By slow degrees, Johnson emerges; looming, at first, huge and dim in the eye of an observant few; at last disclosed, in his real proportions, to the eye of the whole world, and encircled with a "light-nimbus" of glory, so that whoso is not blind must and shall behold him. By slow degrees, we said; for this also is notable; slow but sure: as his fame waxes not by exaggerated clamour of what he *seems* to be, but by better and better insight of what he *is*, so it will last and stand wearing, being genuine. Thus indeed is it always, or nearly always, with true fame. The heavenly Luminary rises amid vapours: stargazers enough must scan it, with critical telescopes; it makes no blazing, the world can either look at it, or forbear looking at it; not till after a time and times, does its celestial eternal nature become indubitable. Pleasant, on the other hand, is the blazing of a Tarbarrel; the crowd dance merrily round it, with loud huzzaing, universal three-times-three, and, like Homer's peasants,

"bless the useful light:" but unhappily it so soon ends in darkness, foul choking smoke, and is kicked into the gutters, a nameless imbroglia of charred staves, pitch-cinders, and *vomissement du Diable!*

But indeed, from of old, Johnson has enjoyed all or nearly all that Fame can yield any man: the respect, the obedience of those that are about him and inferior to him; of those whose opinion alone can have any forcible impression on him. A little circle gathers round the Wise man; which gradually enlarges as the report thereof spreads, and more can come to see, and to believe; for Wisdom is precious, and of irresistible attraction to all. "An inspired-idiot," Goldsmith, hangs strangely about him; though, as Hawkins says, "he loved not Johnson, but rather envied him for his parts; and once entreated a friend to desist from praising him, 'for in doing so,' said he, 'you harrow up my very soul!'" Yet on the whole, there is no evil in the "gooseberry-fool;" but rather much good; of a finer, if of a weaker, sort than Johnson's; and all the more genuine that he himself could never become conscious of it,—though unhappily never cease attempting to become so: the Author of the genuine *Picar of Wakefield*, will he, will he, must needs fly towards such a mass of genuine Manhood; and Dr. Minor keep gyrating round Dr. Major, alternately attracted and repelled. Then there is the chivalrous Topham Beauclerk, with his sharp wit, and gallant, courtly ways: there is Bennet Langton, an orthodox gentleman, and worthy; though Johnson once laughed, louder almost than mortal, at his last will and testament; and "could not stop his merriment, but continued it all the way till he got without the Temple-gate; then burst into such a fit of laughter that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion; and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement, and sent forth peals so loud that, in the silence of the night, his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch!" Lastly comes his solid-thinking, solid-feeding Thrale, the well-beloved man; with *Thralia*, a bright papilionaceous creature, whom the elephant loved to play with, and wave to and fro upon his trunk. Not to speak of a reverent Bozzy, for what need is

there farther?—Or of the spiritual Luminaries, with tongue or pen, who made that age remarkable; or of Highland Lairds drinking, in fierce usquebaugh, "Your health, Tector Shonson!"—still less of many such as that poor "Mr. F. Lewis," older in date, of whose birth, death, and whole terrestrial *res geste*, this only, and strange enough this actually, survives: "Sir, he lived in London, and hung loose upon society!" *Stat PARVI nominis umbra.*—

In his fifty-third year, he is beneficed, by the royal bounty, with a Pension of three hundred pounds. Loud clamour is always more or less insane: but probably the insanest of all loud clamours in the eighteenth century, was this that was raised about Johnson's Pension. Men seem to be led by the noses; but in reality, it is by the ears,—as some ancient slaves were, who had their ears bored; or as some modern quadrupeds may be, whose ears are long. Very falsely was it said, "Names do not change Things;" Names do change Things; nay for most part they are the only substance, which mankind can discern in Things. The whole sum that Johnson, during the remaining twenty-two years of his life, drew from the public funds of England, would have supported some Supreme Priest for about half as many weeks; it amounts very nearly to the revenue of our poorest Church-Overseer for one twelvemonth. Of secular Administrators of Provinces, and Horse-subduers, and Game-destroyers, we shall not so much as speak; but who were the Primates of England, and the Primates of all England, during Johnson's days? No man has remembered. Again, is the Primate of all England something, or is he nothing? If something, then what but the man who, in the supreme degree, teaches and spiritually edifies, and leads towards Heaven by guiding wisely through the Earth, the living souls that inhabit England? We touch here upon deep matters; which but remotely concern us, and might lead us into still deeper: clear, in the meanwhile, it is that the true Spiritual Edifier and Soul's-Father of all England was, and till very lately continued to be, the man named Samuel Johnson,—whom this scot-and-lot-paying world cackled reproachfully to see remunerated like a Supervisor of Excise!

If Destiny had beaten hard on

poor Samuel, and did never cease to visit him too roughly, yet the last section of his Life might be pronounced victorious, and on the whole happy. He was not idle; but now no longer goaded on by want; the light which had shone irradiating the dark haunts of Poverty, now illuminates the circles of Wealth, of a certain culture and elegant intelligence; he who had once been admitted to speak with Edmund Cave and Tobacco Browne, now admits a Reynolds and a Burke to speak with him. Loving friends are there; Listeners, even Answerers: the fruit of his long labours lies round him in fair legible Writings, of Philosophy, Eloquence, Morality, Philology; some excellent, all worthy and genuine Works; for which too, a deep, earnest murmur of thanks reaches him from all ends of his Fatherland. Nay there are works of Goodness, of undying Mercy, which even he has possessed the power to do: "What I gave I have; what I spent I had!" Early friends had long sunk into the grave; yet in his soul they ever lived, fresh and clear, with soft pious breathings towards them, not without a still hope of one day meeting them again in purer union. Such was Johnson's Life: the victorious Battle of a free, true Man. Finally he died the death of the free and true: a dark cloud of Death, solemn, and not untinged with haloes of immortal Hope "took him away," and our eyes could no longer behold him; but can still behold the trace and impress of his courageous, honest spirit, deep-legible in the World's Business, wheresoever he walked and was.

To estimate the quantity of Work that Johnson performed, how much poorer the World were had it wanted him, can, as in all such cases, never be accurately done; cannot, till after some longer space, be approximately done. All work is as seed sown; it grows and spreads, and sows itself anew, and so, in endless palingenesia, lives and works. To Johnson's Writings, good and solid, and still profitable as they are, we have already rated his Life and Conversation as superior. By the one and by the other, who shall compute what effects have been produced, and are still, and into deep Time, producing?

So much, however, we can already

see: It is now some three quarters of a century that Johnson has been the Prophet of the English; the man by whose light the English people, in public and in private, more than by any other man's, have guided their existence. Higher light than that immediately practical one; higher virtue than an honest PRUDENCE, he could not then communicate; nor perhaps could they have received: such light, such virtue, however, he did communicate. How to thread this labyrinthic Time, the fallen and falling Ruin of Times; to silence vain Scruples, hold firm to the last the fragments of old Belief, and with earnest eye still discern some glimpses of a true path, and go forward thereon, "in a world where there is much to be done, and little to be known:" this is what Samuel Johnson, by act and word, taught his nation, what his nation received and learned of him, more than of any other. We can view him as the preserver and transmitter of whatsoever was genuine in the spirit of Toryism; which genuine spirit, it is now becoming manifest, must again embody itself in all new forms of Society, be what they may, that are to exist, and have continuance—elsewhere than on Paper. The last in many things, Johnson was the last genuine Tory; the last of Englishmen who, with strong voice, and wholly-believing heart, preached the Doctrine of Standing still; who, without selfishness or slavishness, revered the existing Powers, and could assert the privileges of rank, though himself poor, neglected, and plebeian; who had heart-devoutness with a heart-hatred of cant, was orthodox-religious with his eyes open; and in all things and every where spoke out in plain English, from a soul wherein jesuitism could find no harbour, and with the front and tone not of a diplomatist but of a man.

This last of the Tories was Johnson: not Burke, as is often said; Burke was essentially a Whig, and only, on reaching the verge of the chasm towards which Whiggism from the first was inevitably leading, recoiled; and, like a man vehement rather than earnest, a resplendent far-sighted Rhetorician rather than a deep sure Thinker, recoiled with no measure, convulsively, and damaging what he drove back with him.

In a world which exists by the balance of Antagonisms, the respective merit of the Conservator and the Innovator must

ever remain debateable. Great, in the meanwhile, and undoubted, for both sides, is the merit of him who in a day of Change, walks wisely, honestly. Johnson's aim was in itself an impossible one: this of stemming the eternal Flood of Time; of clutching all things, and anchoring them down, and saying, Move not!—how could it, or should it, ever have success? The strongest man can but retard the current partially and for a short hour. Yet even in such shortest retardation, may not an inestimable value lie? If England has escaped the blood-bath of a French Revolution; and may yet, in virtue of this delay and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly into a new Era, let Samuel Johnson, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise for it. We said above that he was appointed to be Ruler of the British nation for a season: whoso will look beyond the surface, into the heart of the world's movements, may find that all Pitt Administrations, and Continental Subsidies, and Waterloo victories, rested on the possibility of making England, yet a little while, *Toryish*, Loyal to the Old; and this again on the anterior reality, that the Wise had found such Loyalty still practicable, and recommendable. England had its Hume, as France had its Voltaires and Diderots; but the Johnson was peculiar to us.

If we ask now by what endowment it mainly was that Johnson realised such a Life for himself and others; what quality of character the main phenomena of his Life may be most naturally deduced from, and his other qualities most naturally subordinated to, in our conception of him, perhaps the answer were: The quality of Courage, of Valour; that Johnson was a Brave Man. The Courage that can go forth, once and away, to Chalk-Farm, and have itself shot, and snuffed out, with decency, is nowise wholly what we mean here. Such Courage we indeed esteem an exceeding small matter; capable of coexisting with a life full of falsehood, feebleness, poltroonery, and despicability. Nay oftener it is Cowardice rather that produces the result: for consider, Is the Chalk-Farm Pistol-leer inspired with any reasonable Belief and Determination; or is he hounded on by haggard and indefinable Fear,—how he will be cut at public places, and

“plucked geese of the neighbourhood” will wag their tongues at him a plucked goose? If he go then, and be shot without shrieking, or audible uproar, it is well for him: nevertheless there is nothing amazing in it. Courage to manage all this has not perhaps been denied to any man, or to any woman. Thus, do not recruiting sergeants drum through the streets of manufacturing towns, and collect ragged losels enough; every one of whom, if once dressed in red, and trained a little, will receive fire cheerfully for the small sum of one shilling *per diem*, and have the soul blown out of him at last, with perfect propriety. The Courage that dares only *die*, is on the whole no sublime affair; necessary indeed, yet universal; pitiful when it begins to parade itself. On this Globe of ours, there are some thirty-six persons that manifest it, seldom with the smallest failure, during every second of time. Nay look at Newgate: do not the offscourings of Creation, when condemned to the gallows, as if they were not men but vermin, walk thither with decency, and even to the scowls and hootings of the whole Universe give their stern good-night in silence? What is to be undergone only once, we may undergo; what must be, comes almost of its own accord. *Considered as Duelist, what a poorfigure does the fiercest Irish Whiskerando make, compared with any English Game-cock, such as you may buy for fifteen-pence!

The Courage we desire and prize is not the Courage to die decently, but to live manfully. This, when by God's grace it has been given, lies deep in the soul; like genial heat, fosters all other virtues and gifts; without it they could not live. In spite of our innumerable Waterloos and Peterloos, and such campaigning as there has been, this Courage we allude to, and call the only true one, is perhaps rarer in these last ages, than it has been in any other since the Saxon Invasion under Hengist. Altogether extinct it can never be among men; otherwise the species Man were no longer for this world: here and there, in all times, under various guises, men are sent thither not only to demonstrate but exhibit it, and testify, as from heart to heart, that it is still possible, still practicable.

Johnson, in the eighteenth century, and as Man of Letters, was one of such; and, in good truth, “the bravest of the brave.” What mortal could have

more to war with? Yet, as we saw, he yielded not, faltered not; he fought, and even, such was his blessedness, prevailed. Whoso will understand what it is to have a man's heart, may find that, since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore. Observe too that he never called himself brave, never felt himself to be so; the more completely *was* so. No Giant Despair, no Golgotha-Death-dance or Sorcerer's-Sabbath of "Literary Life in London," appals this pilgrim; he works resolutely for deliverance; in still defiance, steps stoutly along. The thing that is given him to do he can make himself do; what is to be endured he can endure in silence. How the great soul of old Samuel, consuming daily his own bitter unallotable allotment of misery and toil, shews beside the poor flimsy little soul of young Boswell; one day taunting in the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine-cup, and crying, Aha, the wine is red; the next day deploring his downpressed, night-shaded, quite poorest state; and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the Universe should go on, while *his* digestive-apparatus had stopped! We reckon Johnson's "talent of silence" to be among his great and too rare gifts. Where there is nothing farther to be done, there shall nothing farther be said: like his own poor blind Welshwoman, he accomplished somewhat, and also "endured fifty years of wretchedness with unshaken fortitude." How grim was Life to him; a sick Prison-house and Doubting-castle! "His great business," he would profess, "was to escape from himself." Yet towards all this he has taken his position and resolution; can dismiss it all "with frigid indifference, having little to hope or to fear." Friends are stupid and pusillanimous and parsimonious; "wearied of his stay, yet offended at his departure:" it is the manner of the world. "By popular delusion," remarks he with a gigantic calmness, "illiterate writers will rise into renown:" it is portion of the History of English Literature: a perennial thing, this same popular delusion; and will—alter the character of the Language.

Closely connected with this quality of Valour, partly as springing from it, partly as protected by it, are the more recognisable qualities of Truthfulness

in word and thought, and Honesty in action. There is a reciprocity of influence here: for as the realising of Truthfulness and Honesty is the Life-light and great aim of Valour, so without Valour they cannot, in anywise, be realised. Now, in spite of all practical shortcomings, no one that sees into the significance of Johnson, will say that his prime object was not Truth. In conversation, doubtless, you may observe him, on occasion, fighting as if for victory;—and must pardon these ebulliences of a careless hour, which were not without temptation and provocation. Remark likewise two things: that such prize-arguings were ever on merely superficial debatable questions; and then that they were argued generally by the fair laws of battle, and logic-fence, by one cunning in that same. If their purpose was excusable, their effect was harmless, perhaps beneficial: that of taming noisy mediocrity, and shewing it another side of a debatable matter; to see *both* sides of which was, for the first time, to see the Truth of it. In his Writings themselves, are errors enough, crabbed prepossessions enough: yet these also of a quite extraneous and accidental nature; no where a wilful shutting of the eyes to the Truth. Nay, is there not every where a heartfelt discernment, singular, almost admirable, if we consider through what confused conflicting lights and hallucinations it had to be attained, of the highest everlasting Truth, and beginning of all Truths: this namely, that man is ever, and even in the age of Wilkes and Whitfield, a Revelation of God to man; and lives, moves, and has his being in Truth only; is either true, or, in strict speech, is not at all?

Quite spotless, on the other hand, is Johnson's love of Truth, if we look at it as expressed in Practice, as what we have named Honesty of action. "Clear your mind of Cant;" *clear* it, throw Cant utterly away: such was his emphatic, repeated precept; and did not he himself faithfully conform to it? The Life of this man has been, as it were, turned inside out, and examined with microscopes by friend and foe; yet was there no Lie found in him. His Doings and Writings are not *shows* but *performances*: you may weigh them in the balance, and they will stand weight. Not a line, not a sentence is dishonestly done, is other than it pretends to be. Alas! and he wrote not

out of inward inspiration, but to earn his wages : and with that grand perennial tide of "popular delusion" flowing by ; in whose waters he nevertheless refused to fish, to whose rich oyster-beds the dive was too muddy for him. Observe, again, with what innate hatred of Cant, he takes for himself, and offers to others, the lowest possible view of his business, which he followed with such nobleness. Motive for writing he had none, as he often said, but money ; and yet he wrote so. Into the region of Poetic Art he indeed never rose ; there was no *ideal* without him avowing itself in his work : the nobler was that unavowed *ideal* which lay within him, and commanded saying, Work out thy Artisan'ship in the spirit of an Artist ! They who talk loudest about the dignity of Art, and fancy that they too are Artistic guild-brethren, and of the Celestials,—let them consider well what manner of man this was, who felt himself to be only a hired day-labourer. A labourer that was worthy of his hire ; that has laboured not as an eye-servant, but as one found faithful ! Neither was Johnson in those days perhaps wholly a unique. Time was when, for money, you might have ware ; and needed not, in all departments, in that of the Epic Poem, in that of the Blacking Bottle, to rest content with the mere *persuasion* that you had ware. It was a happier time. But as yet the seventh Apocalyptic Bladder (of PUFFERY) had not been rent open,—to whirl and grind, as in a West-Indian Tornado, all earthly trades and things into wreck, and dust, and consummation,—and regeneration. Be it quickly, since it must be !—

That Mercy can dwell only with Valour, is an old sentiment or proposition ; which, in Johnson, again receives confirmation. Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. He was called the Bear ; and did indeed too often look, and roar, like one ; being forced to it in his own defence : yet within that shaggy exterior of his, there beat a heart warm as a mother's, soft as a little child's. Nay generally, his very roaring was but the anger of affection : the rage of a Bear, if you will ; but of a Bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his Religion, glance at the Church of England, or the Divine Right ; and he was upon you ! These things were

his Symbols of all that was good, and precious for men ; his very Ark of the Covenant : whose laid hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent, but of love to the thing opposed, did Johnson grow cruel, fiercely contradictory : this is an important distinction ; never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages. But observe also with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things : to a blind old woman, to a Doctor Levett, to a Cat "Hodge." His thoughts in the latter part of his life were frequently employed on his deceased friends ; he often muttered these or such-like sentences : "Poor man ! and then he died." How he patiently converted his poor home into a Lazaretto ; endures, for long years, the contradiction of the miserable and unreasonable ; with him unconnected, save that they had no other to yield them refuge ! Generous old man ! Worldly possession he has little ; yet of this he gives freely ; from his own hard-earned shilling, the halfpence for the poor, that "waited his coming out," are not withheld : the poor "waited the coming out" of one not quite so poor ! A Stere can write sentimentalities on Dead Asses : Johnson has a rough voice ; but he finds the wretched Daughter of Vice fallen down in the streets ; carries her home, on his own shoulders, and like a good Samaritan, gives help to the help-needing, worthy or unworthy. Ought not Charity, even in that sense, to cover a multitude of Sins ? No Penny-a-week Committee-Lady, no manager of Soup-Kitchens, dancer at Charity Balls, was this rugged, stern-visaged man : but where, in all England, could there have been found another soul so full of Pity, a hand so heavenlike bounteous as his ? The widow's mite, we know, was greater than all the other gifts.

Perhaps it is this divine feeling of Affection, throughout manifested, that principally attracts us towards Johnson. A true brother of men is he ; and filial lover of the Earth ; who, with little bright spots of Attachment, "where lives and works some loved one," has beautified "this rough solitary Earth into a peopled garden." Lichfield, with its mostly dull and limited inhabitants, is to the last one of the sunny islets for him : *Salve magna parens !* Or read those Letters on his

Mother's death: what a genuine solemn grief and pity lies recorded there; a looking back into the Past, unspeakably mournful, unspeakably tender. And yet calm, sublime; for he must new act, not look; his venerated Mother has been taken from him; but he must now write a *Rasselas* to defray her interment! Again, in this little incident, recorded in his Book of Devotion, are not the tones of sacred Sorrow and Greatness deeper than in many a blank-verse Tragedy;—as, indeed, “the fifth act of a Tragedy” (though unrhymed) does “lie in every death-bed, were it a peasant's, and of straw:”

“Sunday, October 18, 1767. Yesterday, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

“I desired all to withdraw; then told her that we were to part for ever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed kneeling by her.

“I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted; I humbly hope, to meet again, and to part no more.”

Tears trickling down the granite rock: a soft well of Pity springs within! Still more tragical is this other scene: “Johnson mentioned that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. ‘Once indeed,’ said he, ‘I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault.’—But by what method?—What method was now possible? Hear it; the words are again given as his own, though here evidently by a less capable reporter:

“Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure in the morning, but I was compelled to it by conscience. Fifty years ago, Madam, on

this day, I committed a breach of filial piety. My father had been in the habit of attending Uttoxeter market, and opening a stall there for the sale of his Books. Confined by indisposition, he desired me, that day, to go and attend the stall in his place. My pride prevented me; I gave my father a refusal.—And now to-day I have been at Uttoxeter; I went into the market, at the time of business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare, for an hour, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope, the penance was expiatory.”

Who does not figure to himself this spectacle, amid the “rainy weather, and the sneers,” or wonder, “of the bystanders?” The memory of old Michael Johnson, rising from the far distance; sad-beckoning in the “moonlight of memory:” how he had toiled faithfully hither and thither; patiently among the lowest of the low; been buffeted and beaten down, yet ever risen again, ever tried it anew—And oh! when the wearied old man, as Bookseller, or Hawker, or Tinker, or whatsoever it was that Fate had reduced him to, begged help of *thee* for one day,—how savage, diabolic, was that mean Vanity, which answered, No! He sleeps now; after life's fitful fever, he sleeps: but thou, O Merciless, how now wilt thou still the sting of that remembrance?—The picture of Samuel Johnson standing bareheaded in the market there, is one of the grandest and saddest we can paint. “Repentance! Repentance!” he proclaims, as with passionate sobs: but only to the ear of Heaven, if Heaven will give him audience: the earthly ear, and heart, that should have heard it, are now closed, unresponsive for ever.

That this so keen-loving, soft-trembling Affectionateness, the inmost essence of his being, must have looked forth, in one form or another, through Johnson's whole character, practical and intellectual, modifying both, is not to be doubted. Yet through what singular distortions and superstitions, moping melancholies, blind habits, whims about “entering with the right foot,” and “touching every post as he walked along;” and all the other mad chaotic lumber of a brain that, with sun-clear intellect, hovered for ever on the verge of insanity,—must that same inmost essence have looked forth; unrecognisable to all but the most observant! Accordingly it was not

recognised; Johnson passed not for a fine nature, but for a dull, almost brutal one. Might not, for example, the first-fruit of such a Lovingness, coupled with his quick Insight, have been expected to be a peculiarly courteous demeanour as man among men? In Johnson's "Politeness," which he often, to the wonder of some, asserted to be great, there was indeed somewhat that needed explanation. Nevertheless, if he insisted always on handing lady-visitors to their carriage; though with the certainty of collecting a mob of gazers in Fleet Street,—as might well be, the beau having on, by way of court dress, "his rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes for slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose:"—in all this we can see the spirit of true Politeness, only shining through a strange medium. Thus again, in his apartments, at one time, there were unfortunately no chairs. "A gentleman who frequently visited him whilst writing his *Idlers*, constantly found him at his desk, sitting on one with three legs; and on rising from it, he remarked that Johnson never forgot its defect; but would either hold it in his hand, or place it with great composure against some support; taking no notice of its imperfection to his visitor,"—who meanwhile, we suppose, sat upon folios, or in the sartorial fashion. "It was remarkable in Johnson," continues Miss Reynolds ("Renny dear"), "that no external circumstances ever prompted him to make any apology, or to seem even sensible of their existence. Whether this was the effect of philosophic pride, or of some partial notion of his respecting high breeding, is doubtful." That it was, for one thing, the effect of genuine Politeness, is nowise doubtful. Not of the Pharisaical Brummellian Politeness, which would suffer crucifixion rather than ask twice for soup: but of the noble universal Politeness of a man, that knows the dignity of men, and feels his own; such as may be seen in the patriarchal bearing of an Indian Sachem; such as Johnson himself exhibited, when a sudden chance brought him into dialogue with his King. To us, with our view of the man, it nowise appears "strange" that he should have boasted himself

cunning in the laws of Politeness; nor "stranger still," habitually attentive to practise them.

More legibly is this influence of the Loving heart to be traced in his intellectual character. What, indeed, is the beginning of intellect, the first inducement to the exercise thereof, but attraction towards somewhat, *affection* for it? Thus too, who ever saw, or will see, any true talent, not to speak of genius, the foundation of which is not goodness, love? From Johnson's strength of Affection, we deduce many of his intellectual peculiarities; especially that threatening array of perversions known under the name of "Johnson's Prejudices." Looking well into the root from which these sprung, we have long ceased to view them with hostility, can pardon and reverently pity them. Consider with what force early-imbibed opinions must have clung to a soul of this Affection. Those evil-famed Prejudices of his, that Jacobitism, Church-of-Englandism, hatred of the Scotch, belief in Witches, and such like, what were they but the ordinary beliefs of well-doing, well-meaning provincial Englishmen in that day? First gathered by his Father's hearth; round the kind "country fires" of native Staffordshire; they grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength: they were hallowed by fondest sacred recollections; to part with them was parting with his heart's blood. If the man who has no strength of Affection, strength of Belief, have no strength of Prejudice, let him thank Heaven for it, but to himself take small thanks.

Melancholy it was, indeed, that the noble Johnson could not work himself loose from these adhesions; that he could only purify them, and wear them with some nobleness. Yet let us understand how they grew out from the very centre of his being: nay, moreover, how they came to cohere in him with what formed the business and worth of his Life, the sum of his whole Spiritual Endeavour. For it is on the same ground that he became throughout an Edifier and Repairer, not, as the others of his make were, a Puller-down; that in an age of universal Scepticism, England was still to produce its Believer. Mark too his candour even here: while a Dr. Adams, with placid surprise, asks, "Have we not evidence enough of the soul's immortality?" Johnson answers, "I

wish for more." But the truth is, in Prejudice, as in all things, Johnson was the product of England; one of those good yeomen whose limbs were made in England: alas, the last of such Invincibles, their day being now done! His culture is wholly English; that not of a Thinker but of a "Scholar:" his interests are wholly English; he sees and knows nothing but England; he is the John Bull of Spiritual Europe: let him live, love him, as he was and could not but be! Pitiable it is, no doubt, that a Samuel Johnson must confute Hume's irreligious Philosophy by some "story from a Clergyman of the Bishoprick of Durham;" should see nothing in the great Frederick but "Voltaire's lackey;" in Voltaire himself but a man *acerrimi ingenii, paucarum literarum*; in Rousseau but one worthy to be hanged; and in the universal, long-prepared, inevitable Tendency of European Thought but a greensick milkmaid's crotchet of (for variety's sake) "milking the Bull." Our good, dear John! Observe too what it is that he sees in the city of Paris: no feeblest glimpse of those D'Alemberts and Diderots, or of the strange questionable work they did; solely some Benedictine Priests, to talk kitchen-latin "with them about *Editiones Principes*." "Monseer Nongtongpaw!"—Our dear, foolish John; yet is there a lion's heart within him!—Pitiable all these things were, we say; yet nowise inexcusable; nay, as basis or as foil to much else that was in Johnson, almost venerable. Ought we not, indeed, to honour England, and English Institutions and Way of Life, that they could still so equip such a man; could furnish him in heart and head to be a Samuel Johnson, and yet to love them, and unyieldingly fight for them? What truth and living vigour must such Institutions once have had, when, in the middle of the Eighteenth century, there was still enough left in them for this!

It is worthy of note that, in our little British Isle, the two grand Antagonisms of Europe should have stood embodied, under their very highest concentration, in two men produced simultaneously among ourselves. Samuel Johnson and David Hume, as was observed, were children of the same year: through life they were spectators of the same Life-movement; often inhabitants of the same city. Greater contrast, in

all things, between two great men, could not be. Hume, well-born, competently provided for, whole in body and mind, of his own determination forces a way into Literature! Johnson, poor, moonstruck, diseased, forlorn, is forced into it "with the bayonet of necessity at his back." And what a part did they severally play there! As Johnson became the father of all succeeding Tories; so was Hume the father of all succeeding Whigs, for his own Jacobitism was but an accident, as worthy to be named Prejudice as any of Johnson's. Again, if Johnson's culture was exclusively English; Hume's, in Scotland, became European;—for which reason too we find his influence spread deeply over all quarters of Europe, traceable deeply in all speculation, French, German, as well as domestic; while Johnson's name, out of England, is hardly any where to be met with. In spiritual stature they are almost equal; both great, among the greatest: yet how unlike in likeness! Hume has the widest, methodising, comprehensive eye; Johnson the keenest for perspicacity and minute detail: so had, perhaps chiefly, their education ordered it. Neither of the two rose into Poetry; yet both to some approximation thereof: Hume to something of an Epic clearness and method, as in his delineation of the Commonwealth Wars; Johnson to many a deep Lyric tone of plaintiveness, and impetuous graceful power, scattered over his fugitive compositions. Both, rather to the general surprise, had a certain rugged Humour shining through their earnestness: the indication, indeed, that they were earnest men, and had subdued their wild world into a kind of temporary home, and safe dwelling. Both were, by principle and habit, Stoics: yet Johnson with the greater merit, for he alone had very much to triumph over; farther, he alone ennobled his Stoicism into Devotion. To Johnson Life was as a Prison, to be endured with heroic faith: to Hume it was little more than a foolish Bartholomew-Fair Show-booth, with the foolish crowdings and elbowings of which it was not worth while to quarrel; the whole would break up, and be at liberty, *so soon*. Both realised the highest task of Manhood, that of living like men; each died not untruly, in his way: Hume as one, with factitious, half-false gaiety, taking leave of what was itself wholly but a

Lie : Johnson as one, with awe-struck, yet resolute and piously expectant heart, taking leave of a Reality, to enter a Reality still higher. Johnson had the harder problem of it, from first to last :^{*} whether, with some hesitation, we can admit that he was intrinsically the better-gifted,—may remain undecided.

These two men now rest ; the one in Westminster Abbey here ; the other in the Calton Hill Churchyard of Edinburgh. Through Life they did not meet : as contrasts, “like in unlike,” love each other ; so might they two have loved, and communed kindly,—had not the terrestrial dross and darkness, that was in them, withstood ! One day, their spirits, what Truth was

in each, will be found working, living in harmony and free union, even here below. They were the two half-men of their time : whose should combine the intrepid Candour, and decisive scientific Clearness of Hume, with the Reverence, the Love, and devout Humility of Johnson, were the whole man of a new time. Till such whole man arrive for us, and the distracted time admit of such, might the Heavens but bless poor England with half-men worthy to tie the shoe-latchets of these, resembling these even from afar ! Be both attentively regarded, let the true Effort of both prosper ;—and for the present, both take our affectionate farewell !

THE MARTYRS.

A LITTLE bark was floating down a stream—

A broad calm stream ; the moon was high in heaven,
And kissed the water with her pure cool beam,

As it lay sleeping, like a child forgiven
Some little fault, who on its parent's breast
Pillows its head, and sobs itself to rest.

And in that boat were three,—a mild old man,^{°°}

A lovely maiden, and a gentle boy :
Nothing they said, and though each cheek was wan,
Their eyes were gleaming with unearthly joy ;
Their hands were clasp'd, as if in silent prayer,—
They communed with their heavenly Father there !

The mighty river flowing slowly on,—

The death-like calm,—the blue and cloudless sky,—
Nothing bespeak of violence or wrong,
Nor the soft brightness of the maid's blue eye ;
Yet 'tis their blessed, angel-envied doom
To win the crown and palm of martyrdom !

For they are followers of Him, who bore

For them, for *all*, man's bitter curse and pain ;
For this, without or sail, or helm, or oar,
Must they be drifted onwards to the main,
Condemn'd to perish on the far-off wave,
Without *one* friend to sympathise or save !

* * * * *

Five days have passed, and still the victims live,—

Feeble and speechless in the bark they lie,
Famish'd and parch'd, and yet they do not grieve,
Nor feel the throb of thrilling agony !
Their thoughts are anchor'd on eternal things,—
Their friend and guardian is the King of kings.

The sky is glowing with a crimson hue,
 The farewell splendour of departing day ;
 But soon that eve the chilling night-breeze blew,
 And foam'd and flash'd the emerald-tinted spray,—
 Clouds gather'd fast,—the thunder's distant growl
 Mingled responsive with the wild winds' howl !

"The tempest bursts ! upon the murky deep
 That small boat tosses wildly to and fro,—
 Now mounting upward on the watery steep,
 Now plunging 'mid the coral rocks below :
 It strikes ! the Martyrs' earthly ties are riven,
 And their free'd spirits soar away to heaven !

'Tis early morn,—a flood of rosy light
 Is streaming through the portals of the east,
 Chasing away the shadows of the night,
 Rousing the skylark in her lowly nest :
 The wild is hushed ; the fearful storm is o'er,
 And the spent billow faithfully laves the shore.

A corpse is lying on the shell-strewn strand,
 Thrown there and left by the retiring tide,—
 An ebon cross is in his fast-closed hand,
 Bless'd emblem of the faith for which he died,—
 And on his breast is bound a parchment scroll,
 God's gracious message to man's sin-stain'd soul.

And half-clad men and boys are standing by,
 Who mourn the stripling's melancholy fate,—
 Their faces beam with holy charity,
 Though rude their speech and all uncouth their gait ;
 But much they fear to touch the sacred Book,
 Nor dare on its mysterious signs to look.

A time-worn seer, whose white and scanty hair
 And hoary beard, as by the west wind stirred,
 Play'd with the soft and fragrance-breathing air,
 Their simple talk and exclamations heard ;
 Smiling,—for he was wiser than the rest,—
 He took the roll from off the Martyr's breast.

He reads, he weeps ! ah, whence that big round tear ?
 The light is gushing o'er his thoughtful soul ;
 The patriarch bends his knee in childlike prayer,
 And knows the truth and yields to its control,—
 And bids his Pagan brothers seek above
 Another Deity, *who rules by love !*

O God, how wondrous are thy ways ! the blood
 Of faithful martyrs is thy church's seed ;
 From out of evil thou derivest good—
 The savage tribes receive the Christian's creed ;
 The Britons bow their proud wills in the dust :
 O God ! the Britons in Thy mercy trust !

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE memory of the Great Plague in London has been rendered immortal by the prose of Daniel Defoe and the poetry of John Wilson. But the greater plague which overran almost the whole world, three centuries before, is almost forgotten. A slight sketch of its history, drawn from old chroniclers, will shew, by comparison, what a small matter is magnified into a pestilence in the present day.

This dreadful pestilence, like the cholera, made its first appearance in the East. It arose in China, Tartary, India, and Egypt, about the year 1345. It is ascribed by the contemporary writers, Mezeray and Giovanni Villani, to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and, in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Some zealous Christian writers of the time derived its origin from the arch-impostor Mahomet; for they say that, at Mecca, in Arabia Felix, it rained snakes and blood from heaven for three days and nights together; that the temple of Mahomet was beaten down by a terrible tempest, and his sepulchre torn up and broken in pieces; and that the sulphureous vapours, and the stench of the snakes and blood, so corrupted the middle region of the air, that the infectious matter spread itself over the world in all directions. Making every allowance for the ignorance and credulity of the age, it appears evident that some natural causes had contributed to corrupt the air and load it with pestiferous vapours. And it is remarkable that, before the disease appeared in Europe, singular meteorological phenomena, of a similar nature, took place. Thus, it came into England in the end of the year 1348; and it had rained from the previous Christmas till Midsummer almost without ceasing; "so that all the while," to use the words of an old writer, "it hardly ever held up so much as for one day and night together." Great inundations followed; and accumulations of stagnant water, by which the whole atmosphere was poisoned. In France, several strange meteoric appearances are described by

writers of credit. Giovanni Villani says, that on the 20th of December, 1348, in the morning, after sunrise, there appeared at Avignon, over the pope's palace, a pillar of fire, which tarried there for the space of an hour, producing general terror and amazement.

During the same period there were many dreadful earthquakes, some of them in places where such phenomena have since been unheard of. At Rome, an earthquake threw down a great number of houses, steeples, and churches. At Naples there was an earthquake, accompanied with a tremendous hurricane, which destroyed a large portion of the city. On this occasion it is related, that while a friar was preaching to a crowded congregation, he and his auditory were swallowed up in an instant—all but one individual, who observed the trembling of the earth in time to save himself by flight. A great multitude of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their habitations; and the citizens durst not venture into their houses, but remained terrified in the market-places or fields, till the earthquake (which continued by fits for eight days) had spent its fury. In Greece, particularly in the Morea and the island of Cyprus, whole villages were overwhelmed. Even in Germany, a country not liable to this calamity, there was an earthquake which extended over a great part of Austria and Styria, and destroyed many towns and villages in those districts: "And many other provinces," says an old historian, "suffered such lasting characters of the fury of these strong convulsions of nature, that, lest the joint concurrence of so many authors of those days should not obtain sufficient credit, they might be very plainly read even by late posterity." These earthquakes were generally attended with storms of thunder and lightning, wind and hail. In the year 1348, according to Lampadius, it rained blood in Germany, and meteors and other coruscations appeared in the air. Mock suns were seen, and the heavens sometimes seemed on fire.

In many of these accounts we may presume that there is a good deal of exaggeration. But the testimonies are too numerous and respectable to leave

any doubt that, before and during the pestilence, the elements were in a state of general convulsion which seems unparalleled in history.

The plague extended its ravages from India into the more western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abyssinia, and thence into the northern parts of Africa. It proceeded over Asia Minor, Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago; almost depopulating the regions over which it stalked. It may be literally said to have *decimated* the world, even though we were to take this term as implying the destruction of *nine*, in place of *one*, out of ten. According to Mezeray and other writers, where it was most favourable it left one out of three, or one out of five; but where it raged most violently, it scarce left a fifteenth or twentieth person alive. Some countries, partly by the plague, and partly by earthquakes, were left quite desolate. Giovanni Villani says that in a part of Mesopotamia, only some women survived, who were driven by extremity and despair to devour one another.

The plague appears to have staid five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope; though even then many fell into a deep sleep from which they never awoke.

Before the pestilence invaded Christendom, it is recorded, in a report made to the pope at Avignon, that it swept away twenty-three millions eight hundred thousand persons throughout the East in the course of a single year. While the Christians remained untouched, their supposed immunity, since their neighbours were suffering the extremity of the malady, operated so strongly on the minds of some of the heathen princes, that they resolved to propitiate Heaven by embracing Christianity. The King of Tarsus, accompanied by a great multitude of his princes and nobles, actually set out on his journey to Avignon, to re-

ceive baptism from Pope Clement VI. But hearing on his way that the Christians too had become victims to the destroyer, he returned home, with the loss of about two thousand men, whom the Christians most ungenerously attacked and cut off in the rear of his army.

From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venetians, having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it almost uninhabited. At Florence, 60,000 persons died in one year. Among these was the historian Giovanni Villani, whose writings we have already referred to. He was one of the most distinguished men of his age; and his historical works are looked upon as correct and valuable. He was the annalist of this pestilence almost down to the day of his falling a victim to it. France next became exposed to its ravages. At Avignon the mortality was horrible. In the strong language of Stow, people died bleeding at the nose, mouth, and fundament; so that rivers ran with blood, and streams of putrid gore issued from the graves and sepulchres of the dead. When it first broke out there, no fewer than sixty-six of the Carmelite friars died before any body knew how, so that it was imagined they had murdered one another. Of the members of the English college at Avignon, not one was left alive; and of the whole inhabitants of the city, not one in five. According to a statement, or bill of mortality, laid before the pope; there died in one day 1212, and in another 400 persons. The malady proceeded northward through France, till it reached Paris, where it cut off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where its ravages are estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls. At Lubeck alone, according to the concurring accounts of several writers, 90,000 persons were swept away in one year, of whom 1500 are reported to have died in the space of four hours.

At last this fearful scourge began to be felt in England. About the beginning of August 1348, it appeared in the sea-port towns on the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire, whence it proceeded to Bristol. The people of Gloucestershire immediately interdicted all intercourse with Bristol, but in vain. The disease ran, or rather flew, over Gloucestershire. Thence it

spread to Oxford; and about the 1st of November reached London. Finally, it spread itself all over England, scattering every where such destruction, that, out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten was left alive.

Incredible as this statement may appear, it seems borne out by the details of contemporary annalists. In the churchyard of Yarmouth 7052 persons, who died of the plague, were buried in one year. In the city of Norwich, 57,374 persons died in six months, between the 1st of January and the 1st of July. In the city of York the mortality was equal. We find no general statement of the total amount of the mortality in London; but there are details sufficient to shew that it must have been horrible beyond imagination. The dead were thrown into pits, forty, fifty, or sixty, into one; and large fields were employed as burial-places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which also was covered. Sir Walter Manny (whose name is so well known from his connexion with the affecting incident of the surrender of Calais to Edward III.) benevolently purchased and appropriated a burial-ground, near Smithfield, in which single place more than fifty thousand people were buried. Stow says that he had seen, on a stone cross in that burial-ground, the following quaint inscription: "Anno Domini MCCCXLIX. regnante magnâ pestilentia, consecratum fuit hoc cœmiterium; in quo, et infra septa præsentis monasterii, sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam LM. præter alia multa, abhinc usque ad præsens. Quorum animabus propitiatur Deus. Amen."

This pestilence gave occasion to some diplomatic intercourse between England and France, which is strikingly characteristic of the manners of the age. While the mortality was raging in those countries, Pope Clement VI. never ceased importuning the monarchs of both to put an end to their mutual hostility, and, by doing so, to avoid the continuance of a calamity

sent by Heaven to punish the sins of mankind. Edward and Philip were induced by these pious exhortations to appoint commissioners, who met between Calais and St. Omers to negotiate a treaty. The French insisted on the restoration of Calais, or the rasing of its fortifications; a proposition which the English would not listen to. At last, however, a truce was agreed upon for six months, till September following, in order to allow time to negotiate for a peace; and it was further agreed, that if, at the end of the truce, a final treaty was not concluded, the crown of France was to be brought to a convenient place within that realm; and the right to it decided by a pitched battle, without further appeal. The death of the French king, however, which happened in August 1350, before the expiration of the truce, put an end to this smooth and amicable plan of accommodation.

The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society, and among them, principally on old men, women, and children. It was remarked, that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague; and of the English nobility and people of distinction, very few were cut off by it. Among the higher orders of the church the deaths were rare; but such havoc was made among the inferior clergy, that numbers of churches were left wholly void, and without any one to perform Divine service, or any offices of religion. At the same time, all suits and proceedings in the courts of justice ceased; and the sitting of parliament was intermitted for more than two years.

This terrible visitation was every where attended by a total dissolution of the bonds of society. An excellent old writer* gives the following eloquent description of the state of England:—"We are told the influence of this disease was so contagious, that it not only infected by a touch or breathing, but transfused its malignity into the very beams of light, and darted death from the eyes; and the very seats and garments of such proved fatal. Wherefore parents forsook their children, and wives their husbands; nor would physicians here make their visits, for neither were they able to do good to others, and they were almost certain thereby to destroy themselves. Even the priests also, for the same horrid

* History of Edward III., by Joshua Barnes, B.D., Cantab. 1688.

consideration, forebore either to administer the sacraments or absolve the dying penitent. But yet neither priests, nor physicians, nor any other who sought thus to escape, did find their caution of any advantage: for death not only raged without doors as well as in chambers, but, as if it took indignation that any mortal should think to fly from it, these kind of people died both more speedily and proportionably in greater numbers. Then was their death without sorrow, affinity without friendship, wilful penance and dearth without scarcity, and flying without refuge or succour. For many fled from place to place because of the pestilence; some into deserts and places not inhabited, either in hope or despair. But quick-sighted destruction found them out, and nimble-footed misery was ever ready to attend them. Others, having hired boats or other vessels, into which they laid up provision, thought, or at least hoped, so to elude the power of the infection: but the destroying angel, like that in the Revelations, had one foot upon the waters as well as on the land; for, alas! the very air they breathed being tainted, they drew in death together with life itself. The horror of these things made others to lock themselves up in their houses, gardens, and sweet retired places; but the evil they intended to exclude pursued them through all their defences, and they had this only difference, to die without the company of any that might serve or pity them. No physician could tell the cause, or prescribe a cure; and even what was saving to one was no less than fatal to another. No astrologer could divine how or when it would cease; the only way left was to be prepared to receive it, and the most comfortable resolution to expect it without fear."

The pestilence extended into Wales, where it raged violently; and soon afterwards, passing into Ireland, it made great havoc among the English settled in that island. But it was remarked that the native Irish were little affected, particularly those that dwelt in hilly districts.

As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon them-

selves. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of England, they made a hostile irruption, with a large force, into the country. But they had not proceeded far, when the calamity which they courted, and so well deserved from their ungenerous conduct, overtook them. They perished in thousands; and, in attempting to return home, they were overtaken, before they could reach the border, by a strong body of English, who routed them with great slaughter. The remnant carried the disease into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as in the southern parts of the island. "Scotland," says the writer whom we have already quoted, "partook of the universal contagion in as high a degree, and in same manner, as other countries had done before; only in this there was a difference, that whereas other nations sat still and waited for it, the Scots did seem ambitious to fetch it in among themselves." However much Scotland may have had to complain of the oppression and tyranny of England under the Edwards, it was ungenerous and unworthy of a brave people to attempt to retaliate on a nation laid prostrate by the hand of Heaven. At the same time, there is no reason to doubt that the general cause, whatever it was, of the pestilence, would at any rate have soon extended to Scotland, as well as Wales and Ireland.

Early in the year 1349, the plague began to abate in England; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. Its consequences, however, continued for some time to be severely felt. During the prevalence of the disease, the cattle, for want of men to tend them, were allowed to wander about the fields at random, and perished in such numbers as to occasion a great scarcity. Though the fields, too, were covered with a plentiful crop of corn, much of it was lost for want of hands to reap it and gather it in. The scarcity of hands naturally produced excessively high wages. A reaper was not to be had under eightpence per day, nor a mower under twelpence, besides victuals; and every other sort of labour was paid in proportion.* This gave occasion to the

* In the time of Edward III., tenpence contained half an ounce of silver, and was, consequently, equal to half-a-crown of our present money. The above wages, therefore, were equivalent to two shillings and three shillings of our money. At that time the quarter of wheat was at six shillings and eightpence, or twenty shillings of modern money.—*Wealth of Nations*, Book I. chap. 11.

act of the 25th of Edward III., known by the name of the Statute of Labourers; which, on account of "the insolence of servants, who endeavoured to raise their wages upon their masters," ordained that they should be contented with the same wages and liveries which they had been accustomed to receive in the 20th year of the king. In spite of this statute, high wages continued to be given by people who preferred doing so to losing their grain and other fruits of the earth, till Edward enforced obedience to it by severe measures both against masters and labourers. The enforcement of this statute is said by old writers to have prevented a famine from raging in England, similar to the one which afflicted the other countries that had undergone the visitation of the pestilence. How far it could have produced so salutary an effect, however, may well be questioned.

The last dregs of this calamity were drained by that unfortunate race, the Jews. A belief spread over several countries that they had produced the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and, in many places, they were massacred in thousands by the infuriated populace. In several parts of Germany, where this persecution chiefly raged, the Jews were literally exterminated. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and multitudes of them, in the extremity of their despair, shut themselves up in their houses, and consumed themselves, and their families and property, with fire. The extent of such atrocities, in a barbarous age, may well be imagined, when we remember the outrages which were produced by the cholera panic, only a few months ago, in some parts of the continent.

Though the pestilence ceased in England in 1349, yet the destroying angel continued his progress through other regions for several years longer, marks of his presence remaining on record down to the year 1362. The world has suffered no similar visitation since; nor does its older history afford any instance of a calamity of the same kind, equally extensive and destructive.

Even the pestilence, so eloquently described by Gibbon, which ravaged a great part of the Roman empire, seems to have been inferior in magnitude; and the famous plague of Athens was confined within a still narrower compass. In almost every other memorable instance of the plague, it has been limited to a particular district, or even a particular city.

Our present object has been merely to collect some circumstances of the history of this most remarkable event, and not to enter into the question of the theory of pestilence. We may, however, observe, that not only was the great plague, of which we have been speaking, preceded and accompanied by disorders of the elements, tending to produce a general corruption of the atmosphere, but the very same phenomena are recorded in the other cases where the plague extended itself over various regions. In those eastern countries, too, where the plague is found to prevail almost constantly, it always occurs at times and places where the atmosphere is corrupted, either by physical causes or by the shockingly filthy habits of the inhabitants, or by both together. That a corrupted state, of the atmosphere, therefore, is a cause of the plague, cannot be doubted; and it is a question whether, to this certain cause, it is necessary to join the additional cause of contagion. As the ascertained cause suffices to account for every fact connected with the disease, we confess we do not see the necessity for having recourse to two separate causes for the same effect. And it is a strong circumstance, that in those countries where the disease is most familiarly known, little fear is entertained of contagion. "The more intelligent among the Turks," says a recent writer on this subject, "seem to be aware that the plague is not contagious; and we are assured that they do not destroy the bedding or clothes of those who die of the distemper, but often immediately put them on and wear them, without any ill effects, or the smallest apprehension from contagion."*

* Hancock on Cholera and Pestilence; — an able pamphlet, which contains a great quantity of evidence, in a small compass, on the question of the contagious or non-contagious nature of these diseases.

THE REPORTS OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON COMMON LAW REFORM.

THE Common-law Commissioners originally appointed have now made their third and last Report; and although a new set have been recently named, the general understanding is, that the commission is virtually at an end. Much expense has been incurred by reason of this commission, and the opinion of the public is, we fear, that it was from the first a ministerial job; but we are firmly persuaded, that the men appointed upon it were not the persons to be made tools for such a purpose, and that, however great the expense incurred may be, the resulting benefit would be immeasurably greater, if even a small part of the proposed improvements were adequately and honestly carried into effect.

The public have of late years manifested a considerable degree of dissatisfaction at the manner in which the laws are administered, and this dissatisfaction has, in many instances, extended to the laws themselves; and though the expression of it has been in some degree silenced by the clamour for parliamentary reform, there can be no doubt that it continues still unabated. Much of this disapprobation has arisen from erroneous views of the principles of jurisprudence; much from the dissemination of plausible but unfounded theories, by men who, while dealing in the most monstrous absurdities themselves, allow no epithet but that of *absurd* to the argument of others; but still more, from attributing the imperfections of particular departments to the whole system, and condemning all our courts for the defects peculiar to a few. The admitted abuses of the Court of Chancery, the astonishing instances of delay which so frequently occur there, and the enormous expense which attends an appeal to its jurisdiction even in the simplest cases, have not merely tended to excite disapprobation of our courts of equity, but have also given a character in public estimation to our courts of common law, of which they are by no means deserving.

It is in vain to desire the simple modes of decision peculiar to the earlier stages of civilisation, in a system of society so complicated as ours. When the wants, the possessions, and consequently the rights of individuals

are few, the subjects of litigation which can arise amongst them must be restricted in their number, and simple in their character; but when those wants are multiplied, when possession ceases to be the only symbol of property, and men begin to acquire right to things distinguished from actual possession, or even ownership, and these rights become involved with the increasing involution of their social relations, much of the original simplicity of legal administration must be sacrificed, for the purpose of securing rational certainty, and a due satisfaction to the parties litigant.

And yet such has been the improvement in the science of jurisprudence, and in the mode of administering the laws, that though questions every day arise, which in difficulty and complexity almost infinitely surpass any that could occur in the earlier eras of our history, we doubt much if a suit in our courts of common law is not now at least as expeditious a remedy as at any other period. Much of the unwieldy machinery of our ancestors has been dispensed with; mere form is scarcely permitted to interfere with the progress of substantial justice; and the ability of the advocate is directed rather to the investigation of truth than to the invention of subtle devices, wherewith to entrap his opponents.

It would weary, without interesting, our unprofessional readers, to mark out the various points in which the actual progress of a cause has been facilitated; and to our professional readers such a course would be unprofitable, because the slightest acquaintance with the machinery of the law in ancient times must satisfy them of the fact, that, at the present day, if either of the parties be anxious for despatch, a cause can be advanced to the stage of hearing, or trial, in a much shorter period than it could formerly have been.

But, while we thus maintain, that in the progress of a suit to the trial or hearing, much improvement has been made; and while we condemn the popular demands for change, as unreasonable in their extent, and founded on erroneous views; we readily concede, that the present system admits of and demands many important improve-

ments. It was the general sense of this which enabled Lord Brougham, when in the House of Commons, to obtain the appointment of the two law commissions; and it is our own conviction of its vast importance, which induces us now to direct the attention of our readers to the reports furnished by one of those commissions, and the measures founded upon those reports.

It should never be lost sight of, in such an inquiry as this, that litigation is any thing rather than an evil; that it is the necessary consequence, and the natural symptom, of advanced civilisation; and that, while human passions continue to influence, and imperfect reason to guide, human actions, mistakes, and errors, and misunderstandings, and wrongs, will occur, to disturb the smooth current of society; and unless these can be corrected or redressed by the intervention of the law, the heart-burnings and evil feelings they engender will eventually seek relief in the gratification of revenge by fraud or force. Every means, therefore, should be taken to facilitate and encourage appeals to the decision of the law; and for this purpose every possible effort should be made to render such an appeal *cheap, expeditious, and satisfactory to the parties.*

In order, however, to secure the latter of these three objects, which, after all, is the most important, much of cheapness, and much of expedition, must be sacrificed. To be satisfied with the conduct and result of a suit in which he is engaged, it is necessary that the client should have confidence in the ability and integrity of his advocate and adviser; and, therefore, that the expected remuneration should be such as to induce men of ability and integrity to resort to the profession. Of the men who pass through life with honesty and fair reputations, many are, no doubt, solely actuated by the love of justice itself; but many also, by a sense of the value of an untainted character, and a regard for the opinion of the world; and the best chance, therefore, of securing integrity in the advocate, is by placing him in that situation in life in which fair dealing and honourable conduct is most necessary to his own well-being in society. The profession of the bar is by far the most laborious and the most precarious; and the only inducement it holds out to men of ability, is, that when success

does come, its rewards are high, and, for the most part, independent of patronage or favour; but let these high rewards be taken away, let the ordinary goal of a lawyer's expectation be mere independence and the means of life, and the men of genius and talent, whose co-operation is most needful to a due administration of the law, will turn from an unhealthy, anxious, and laborious profession, to one in which there is more enjoyment, and a better prospect of reward. The profession being thus lowered, the unsuccessful suitor, wanting confidence in the ability of his advocate, will look upon defeat as the consequence, not of a bad cause, but of bad management; and this view will be strengthened by the knowledge, that the adverse decision has been made by a judge chosen from the ranks of a profession from which respectability and talent are excluded. Necessary, however, as it is, that a considerable sacrifice of expense should be made for securing to the bar a resort of able men from a respectable rank in society, it is no less necessary that encouragement should be given to persons of honest character and industry to undertake the business of attorneys; and this can only be effected by allowing to these functionaries a legalised and sufficient remuneration, not only for the labour actually bestowed in the conduct of a cause, but also for the expense and labour they have been at in qualifying themselves for the duties of their office. The responsibility of an attorney is very great, the indulgence accorded to him very small; and though it must be confessed, that, by one means or another, the greatest number of them contrive to be compensated for both these disadvantages, it is too often by a recourse to practices unfavourable to the general reputation of the profession; and this arises from the absence, in many cases, of a sufficient authorised remuneration for the work actually and properly done.

But while we advocate the justice and policy of affording ample remuneration to those who are actually and substantially engaged in the conduct of a cause, and whose characters, abilities, and industry, are essential to its proper conduct, we cannot too strongly express our disapprobation of any expense thrown in the way of suitors, for the benefit of those, who take no

part, or, if any, a mere formal and unnecessary part, in the proceedings, and whose agency is unfelt, save in the drain it occasions on the pockets of the parties. We desire—and in this desire, we believe, we are backed by all the respectable portion of the profession—that real labour should be well paid for, but that all fees and charges not substantially earned, and for which no real value is given, should be abolished, whether those fees are destined for what are called the officers of the court, or for barristers or attorneys.*

It is also necessary to the satisfaction of the suitor, in the conduct and result of his action, that he should have due notice of the various steps taken by his adversary, and be allowed sufficient time to consult with his advisers, and prepare his own proceedings; and this is so necessary, not merely for the satisfaction of the parties, but for the ends of justice, that no desire for expedition should be allowed to interfere with it. Until a plaintiff has delivered his declaration, which is, or ought to be, a precise and certain statement of the legal injury of which he complains, and, in most actions, of the facts from which that legal injury arises, it is difficult, if not impossible, for a defendant to prepare for the attack. When the declaration is delivered, it is necessary, in all but the most simple cases, that the facts involved in it should be inquired into and examined, as well as all other facts which may tend to justify or excuse the conduct complained of; and it is then necessary that those facts should be submitted to a pleader, that their bearing on the suit and their legal effect may be ascertained and stated. This necessarily requires some time; and we are sure that the practice of the court admits of no improvement in this respect beyond that which the commissioners have recommended, of obliging the parties to continue their pleadings, without reference to the terms.

There are many who object to the

system of pleading used in our courts, that which lawyers consider to be its chief excellence; namely, that after the facts are collected, their bearing on the suit and legal effect must be ascertained and stated. Very little attention, however, is necessary, to show how ill-founded this objection is, and how much a change of system would tend to increase *expense* and *delay*. Were the parties, as the enemies of the present system desire, allowed to state in their pleadings all the facts and circumstances which occur to them as connected with the cause, there could be no bounds placed to the length of the pleadings; and if any limitation whatever be made to this license, a resort to the pleader will be as necessary as under the present system, lest it should happen, that the points most material to the legal question should be omitted, by persons ignorant of what that legal question is. But great as the evil of such lengthened pleadings would be, it would by no means be the greatest of which we should have to complain; for it would be necessary for the decision of the dispute, that the court should collect from the multiplicity of facts stated, of which many would of course be immaterial, what the real question for their decision was; and then to inquire into the truth of the facts in support of either side of that question. To effect this, it would be necessary either that a preliminary appeal should be made to the court to settle the question in dispute, before the evidence was brought forward; or that the question to be tried should be ascertained, and the truth of the material facts inquired into at the same time. Now, every one is aware, that the most expensive part of a cause is that which is transacted in open court, either by a trial of fact or an argument in law; and yet the system proposed would involve the necessity of two appeals to the court—an argument and a trial; or of bringing up and paying a number of witnesses, to be ready to depose to all

* By reference to the bill of costs set forth in the Appendix to the first Report, page 696, it will at once be seen in what proportion the expenses of a suit are distributed. In a bill, amounting altogether to 86*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*, the expenses of witnesses are 45*l.* 12*s.*, the fees paid at various offices, and stamps, are 10*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, and the fees to counsel only 9*l.* 19*s.* Most of the sums included in the second item might be safely dispensed with; and, by adding a little to the expense of the pleadings, at least one-fourth of that incurred by the production of witnesses would be spared; so that the whole expense of an ordinary suit might without difficulty be reduced by one-fourth of its present amount.

the facts stated, many of which may turn out to be wholly immaterial: thus vastly increasing that expense, which is already the most oppressive in the conduct of a cause, namely, the expenses of bringing up and maintaining witnesses, and greatly protracting the period of decision, by increasing the occupation of the court, and thus aggravating the cause of delay now most complained of.

Our system requires, that each party should ascertain and state the legal effect of the facts in such a precise and logical form, that, on the face of the pleadings, the question for decision may appear without the intervention of the court; and, as we shall hereafter shew, the commissioners propose still farther to enforce this mode of proceeding, by requiring greater strictness in the pleadings, and doing away with many loose and general forms of defence, which simplified the allegations, but greatly added to the expense of proof. Though our system thus throws upon the parties themselves and their legal advisers a burden, which the opponents of that system would lay upon the courts, it is certain, that the stages of the cause, which depend on the parties themselves, can be carried on with very great expedition, while it has hitherto been found impossible to discover any means by which the delays incident to an appeal to the court can be materially diminished. After the facts are ascertained, two or three days are sufficient, even in cases of difficulty, to enable the pleader to prepare the pleadings, while, after all the preliminary stages are gone through, and the cause is at full maturity for trial, term after term frequently goes by before the dispatch of the causes previously set down enables the court to try it. For these reasons, then, we are fully persuaded that the present *system* of pleading is the most conducive to *cheapness* and *expedition*; and we only desire that the recommendations of the commissioners, for making the practice more conformable to the theory, may be fully carried into effect.

The *certainty* of the law is another point to which attention must be constantly turned, in every inquiry like that in which we are engaged; and it is one of such vast importance, that *cheapness* and *expedition* must alike be sacrificed, if necessary, to its attain-

ment. We do not just now remember by whom it was said, that it is of more importance that laws should be certain than that they should be good, but we are much inclined to agree to the proposition. Nothing is more necessary to the repose of society than the security of private rights, and this can only be accomplished, by certainty in the law which regulates those rights.

Were it possible to prepare a code so detailed and so accurate as to provide for every possible case that might arise, it would, no doubt, be very useful to the practitioner, but it would not dispense with the necessity of resorting to legal advice, as the provisions would be so numerous, as to render a knowledge of them unattainable to the great majority of persons not actually devoted to the study; and, unless such a code were possible, there would always be great risk of uncertainty from the application of general principles to particular facts. Different judges might apply the same principle in different ways, and contrary decisions upon the same state of facts would frequently arise.

Now, in this country we have no actual code of laws, but we have that which tends much more to certainty than any code could do. We have the principles of the common law to be found in text books of approved authority, and we have the parliamentary enactments to be found in the statutes. These, in fact, form our code, the general principles of law, on which the decisions in particular cases are to be founded; and we have in our books of reports an incredible number of particular cases, in which those principles have been applied, and which are almost as binding on the judges as the principles themselves. It will be readily conceded, that great evil must arise from discordant decisions upon the same state of facts, because property acquired, and acts done on the faith of one decision, may be rendered insecure and illegal by another; and we have seen that, if decisions are to be made by an application of general principles to each individual case as it arises, without reference to other cases, in which the same question has been involved, such discordance is inevitable. Under a code, each decision must derive its force from that code, and the judge may or may not refer to former decisions for his guidance;

under our system, he must refer to the cases, and must be guided by their application of the general principles, unless that application is manifestly contrary to reason. Under both systems, a reference to decided cases by the advocate or the judge will inevitably be made, and an acquaintance with them be requisite.* But, in the latter, they will for the most part furnish safe rules of conduct, and a certain knowledge of our rights; while, in the former, they will merely afford ground for uncertain conjecture.

Numerous, therefore, as the cases at present are, in which the law is mistaken by the legal adviser to whom a party refers, and the suits which are instituted in consequence of erroneous opinions, they would be much more numerous under any code that could by possibility be devised; and we therefore see no ground for altering our present system, either on the score of cheapness and expedition in the attainment of rights, or of certainty in ascertaining those rights.

Not only the manner in which rights are ascertained, and the general principles of our system of pleading, but the trial of questions involving civil rights by jury, and even the system of *viva voce* evidence, have been frequently attacked; but neither of these latter have fallen within the scope of the commissioners' inquiry, and our present limits preclude the possibility of our entering on a defence of them.

While thus, however, endeavouring to vindicate our present system in its general features, we would not be understood as at all denying the numerous imperfections by which its efficacy is diminished. We have already admitted those imperfections; and we shall now proceed to offer a general view of the alterations proposed by the commissioners, who declare their great object to be "to render proceedings shorter, cheaper, and more certain;" thus embracing all those objects which we have insisted upon as necessary, except that of satisfaction to the parties litigant.

It would be impossible to give, within the limits to which we are necessarily confined, any but a very general view of the alterations recommended; and, indeed, in a paper ad-

dressed to the public, rather than to the profession, it would be tedious and useless to enter into a consideration of details with which none but a legal reader can be acquainted. We shall therefore rather direct attention to the objects proposed by the alterations suggested, than to the alterations themselves—merely dwelling upon those points which seem to be of a more popular and interesting nature, and which depend for their accomplishment rather on the co-operation of the public than on the efforts of professional men. The great objects proposed by the commissioners are, to accelerate the hearing of cases, and the trial of causes after the former are set down for argument; and the latter for trial; to accelerate the progress of a cause towards hearing or trial; to abolish obsolete and useless forms of action, and the obsolete and useless appendages of other actions still to be retained; to simplify the practice; to cut off useless expense; to discourage unnecessary length of pleading; to enlarge the powers of the common-law courts, so as to enable them in some cases to prevent, as well as redress, wrong; and, particularly, to diminish the expense resulting from a multiplicity of witnesses—being convinced "that whatever may be the cost, delay, or vexation, occasioned by unnecessary forms, by interlocutory applications, or even by prolixity of pleadings, in actions which proceed to the extent of trial, there is no burden imposed upon the parties to be placed at all in comparison with the expense and inconvenience occasioned by requiring the personal attendance of witnesses, for the proof of facts which there is no real ground to dispute."

The first of these objects they seek to attain by such arrangements, as will enable the judges of the several courts to dispatch the business now before them with increased expedition, and by effecting such an equal distribution of legal business between the three courts as will enable all to contribute equally to its dispatch, and prevent any one from being oppressed with a large arrear of cases.

The second object they propose to effect by simplifying the form, and diminishing the steps of the process

* The library of a French is much more extensive than that of an English lawyer, notwithstanding the boasted simplicity of the *Code Napoleon*.

for compelling appearance, and, particularly in bailable actions, by separating the two objects of process, namely, the enforcement of an appearance on the part of the defendant, and the obtaining of security by the detention of his person or the taking of bail. Where the cause of action is sworn to exceed the sum of 20*l.*, the plaintiff is allowed to arrest the defendant as soon as he gives him notice of action, by serving him with the writ; and by an absurd complication, the time of the defendant's appearance, and of the commencement of the pleadings, is subjected to all the delays incident to an inquiry into the sufficiency of the bail and the forms for taking their security. This absurdity the commissioners propose to abolish, and to allow the plaintiff in all cases to enter an appearance for the defendant, if he himself fails to do so within the specified time, and to proceed in the action without reference to the time bail may be perfected. Another source of delay is the arbitrary division of terms, and the rule that no party shall be compellable to take more than one step in the pleadings in each term or the following vacation. This rule they also recommend to be cancelled, and each party to be compelled to proceed in his pleadings within a certain number of days after receiving the last pleading of his opponent, without any reference to the terms.

With respect to the abolition of useless and obsolete forms, and the simplification of the practice, it is obvious that both were highly desirable; but it is also obvious, that it required great caution, great ability, and great knowledge of the subject, to ascertain with certainty what was really obsolete and useless, and discover how far these forms might be disconnected from others whose utility is acknowledged, without substantial injury to the working of that complicated machinery with which they had to deal. This difficult, dangerous, and laborious task they have executed with a success truly surprising; and though, as human, their efforts are necessarily imperfect, it was not to have been expected that they could have approached so near to perfection as they really have. The most material simplification is in the process by which actions are commenced. At present, each court has peculiar forms of its own; and all these,

amounting in the whole to sixteen, have but two objects in view—the enforcement of an appearance on the part of the defendant in all actions, and in bailable actions the obtaining of security, by detaining his person, until he gives sufficient bail. This uniformity of object naturally suggests a uniformity of means; and, accordingly, the commissioners propose one form of process for non-bailable and another for bailable actions, to be used for commencing suits in all the courts, and to be capable of being executed by the sheriff of any county in which the defendant may be found.

This prevention of delay, abolishing of obsolete and useless forms, and simplification of the practice, will cut off a great amount of useless expense, by dispensing with the payment of various fees—such as remanet fees, term fees, and others incident to delay, fees of office relating to those forms, and a variety of motions and applications on which fees were paid to counsel, and other serious expenses incurred, and in particular all fees paid for mere signature.

Actions are calculated merely for the redress of injuries committed, and our courts of common law have no power to interfere for the purpose of preventing the commission of a wrong. They have, or rather, till the report of the commissioners, they had, no power either to obtain the evidence of a living witness who could not be produced in court. But as an appeal to a court of common law is at all times attended with much less delay and expense than to a court of equity, the commissioners propose to enable the former to issue a writ of prohibition, to prevent a threatened infraction of an agreement, where it appears that the recovery of damages would be an inadequate remedy; and to order the examination of witnesses upon interrogatories. Though the latter part of their recommendation has been already carried into effect, we must be allowed to express some doubt as to the expediency of either. There is much danger in confounding the provinces of equity and common law; and we are not without apprehension that those measures may have the effect of introducing the vagueness, expense, and delay of equity into common law, instead of engrafting upon the former the simplicity of the latter. The most valuable part of our system is the new

cessity for *viva voce* evidence. So much of the reliance to be placed on a witness depends on the manner in which his evidence is given, and the effect of a severe cross examination upon him, that the value of evidence given upon interrogatories out of court must always be very inferior to that which the jury has an opportunity of hearing from the witnesses themselves; and we sincerely believe that the new law will give rise to much additional false swearing. The issuing of prohibitions, too, will in a great measure depend on the weight of the affidavits; and the system of affidavits has, as is universally allowed, been already carried to a mischievous extent.

With a view to diminish the expense of witnesses, various alterations are proposed, the general principles of which are, to require a more accurate statement of the grounds of action and of defence than is now usual,--where it is necessary, to state on the face of the pleadings a certain number of facts, in order that the grounds of the right claimed may appear, but the other party has no ground for doubting the truth of many of the facts so stated, to prevent him from putting his adversary to the expense of proving them,—to provide for the proof of documents previous to trial, and, by narrowing the questions to a few precise issues, to give the parties more definite information of the points on which they must be prepared with proof. There is nothing on which the commissioners have displayed a sounder philosophy than on this, and yet it is almost the only part in which they are at variance with the popular opinion. It has of late years been the fashion to decry pleading as the most odious and expensive part of the system; and this foolish clamour has, we regret to say, been encouraged by men filling high judicial situations, but owing their advancement rather to patronage than merit; and, in particular, by one who, however distinguished by eloquence at the bar, has been only known upon the bench as a rash and ignorant and petulant judge. Unlearned in the law, unacquainted with the connexion of its various parts, and blind to the principles on which they rest, he remembered on the bench the embarrassment which his ignorance occasioned at the bar, and affected to despise a system which he could not comprehend; but

though his foolish observations have occasionally elicited a cheer from persons equally ignorant with himself, public and professional disapprobation has signalled his legal inefficiency, and a manifest improvement in the business of his quondam court has marked his removal from its bench.

We wish our limits would allow us to enter more at large into this part of the subject, as we consider it to be of the utmost importance, that the public should be satisfied with every thing connected with the administration of the law; and we have no doubt that we should be able to convince our readers of the propriety of the principle recommended by the commissioners; but we are obliged to pass on to other matters. We may perhaps hereafter devote a paper to this particular subject, which we consider not only important but interesting; but we cannot avoid observing here, that in the bill of costs already referred to, the whole expense occasioned by the pleadings was between 5*l.* and 6*l.*, while that incurred by producing three witnesses was upwards of 45*l.*

With reference as well to the necessity for an increased number of judges occasioned by the addition of the Welsh circuits (a subject on which we do not intend to touch), as with a view to a more satisfactory dispatch of the business in the courts at Westminster, it was recommended that a judge should be added to each court, and that recommendation has been carried into effect. Of late years by far the greatest part of the legal business of the country has been thrown upon the King's Bench, and this has tended seriously to impede its general dispatch; because, while this court has been labouring, day after day, early and late, in endeavouring to get through the causes in its paper, the other courts, particularly the Exchequer, have been comparatively unoccupied, sitting frequently not above half an hour a day in term, and not more than a few days after term. The necessary consequence was, that the arrear of business in the King's Bench became immense; and though the astonishing energy and unremitting perseverance of the present chief justice battled, almost successfully, with the *vis prius* causes, it was found impossible, without some new regulation, to prevent a constantly accumulating arrear of term.

business. To effect this object, a court, commonly called "the Three-Judge Court," was established about ten years ago, consisting of three judges of the King's Bench, with power to hear and determine almost all questions which come within the description of term business; but, as this court sat immediately after term, and during the time the chief was occupied at *nisi prius*, the court consisted for the most part of the three puisne judges, who thus decided some of the most important cases in the absence of their chief, who, though the first judge of the land, was left in ignorance of the points of law laid down in his own court, and the want of whose sanction and concurrence detracted much from the weight of the decisions. This, however, was not the only objection to that very unpopular court: the difficulty of withdrawing eminent men from the *nisi prius* court to attend its sittings, the absence of the greater portion of the profession and the public, who flocked to the other courts, and other minor circumstances, tended to diminish its efficacy; and its extinction has been a source of satisfaction to every practising member of the bar.

The experience of that court shewed the value to be placed on the presence of the chief, and the attendance of a full court; and principally with a view to secure this object during the whole of each term, the commissioners recommended the increased number of judges, so that one might be detached for the purpose of attending in chambers, to transact the necessary business there, while a full court was sitting. The greatest benefit, however, which has arisen from the appointment of a fifth judge to the Court of King's Bench, is the establishment of an ancillary court, in which one of the puisne judges attends through the whole of each term in rotation. To this court are referred all questions which are not considered of sufficient importance to demand the consideration of the whole court, but which, being very numerous, necessarily occupy a great portion of time. The consequence is, that none but important cases come before the full court, which is thus enabled to dispatch its business with greater ease than at any former period. The ancillary court sits in the bail court adjoining the Court of King's Bench, so that counsel can easily pass from one

to the other; and by a spirit of accommodation in the presiding judge and the bar, no inconvenience arises with respect to the attendance of counsel.

But, while the arrangement we have just adverted to has tended much to diminish the pressure of term business on the Court of King's Bench, the difficulty still continues with respect to the *nisi prius* cases, which go on accumulating, notwithstanding that the sittings for the trial of them during term have been much more numerous of late, and it is necessary that some measure should be adopted to prevent this accumulation.

The additional sittings in term-time have not, we think, been attended with advantage, and have most certainly not increased the satisfaction of the suitors. The commissioners allege, that in their opinion "nothing tends more to the satisfactory transaction of business than the undivided attendance of counsel on the causes in which they are engaged;" and we have already pointed out how much of the satisfaction of a suitor in the result of a cause depends on his confidence in the advocate by whom that cause is conducted. We think, therefore, that as much facility as possible should be given to the suitor of selecting his counsel, and as much certainty of being able to secure that counsel's undivided attendance. Now, though it may be necessary, for the dispatch of business, that there should be three courts, with, to a certain extent, a distinct bar for each—yet, when the business of the same court comes to be so distributed that different branches of it are sitting in two different places, and at a distance of between two and three miles from each other, it is impossible for a party to count with any fair probability on the personal service of the barrister he engages, without restricting his choice to a very small number, and to a very unsatisfactory and improper degree.

The very few barristers who arrive at eminence shew how rare the qualities are which can give general satisfaction to the suitors, and how necessary, therefore, it is, that the range of choice should be left as wide as possible. Under the present arrangement, however, counsel may be engaged in a *nisi prius* case at the Guildhall, while a special case is called on in the full court at Westminster, in which the entire reliance of his client is placed

on his exertion and ability, and which cannot be postponed without danger to the orderly proceeding of the court—or he may be engaged in the full court, while another client is submitting to a nonsuit, ~~for~~ some point on which his *locum tenens* is at fault, but which he himself would have been able to explain. The dissatisfaction of the suitor, the failure of justice, and the most harassing anxiety to the counsel engaged, is the result of this arrangement, which, after all, adds but little to the general dispatch of business.

We are of opinion, therefore, that whatever delay it may occasion, no important cause should be tried during the term; and we think that the trial of undefended and unimportant causes might be provided for in a much more efficient and satisfactory manner, by extending the principle of the One-Judge Court to trials at *nisi prius*. It would be contrary to the principles we have been endeavouring to inculcate, to propose any measure which would have the effect of restricting a suitor, either in the choice of his advocate or his court, on any question actually disputed; but a great number of causes are undefended, in which it is only necessary for the plaintiff to make out a *prima facie* case for the jury; and there is no possible reason why parties should not be compelled to refer such cases to the ancillary court. We are aware that defendants anxious for delay would declare their causes to be defended when not really so, for the purpose of preventing such resort; but we can see no difficulty or impropriety in requiring an affidavit in support of such declaration. To this court, also, might be referred such causes as the parties themselves considered unimportant, and agreed to try before it; and even some slight difference, in the way of costs, might be made, for the purpose of encouraging such a course. By this means, while the chief's court was sitting for the trial of all special jury causes, and all but undefended common jury causes, which the parties chose to set down for hearing before it, the other court would be proceeding with unimportant and undefended causes, in which the attendance of eminent counsel would be unnecessary, without in the least interfering with the dispatch of business in the superior court.

We have already directed the atten-

tion of our readers to the fact, that almost the only delay, not absolutely necessary for the ends of justice, which now occurs in the course of an action, is in the difficulty of bringing it to trial, or, if a question of law arises at the trial, bringing that question before the court. We have also shewn that the delay in term business has been much diminished; and it therefore follows that, at present, the grievance of delay almost entirely arises from the arrear of *nisi prius* cases. To the reduction of this arrear every effort consistent with the principles we have pointed out should be directed; and unless some valid objection can be urged against the alteration we have suggested, it ought certainly to be tried.

But whatever means may be discovered for enabling the Court of King's Bench to dispatch the business brought before it, it must still continue to be most desirable that the public should resort in a more equal degree to the other two courts. The judges of the King's Bench enjoy a somewhat higher rank, and the chief a somewhat higher salary than the others; but all are chosen from the same bar, all the puisne judges are equally well paid, and each court should be equally fitted to afford justice to the public by whom their services are rewarded. Notwithstanding all this, however, "the world,"

"That rarely blames unjustly,"

has decided in favour of the King's Bench, with a constancy and uniformity that proves there must be something more than caprice in the selection. It therefore naturally occurs to inquire what are the points in which the King's Bench essentially or accidentally differs from the other two, in order to ascertain whether to these points of difference we can ascribe its superiority.

Until very lately, indeed, it differed essentially from the Common Pleas, in exercising an appellate jurisdiction over it, and being, with respect to the bar, an open court, besides some minor points relating to the practice and the costs, in which the advantage was decidedly on its side. The appellate jurisdiction, which could not but militate against the equal distribution of business, has been lately abolished, and some steps have been taken to assimilate the practice in all the three

courts; so that the principal essential difference remaining is the exclusion of all but serjeants from practising in the Common Pleas.

The Exchequer, until very lately, differed most widely, and still, though in a mitigated degree, differs in construction and practice from the other two. As the bar of the Common Pleas was exclusive, so was the office of attorney in the Exchequer, none but clerks in court being allowed to practise there. Of late, however, the court has been thrown open, all attorneys are admitted to practise, and many most important improvements have been made with respect to practice and costs, which have already produced an increased resort to that court.

But, great as the effect produced by the permanent and essential points of difference have been, that occasioned by others of an accidental and temporary nature have been much greater. For many years the King's Bench has been presided over by a chief justice, who, but for a rarely appearing infirmity of temper and an occasional rudeness of manner, might constitute the *beau idéal* of a judge: learned, profound, quick, firm, and energetic, the strength of his character, the extent of his attainments, and a dignity arising from the consciousness of superiority, command universal respect, and enable him to rule, without effort, the most unwieldy and the most irritable spirits of his court. A keen and early perception of the real question at issue, and a love for and habit of close and concise reasoning, qualify him for correcting the rambling propensities of loose and vagrant minds, whether displayed in an argument to the court, an address to the jury, or an examination of a witness; and he does correct them with an unshrinking hand.

Until very lately, indeed, the other two courts were presided over by judges not adequate to the situations they held, and the trials at *nisi prius* were conducted in a manner calculated rather to deter than to encourage the resort of honest suitors. To the Court of Common Pleas, indeed, many resorted, rather through the hope of eliminating the prejudices of the judge, and winning the advocacy of his ardent temper on their side, than with a view to obtain a calm and patient trial. Nor was the insufficiency of the chiefs the only evil; for the puisne benches were,

for the most part, filled by equally insufficient occupants; and indeed, when a vacancy occurred in the Exchequer, the appointment was always considered the perquisite of the chancellor, and made without the slightest regard to the candidate's fitness for the office. This error has, in a great degree, been rectified. Lord Lyndhurst presides over the Exchequer with a vigour and a talent that has raised his reputation as a judge to the level of Lord Tenterden, and Sir Nicholas Tindal is at least an efficient chief justice of the Common Pleas; measures have been also taken to improve the character of the puisne bench; and although the fitness of a recent appointment may be questioned, and the superiority of the King's Bench is still great, the other courts are much improved in every respect.

The exclusive nature of the Common Pleas has been a subject of much discussion; and its evil effects were never more sensibly felt than at the present moment, when Serjeant Wilde sways the proceedings with such paramount influence, as almost to insure success to the cause which he espouses. The commissioners incline to preserve the "ancient and honourable order of serjeants," but recommend that other barristers should have the privilege of being heard on all questions arising out of trials in which they have been engaged; and in the propriety of this recommendation we fully agree. It will open the court upon almost all important business; it will draw to it a great quantity of the circuit causes; and it will restrict the choice of counsel only in cases in which, for the most part, a more extended choice is unnecessary, and would, by diverting the attention of the other barristers, obstruct the general business of the King's Bench and Exchequer. These alterations, with a little more attention to the choice of judges, and an assimilation of the practice, would, we have no doubt, insure a fair distribution of the business, without having recourse to any arbitrary measures for restricting the suitor either in the choice of his court or his counsel. We should have a separate set of men for each court in all unimportant causes; and when the importance of the case required a more extended choice, the selection might be made from the whole bar, without re-

ference to the court in which the question was to be determined.

We may here be permitted to observe, that few as the alterations already pointed out may seem, they would, if fairly carried into effect, amply suffice to remedy the evils now complained of by the public, and to satisfy their demands for reform. Cheapness and expedition is what they call for—a degree of cheapness and expedition which shall not interfere with the proper and satisfactory conduct of a cause, but which shall arise from the cutting off of unnecessary expense and needless delay. We have shewn that this desired expedition must be sought for in the means of accelerating the trial of a cause, and the hearing of a question, after the one is set down for argument, and the other for trial; that that cheapness must be obtained by abolishing the various sinecure and unnecessary offices so numerously appended to our courts of law; and that while the preventing of arrears of business will diminish expense, so will the abolition of useless offices mitigate delay. We have shewn the means by which the former object can be effected,—those necessary for the attainment of the latter are too simple to require observation. It only remains, therefore, to inquire into the probable causes, why those changes, so strongly urged by the commissioners, so evidently consistent with reason, and so calculated to allay the dissatisfaction of the public, have not been carried into full effect.

The first step in this inquiry is to ascertain on whom the changes depend; and here it is necessary to observe, that the objects of our jurisprudence are twofold,—first, rights, and, secondly, the manner of pursuing those rights. Rights are established by the common law and by statutes; they are altogether independent of the courts, and are without the range of our present inquiry. But with respect to the manner of pursuing those rights, the choice of a court is in the discretion of the suitor; the form of the action, the right of appeal, and, in general, the laws of pleading and evidence, and the mode of trial, depend upon the principles of the common law, and are as much beyond the control of the judges as if they were founded on positive enactments. We say as much, because, although principles are sometimes overruled by the judges, the question on

such occasions is, not whether the principles are proper, but whether they are the principles of the common law. But with respect to what is generally called “the practice of the court,” the different steps to be taken between the issuing of the writ and the execution, and the time for taking them; notice to opposite parties, service of writs, amending pleadings, and other matters, motions in court for various purposes, and in general all matters in which a fault committed amounts to irregularity and is cognisable by the court itself, and not error to be insisted on before another court of appellate jurisdiction; with respect to all these, as they rest for the most part on general rules published from time to time by the respective courts, the power of the judges is very great; and it is their province and their duty to examine and amend the state of the law relating to them. They have already done something towards the fulfilment of this duty, by publishing two sets of general rules; the first set having for their object the abridgment of pleadings and the simplification of the practice with respect to bail; and the second, the assimilation of the practice in the three courts. But when we consider what power they derive under the statute 1 William IV. c. 70, for establishing a simple and uniform practice, and recollect how much leisure the puisne judges have in the intervals between terms, we are bound to say that they have not displayed sufficient industry. The little they have done has been done in a little way, and shews a manifest reluctance to grapple with real difficulties, or trench upon the spoil which useless forms supply to the vast swarm of our official sinecurists.

With respect to writs used for the purpose of commencing actions, it is very doubtful how far the authority of the judges extends; and, indeed, these, and the greatest portion of the proposed amendments, depend on the co-operation of the government, as well by an exercise of the power vested in them, as by introducing bills into parliament for the purposes for which the interference of the legislature is necessary. Although, therefore, the judges may not have been sufficiently alert in their peculiar province, the chief blame of protracted abuses rests with the government. Every one knows how difficult it is to

carry any measure through either house of parliament unless supported by ministers; how sensitive our legislators become to the interests of parties, how feelingly alive to the danger of giving offence, and how one objection to the details occurs after another, until the principle of the measure is at last destroyed; and the mortified originator prefers its withdrawal to the chance of its passing in a mutilated form. Why then have ministers not interfered?

First, because it would be inconsistent with the only principle to which the present Lord Chancellor has always uniformly adhered; namely, of never carrying into effect any measures of the utility of which he has previously expressed a strong conviction. The Whigs have all sufficiently exhibited the difference between *ins* and *outs*; they have learned how much easier it is to censure than amend, to promise than to perform: but Lord Brougham in particular, although "raised to an eminence from which he can survey new fields of usefulness," has merely contented himself with surveying, without taking the trouble of cultivation. He instituted the London University, and vehemently declaimed in its favour; he has since acquired the power of assisting it by something more substantial than a speech, and he has accordingly abandoned it. This we mention in illustration of his principles, and not because we regret the smothering of that unpropitious hive. He preached against West Indian slavery, to obtain the suffrages of the people of York; but now that he is armed with *the power* of a minister, he feels scared by *its responsibility* from any attempt at realising the unfounded dreams with which he deluded his constituents. He displayed his vigour, his eloquence, and the vast powers of his mind, in the cause of local courts; and local courts are now no longer thought of. He fascinated his audience with a beautiful picture of a reformed Court of Chancery; he propounded doctrines from which no one could dissent, and laid down principles based on the soundest philosophy, and likely to lead to the most beneficial measures; but the Court of Review Bill has convinced us that, as usual, those principles were laid down, and those doctrines enforced, merely for the purpose of shewing how widely he could depart from both.

To this, which we believe to be a very strong motive with his lordship, we must add the laziness of all the individual members of the government, their consciousness of inability to deal with any practical subject, their proverbial fears of giving offence, their indifference to the real interests of the public unconnected with their own, and, perhaps, their anticipations of a result which, by overturning all systems, will render nugatory the reform of any one in particular.

There is one other obstacle in the way of reform: the various unnecessary forms to which we have alluded give rise to a multiplicity of offices, and at each of these offices fees are paid. The abolition of the forms, therefore, would occasion the abolition of the fees; it would deprive many, as well judges as ministers, of extensive patronage; and it would trench upon the system of providing for junior branches of great families, almost as dear to the hearts of chief justices as to those of Lords Grey and Plunkett.

But though the ministers will not interfere, though they have proved their indifference to the cause of justice, by the strong contrast of their legal appointments with those of their predecessors, is there no one else who will? Is there no independent Tory in the House of Commons to bring forward a bill upon the subject, and to tell the gentlemen of the treasury bench, that as the Lord Chancellor himself has declared that it is the first duty of a government to provide for the due administration of the law; and as the same Chancellor has also declared that the present administration of the law is defective; he considers himself bound by those declarations to bring forward his bill, even at the risk of delaying the measures of the government?

By whomsoever introduced, the reform of the law will confer ample credit on its author; and, when the influence of other measures has ceased to be felt, and the remembrance of them has passed away, the gratitude of future ages will embalm the memory of him who shall succeed in opening wide the doors of justice, and rendering a resort to legal decision as *simple*, as *cheap*, and as *expeditious*, as is consistent with the satisfaction of the suitors, and the complicated relations of civilised society.

THE SOCK AND THE BUSKIN.

No. III.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE'S "FRANCIS THE FIRST," AND MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S
"HUNCHBACK."

[In one of our former Numbers of the "Sock and the Buskin," we spoke differently to what we now do on the merits of Miss Fanny Kemble. The present paper, as may be easily seen, is not by the same hand that indited the other. We have had nothing to do, digitally speaking, with either. The views of our two friends are in direct opposition; but we have nevertheless determined that the present paper should find grace and favour in the pages of REGINA, since there is nothing that elucidates the truth so much as free discussion. We have neither partiality nor enmity to gratify. Our wish is that every subject should be fairly canvassed, and the merits of every person duly weighed and rightly estimated. One word more may, perhaps, be necessary: the writer of this article is not known, even by name, to any member of the Kemble family.—O. Y.]

It is a noble sight, says the poet, to witness a good man struggling with misfortune: equally so is it to behold the undaunted bearing of a fragile woman in the midst of adversity. The authoress of *Francis the First* has known either extreme of fortune. She was educated in the bosom of a family which was courted for its talent by the noble, the rich, and the aristocratic. Pride was obliged to veil its plume, its pomp, and its circumstance, when it crossed the threshold of Genius. Fashion forgot its frivolity, its contortions, and grimaces, while listening to the manly sentiments which it heard pronounced by the oracular lips of those who had attained to the highest eminence of that profession which most conspicuously requires the happiest possible combination of physical and intellectual perfection. Such was the distinction won by the Kemble family.

The origin of dramatic poetry is to be found in the religion of the Greeks. Derived from so holy a source, it has also as holy an end in view,—the improvement of mankind. It is the most efficacious, as well as the most difficult, method of instruction. Didactic poetry becomes tiresome. Epic wants the power of concentrating attention upon the personages introduced, by the necessity for frequent descriptions and episodes. Sculpture and painting shew only one form and one unchanging view; though from the power with which that form and view are conceived and wrought by the chisel and the pencil of the artist, the widest latitude is given to the imagination of the beholder. A novel affords oppor-

tunities for minute accounts of scenery, and for the circumstantial mention of the attitudes and proceedings of the characters; but this advantage is much counteracted by the certainty, that the employment of those opportunities by the artist must distract the attention and decompose the unity of action. In the drama, the unity of action is pervading and unbroken. The personages describe every thing for themselves; and the artist, during the perusal or the spectacle, is entirely forgotten. Independently of this peculiarity, living representatives of the characters delineated are brought upon the scene, who go through the display of the passions and emotions with which the originals are supposed to have been actuated. Thus the drama has been, is, and must be, when rightly conceived and rightly executed, the very best mode of instruction for the multitude. And as the powers requisite for the writer are manifold and multiform, so in their combination they point out the possessor as one containing the highest and best qualities of heart and of head, of which human nature is capable. Of this mankind are aware, and have consequently accorded their acclamations and applause to the dramatic authors of Europe. While the fame and the name of great commanders, of ermined monarchs, and diplomatists who set the world agape at the power of intrigue and trickery which they exhibited, have been washed down into the pit of oblivion, the names of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, of Shakespeare, and Göthe, and Calderon, and Lope da Vega, and Molière, possess an undying, eternal, and ever-youthful interest for mankind. Time,

which injures all else, increases the numbers of those who look on such mighty masters as the true teachers of the world—teachers, in sooth, who, without austerity of manner, or display of rigorous authority, or wielding in firmly clenched hand the ferule of the pedagogue, have laid open the vast treasury of their wisdom and their acquirements for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. In their pages the hideous features of vice are portrayed with the masterly execution of Michael Angelo, the beauties of nature are displayed with the discriminating touches and the melting colours of Claude Lorraine, or her bristling and dense solitudes and antres dark with the vigor of Salvator himself. Indeed, all things considered, they transcend the painters, because the canvass of the latter can only give one side of the thing represented, whereas the delineations of the poet are rounded and full. Folly, passion, emotion, madness—all things incidental to infirm human nature—are noted down in unfading language, and fullest and minutest description, in the pages of the dramatists. Nor were those achievements by them the effect of intuition. It was by intermingling with the world, by scrutinising into the condition of his fellows, as they actually appeared around him, that Shakespeare was enabled to produce his various characters. It was not because he wrote plays while almost a youth, that therefore he must have drawn from his own imagination, unassisted by intense study of mankind. A man, in comparison to any other, may live doubly and trebly in the same given space of time. Shakespeare at thirty, in all that is dignified and excellent in man, was equal to the world combined, which had witnessed the revolution of many scores of centuries.

If the poet's character stand so high, as it most assuredly does, he who has to fulfil the poet's intentions, and to embody his delineations, and enounce their minutest touches to the multitude, is in merit second only to the poet himself. Actors, we know, have, generally speaking, not been tolerated in society: theirs has been a degraded rank, and the actions of many of the class have, we confess, been the reverse of reputable. But the good are not to be mixed up with the bad, and to share in that scorn

and that contempt which the black members of the profession have deservedly drawn upon themselves. While the lowest of the class get drunk at the Pig and Whistle and the Harp, the first of that class are not only men of cultivated minds in the highest possible degree (as they needs must be), but of unimpeachable respectability; and they accordingly sit at the tables of princes, and are admitted into the innermost of the saloons of fashion. Who was not proud of an acquaintance with Garrick, to say nothing of the actors of Greece and of Rome, or of Southampton and his Shakespeare? who was not proud of the acquaintance of John Kemble and his sister Siddons? who would not gladly throw open his doors to Charles Young and Charles Kemble, and his accomplished and handsome daughter, who has produced the tragedy under discussion?

In Miss Fanny Kemble, the poet and the player are wonderfully combined. We do not say that her scenic representations are equal to those of Siddons or of O'Neil; but we see no reason why she should not greatly exceed, at a future period, that perfection which she has already attained, and so admirably exhibited. It is observable that true genius is slow in its growth, and springs from seed perchance too minute for unassisted vision. The largest rivers take their rise in narrow fountains, and sportive travellers have leaped across the infant streams of the Rhine and the Thames. Perfection is the silent work of years. It is easy to quote names to prove the contrary; but those names can be as easily shewn to be the exceptions to the rule, and not the rule itself. This is borne out in the history of the Kemble family. Siddons came before a London audience and failed—the effort was premature (did not Demosthenes fail for the same reason, long before the glorious Siddons?); Kemble, feeling his own imperfection, travelled about the country from barn to playhouse in indigence, till his strength was matured, and he became assured that he was a man; Charles, his brother, we all remember, was for many of his early years an unsuccessful performer—a mere stick, as he was significantly called;—and if Miss Fanny Kemble have not accomplished all that injudicious friends preconised in her fa-

vour, and sycophantic journalists promised on her part, are we to shut our eyes to that ability and commanding talent which she really possesses, because she has not come up to the high mark of public expectation? She, however, has youth before her—she has wonderful capabilities—she has a quick penetrating eye and expanded intellect, a solid and stern judgment—she has varied reading and much learning—she has an enviable memory, and, more than all, a strong mind and unwearied patience. She has only to make proper use of these appliances, and, trusting to her unassisted reason, we expect to see her reach an altitude in perfection which the envious will no doubt grieve in their very hearts' core to behold.

Miss Fanny Kemble was never destined to the stage. The misfortunes of the father made the daughter an actress. The former was reduced to beggary by the failure of his management and the lawsuits in which, as part proprietor of the theatre, he had been involved—his family circle was about to be broken up—his furniture was about to be seized by rapacious creditors: he was an unfortunate man, and the fate of misfortune he was daily undergoing in increasing bitterness: he expected sympathy, and encountered disregard and desertion on the part of those who in his heyday of prosperity were proud (the contemptible reptiles!) to call themselves his friends. While the gloom was settling in denser wreaths over his once cheerful hearth—while the bitterness of disappointment, and anxiety for the salvation and welfare of those who were to him dearer than life itself, was torturing his heart, his young daughter stepped forward and averted the impending arm of fate, and dispelled the darkness from his dwelling. The hoydenish girl had suddenly assumed the sedate aspect of the thoughtful woman: all youthful visions and day-dreams, and secret and silent aspirations, were at once banished from her bosom, and, with the intrepidity of an Amazon armed in a holy cause, she deliberately came before the gaze of multitudes, to wage war against Fortune on behalf of those who had given her life, and for whom she determined to dedicate that life, in spite of the incessant anxiety that awaited her, and the wear and tear of public drudgery,

and the covert slanders or open ruffianly attacks of whosoever should be base enough or beastly enough to assault and malign an artless, and inoffensive, and innocent girl. The very act which brought her on the stage proclaimed her worth and her virtue, and even had she miserably failed, should have given her a sacred character—proclaimed possession on her part of that species of virtue which is the purest, and the best, and the most acceptable to the Father of Goodness and Mercies—Filial Piety. By this Miss Kemble manifested her superlative virtue, her wisdom, and her strength of mind. Talk of Grecian daughters after this! The piety of Virgil's hero, though aided by the charms of poetry, is surpassed by the piety of the young girl obeying the hard and prosaic call of necessity and love. To abandon in a moment every cherished anticipation and scheme of life—to burst without scruple through the seclusion of her family circle—to devote her existence to the existence of her parents—to face a theatrical audience, unprepared as she was, and trusting only to her innate strength, was a manifestation of moral courage and devotion which was well calculated to evince her worth, and take captive the hearts of Englishmen. The experiment was attempted, and was hailed by a tempest of applause. Well do we remember the night, and well do we remember the broken tones and tearful eye with which the father, in his abounding pride of heart, came forward to acknowledge the congratulations of the auditory. Happy father, to have so excellent a child! For surely, if Heaven has rewards in store for mortals, its choicest blessing must descend like the silent dew upon the head of so worthy and good a daughter.

Miss Fanny Kemble was courted and caressed—was the theme of general praise and invidious compliment. Foplings toasted her at the clubs, and spawned forth their flippant flatteries in her presence; ladies of fashion invited her, as a newly arrived lioness, to their mansions;—she was the object of universal applause, wonder, and sympathy. An ordinary girl's head would have been instantly turned: she would have begun by fancying herself some exalted person, and continued to receive the homage of the multitude as a matter of rightful accordance.

Her senses would soon have fled upward into the limbo of vanity, and the possessor would have quickly proved herself to be a consummate idiot. Miss Kemble was made of sterner and truer mettle.

We have already said that Miss Fanny Kemble exhibited in her own person the happiest combination of poet and player. Specimens of both are before the world. Of the former, her play of *Francis the First* is an admirable specimen. This production was written by her when only seventeen years of age. We really do not pretend to know Miss Kemble's age at present—perhaps it may be nineteen, perhaps one-and-twenty. Whether either, or any other, it matters little. We do not mean to speak of her play as of the production of any incompetent person, but as the composition of one who not only is fully equal to such a task, but of something infinitely beyond it.

This play, after the fashion of the old Greek tragedies, has its three several departments, almost wholly distinct in inward elaboration, although in outward plot dependent one upon the other. The first portion is dedicated to Love, the second to Hatred, the third to Repentance. We wish that we had room to enter into an analysis which should demonstrate the correctness of this observation. It is also an historical play, although many glaring liberties have been taken with the dead letter of history. It is impossible ever to vivify the skeletons of characters which history furnishes, without taking an extravagant license. We are acquainted with the actions of the personages recorded, but in nine cases out of ten we know nothing of the movements of the heart—the exciting emotions and the maddening passions which drove them to the commission of those deeds by which their names have been emblazoned in the chronicles of the world. The Greek writers, in all their works, have employed an arbitrary discretion in the portraiture of their heroes. A representation according to common-place facts and well-known incidents, is by no means capable of exciting curiosity and keeping up public attention. The tales of the house of Atreus were varied by every artist according to his fancy. Close adherence to facts recorded was of secondary importance, while the whole force and power of the Greek

writers was applied to delineating, in the most spirited and moving manner, whatever actions they were pleased to ascribe to their heroes.

With these few observations, we proceed to a slight mention of the story, which we shall not be able to illustrate by many appropriate passages of the play. The first scene is at court of the Louvre, and introduces Vendôme and Chabannes, old generals, who meet the Duke of Alençon, a prince of the blood. The first informs the other two that the King had returned from tennis, and that he was holding converse with the Queen's confessor in an impassioned manner, and that the two had just entered the Queen's apartment. "And, as I think," continues the warrior—

And, as I think, the Duke de Bourbon's
name
Full many a time escaped their anxious
lips.

He then proceeds to describe the man of mystery—

Strange to say, he is a Spaniard,
And, stranger yet, he hath not been at
court

But a brief space, which renders his
estate

(Being so trusted by the Queen) a riddle,
Whereat we guess in vain. She is not
wont

To doff her wariness on slight acquaint-
ance;

Yet is this monk for ever with her;
holding

In full possession her most secret counsels.

From their discourse, we are told that the Constable de Bourbon (another prince of the blood) is recalled from his Milanese government, though all France is curious to know the reason. It is supposed that this is effected by the mother of Francis, Louisa of Savoy, Duchess of Angoulême, but it is not known that her reason is a secret passion she bears for the Constable. This secret passion was the moving cause of many remarkable events on the continent. Let it here be remarked, that while the Queen Mother loves De Bourbon, he in his turn loves her daughter, Margaret of Valois, known in history as Renée. While the three are conversing, the jester Triboulet joins them (a character in imitation of the clowns of Shakespeare, though tamed down to the modern taste); and shortly after them comes De Bonnavet, a courtier by profession, and the King's

favourite by accident. The clown offends his dignity, and a fracas ensues.

Margaret de Valois by her presence appeases all anger; and, after checking the excessive flattery of De Bonnivet, who compares her to the "bright dazzling sun," asks Chabannes if he intends to join the tourney held that day by the King in honour of De Bourbon's return. Then ensues the following exquisite passage:

CHABANNES.

Gracious madam,
We all intend, as I believe, to be there :
I to look on, and criticise as age
Ever will do, drawing comparisons
"Twixt that which is, and that which hath
been once.

MAROT RET.

Envious comparisons ! say, are they not ?
Surely the world alters not every day,
That those, who play'd their parts but
some scofe years

Gone by, should cry out, "How the times
are alter'd!"—

I do appeal to thy philosophy ;
Say, is it so, Chabannes ?

CHABANNES.

In sober truth, then, in philosophy,
Since thus your grace commands, I do
believe

That at our feet the tide of time flows on
In strong and rapid course ; nor is one
current

Or rippling eddy liker to the rest,
Than is one age unto its predecessor :
Men still are men, the stream is still a
stream,

Through every change of changeful tide
and time ;

And 'tis, I fear, only our partial eye
That lends a brighter sunbeam to the
wave

On which we launch'd our own adven-
t'rous bark.

The confessor is the Queen Mother's agent in her intrigue for acquiring De Bourbon's love; but he also has subtle ends to accomplish, which constitute the mainspring of the whole drama. The feeling which actuates the friar's conduct is darkly hinted at by Laval, the lover of Françoise de Foix, to Lantrec, her brother :

Once, I remember me, the Queen had sent
By me some mission to this confessor ;—
By chance, the Princess Margaret, by
whose side

He stood, let fall a jewel from her finger ;
Both stoop'd, and, as we did, our hands
encounter'd—

He started back as though a serpent stung
him.

At the joust Françoise attracts the King's admiration, and he determines to possess her. On the other hand, we have an animated scene between De Bourbon and Margaret. The alternations of his vehemence and yielding and confiding love are finely managed throughout the interview. The same managing power triumphs over the difficulties of the Constable's interview with the Queen Mother, wherein we see the scarcely curbed pride of the man in admirable contrast with the deep Italian cunning and dark treachery of the subtlest of women; one, indeed, who, for the gratification of lustful passion, which burns at her heart with the intensity of hellish fire, has resolved to win the suitor of her own daughter for her paramour and husband, and to share with him the regal power. She is thwarted, and apostrophises the spirit of vengeance, and vows implacable hatred to, and the destruction of, De Bourbon.

To Françoise de Foix the image of the knightly and handsome Francis has been present since the hour of the tourney. She, however, accepts the hand of her brother's friend, and determines to overcome her secret predilection for the King. She mournfully says,

I must not dwell on this sad theme ; and
though

I have read rightly, in those dangerous
eyes

Which gazed so passionately on me, I
Must o'en forget love's first and fondest
lesson,

And write another in my lone heart's
core.

Clement Marot is immediately after introduced to the King, who intrusts him with a letter, containing a declaration of his love to Françoise, and a ring. The touching tenderness of this short passage could have only been imagined by true poetic feeling.

FRANCIS.

How, now ! I thought thee gone ; why
dost thou stop,
And turn thy letter o'er and o'er, and
look

So sad and doubting ?

CLEMENT.

May it please your grace,
I had a sister once—my thoughts were of
This lady's brother.

FRANCIS.

Well, sir ! what of him ?

CLEMENT.

I pray you, pardon me, my noble lord,
But if—

I will arrest the treason hanging
Upon thy lip ; for, by my knightly word,
Yon scroll is such as any gentleman
Might bear to any lady.

CLEMENT.

For that word
I thank your majesty with all my heart ;
I'll bear your message trustily.

FRANCIS.

And quickly ;
And meet me in my chamber with thine
answer.

Good speed—farewell!—be swift ! I
wait for thee.

Meanwhile the Queen Mother, quick in expedients, and of unexhausted devices, has laid her plan of vengeance. We soon behold its operations in the council-chamber, where the King is seated in the midst of his council, in order to appoint a successor to De Bourbon. At first the Queen attempts, by sarcasms and petty insinuations, to vex the fiery Constable to madness. This failing, next comes open insult. As Francis is about to buckle the sword of authority around the person of Lautrec, the newly-appointed governor of Milan, the Queen interrupts him, and commands Bourbon to deliver up the sword that graces his side ; on which he bursts forth in a strain of just indignation, and is arrested and conducted to prison.

The Queen seeks the confessor, and despatches him to the cell of De Bourbon, with the intent of still winning his hand by appalling him at the fatal doom that awaits him in case of his rejecting her proposals. Gonzales goes, and meets the Princess Margaret at the door of the prisoner's cell. She had bribed the warders, and had offered De Bourbon the means of escape, and urged him by entreaties the most eloquent to avail himself of the favourable moment. Her lover informs her of her mother's guilt.

Aye, start ! I tell thee that the Queen,
thy mother,
Hath loved—doth love me with the
fierce desires

Of her unbridled nature ; she hath thrown
Her crown, her kingdom, and herself
before me ;

And but I loved thee more than all the
world,

I might have wed Louisa of Savoy !

MARGARET.

Oh, be silent !

For you have rent in twain the sacred 'st
veil

That ever hung upon the eyes of innocence.

The scene between Gonzales and the prisoner is the master-piece of the play. He first speaks to Bourbon of his message from the Queen, to the effect that compliance with her desire will effect his instant release. Bourbon rejects this offer haughtily. By degrees the priest works on his feelings ; then suddenly shifts his dress, and stands avowed for Garcia, the Spanish leader, and promises him whatever terms he shall name if the Constable will serve his master Charles of Spain.

Bourbon is released by his new-made friend, who once more dons the priest's cassock. Before the two separate, however, the constable informs the Spaniard that Lautrec and Laval have both proceeded to Italy, on which he execrates the foul fiend for spoiling his plot for vengeance, and darkly hints to Bourbon of some fearful measure of revenge which he has determined to take on the son for the injuries sustained by him at the father's hands.

The following scene exhibits Francis in a frenzy of passion at the news of Lautrec's defeat by Colonna, and his flight. But he is arrested by the Count St. Pol as he passed in disguise towards the capital of France. The King's anger is aggravated by the intelligence of De Bourbon's escape. His temper, however, becomes calm on reverting to the lovely image of Françoise, whom he swears to win

though the stars
Link hands, and make a fiery rampart
round her ;
Though she be ice, steel, rock, or adamant.

His purpose is more easily accomplished than he at first suspected. Françoise, who, to fly the King's importunities, has taken shelter at the Château de Foix, receives a letter from her unfortunate brother, dated from his prison-house, and conjuring her not to suffer him to lie and rot in his dungeon, but to hie to the King, fall at his feet, and implore his forgiveness. Although well aware of her own danger in encountering the King, she determines to hazard every personal consideration to rescue her brother. In the very next scene she pays, by the loss of her innocence, the penalty of her brother's pardon. She comes into the presence veiled. The King questions her as to who she

is, and Françoise reveals herself. In the midst of his impassioned declaration he is overheard by the Queen Mother, who, entering, finds him on his knees. Françoise is fiercely told to depart; but the King's anger is aroused, and he tasks his mother for her insolence. The Queen is awakened to her dangerous situation, and determines that if she fall, all around her shall fall with her. She speaks with the fervour and proud bearing of a modern Cleopatra—

No rising foot shall tread upon my neck,
And say I paved the way for its ascension.

The friar enters very opportunely. The Queen insinuates that there is a deed of blood to be accomplished, and that his must be the hand to do it. Her companion is nowise backward. The intimation and the full avowal of purpose are dexterously and eloquently managed. Listen, whispers the Queen,

Listen, there is one
Whose envious beauty doth pluck down
my power,
Day after day with more audacious hand;
That woman! —

GONZALES.

Ha, a woman!

QUEEN.

Well! how now!
Blood is but blood, and life no more than
life,
Be't cradled in however fair a form!
Dost shrink, thou vaunting caitiff, from
the test
Thine own avowal 'drow upon thee?
Mark me!
If, ere two suns have risen and have set,
Françoise de Foix —

GONZALES.

How?

QUEEN.

The young Lautrec's sister,
Count Laval's bride.

GONZALES.

What, John de Laval's bride?
Hell! what a flash of light bursts in on
me!
Revenge! Revenge! thou art mine own
at last!

The fourth act discovers Françoise sitting pale and motionless by a table, with Florise, her attendant, kneeling near her. Her earthly happiness has flown away to find a resting-place in some less guilty bosom: she has fallen a victim for her brother. While her heart is harrowed by the recollections of her state of innocence, the monk presents himself, and receives her

confession. On learning the fact of the crime, he exults in the anticipation of his approaching vengeance. A letter is now delivered to him from the Queen, ordering him to despatch his victim speedily, for Laval approaches the château to claim his bride. Laval himself enters, breathless with haste, to see his love. The scene changes to another apartment, where Francis, by the assistance of Florise, is concealed behind the tapestry. Françoise on seeing Laval shrieks; and as the lover rushes to embrace her, the monk arrests his progress, taunts her with her guilt; and the poor victim to brotherly love, on being adjured to assert her innocence, stabs herself in despair. The King and Queen approach; and Gonzales, leaning over the dead body, proclaims, like Zanga in *The Revenge*, the origin of his cherished and implacable hatred.

FRANCIS.

Peace, mother, prithee peace! look here!
look here!

Here is a sight that hath more sorrow in it
Than loss of kingdoms, empires, or the
world!

There lies the fairest lily of the land,
Untimely broken from its stem, to wither!
(*Going towards the body.*)

LAVAL. (*breaks from attendants.*)

Stand back, King Francis! lay not e'en
a finger

On this poor wreck, that death hath
sanctified!

This soulless frame of what was once
my love!

Oh! thou pale flower, that in death's
icy grasp

Dost lie, making the dissolution that we
dread

Look fair;—farewell! for ever, and for
ever!

Thou should'st have been the glad crown
of my youth,

Maturer life's fruitful and fond com-
panion,—

Dreary old age's shelter.

GONZALES.

Tears, my lord!

LAVAL.

Ay, tears, thou busy mischief; get thee
hence!

Away! who sent for thee?—who bade
thee pour

The venom of thy tongue into my wounds?
What seek'st thou here?

GONZALES.

To see thee weep, Laval!

And I am satisfied! Look on me, boy!

Dost know Garcia—first scion of a house
Whose kindred shoots by thine were all
cut down?

LAVAI.

For dead I left thee on Marignan plain!
Art thou from thence arisen! or from hell!
To wreak such ruin on me!

GONZALES.

They die not
Who have the work I had on hand
unfinish'd;
The spirit would not from its fleshly house,
In which thy sword so many outlets made,
Ere it had seen its fell revenge fulfill'd.

LAVAI.

Revenge!—for what!—wherefore dost
thou pursue me?

GONZALES.

Look on thy bride! look on that faded
thing,
That e'en the tears thy manhood showers
so fast,
And bravely, cannot wake to life again!
I call all nature to bear witness here;—
As fair a flower once grew within my
home,

As young, as lovely, and as dearly lov'd.
I had a sister once, a gentle maid—
The only daughter of my father's house,
Round whom our ruder loves did all
entwine,

As round the dearest treasure that we
own'd.

She was the centre of our souls' affections;
She was the bud, that underneath our
strong

And sheltering arms, spread over her,
did blow.

So grew this fair, fair girl, till envious
fate

Brought on the hour when she was
withered.

Thy father, sir—now mark!—for 'tis
the point

And moral of my tale—thy father, then,
Was by my sire in war taken prisoner;—
Wounded almost to death, he brought
him home,—

Shelter'd him,—cherish'd him,—and,
with a care

Most like a brother's, watch'd his bed
of sickness,

Till ruddy health, once more through all
his veins,

Sent life's warm stream in strong return-
ing tide.

How think ye he repaid my father's love?
From her dear home he lured my sister
forth,

And, having robb'd her of her treasure
honour,

Cast her away, defil'd,—despoil'd,—
forsaken!—

The daughter of a high and ancient line!
The child of so much love!—she died!—
she died!—

Upon the threshold of that home from
which

My father spurn'd her!—over whose pale
I swore to hunt, through life, her ravisher;

Nor ever from my bloodhound track desist,
Till due and deep atonement had been
made—

Honour for honour given—blood for
blood.

LAVAI.

These were my father's injuries,—not
mine,

Remorseless fiend!

GONZALES.

Thy father died in battle;
And as his lands and titles, at his death,
Devolv'd on thee, on thee devolv'd the
treasure

Of my dear hate;—I have had such
revenge!

Such horrible revenge!—thy life, thy
honour,

Were all too little;—I have had thy
tears!

I've wrung a woman's sorrow from thine
eyes,

And drunk each bitter drop of agony.
As heav'nly nectar, worthy of the gods!

Kings, the earth's mightiest potentates,
have been

My tools and instruments: you, haughty
madam,

And your ambition,—yonder headstrong
boy,

And his mad love,—all, all beneath my
feet,

All slaves unto my will and deadly
purpose.

The Queen orders Gonzales to instant death. He produces her order for the death of Françoise, and proclaims her wickedness. She is degraded, and confined in a convent. Thus terminates the play as acted at Covent Garden Theatre. The portion given to the repentance of De Bourbon, and the high deeds of the battle of Pavia, constitute the fifth act. There is much fault here in the execution: the only extenuation in favour of Miss Kemble is, that the play was composed by her at a very youthful and inexperienced age, and with no intention, perhaps, of publication. The battle of Pavia should have been blended into the main action, and worked up as the crowning scene of the whole. As it is, the fifth act has an interest separated from the rest of the play, and drags, in spite of many beautiful passages, its weary length along, after the highly wrought catastrophe of the fourth. The fiery passions of the Constable have been assuaged by affliction and by time. Formerly he was all for action—now he is meditative, and his woes have made him a philosopher. Look at this poetical description:

BOURBON.

Ay, see the sun, that gorgeous conqueror,
Upon the western gate of heav'n doth halt.

PESCARA.

A conqueror call you him, Bourbon?

BOURBON.

Ay, marry.

Hath he not ridden forth, as though to
battle,

Armed with ten thousand darts of living
flame?

Hath he not, in his journey 'thwart the
sky,

Encounter'd and o'ercome each gloomy
cloud,

Each fog, or noisome vapour, that i' th'
air

Hover'd, like foul rebellion, to put out
His glorious light; and having conquer'd
them,

Hath he not forced them don his livery,—
The amber glow,—that all he looks on
wears?

And now, behold, he stands on the last
verge

Of his career, and looks back o'er his
path,

Mark'd with a ruddy hue,—how like a
conqueror!

Now sinks he in that glowing mass of
light,

Which he hath fired; and look, Pescara,
yonder

Comes on the night, who draws her sable
veil

Over the whole; and this bright pa-
gantry,

This gorgeous sunset, and this glorious
sun,

Shall be forgotten in to-morrow's dawn-
ing!

So comes in death, and so oblivion falls
Over the mighty of the earth!

The recollection of Margaret, whom
he may now never possess, is upper-
most in his heart; and amid the clan-
gour of trumpets and the din of war
he reverts with the deepest emotion to
her image:—

Oh, Margaret!

Thou star, that all alone, in this thick
darkness,

Still shin'st upon my troubled destinies
With an eternal constancy; to thee

How often veers my soul! But 'tis no
more

With the fond looks of hope, but with
the

Of one whom despair is grown familiar.

He is sought by Lautrec, who, to
avenge his sister's wrong, and his
friend Laval's death (by a broken heart),
proposes to join the Constable, and,
taking the King unawares, assassinate

him. This is the Constable's dispa-
sionate answer:

Fair sir, Care and her sister, Thought,
have been

Companions of my dreary days and nights
Of late, and they have left their cautious
traces.

I should be loth to tell, since last we
parted,

How sorrow hath, in envy of my youth,
Sown age's silver tokens on my head,

And furrow'd o'er my brow. But I have
thought,

E'en in this moment's space, enough to
tell thee

I cannot grant thy suit. Men's hearts
have cool'd,

Lautrec, since I was driven forth from
France;

And now their busy tongues begin to scan,
With a misprising censure, my revenge.

My fame—my last, best-guarded trea-
sure—is

Melting beneath the fiery touch of slan-
der:

And, when men speak of Bourbon, it is
now,

Bourbon the traitor—the revolted Bour-
bon—

But let that pass!—'tis undeserv'd; and,
therefore,

Again I say it, let it pass! But yet
There is, among the scornful eyes, that

look
Upon my ventures career, one eye,

That, like the guarding gaze of Provi-
dence,

Keeps me from all offence. Therefore,
if I

Do make my army a retreat and welcome
For rebels,—for so injured men are

deem'd,—
To one, moreover, who hath sworn to

plunge
His sword, up to the hilt, in the King's

heart,—
I shall do sorrow to the one I love,

And therein merit all the rest do say.

The famous battle ensues. Francis
is led in wounded by Henry of Navarre
and Triboulet the jester, when Lautrec
rushes to slay him; but Triboulet re-
ceives and falls a victim to the blow,
and Pescara strikes down Lautrec's
sword. The last scene is the inside of
a church. Francis is supported in;
and shortly after the Spanish troops
fall on and rout the priests, who are
officiating and singing the *De profundis*,
and begin to strip the altar, when
De Bourbon comes forth, followed by
Spanish officers, strikes down the im-
pious soldiery, and recognises the
King:

Wounded—alone—a prisoner! Oh, sir,
Had you but hearken'd timely to true
counsel,

This ne'er had come to pass—you had
not fallen

To this estate—nor Italy been drench'd
With the best blood of your best chivalry.

FRANCIS.

This is a strange encounter for us two,
My lord—full of deep thoughts that need
no comment.

That thou wert wrong'd, the world will
bear thee witness;

That wrong endured hath made thee
commit wrong;

The world and all its aftertimes will
judge thee:

For my own part, though fate has play'd
me false,

I will not wrangle with the lot she
throws me,

Nor hold this day the darkest of my life,
Though thou hast won, and I lost all
save honour.

(To PESCARA)—Sir, take my sword, I am
your prisoner.

BOURBON (to an officer).

Go, bid our trumpets sound to the recall.
All slaughter and despoiling of the dead
forbear.

And for our royal prisoners, their fate
Hangs at the mastery of Charles of Spain.
From us all courtesy their rank doth claim,
And admiration for their noble valour.

Now sheath your bloody swords, and all
prepare

To march to Spain this very hour, that
there,

By well-improved victory, we may
Crown the strange tale of this eventful
day.

We have little or no room for comment. Miss Kemble's ear is generally very musical, but crude and harsh lines occur occasionally. This is the fault of tyroism. We hear that she is working at a second play, in which we shall be much disappointed if we do not see many and considerable improvements. The old dramatists of England have, no doubt, been the exemplars by which she has composed her drama;—reflection and practice, however, will prove to her that too close an adherence to their plan and manner will scarcely do for the present day. In the Grecian times, the poet was generally manager of the troop of players, and often took part in the performance. Miss Kemble's knowledge of the stage will soon tell her what situations are best calculated for effect, and how scenic display and dramatic success may most completely be attained. At the same time she will learn to avoid that rock which has

proved the destruction of all modern playwrights,—the considering the composition of the play subordinate to the stage situations. Of this glaring error, Mr. Sheridan Knowles (save in this last instance, the *Hunchback*) is a lamentable instance. How the noble subject which the story of Virginia furnishes is marred by a constant attention to Mr. Macready's movements! Scarcely is there a passage of half a dozen unbroken lines. When Shakespeare wrote his *Coriolanus*, his imagination worked out a Roman of the true antique stamp: the character is generalised by the combination of the various feelings and passions by which a man high born, high deserving—proud, imperious, and revengeful—might probably be actuated under certain given circumstances. Not so with *Virginia*. Mr. Knowles seems never to have got Mr. Macready out of his head; his whole thought appears to be, "how would Mr. Macready, had he been the veritable *Virginus*, have looked, moved, behaved, talked?" The peculiarities of the man Macready have hence been closely observed and written for, while the probable characteristics of the man centurion, indignant and furious before suborned witnesses and perjured and prostituted power, have been wholly forgotten. Hence the play is bad as a drama, though good as a spectacle dedicated to the proper display of Mr. Macready's powers. The consequence is, it is impossible to read any two pages of it with ordinary patience.

Some hypercritics have objected to a few of the incidents of the plot of Miss Kemble's tragedy, as ill calculated for the thoughts of a young girl hardly risen into womanhood. We do not envy the state of mind and heart of those *gentlemen* who have given utterance to such sapient sentiments. Evil be to him that evil thinks. Mr. Bowdler, though a good man, was a silly man in emasculating Shakespeare: it was a work of supererogation. If Shakespeare must be emasculated, why should not almost every specimen of ancient sculpture be veiled, lest it should shock the eyes of the female portion of the community—in the same manner as on high days they clothe the famous mannikin at Brussels? If this spirit of fastidiousness were to be allowed full sway, some men of over-scrupulous delicacy might next attempt a family edition of an existing book of higher importance than what a thousand Shake-

speares could produce. It is for guilt to be ashamed — innocence walks abroad, and with discursive eye looks forth on the face of nature, without experiencing the mantling blush of shame upon the cheek. Is one limit to be placed to the female and another to the male writer? This would indeed be to bind genius in fetters of iron. Who, besides, is to be appointed the arbiter of delicacy? to decide if the limits of suppositions refinement have been properly observed, when hardly two persons hold to the same standard of meaning? All this, however, is well for argument's sake. Miss Kemble, in the course of her play, has had to depict various characters, each impelled to action by various motives and various passions; and these she has described with the purest taste and good discrimination. Love within her pages has been painted in various hues. There is the ardent and ungovernable desire of Francis to be distinguished from the intemperate passion of the Queen — and the lofty, soul-enraving attachment of De Bourbon, from the delirious fondness of Laval. All these she has powerfully drawn and beautifully shaded, and their happy opposition shews *Francis the First* to be one of the best dramatic productions of the age.

We have already spoken of Mr. Sheridan Knowles; but in so doing we made an exception, as to merit, in favour of his late comedy, the *Hunchback*. Between this and all his former dramatic attempts the separation is very wide. The others were only indications of moderate abilities in the author: this last demonstrates him as a man of good conception and vigorous execution. The secret of its excellence is, that Mr. Knowles did not write this play for the peculiar powers of Mr. Macready. The author is also a close imitator of our olden writers; but his is the merit akin to that of the author of *Gil Blas*, for he imitates in spirit and not in substance. The story of the comedy is simple. Julia, the supposed ward of Master Walter, falls suddenly and desperately in love with Sir Thomas Clifford; who has the good fortune to rescue the guardian in an affray at a tavern, and whom the latter takes home (having conceived a sudden affection for the young man), that he may woo his fair ward and marry her. Julia, at the outset, is represented as a

country girl. She accepts Sir Thomas; but on coming up to town, her head grows giddy with fashionable frivolities, and she assumes a coolness to her lover which is really very foreign to her heart. The knight leaves her in indignation; but, immediately after the painful parting, he finds himself stript of honours and wealth. A nearer relation than himself to his predecessor exists, who steps in inopportunely to rob him of his title and possessions. His determination is that of a man of honour; for thus he directs his servants —

CLIFFORD.

Stephen!

STEPHEN.

Sir Thomas!

CLIFFORD.

From my door remove
The plate that bears my name.

STEPHEN.

The plate, Sir Thomas!

CLIFFORD.

The plate—collect my servants and
instruct them

To make out each their claims, unto the
end

Of their respective terms, and give them
in

To my steward. Him and them apprise,
good fellow,

That I keep house no more. As you go
home

Call at my coachmaker's, and bid him stop
The carriage I bespoke. The one I have
Send with my horses to the mart whereto
Such things are sold by auction. They're
for sale—

Pack up my wardrobe—have my trunks
convey'd

To the inn in the next street—and when
that's done,

Go round my tradesmen and collect their
bills,

And bring them to me at the inn.

STEPHEN.

The inn!

CLIFFORD.

Yes; I go home no more. Why, what's
the matter?

What has fallen out to make your eyes
fill up!

You'll get another place. I'll certify
You're honest and industrious, and all
That a servant ought to be.

STEPHEN.

I see, Sir Thomas,
Some great misfortune has befallen you?

CLIFFORD.

No!

I have health; I have strength; my
reason, Stephen, and

A heart that's clear in truth, with trust
in God.

No great disaster can befall the man

Who's still possessed of these! Good fellow, leave me;
 What you would learn, and have a right to know,
 I would not tell you now. Good Stephen, hence!
 Mischance has fallen on me—but what of that?
 Mischance has fallen on many a better man.
 I prithee leave me. I grow sadder while I see the eye with which you view my grief.
 'Sdeath they will out! I would have been a man,
 Had you been less a kind and gentle one. Now, as you love me, leave me.

STEPHEN.

Never muster
 So well deserv'd the love of him that served him.

Master Walter, the supposed guardian of Julia, is the agent to the foppish Lord Rochdale, and by him is commanded to propose to the young lady, who, in her anger at being cast off like an old glove by Clifford, readily embraces the nobleman's proposal.

(*Master Walter discovered looking through title-deeds and papers.*)

So falls out every thing as I would have it,
 Exact in place and time. This lord's advances
 Receives she,—as, I augur, in the spleen
 Of wounded pride she will,—my course is clear.
 She comes—all's well—the tempest rages still.

(*Julia enters, and paces the room in a state of high excitement.*)

JULIA.

What have my eyes to do with water? Fire

Becomes them better!

WALTER.

True.

JULIA.

Yet, must I weep
 To be so monitor'd, and by a man!
 A man that was my slave! whom I have seen

Kneel at my feet from morn till noon,
 content

With leave to only gaze upon my face,
 And tell me what he read there,—till the page

I knew by heart I 'gan to doubt I knew,
 Embazon'd by the comment of his tongue!
 And he to lesson me! Let him come here
 On Monday week! He ne'er leads me to church!

I would not profit by his rank or wealth,
 Tho' kings might call him cousin, for their sake!

I'll shew him I have pride!

VOY. V. NO. XXVII.

WALTER.

You're very right!

JULIA.

He would have had to-day our wedding day!

I fix'd a month from this. He pray'd and pray'd,

I dropp'd a week. He pray'd and pray'd the more!

I dropp'd a second one. Still more he pray'd!

And I took off another week,—and now I have his leave to wed, or not to wed! He'll see that I have pride!

WALTER.

And so he ought.

JULIA.

O! for some way to bring him to my foot! But he should lie there! Why, 'twill go abroad

That he has cast me off. That there should live

The man could say so! Or that I should live

To be the leavings of a man!

WALTER.

Thy case

I own a hard one.

JULIA.

Hard! 'Twill drive me mad!
 His wealth and title! I refused a lord—
 I did! that privily implored my hand,
 And never cared to tell him on't! So much

I hate him now, that lord should not in vain

Implore my hand again!

WALTER.

You'd give it him?

JULIA.

I would.

WALTER.

You'd wed that lord?

JULIA.

That lord I'd wed;—
 Or any other lord,—only to shew him
 That I could wed above him!

WALTER.

Give me your hand

And word to that.

JULIA.

There! Take my hand and word!

WALTER.

That lord hath offered you his hand again,

JULIA.

He has?

WALTER.

Your father knows it: he approves of him.
 There are the title-deeds of the estates,
 Sent for my jealous scrutiny. All sound,
 No flaw, or speck, that e'en the lynx-eyed law

Itself could find. A lord of many lands,
 In Berkshire half a county; and the same
 In Wiltshire, and in Lancashire! Across
 The Irish sea a principality!
 And not a rood with bond or lien on it!

H H

Wilt give that lord a wife? Wilt make
thyself

A countess? Here's the proffer of his
hand.

Writes thou content, and wear a coronet!

JULIA (*eagerly*).
Give me the paper.

WALTER.
There! Here's pen and ink.
Sit down. Why do you pause? A
flourish of
The pen, and you're a countess.

JULIA.
My poor brain
Whirls round and round! I would not
wed him now,
Were he more lowly at my feet to sue
Than e'er he did!

WALTER.
Wed whom?

JULIA.
Sir Thomas Clifford.

WALTER.
You're right.

JULIA.
His rank and wealth are roots to doubt;
And while they lasted, still the weed
would grow,
Howe'er you pluck'd it. No! That's
o'er—that's done!

Was never lady wrong'd so foul as I!
WALTER. (*Weeps*).
Thou'rt to be pitied.

JULIA (*aroused*).
Pitied! Not so bad
As that.

WALTER.
Indeed thou art, to love the man
That spurns thee!

JULIA.
Love him! Love! If hate could find
A word more harsh than its own name,
I'd take it,
To speak the love I bear him! (*Weeps*).

WALTER.
Write thy own name,
And shew him how near a kin thy hate's
to hate.

JULIA (*writes*).
'Tis done!

WALTER.
'Tis well! I'll come to you anon! [*Exit*.
JULIA (*alone*).

I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis
done!
I've done the thing I ought. From my
disgrace
This lord shall lift me above the reach of
scorn—

That idly wags its tongue, where wealth
and state

Need only beckon to have crowds to laud!
That how the tables change! The hand
he spurn'd

His better take! Let me remember that!
All grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it!
As I was born to it! I warrant none

Shall say it fits me not:—but, one and all
Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought!
And he shall hear it! ay! and he shall
see it!

I will roll by him in an equipage
Would mortgage his estate—but he shall
own

His slight of me was my advancement!
Love me!

He never loved me! If he had, he ne'er
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's
web

But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break
By only blowing on't! He never loved me!
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,
He has not been o'er chary of his peace!
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife,
Lost!—lost to him for ever! Tears again!
Why should I weep for him? Who make
their woes

Deserve them! what have I to do with
tears?

Master Walter, notwithstanding his
assumption of favouring the Lord Roch-
dale, in reality upholds Clifford, in spite
of his fallen condition. The latter,
therefore, though become secretary to
Lord Rochdale, gets easy access to the
ward. When the secretary of her noble
suitor is announced, she little expects
to see her old lover.

*Enter a Servant, conducting Clifford,
plainly attired as the Earl of Rochdale's
Secretary.*

SERVANT.
His lordship's secretary. [*Exit Servant*.
JULIA.

Speaks he not?
Or does he wait for orders to unfold
His business? Stopp'd his business till I
spoke,

I'd hold my peace for ever!
(*Clifford kneels, presenting a letter.*)

Does he kneel?
A lady am I to my heart's content!
Could he unmake me that which claims
his knee,
I'd kneel to him,—I would! I would!—
Your will?

CLIFFORD.
This letter from my lord.

JULIA.
O fate! who speaks?

CLIFFORD.
The secretary of my lord.

JULIA.
I breathe!

I could have sworn 'twas he!
(*Makes an effort to look at him,
but is unable.*)

So like the voice—
I dare not look, lest there the form should
stand!

How came he by that voice? 'Tis Clif-
ford's voice,

If ever Clifford spoke! My fears come back—

Clifford the secretary of my lord!
Fortune hath freaks, but none so mad as that!

It cannot be—it should not be!—a look,
And all were set at rest.

(Tries to look at him again, but cannot.)

So strong my fears,
Dread to confirm them takes away the power

To try and end them! Come the worst,
I'll look. *(She tries again, and again is unequal to the task.)*

I'd sink before him, if I met his eye!

CLIFFORD.

Wilt please your ladyship to take the letter?

JULIA.

There Clifford speaks again! Not Clifford's heart

Could more make Clifford's voice! Not Clifford's tongue

And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech!

A question, and 'tis over! Know I you?

CLIFFORD.

Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends:
It turns them into strangers. What I am
I have not always been!

JULIA.

Could I not name you?

CLIFFORD.

If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold
When hollow fortune call'd him favourite,
Now by her fickleness perforce reduced
To take an humble tone, would suffer you—

JULIA.

I might?

CLIFFORD.

You might!

JULIA.

O Clifford! is it you?

CLIFFORD.

• Your answer to my lord. *(Gives the letter.)*

JULIA.

Your lord! *(Mechanically taking it.)*

CLIFFORD.

Wilt write it?

Or will it please you send a verbal one?
I'll bear it faithfully.

JULIA.

You'll bear it?

CLIFFORD.

Madam,

Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.

My lord's impatient, and to use despatch
Were his repeated orders.

JULIA.

Orders? Well,

I'll read the letter, sir. 'Tis right you mind
His lordship's orders. They are paramount!

Nothing should supersede them!—stand
beside them!

They merit all your care, and have it:
Fit,

Most fit they should! Give me the letter,
sir.

CLIFFORD.

You have it, madam.

JULIA.

So! How poor a thing
I look! so lost, while he's all himself?

Have I no pride?

(She rings; the servant enters.)

Paper, and pen and ink!

If he can freeze, 'tis time that I grow cold!

I'll read the letter.

(Opens it, and holds it as about to read it.)

Mind his orders! So!

Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes!

He serves my lord with all his will! His heart's

In his vocation. So! Is this the letter?

'Tis upside down—and here I'm poring
on't!

Most fit I let him see me play the fool!

Shame! Let me be myself!

(A servant enters with materials for writing.)

A table, sir,

And chair. *(The servant brings a table and chair, and goes out. She sits awhile, vacantly gazing on the letter—then looks at Clifford.)*

How plainly shows his humble suit!

It fits not him that wears it! I have
wrong'd him!

He can't be happy—does not look it!
is not.

That eye which reads the ground is
argument

Enough! He loves me. There I let
him stand,

And I am sitting!

(Rises, takes a chair, and approaches Clifford.)

Pray you, take a chair.

(He bows as acknowledging, and declining the honour. She looks at him awhile.)

Clifford, why don't you speak to me?

(She weeps.)

CLIFFORD.

I trust

You're happy.

JULIA.

Happy! Very, very happy!

You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears
Are signs, you know, of nought but
happiness!

When first I saw you, little did I look
To be so happy! Clifford!

CLIFFORD.

Madam?

JULIA.

Madam!

I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me
madam!

CLIFFORD.

Such the address my duty stints me to.
Thou art the wife elect of a proud earl—
Whose humble secretary sole am I.

JULIA.

Most right! I had forgot! I thank you,
sir,

For so reminding me; and give you joy,
That what, I see, had been a burthen to
you,
Is fairly off your hands.

The fifth act brings with it a happy
issue. When the nobleman, with his
suite, comes to claim his bride of
Master Walter, she avows her passion
for the secretary.

TINSEL.

I ask your hand to give it to his lordship.

JULIA.

Not to his lordship—save he will accept
My hand without my heart! but I'll
present—

My knee to him, and, by his lofty rank,
Implore him now to do a lofty deed
Will lift its stately head above his rank,—
Assert him nobler yet in worth than
name,—

And, in the place of an unwilling bride,
Unto a willing debtor make him lord,—
Whose thanks shall be his vassals, night
and day

That still shall wait upon him!

TINSEL.

What means this?

JULIA.

What is't behoves a wife to bring her
lord?

WALTER.

A whole heart and a true one.

JULIA.

I have none!

Not half a heart—the fraction of a heart!
Am I a woman it befits to wed?

WALTER.

Why, where's thy heart?

JULIA.

Gone—out of my keeping!

Lost—past recovery! right and title to
it—

And all given up! and he that's owner on't,
So fit to wear it, were it fifty hearts,
I'd give it to him all!

WALTER.

Thou dost not mean,
His lordship's secretary?

JULIA.

Yes. Away
Disguises! In that secretary know
The master of the heart, of which, the
poor,

Unvalued, empty casket, at your feet,—
Its jewel gone,—I now despairing throw!

(Kneels.)

Of his lord's bride he's lord! lord para-
mount!

To whom her virgin homage first she
paid,—

'Gainst whom rebell'd in frowardness
alone,—

Nor knew herself how loyal to him, till
Another claim'd her duty—then awoke
To sense of all she owed him—all his
worth—

And all her undeservings!

Master Walter relents, though the
nobleman is inexorable; but he meets
the penalty of his hard-heartedness.

WALTER.

Is it your will,
My lord, these nuptials should go on?

ROCHDALE.

It is.

WALTER.

Then is it mine they stop!

TINSEL.

I told your lordship
You should not keep a Hunchback for
your agent.

WALTER.

Thought like my father, my good lord,
who said

He would not have a Hunchback for his
son,—

So do I pardon you the savage slight!
My lord, that I am not as straight as you,
Was blemish neither of my thought nor
will,

My head nor heart. It was no act of
mine,—

Yet did it curdle nature's kindly milk
E'en where 'tis richest—in a parent's
breast—

To cast me out to heartless fosterage,
Not heartless always, as it proved—and
give

My portion to another! the same blood—
But I'll be sworn, in vein, my lord, and
soul—

Although his trunk did swerve no more
than yours—

Not half so straight as I.

TINSEL.

Upon my life

You've got a modest agent, Rochdale!
Now

He'll prove himself descended—mark
my words—

From some small gentleman!

WALTER.

And so you thought,
Where nature play'd the churl, it would
be fit

That fortune play'd it too. You would
have had

My lord absolve me of my agency!
Fair lord, the flaw did cost me fifty times—

A hundred times my agency:—but all's
Recovered. Look, my lord, a testament
To make a pension of his lordship's rent-
roll!

It is my father's, and was left by him,

In case his heir should die without a son,
Then to be opened. Heaven did send a son
To bless the heir. Heaven took its gift
away.

He died—his father died. And Master
Walter—

The unsightly agent of his lordship
there—

The Hunchback whom your lordship
would have stripp'd

Of his agency,—is now the Earl of
Rochdale!

TINSEL.

We've made a small mistake here.

Never mind,

'Tis nothing in a lord.

JULIA.

The Earl of Rochdale!

WALTER.

And what of that? Thou know'st not
half my greatness!

A prouder title, Julia, have I yet;

Sooner than part with which I'd give
that up,

And be again plain Master Walter.
What!

Dost thou not apprehend me? Yes,
thou dost!

Command thyself—don't gasp! My
pupil—daughter!

Come to thy father's heart!

(*Julia rushes into his arms.*)

There is a short underplay, whereby
Master Modus is married to Helen,
another ward of the Hunchback.

That this is a play of the true old
stamp is undeniable; and its eminent
success, together with that of *Francis
the First*, bids fair for a resuscitation
of the languishing drama of England.
If the two plays shall accomplish this,
they will have achieved a double ho-
nour—they not only will have been me-
ritorious in themselves, but the cause

of merit in others. Whoever shall put
to flight the numerous herd of tawdry
translators from the French that now
infest the British stage, will deserve the
thanks of every intellectual man; and
we do not think so badly of a British
audience as that, after having witnessed
such admirable specimens of original
talent as the two plays under considera-
tion, it will bray forth its bestial applause
at the crude and pert insipidities of the
Poole, Planché, and Peake school of
dramatists and second-hand retailers
of flat and unprofitable wit.

There is one glaring fault in Mr.
Knowles's drama. The play might be
called any thing else with as much pro-
priety as the *Hunchback*. In it none of
the peculiarities of a mishapen person
are observed. Sir Walter Scott, in one
or two of his novels, has depicted, by
a few masterly strokes, the behaviour
and the temperament of these person-
ages:—they are lively, affectionate,
conceited, beneficent, or malignant and
devilish. The former of this class are
wrought on by a shrinking delicacy,
from a consciousness of their imperfect
form, and the encounter of the sneers
and contumely of their fellow-creatures
—the latter, with diabolic hatred to
mankind, for the same reason, which
makes them eternally thirst for ven-
geance. In the true delineation of
his principal character, therefore, Mr.
Knowles has woefully failed; but the
many excellencies of his play are more
than an ample counterpoise to this defi-
ciency, and make us hope for some-
thing more, and that very speedily,
from his pen. •

ON PARTIES.

No. I.

THE regular strife of party once more rages, and an examination of the strength, conduct, and prospects of each belligerent, is made, by the aspect of the times, a matter of the first importance. The strife exhibits new men, creeds, objects, tactics, parties — little that is old and known save names; and the latter by being given to what is different only serve to confound and mislead. As a preface to this examination, another is of still higher importance, to wit, one of the nature and operation of parties in the abstract. These matters are little noticed, and most erroneously judged of by society at large, while, by the turn which party warfare is taking in every direction, a correct knowledge of them is rendered essential for the preservation of all social good.

Whether parties be beneficial or the contrary, it seems to be as much a natural law that they shall exist, as that the human race shall: in man, their principle shews itself, and only dies with reason. Nature evidently abhors uniformity of thought and action, as much as offace and disposition; and while she incessantly labours to divide and reduce great parties, her toil is equally unremitting to create and enlarge small ones.

On looking into the single dwelling, we find it, if it contain more than two souls, the theatre of party-feeling, stratagem, and contention. The nursery and kitchen, workshop and manufactory, have their divisions and broils, as well as the parlour; and the forces of party within are constantly aided by kindred and friends without. Rising to the village, we perceive only party feuds and animosity, instead of the peace and harmony with which poetry delights to endow it. Proceeding to the large town, it displays such feuds and animosity in still greater variety and more restless bitterness of spirit. Placing before us society in the aggregate, it is divided into an infinity of parties: private and public, parochial and national, political and religious; and each, almost to the most minute, has its subdivisions. Lovely and tender woman is as active a member of these multitudinous parties as man: in the more domestic and private ones,

she is frequently the eloquent founder and leader; and in the others, she labours zealously, though unseen,— achieves as much by influence as man by power, and too often forms the invisible spirit which guides and governs.

An arbitrary government can, to a high point, restrain party from acting and multiplying, but not from being. A free one has no such power: in proportion as political and religious liberty may be enjoyed, political and religious parties will be numerous and mighty, the government itself will be positively and negatively a source of parties, and it will be under the controul of one or another of them. A free government must consist of a party.

Liberty can only exist in and through parties; they form the moving, directing, ruling power, while laws and institutions are only the inert machinery. A constitution, whether monarchical or republican, is a lifeless, defenceless instrument, made for the use of parties; by them its fruits must be regulated, and they can easily convert it into a grinding tyranny, or destroy it.

The spirit, objects, and conduct of party must always, in the nature of things, be more or less vicious and despotic. It seeks both private gain and dominion, it is kept in constant exasperation by conflict, it is far less under the controul of morality and honour than an individual, and it frequently can only obtain or preserve what it contends for by profligacy and tyranny. Its tyranny is infinitely more comprehensive, barbarous, guilty, and destructive, than that of an absolute monarch.

From all this it self-evidently follows, that in a free country the science of government must take extensive knowledge of the nature and operation of parties for its groundwork, or it will be in practice little better than the science of misrule, and that such knowledge is essential for giving the best form of government beneficial use and stability. But what do we behold? Not the misconduct, but the existence of parties, is deplored as a mighty evil: repeatedly it has been recommended and attempted to extinguish them by union, nay, by com-

pounding their heads into a "broad-bottomed ministry," for the sake of public benefit; and, at present, the distinctions and laws touching their leaders, on which they depend for proper vitality, are, by common consent, regarded as injurious rather than the contrary. While this country and the rest of Europe are distracted with efforts to improve their forms of government, they make it a leading object to destroy and prohibit the party division and balance which form the only life-blood liberty can have. They seek to give omnipotence to one party, and this the least intelligent and most unprincipled; of course, they really labour to establish the worst kind of tyranny, and confine its exercise to the most tyrannical hands.

Regarding what I have written in the light of a text, I propose to illustrate it by looking, in the first place, at the origin and nature of parties, then at their importance, next at the means for extracting from them the requisite benefits, and finally at their present state in this country.

Personal interest constitutes the principal source of party. It divides wife and child against husband and parent. This maiden aunt has no small sum in the funds at her disposal; therefore parties of nephews and nieces continually war for the first place in her favour. That aged couple will leave considerable property behind it; in consequence, its relatives form two factions, which, for the sake of legacy, incessantly labour to destroy each other. A certain mode of managing parish affairs benefits one part of a village or town, but injures another; hence the inhabitants are involved in party commotion and conflict. One workman in a manufactory has cause to believe that another seeks his dismissal, and the strife which this generates between them divides all the rest into parties. A tradesman, for the sake of business, bursts forth into a parish reformer, gathers around him the discontented, and keeps his neighbours in perpetual strife and question.

The great national parties flow in an equal degree from the same source. Our constitution does not create the democratic, aristocratic, and crown ones—it finds them already created by personal interest; and though it takes them for its instruments, and places them under regulation and limit, it

still leaves them to be moved by their parent. The upper classes and the less wealthy ones, the village and the town, the agricultural and the trading parts of the population, have, from nature, separate clashing interests; and this gives being to the aristocracy and democracy. The ruler and the ruled have separate, conflicting interests, and from this spring the government and the popular parties. The Whigs, Tories, &c. who grow out of and lead them, owe being to personal interest; the latter is the father and end, while the democracy, &c. form the mother and means. The first object of the Whig and Tory heads is confessedly the possession of office, or, in other words, place and stipend—private and personal gain for themselves. While the more exalted sigh for the highest places, the humble seek clerkships, petty sinecures, patronage for relatives, and situations in the customs or excise: the county and parish leaders are thus influenced by personal profit, as well as the parliamentary ones. To secure followers, and promote a common private benefit, they link the interests of the democracy and dissenters,—aristocracy and church to their own; and therefore they contend partly for their individual and party aggrandisement as politicians, and partly for the separate gain of the divisions of the community they are connected with. As the followers cannot, in the nature of things, hope for individual preferment, they are content to give their services for general corporate profit: the democracy, aristocracy, and other divisions of the community, support this political party, or that, on its promises to defend and promote their separate interests, and frequently they do so on its pledges to sacrifice to them the interests of the rest of society. The Liberal, Radical, and Catholic heads are not the less actuated by private interest, because they cannot expect to hold the reins of government: they have seats in parliament to obtain or preserve, reviews and newspapers to sell, or favours to extort from the higher parties; and they commonly carry sordid selfishness much farther than the Whig and Tory ones. Their followers, too, go beyond all others in acting for private benefit: the Whig and Tory followers often pretend to seek the public good; but those of Liberal, Radical, and Catholic, always clamour for their

own aggrandisement at the cost of their fellow-subjects.

No party perfectly disinterested, and acting impartially for the general weal of the empire alone, can be kept in being; if attempts be made to form one, they have no success, or they only produce a feeble, ephemeral body, which is speedily seduced into the path of private interest and destroyed. The upright and patriotic, no doubt, act together in emergencies, but it is for the moment, without concert and conjunction; an organised, durable party, combating solely for the interests of the empire, is unknown.

While common and corporate interest divides the population into a small number of gigantic parties, special and individual interest subdivides these into a great number of smaller ones: the one forms the aristocracy, democracy, Tories, Whigs, &c.; and then the other breaks each into divers distinct, and often hostile parties. Each individual and party has various interests, and this operates as a farther great cause of subdivision.

Those democrats find they must support the aristocracy to save or make their fortunes; these aristocrats see it will be very profitable to act with the democracy. This trading body has an advantage in being the ally of agriculture; and that agricultural one, from the same reason, is combined with the friends of trade. Whiggism will not promise enough to certain parts of the people, therefore they embrace Radicalism. These Whigs find they will lose much if they do not, on particular questions, act with the Tories; in consequence, they form a minor party. That Tory leader thinks justice is not done him by his colleagues, sets himself up as a head, and divides the Tories. Here political interest arrays one part of the democracy against the other, although both have the same pecuniary interest,—there a host of peers, to save their political party, and gain office for themselves, lead the democracy in its war against their own order. On one hand, a large part of the community contends against its pecuniary or political interests for the sake of its religious ones; and on the other, the upper classes, to a large extent, are led, by religious interest, to join the lower ones in party warfare.

Thus each individual and division of the community may be said to have

three separate interests—pecuniary, political, and religious; and although these are connected, and often produce each other, they come continually into collision. By appealing to one or another of them, the founders and leaders of party, for their own personal benefit, render parties innumerable.

Amidst the secondary sources of party, personal envy, jealousy, rivalry, animosity, &c. take the first place. To a large extent they follow from, and are identified with, interest; but often the case is different, and they divide those whom it would keep combined. An accidental quarrel between two leading members of a family, parish, or body, will frequently split it into hostile parties. An individual, influential from station or talent, is ill-used by his party, and, to be revenged, he sets up a new one against it. The lower classes envy the wealth and magnificence of the upper ones; the rich are jealous of those below them; and this operates powerfully, when interest is not concerned, to keep the democracy and aristocracy in conflict. A pique against the clergyman fills the dissenting chapel. The animosity generated by difference of religious doctrine, has a leading share in supporting religious parties.

Difference of personal disposition and intellect has much to do with the production of party. The bold, sanguine, and turbulent, see things alike and act together; the timid, cautious, and peaceable, dissent from and oppose them. Some are passionately fond of change and novelty, therefore they are always in readiness to give the new political or religious teacher a party; others are devotedly attached to old things, and, in consequence, ensure a party to the old teacher. Very many men cannot think for themselves; no instruction can give them a particle of originality, or enable them to speak without using the faculties of other people: quick, voluble, and sometimes eloquent, apparently sensible and intelligent, still every opinion they hold is a borrowed one, and they borrow it solely because it has been promulgated by this individual or that body. Of course, they can be nothing but followers. A few men have minds so constituted that they take nothing on trust; they cannot adopt the best established conclusions without investigation: always distrustful and incre-

dulous touching the opinions of others, they can only utter and practise the demonstrations of their own reason. They, therefore, can be leaders alone. There are also men who are incapacitated for following any one by the love of contradiction, disputation, and wrangling: they cannot examine, and never attempt it, but they reject this opinion, and espouse that, solely because this is held and that is disavowed by others. Although they are as little able to lead as to follow, they have infinite effect in dividing parties and giving success to new leaders. Nature makes diversity of mind as powerful an engine as diversity of circumstance and condition, for the multiplication of parties.

In such multiplication, ignorance and imbecility have gigantic influence. The former delights the most in the incredible and impossible; the latter swallows the most greedily error and falsehood. Place before the ignorant man naked fact, promise him only what is practicable, and he will disregard you; but address monstrous fiction to his passions, flatter his hopes with what miracle alone could bestow, and he will be your slave. His benighted and torpid reason knows not the bounds of possibility; it cannot judge of the probable, it never investigates or calculates, but it eagerly sanctions every thing that is palatable to his wishes. The imbecile man takes the wrong side in all matters; to his intellect the nature of truth and reason, falsehood and folly, is reversed. In judging and calculating, he rejects all but improper data; in arguing, he must either use erroneous premises, or draw fallacious deductions from true ones: bewildered by minor points, superficial deceptions and counterfeits, he never can discover and comprehend essentials, substance and reality. Such a man cannot bear your teachers of great ability; they may be, for any thing he knows, very clever men, but still he cannot go along with them or enjoy what they utter: he loves those whose minds resemble his own—they see and reason as he does, therefore he finds them unerring and irresistible.

In consequence, the upright and gifted teacher, who deals only in true statement, solid argument, and just, practical benefit, is disliked by the many; he utters common-place instead of marvels, is unintelligible, raises no

magnificent hopes, pampers not the passions, and even calls for disagreeable sacrifices. Nevertheless he gets his few followers. After him comes the violent superficial party man, who misrepresents, distorts, declaims, and flatters, but without going very far into sheer fiction and impossibility. He is more favourably received, but still he exhibits great deficiencies; he keeps too near the credible, and only scatters around him half the desired folly, absurdity, and offers of gain. However, he wins a potent host of disciples. Next comes the profligate, brainless, rampant, demagogue. At once he bounces over your laws of morality, honour, and decency, to revel in downright lies and physical impossibilities: these he dresses up in astounding nonsense, careful only to avoid truth and reason, and to leave nothing unsaid which can please, delude, and inflame his hearers. He is the man for the multitude. The case is the same in religion as in politics. One minister confines himself to the naked precepts of the Divine Founder of Christianity, therefore he is deserted as a cold moralist, who only preaches what is common and cheap to all; another passes over life as a minor matter, plunges into experimentals, dilates on impulses, feelings, and opinions,—adds a mystical religion of his own to the simple one taught in the New Testament, and he draws a large congregation; a third uses the Scriptures as a peg to hang his own inventions on—pours forth a flood of absurdities fiercely at variance with them—utters incoherent rhapsodies above human comprehension—and sends all to perdition save himself and his worshippers; and he is the idol of the many. In both politics and religion, the lower teacher draws his success in a very great degree from his ignorance and incapacity; they qualify him for captivating, and disable him for offending, the taste and understanding of his followers.

As to creed, which is boasted of as the great parent of party, it is rather the child, instrument, and convenience. Speaking of human things only, the best creed is but the offspring of interest. The man who looks at the public weal alone, frames and applies his creed according to the dictates of the public interests: he makes this an article of it because it will give trade of

riches, and that another, because it will secure property and life. But party looks solely, or principally, at its own interests, and fashions its creed accordingly. Taking our stand where difference of principle begins and ends, the aristocracy or democracy holds peculiar principles because they will give it peculiar benefits,—it can gain from them wealth, allies, power, and ascendancy; the case is similar with the parties of agriculture, trade, &c. In other words, the tenets of each body are an enumeration of the things it seems necessary, for defending and promoting its separate interests. It may plead the public good, and the latter may sanction what it claims, but still its leading object is the good of itself. Separate creed ends with separate interest, and becomes common.

Political party, of necessity, takes its creed in the main from the interests of those divisions of society which give birth to and sustain it. Community of interest connects the crown, aristocracy, church, and agriculture; the Tory party flows from them, and it combats for their benefit as the means of promoting its own. The same cause connects against them the democracy, dissenters, and traders; these produce the Whig party, which, for the sake of existence and triumph, makes their defence and gain tenets of faith. The Radical party springs from the lower orders, and fashions their separate profit into its creed. Then the separate interests of the party are naturally added to the string of tenets. Often enough the benefit of the body is sacrificed to that of the heads, but this is done under the pretext of promoting it. While the political party takes creed in many particulars from the divisions of society on which it stands, they, in others, take creed from it; but the motive is on both sides prompted by interest. The personal feelings and characteristics I have mentioned as contributing to the creation of party, also share in forming its creed. A political party perfectly impartial, and founding its faith on strict truth and justice cannot prosper, because it can gain none of the great divisions of society; rival ones, by addressing themselves to interest, prejudice, passion, and ignorance, turn all against it. In proof, we need only glance at a general election: the independent candidate can scarcely find

a supporter, and only decided party ones are chosen.

The creed of each body may be divided into two parts: the one relates to general, abstract, eternal principles; and the other to special, practical, occasional matters of policy. The first part is so vague and pliant, that it may be made to mean, oppose, or support anything; and its practice is governed by interest. The Tory, aristocratic, and church party, long took its stand on the antagonist principles to those of foreign revolutionists; then, for several years, it threw its weight into the scale with the latter against them. From the time when Mr. Canning became the foreign secretary, to the fall of the Wellington ministry, it professed to agree generally with the Whigs, and to favour "liberal principles," against those it had previously held: now it is again fiercely opposed to Whig and Liberal principles. Professing to support the Crown and Peers against the Commons, it, touching the Catholic question, forced both into subjection to the Commons;—professing to defend the church, it destroyed her privileges and securities, and placed the Catholics, as well as Protestant dissenters, on a level with her;—professing to be the protector of agriculture, it took the side of manufactures against it, and inflicted on it grievous injury;—and professing to be the champion of the aristocracy, it, on the reform bill, fought for the destructive privileges of the multitude. In all these matters it acted on the leading general principles of the Whigs, in violation of its own; and it obviously did so for the sake of popularity, place, and ascendancy, although the fruit was its ruin.

The Whig, democratic, and dissenting party, pretends to base its creed on hostility to regal tyranny, and affection for popular liberties; yet it regularly took the side of Napoleon Buonaparte, the most savage and successful tyrant known to modern history, and withstood all attempts to liberate the nations which groaned under his yoke. Pretending to struggle for the redress of popular grievances, it, for many years before it gained office, supported the executive in disregarding almost every complaint and petition of the people;—pretending to combat for the independence of parliament against the crown, it is labouring to give the latter absolute dominion over one house;—

pretending to oppose all encroachments of the crown, it is endeavouring to give it a monstrous portion of arbitrary power;—and pretending to fight the battles of religious liberty, it at this moment is striking at the root of such liberty, by officially granting, to an ecclesiastical tyranny the right to suppress the Holy Scriptures and the exercise of private judgment in religious matters. All this is flatly at variance with the great principles of the party: in divers points it goes beyond those of the Tory one, and it demonstrably has been dictated by interest.

The Radical or Liberal party affects extreme hatred of the tyranny of rulers, yet, when its members happen to rule, it lauds in them the worst cruelty and oppression. It has taken the lead in urging ministers to make the crown regularly despotic over one house of parliament, and it continually calls for the slavery of all who stand in its way. Pretending that the will of the lower orders ought to be irresistible, it is their most furious and despotic opponent when they will not obey its mandates; I need only point in proof to its conduct when the Catholic Bill was passed;—preaching up the sovereignty of the people, it is anxious, in this country, Portugal, and other parts, to put down such sovereignty by the will of the government and the bayonet, in favour of its own tyrants;—pretending to combat for the interests of the working classes, it supports every thing calculated to cut down wages and employment, opposes the establishment of poor-laws in Ireland, insists that no relief shall be granted to the distressed silk-weavers, &c., assails religion, and defends the sources of immorality;—in a word, it is the most determined foe of these interests. Whenever the latter are calculated to unite the lower with the upper classes against itself, it fiercely attacks them. Thus it constantly tramples on its leading principles when they come into conflict with its profit.

With regard to the portion of party creed which relates to special and occasional matters of policy, it is commonly adopted from almost any thing rather than upright examination and conviction. The party in opposition arrays itself, with little reference to their merits, against the measures of the ruling one, because they either emanate from the latter, or are likely

to do itself injury. Then it moves for various things solely to embarrass and discredit its opponent. Farther, to gain favour and support, it takes up the sordid schemes of the divisions of society which follow it, produces measures to gratify them, and joins in any guilty clamour. In consequence, it enters on office solemnly pledged to a course of policy which has been framed throughout on the principle of making national subservient to party and private benefit—solemnly pledged to regulate foreign affairs, colonial interests, trade, currency, and finance, on grounds which have been dictated by vicious private interest, personal profligacy, or popular delusion—and probably solemnly pledged also, on the same grounds, to change and innovate, subvert institutions, and attack the property and bread of vast portions of the community.

Each party, on becoming the government, is more or less pledged in this manner; and then in devising its measures, it has to consult its own separate interests and the wishes of its supporters, as well as those of the community at large; and it, of course, sacrifices the latter to the former in all cases of collision. As the government, it must stand in no small degree by resisting, no matter what their character may be, the propositions of the opposition party; and occasionally it can only stand by adopting these propositions, with the same disregard for their character.

The history of parties abounds with illustration alike curious and melancholy. It would be superfluous to cite proof of what is proverbial, that an opposition is, from party reasons, as ready to oppose the good as the bad measures of a ministry; or, of what is notorious, that it must adhere, as a ministry, to the opinions it promulgates as an opposition. When we look behind us, we perceive that the opinions of the Whigs on the Catholic disabilities, colonial slavery, free trade, currency, reform, &c., were taken up, enlarged, modified, pressed, or suspended, in exact accordance with the variations of party profit. When the present ministers obtained office, the Lord Chancellor and Lord J. Russell were pledged in the strongest manner against some of the leading provisions of their reform bill; and Lord Palmerston, and the rest of the Canning

party, were pledged against all reform. Nearly all the ministers were, in one way or another, pledged against the more important of the changes which the bill is to make; and their party, on the whole, was hostile to these changes. Party benefit has demonstrably produced the apostasy. The Tories long fought against Catholic emancipation as a vital matter, and then granted it—long ridiculed the Whig dogmas on free trade, currency, &c., and then reduced them to practice; and no ground can be discovered for believing they were not prompted by party reasons. The Canning party, after zealously opposing all reform, and constituting itself the especial guardian of the peers, now supports the sweeping reform bill, and aids in practically destroying the House of Peers; many of the old Tories, while the Wellington ministry existed, called for comprehensive reform as loudly as the Whigs, and at this moment they follow the most fierce anti-reformers. No one can mistake the motives of either. The opinions of both the Whigs and Tories on free trade and currency were evidently embraced principally on party grounds. Ample experiment has proved them to be erroneous—has demonstrated that the assumed principles on which they stand are flatly at variance with fact, yet they are obstinately adhered to. That party gain, which led to their adoption, prohibits inquiry and re-consideration, in total disregard of the injury they have inflicted on the empire.

Looking at the members of a party individually, here are two or three leading men who follow politics as a profession; they employ themselves incessantly in labouring to destroy the ministry that they may rule in its stead, and their hope of success lies chiefly in attempts to cover it with odium, and ingratiate themselves with, not the whole, but certain parts of the community. If they be honourable, they see every thing through the medium of personal interest, envy, prejudice, and animosity; in consequence, they are almost disabled for forming other than fallacious opinions. Moreover, they are constantly impelled to advocate the unjust aggrandisement of a portion of society by inroads on the rights and weal of the other portion and the country at large. But in many cases they are the reverse of honourable;

their profession is of a kind to destroy the most stubborn integrity, and it frequently leaves them without any restraints which can interfere with their own benefit. It is scarcely possible for them to circulate opinions on public affairs which are not partial, vicious, and injurious.

In like manner, here are two or three ministers who follow politics as a profession, and are pledged as I have stated. However pernicious their policy may be, they must adhere to it: all that public necessity may call for must be neglected or resisted, if it will injure themselves; they must consult the wishes of a part of the nation in hostility to those of the rest; the public weal must continually clash with their own, and, in framing their measures, they must studiously make the former subservient to the latter. In regard to national matters, the opinions they utter must be interested, and frequently alike erroneous and destructive.

Well, these men attack this measure, or propose that, promulgate one set of opinions, or make war on another; and, lo! a large part of parliament, the press, and the community, instantaneously echo their sentiments. They reverse their opinion on some vital question, and the gigantic host does the same. What produces this miraculous unanimity?

In parliament, one man takes creed from them because he expects they will bestow on him preferment—another, because the opposite party has hugely offended him—a third, because his family is connected with them—a fourth, because they bear a certain party name—a fifth, because what they advocate will benefit his trade—and a sixth, because he was elected to follow them in every thing.

Their press was established to repeat their words and act as their instrument. In respect of proprietors and publishers, it is their humble slave for the sake of sale, advertisements, and other kinds of pecuniary benefit. In regard to writers, there are not only the bonds of the employer that such and such parties and interests shall be fought for without reference to object—shall be as hotly supported in error and villany, as in truth and virtue, but also introductions, notice, dinners, worthless promises of patronage, and empty hopes of preferment, to make its slavery perfect. Their press even

avowedly exists to take creed from them, in utter scorn of its nature, for the sake of sordid gain of one description or another.

Amidst the general community, one individual implicitly adopts the opinions of these men on one subject, because he owes his fortune to them, or they have promised him a place, or he dare not offend some great man, or it will gain him friends and business,—another does it in obedience to his parish party, or favourite newspaper. This man is a fierce Whig or Tory, without knowing any thing of party creeds, because he was reared one, or became one in early life through accident,—that man devoutly believes in every thing Whigs or Tories utter, because he is a churchman and landowner, or a dissenter and manufacturer. Here a man outrageously lauds a measure, because his neighbour abuses it; and there one execrates a principle because it strikes at his property. In a county, these newspapers, for profit, servilely follow certain public men, and they are servilely followed by their readers: those peers and gentlemen, from connexion, patronage, &c. follow such public men with equal servility; and their tenants, tradesmen, and dependents, generally are compelled to do the same.

Thus, if we analyse society, we can scarcely find one party man who has chosen his party from a careful examination of its creed, or who judges impartially of public measures as they come before him; and we find comparatively few who are not prohibited by bonds of different kinds from judging of such measures according to their nature.

From all this it follows, that when the two or three leaders, from vicious motives, attack the best measure or propose the worst, it is from no other reason than because they do so, vehemently denounced or applauded by the whole party. Their press examines the measure to give, not a fair description of it, but the most unjust and deceptious one possible. It distorts, misrepresents, suppresses, and conceals—execrates what is wise and necessary, or lauds what is destructive, in utter scorn of truth, and to mislead its readers to the utmost. We have before us at this moment a very striking illustration. The Reform Bill could not be surpassed in importance, yet the press, on the one

side, carefully hides its defects, and puffs it as perfection; and on the other hides its merits with equal care, and condemns it as ruinous: no effort is made by either side to separate the bad from the good, or supply the grounds of correct judgment; and every nerve is strained by both to prevent it from being properly understood. In like manner acts the general body of followers throughout the united kingdom. Country gentlemen, manufacturers, and merchants—farmers and shopkeepers—mechanics and labourers, are horror-struck by this measure, or enraptured with that. Why? Have they laboriously examined and weighed, and do they duly understand, what they so furiously rail against of praise? No: they have never essayed to judge impartially—in all probability they know nothing of the real character of the measure; they read their press only to find food for the opinion they have adopted, and they would throw it from them in disgust should it place before them the truth. They and their journals would have panegyrised what they condemn, or withstand what they advocate, with equal fury, if their leaders in parliament had set the example. The ministers may scatter injustice and oppression far and wide; they may trample on laws, batter down the best institutions, and plunge public affairs into ruin; nevertheless, all they say and do will be as fiercely supported by their press and party as though it were distinguished by the extreme of virtue and wisdom.

A party, through personal animosity, must commonly differ in every thing from its antagonist: if, therefore, one put forth an opinion on a question not connected with party interests, another at once stoutly inculcates an opposite opinion. The Tory thinks cheap beer-shops an evil, and this assures the Whig that they are the contrary. The Whig pronounces the laws relating to bankruptcy or forgery need amendment, and the Tory is convinced by it that change would be injurious. By the Tory the cholera is stated to be contagious, and this reveals to the Whig that it is the reverse. A poem or novel is hugely extolled by the Whig, and in consequence it is profusely abused by the Tory. One party asserts a trade, or the country at large, is in great distress, this impels another to maintain it is highly prosperous. This

newspaper intimates that the King is seriously ill, whereupon that swears his Majesty is in the best health possible. Because those public prints take a side touching a duel, a matrimonial affair, or a family squabble, these take the opposite one. Thus, what escapes the leaders is dragged into the arena by the followers, until every thing which attracts public notice is made a party question: the leaders are tempted, and almost compelled, to misrepresent and delude to the utmost; and when they are silent, the followers still adopt opinion on the same vicious grounds, without inquiry, and in disregard of truth.

Religious creed may too often be traced to a similar source. It is generally obvious that the founder of a new sect is moved by loss, hope of benefit, disappointment, or affront, as well as conscience; and that the latter is little better than the instrument of the former. Frequently he can only commence and prosper as a minister by inventing some new faith of his own. Amidst the old sects, the ministers are perhaps reared for their profession, and embrace their creed, as a matter of course, without investigation. Placing before us the followers, one man professes a religion, without being acquainted with its peculiar tenets, because his parents belonged to it, and taught him to dislike every other; a second is a profligate, destitute of religious knowledge, yet he is the furious champion of a sect, because another opposes his party in politics; a third follows a religion, without thinking it better than the rest, for the sake of worldly gain; a fourth is a fiery zealot, whose knowledge of his faith is drawn solely from teachers as ignorant as himself, and who never attempted to discover its scriptural truth, or make himself acquainted with the tenets of those he consigns to perdition; and a fifth embraces a creed without investigation, through the influence of friends or employers. Here a professional man or tradesman, on establishing himself in life, joins a sect solely for the purpose of gaining business; there an individual abandons his sect for an opposite one, because it will not allow him to dictate in its affairs. Few indeed amidst ministers, and still fewer amidst followers, embrace their creed from dispassionate examination and comparison.

While creed is chosen in this manner,

attachment to it is continually strengthened by interest and animosity. The regular clergyman deems the dissenting minister a rival and enemy, therefore he denounces the latter's tenets, and lauds his own, to preserve his flock. The Catholic priest excludes all from heaven who differ from him—the Independent minister cries up election and execrates free-will—the Methodist one extols free-will and assails election,—each confines truth to his own doctrines, and pronounces all other to be dangerous heresies, as the great means of retaining and increasing followers, and with them both importance and subsistence. Thus affection for his own faith, and hostility to every other, are made to the minister, on worldly grounds even, matters of necessity. The layman, on joining his sect, is interested in its prosperity, and inflamed by attacks on it; in consequence, the doctrines on which it stands are, in his eyes, putting their truth out of the question, precious, personal, and party possessions—and opposite ones, no matter how true they may be, are hateful.

As the political creed of those who care little for religion frequently governs their choice in following a religious sect, so the more zealous of religious professors commonly take their political from their religious creed. Although the dissenting bodies are rivals and enemies, they still, for what they believe to be common protection and gain, act together against the established church; therefore they ally themselves with the political party which is opposed to her; because a man is a warm dissenter he must be a Whig, and of course believe on all political questions as the Whigs do. The fruits are equally incongruous and deplorable. We daily see the infidel and the outrageous religious fanatic fighting side by side in politics, and frequently for that which openly strikes at both morals and religion. The dissenter holds drunkenness to be a heinous sin, but still he must defend cheap beer-shops; he shudders at the name of blasphemy, but he must not tolerate the prosecution of blasphemous publications; he laments the awful spread of sin and crime, but he must join in bringing the national church into contempt, and reducing her means of imparting religious instruction; he renounces Catholicism as idolatry and religious tyranny, but he must aid it in

its struggles for power and ascendancy; he insists that the Scriptures ought to be disseminated everywhere, but he must support government in making it the rights of the Catholic priesthood to suppress them at pleasure. That party which carries in its train the open blasphemer, the enemy of all religion, and the regular assailant of morals, also comprehends the more fiery and fanatical dissenters; and the latter support it in almost any attack on religion which it thinks good to make. The dissenting bodies in this manner take opinion from the party on political questions, in disregard of nature and consequences, solely because it professes to combat for them against the Church. On the other hand, the members of the national religion follow in politics the party which professes to defend their religious interests, even when the latter are sacrificed by its measures.

While party creeds are adopted with so little reference to their truth, they are commonly twisted and tortured to such an extreme, that truth is converted into error. If the leaders keep within the bounds of moderation in what they openly utter, they disregard them in what they anonymously write. At public meetings, unadorned fact and sober argument can make no impression; therefore the orators, however exalted they may be, riot in inflammatory hyperbole, misrepresentation, and fable. The press, seeking to please its heads on the one hand and readers on the other, is impelled to push every thing to the extreme; and extremes only can be thought of by the interested, maddened followers. In consequence, the best principle is rendered false by application, and measures founded on wisdom receive shape and operation which make them destructive. The principle, that the democracy ought to have its share in the government enters into the essence of freedom, but in practice one party uses it to establish democratic tyranny, and another reduces it to a shadow. Economy in the management of the public purse is necessary, but party strains it into a source of national loss and evil. Reform in the House of Commons, or the Church, is wanted, but party can only accept such a plan as will sacrifice the institution to itself and be ruinous. In religion, the doctrines of faith and grace are stretched into blasphemy:

impulses and feelings are blown into such importance, that morals are treated as minor things, and even as worthless ones; and the abstract, non-essential, disputed points, on which sects establish themselves, are so much attended to, that the leading precepts of Christianity are trampled on. So far is perversion carried, that the Holy Scriptures are made a source of wicked delusion, and religion one of hatred, malice, contention, blasphemy, and perdition.

Party creeds, in their practical character, generally consist of questions which are the least necessary to the public weal, or militate against it, or the exclusion of such as it demands. For a long time the Whig creed was composed mainly of giving assistance to foreign revolutionists, Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, gold currency, free trade, repeal of taxes, and the abolition of colonial slavery. Not one of these matters was in any material degree necessary for the national good, and nearly all were directly opposed to it. The first scattered the seeds of wars, and had no small share in producing the present revolutionary state of Europe. As to Catholic emancipation and reform, they were intrinsically of little consequence to those who were the most deeply interested in them: the body of the Catholics and Radicals could not, in the nature of things, gain from them any real benefit; and they had vital bearing on the best institutions of the empire. The other questions could not, on the shewing of their advocates yield material advantage; and, with one exception, they were obviously calculated to produce gigantic evil. But because they were pressed, measures which were on public grounds imperiously necessary could not be thought of. Such legislation was urgently called for touching Ireland as would give the people food, civilisation, law, and order; but the Catholic question was used to prohibit it: the Catholic champions virtually declared, you shall do nothing for Ireland until this question is carried. Manufactures and trade were grievously distressed, but the free trade and currency questions prevented the mention of relief,—the labouring population was in extreme misery, but these questions and reform would not permit remedy to be named,—the

West India colonies were sinking into ruin, but the slavery question would only allow the ruin to be hastened.

The Tories, to a large extent, held the same creed. Defending the church, they made it a tenet, that the defects and abuses which were manifestly bringing her to the dust should be preserved. Hostile to reform, they fought for the vices and corruptions which were excluding themselves from the House of Commons and virtually establishing universal suffrage. Pledged to Mr. Huskisson's theory, they were bound from applying any remedy to public suffering, or admitting its existence. While the one party could not listen to any really beneficial measure, lest it should prevent the success of its party ones, the other was equally deaf, lest it should disable it for defending its own.

The Radicals or Liberals rigidly restricted their creed to pernicious and destructive matters. Their scheme of reform was to throw the middle classes as well as the upper ones into the minority, and exalt the ignorant, demoralised, maddened multitude into the government. Their church amendment was robbery and subversion—their reduction of taxes was confiscation. In clamouring for the abolition of the corn law, it was obvious that, not the benefit of the poor, but the ruin of the great, was their object. They contended not more bitterly for such things as were calculated to produce distress and convulsion, than against such as were likely to yield prosperity and peace. Knowing that their hope of triumph rested on national loss and misery, they were sagacious enough to oppose all efforts to remove the latter or impede their progress.

Hence, while in late years changes of law, system, and institution have been made, which for number and magnitude are without example, scarcely one has yielded any sensible benefit to the body of the community, few have produced as much good as evil, and nearly all have had the most baleful operation. On examining the fruits of the new legislation touching trade, currency, the Catholics, combinations, free beer-shops, &c. &c., we find beggary, starvation, vice, crime, insubordination, disaffection, and rebellion. Never was any civilised country so scourged and savaged by mal-government as this has been. During the

period in question, changes of remedy and relief have been called for even as the means of preventing revolution, and they have been constantly refused.

At this moment, Ireland is distressed, lawless, and on the brink of rebellion; the West India Colonies are in a dreadful condition; a vast part of the community is in grievous suffering; to a very large extent the lower classes are without places of worship and religious instruction; the church is sinking, infidelity is spreading, vice and crime abound, law is despised, the monarchy totters, and the worst feelings pervade the population. Are parties employed in devising remedies? No; they are wasting their energies on speculative reform, converting tithes into a new and more pernicious question, heaping additional misery on different interests, and making petty changes which cannot possibly yield more than trifling individual or local advantage. Bankruptcy courts must be amended, but colonial bankruptcy must be fed; a new police must be invented, but the distress of the glove and silk trades must be disregarded or enlarged; the people must have votes at elections, but not churches or food; Ireland must have new magistrates, a different mode of paying tithes, and still more destructive power for her Catholics, but not bread for the destitute and bonds for the rebellious; the church must be subjected to change and mutilation, but not strengthened. Parties are not only silent touching rational remedy for the leading evils, but almost all they are employed with is calculated, in one way or another, to protect and increase them. If such remedy be proposed, it encounters party pledge here and party profits there, consequently it sinks under general hostility. By a strange fatality, Whig, Tory, and Liberal have got entangled in a common interest to oppose effective measures of relief and correction.

The case is much the same with the creeds of religious parties in their practical character. To uphold petty points of abstract belief, the extension of Christian practice is neglected or resisted. Instead of endeavouring to reclaim the godless, one sect must employ itself in excluding from heaven all religious people who dissent from its peculiar doctrines; another must disparage morals, and insist only on what is unintelligible to the ignorant;

and a third must inveigh against enthusiasm. Thus, to the infinite benefit of irreligion and infidelity, the war of the pulpit is directed less against sin and sinners than religious belief and pious people. The Bible Society and its diffusion of the Scriptures are struck at, because it circulates the Apocrypha, or has Unitarian members, or consists partly of other dissenters. In the Church, the feud between the evangelicals and their adversaries must be enlarged, though it do her grievous injury: to promote the interests of the richer part of the clergy, the latter must have inefficient ministers, and be to a great extent without places of worship. A measure for increasing religion here falls to the ground because it will benefit the Church, and there because it will serve her rivals. An enormous part of the population is really destitute of places of worship and religious instruction—insidelity, as well as every kind of wickedness, prevails in the most deplorable manner, yet the religious bodies rather endeavour to keep remedy from this appalling state of things than to apply it: they have contrived to place their tenets and interests in opposition to effective endeavours for the spread of religion and morals.

Parties make too often the practical part of their creed, independently of its nature, a prolific source of public mischief. For many years the Catholic question was used to fill Ireland with the most deadly ills; at the best, to confer a little advantage on a handful of individuals, the bonds of society were severed, the laws were trampled on, crime was generated, property and food were destroyed, and the people were kept in a state bordering on civil war, and displaying not a few of its horrors. Parliamentary reform, which, as the honest part of its friends own, cannot yield any mighty profit to the body of the population, has been rendered an engine for covering public institutions with hatred, and placing the empire on the verge of revolution. The abolition of tithes could only benefit landowners, and yet the party clamour for it has raised a war against the church and religion. Colonial slavery inflicts no injury on the home population, nevertheless the outcry against it has been a great means of involving the West India colonies in ruin. An insignificant question, like

that contained in the abrogation of the game laws, was magnified into a grave source of disaffection, contempt of law, and crime. Looking at all the party questions which have been agitated of late years in the aggregate, they have even in appearance offered little promise of important national benefit; they have, in the main, related to minor theoretic defects, individual grievances, or ideal gain; yet the mere use of them has distressed agriculture and trade, produced idleness and hunger, wasted hundreds of millions of property, undermined the constitution, rendered law a dead letter, destroyed the morals and loyalty of the subject, and made the dismemberment of the empire almost certain. It is demonstrable that these questions were taken up, and used as they were, principally for the sake of vicious party profit. The Whigs and Liberal Tories shunned the Catholic question when it militated against their party strength; and they only made that touching slavery a leading one when it was taken up by the religious portion of the community. The Whigs, as a party, were divided on reform, until it was called for by the lower orders. Party never thought of the questions concerning tithes and game, until they were pressed by the multitude and its newspapers; the mass of the Catholics clamoured for emancipation without caring for it, chiefly as a means of indulging their hatred of the Protestants, and love of turbulence and strife; the body of the Radicals insisted on reform, that they might pull down their superiors, and enrich themselves with their spoils; the religious people laid hold of the slavery question, in a great measure for the sake of sectarian warfare and gain; those who railed against tithes and game laws were scarcely touched by either, and were actuated by hostility to the church and aristocracy. To a very large extent, these questions originated with publications which sought only their own sordid benefit. In this manner the community stimulated party, and party in its turn seduced and inflamed the community, until the results were so afflicting and destructive. Throughout, the public good was despised and assailed, rather than desired.

With regard to religious parties, Catholicism protects and enlarges itself by trampling on the best interests of Ireland and the rest of the empire:

that it may flourish, landlord and tenant, neighbour and neighbour, the high and the low, must be mortal foes, the people must be disaffected, laws must be disregarded, and public institutions must be eternally warred against. The Dissenters in England support themselves by throwing their weight into the scale of strife, convulsion, insubordination, and disloyalty: that they may prosper, the Church must be incessantly attacked, the people must be incited to hate the clergy and aristocracy, the name of religious and political madness must be blown, the well-disposed must be combatted, and the whole social system must be subjected to change and subversion. The religious parties rank amidst the most furious enemies of internal peace, and they have had a leading share in producing the calamities which have so long sat on the empire.

Independently of their ordinary pernicious modes of seeking success, parties will commit almost any direct iniquity to compass their projects. Insensible to honour and despising law, nothing can effectually restrain them save physical impossibility. The Catholic Association was tolerated by one, and protected by another, until it virtually triumphed through treason and rebellion: the Whigs openly placed it above both the law and government. From it—that is, in reality, from the guilt of the Tories who encouraged, and the Whigs who defended it—sprung the numberless clubs which are now usurping the sovereignty throughout the United Kingdom. The Tories carried the Catholic question in violation of all that can bind upright men, and in such scorn of national opposition as made the deed flagrant tyranny. The Whigs declare, if they can carry reform in no other way, they will do it by the practical suppression of the House of Peers: many of them, in the last few months, have called on the executive to strip, by pure despotism, the aristocracy and clergy of their rights, and make itself dictator to the Commons, as well as the Lords. The battle touching reform has furnished daily proof that party lacks nothing but power at present for perpetrating the foul crimes which disgraced it in the darker ages. The banishments and burnings of former times will shew what religious parties are capable of committing; and we find evidence, in

both Ireland and England, that if it depended on will alone, they would now be repeated.

Party power is necessarily influenced by a variety of causes: frequently trifling accident gives it, or takes it away; and that which ought in reason and justice to bestow, or destroy it, does the contrary. The power of political is largely governed by that of religious party. If a people be knit together by religion, and led by their pastors, there can be no party balance in politics; religious interest, actual or supposed, will operate against other kinds of interest to prevent division. The Tories have regularly lost power with the decline of the Church, the Whigs have gained it with the increase of the Dissenters, and, alas! to the Liberals it has grown with the growth of infidelity. Mere preference or dislike to the Church, amidst the lower and middle classes, must go far towards deciding whether the Tory or the Whig shall predominate.

Thus a few enthusiasts, led by dis-tempered imagination, diseased reason, or something still worse, found new sects, enlarge old ones, and assail established systems of faith; and a cause like this, in due time, gives rule and destiny to a great empire. A religion, by ignorance, superstition, intolerance, and tyranny, gains despotic political power over mighty nations. The negligence or inefficiency of a clergy turns the scale between good and bad government; the error or misconduct of the ruler in regard to religion plunges his country into ruin; and a nation, by embracing erroneous religion, or becoming irreligious, brings on itself all the evils of misrule.

The state of feeling between the lower and upper classes has mighty effect on the power of political party. Turning the scale between the aristocracy and democracy, it must do the same between the Tories and Whigs: the aristocracy depends very largely for ascendancy on its influence over those below it, and in consequence the hostility of the latter places it in the minority. Hence the anger and animosity of the less exalted orders towards their superiors, which perhaps strive for nothing beyond an election triumph, transfer the reins of government from one party to another; and a party becomes the ministry which enjoys far less of public confidence than its rival. Demoralisation.

afion, convulsion, and disaffection, give the sceptre to a party, and then govern it.

I need not dilate on the prodigious influence exercised by the press over party power. Independently of cause and creed, a party depends very greatly on the talent alone of its press: powerful writers often make the worst doctrines triumph, while feeble ones gain only defeat for the best. A party, therefore, frequently wins or loses ascendancy through the superiority or inferiority of its scribes, when it ought, from its character and measures, to do the contrary. A single publication can turn the balance. One may be established for no other purpose than to enrich its owners: it may seek to gratify popular passion and delusion, in total disregard of principle; it may eat its words, fight in turn on all sides, and even make a boast of the darkest profligacy; yet, by industry and ability alone, it may almost choose the ministry and dictate its measures. The Liberal or Radical journals have affected independence between Whig and Tory, and waged war against both; yet their influence has in effect gone with the Whigs. Labouring to create a party for their own mercenary, guilty benefit, or seeking sale alone, they have had a leading share in raising the Whigs to office. Thus a few poor, obscure individuals, possessing little ability and less honesty, seeking only private gain, and thriving by offering food to the evil feelings and desires of the multitude, have, even against their own intentions and interests, contributed very greatly towards changing the government in person and policy.

The Catholic and Radical demagogues assailed the Whigs as bitterly as the Tories, and often rather favoured the latter; yet the Whigs reaped the fruit of their labours. The success of the Catholic ones in Ireland was almost sufficient for turning the scale against the Tories. A handful of men, by impudence and depravity, falsehood, slander, and evasion of law, may transfer ascendancy from one party to another.

A single measure, of little real value to those who advocate it, will often govern the balance between parties. The Catholic question long served the Tories as a counterpoise to the reform one: they preserved a bare majority at elections by using it against the

other; they favoured it, and sunk into the minority—passed it, and were ruined. The Whigs have prevailed in a great measure through the reform question; and had their first bill passed, it would, in my judgment, have been as fatal to them as the Catholic one was to the Tories. From reasons which I shall state on another occasion, I think the latter have blindly fought for Whig benefit in much of their opposition to the English plan of reform. To me it seems incomprehensible that men who are constantly complaining of the revolutionary feelings of the lower orders, and who cannot be ignorant that the separate press and clubs which these orders possess will keep the feelings in permanent existence, should have combatted for retaining the creation of electors by birth and servitude; or, in other words, for what is about equal to universal suffrage. The slavery question has been for some time a source of great election strength to the Whigs. A party, from a mistaken hope of profit, may strip itself of power by conceding a single question to the minority, or it may depose itself by carrying one in obedience to the national wish. A comparatively small part of the community, to triumph on one minor point, may pull down a ministry, and form another opposed to it in essentials.

It would be superfluous to enlarge on the gigantic effect which the possession or lack of talent in the parliamentary leaders has on party power. Even one individual, by his eloquence, may render a feeble party triumphant, and enable it to carry the most destructive measures.

The party balance is greatly under the control of the independent part of the House of Commons. A small number of unconnected individuals, holding their seats and principles through accident, and really representing their own sentiments only, can, in spite of the majority of the country, exercise the prerogative of choosing the ruling party.

Mere good or ill fortune, to a large extent, governs this balance. A party preserves or loses the ascendancy, because pure chance prospers its foolish and vicious deeds, or thwarts its wise and righteous ones. A trifling circumstance, which it has no share in producing, casts it from supremacy, or makes it all-powerful. The Whigs were almost annihilated, when Queen

Caroline raised a storm which well nigh gave them the cabinet. The Tories were invincible, when the death of the late Earl of Liverpool swept them from office.

Party power varies with the state of the empire: the worst ministry carries all before it in the latter's prosperity, and the best falls in its distress. Bad harvests, excessive production and importation of goods, the loss of foreign markets, and similar causes, are sufficient for turning the party scale: probably, because they take place the wise party is deposed, and one of ruinous principles is conducted to office. Variations in public morals operate in the same manner: the people are profligate, therefore the profligate party triumphs; they are lawless, therefore they make for themselves a party tyranny.

And the power in question is largely regulated by the character of the sovereign. The able and virtuous, or incapable and vicious, party rules, because he is able and virtuous, or incapable and vicious.

Of many minor things, such as in-

trigues, personal quarrels, &c., I will say nothing.

I have not mentioned faction, because I know not how to distinguish it correctly from party. The worst body is sometimes a party, and the best is not seldom a faction, therefore I concede to all the more dignified title. In my eyes, a party degenerates into a faction when it does not fight its battles in strict obedience to the rules of morality and honour—the laws and constitution, in letter and spirit, form, meaning, and common usage; consequently, I am constrained to believe that both Whigs and Tories sometimes, to speak in the most gentle way, fall into the degeneracy. I fear the Tories were little better than an unprincipled faction when they passed the Catholic Bill, looking at the manner only, without reference to the bill; and I am convinced that the Whigs, in declaring that the crown has a right to create peers at will, solely to carry a political and party measure, are a faction infinitely more unprincipled.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL AND THE LANDERS.

THE hearts of many tender mammas were made glad by a reviewer some few months back, who summed up his praises of a tale of fiction by stating his belief that it would tend to diminish the mischievous fondness for a sea-life so early manifested by English boys. We forget the title of the book, but recollect that it purported to contain the history of a stripling, who, pleased with an uncle's yacht at Cowes, resolves to enter the navy. His relative's interest soon procures the youngster a birth as midshipman on board a sloop of war, which is shortly lost in a white squall in the Mediterranean; and after sundry disastrous adventures, the poor boy is brought home in a merchant-vessel, whose brutal master half starves and beats his unfortunate young passenger to death, and thus cures him

of his marine propensities. Such is the moral of the tale, which we own to be any thing but congenial with our taste; for though we would not, like a recruiting sergeant, entrap unwary youths on board ship by figured narratives of enjoyment, yet, having long floated on blue water before we became critics, we cannot bring ourselves to concur with the landsman reviewer's approbation of fiction being made the vehicle of false alarm to deter from the service in which we so long delighted, and whose memory is still so proudly dear to us. Nay, sorry should we be did we apprehend the arrival of an hour in which, from softening refinements or other causes, the spirit of an English boy would no longer thrill at the names of Rodney or of Nelson, and cease to be interested in tales of

* Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. Second Series. 3 vols. Robert Cadell, Edinburgh. 1832.

Journal of an Expedition to Explore the Course and Termination of the Niger, &c. By Richard and John Lander. 3 vols. London. 1832.

Life of Bruce the African Traveller. By Major F. B. Head. 12mo. London. 1830.

that mighty deep on which lie Britannia's march and home. In addition to these more pleasurable feelings with which our heart is warmed, we think that, considering Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls, every thing that promotes the improvement of her naval population is of political importance. We accordingly hailed with no ordinary delight the appearance of Captain Basil Hall's first series of *Voyages and Travels*, as presenting most instructive and agreeable amusement to the merry reefer, the light-hearted companions of our boyhood. In that bygone period, the tricks of that scapegrace Peregrine Pickle, or worse, the amours of Moll Flanders, too often furnished the only materials for our literary relaxation, after logarithms and Hamilton Moore. The announcement of a second series from the same gallant author awakened our eager hopes, and we anticipated in the perusal that wholesome treat which we have subsequently enjoyed.

Has a man, whose first years were passed amidst the freshening breezes of ocean, but whose maturer days have witnessed his confinement to a smoky street and sedentary occupation, escaped for awhile from the "*funum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ*," to the cool seabench, where the splash of the wave, or the flapping of the curlew's wing, has succeeded to the human hum of London?—that man's emotions were ours, when we turned from mawkish novels and angry pamphlets to the feast prepared for us by Captain Hall, "where no crude surfeit reigns." Do any of our good-natured readers smile at an enthusiasm beyond our wont, let them bear with an ancient mariner recalling the charms of his first love. Do readers of a moroser temper (if such we have) disdainfully sneer at our emotions, we can assure them how heartily we laugh at them as shore-going gentry, ignorant of life's best pleasures, and who cannot tell

"The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way."

But those who have never left the land may feel, when the earth is bound up by frost, when nature's energies seem constrained, the song of birds is hushed, and the snow-drop dare not bud—when rivers are arrested in their course, and the transit of commerce is

checked by thick-ribbed ice in the canal—how cheering it is to wander by the eternal freshness and purity of ocean, and mark how it rolls in unfettered freedom, the highway of nations, the diffuser of knowledge and of power, the civiliser of the world. On the other hand, who that has long traversed the waste of waters, and fought, after a distant voyage, the home of his youth, but has been taught by sad experience how changeable is all on earth? The honeysuckle no longer clusters round the porch, the old church tower has assumed a greyer tint, the churchyard turf heaves with many a mouldering heap which we knew not at our departure, the castle on the hill now totters to its fall, man has marked the earth with ruin, and has himself departed—all has changed! Let the wanderer turn back to the watery plain on whose bosom he has so long been borne—he can trace no shadow of man's ravages or nature's changes there.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!"

"Although there can be no doubt," observes Captain Hall, "that a superabundance of matter is a better source of composition than a scantiness of materials, yet we may even in these respects have too much of a good thing, and be cast, at first, into a sort of despair, from the utter hopelessness of being able to do the subject any kind of justice."

These remarks were elicited by a contemplation of that strange spectacle, the bazaar of Bombay, and its astonishing crowd of new and curious objects—and, in a restricted sense, we may apply them to our task of reviewing the volumes before us. Justice demands ample and frequent quotations; our limits forbid. We will endeavour to steer a middle course; we will not pretermit any important topic, and we will not dwell elaborately on any. The chapters in the first volume, entitled "A Sailor on Shore," and "Tricks upon Travellers," contain some joyous scenes of Irish conviviality, which the captain describes with evident satisfaction. We can only refer those of our readers to them who

love to quaff a cool bottle of claret on a summer's evening in an oriel window, while the beams of the setting sun are lighting up the gorgeous scenery of lake and mountain, or who agree with the captain and us in pronouncing good whisky punch, well made, the most insinuating of all the tipples ever invented by mortal man. But in his grateful remembrance of these joyous hours and boon companionship, the captain makes a remark on which we must animadvert.

"We have hardly any seamen in the fleet who are more sober and orderly, or who, when properly managed, are more docile and amenable to really good discipline, than the Irish. Perhaps it may occasionally happen that there is a difficulty in getting Paddy to see things in the particular light in which we wish him to view them, or, as we say, to make him cast with his head on the right tack; but there is no man who performs more or better work when once that is accomplished."

It is true that this laudatory observation is considerably qualified, as indeed it ought to be; for, admitting the full excellence of the Irish as soldiers, we do not fancy them afloat: but we still think it too complimentary. One of the many excellent plans of Lord Collingwood was to draft a certain number of Irish boys into the navy every year,—a plan which he had tried in his own ship with decided success. We have Lord Collingwood's authority, added to some experience ourselves, in saying that, without this preparatory training, the Irish are not the men we would make up a crew with; for on a lee-shore we might have difficulty in making Pat "cast with his head on the right tack,"—a difficulty which makes us nervous to think of. The careless, frolicsome, sans-souci temper of the Irish must be subjected to a long course of rigid discipline before they can be made careful seamen. It will not do to dash about a frigate, as a jolly dragoon may gallop his troop; yet this very plain truth is overlooked too often by Irish pilots. "Are you quite sure," said an anxious man-of-war skipper to one who was piloting his ship out of a bay, "are you quite sure that you know this coast?" "Oh, faith am I, yer-honour! I know every rock—and, by Jasus! that's one of 'em," exclaimed the fellow, with careless glee, as the keel thumped heavily

enough upon a reef to awaken the officer's fears for the safety of his barks under such guidance.

A detailed account is given continuously through several chapters of the chief incidents to the Indian voyage. The whole narrative is characterised by the manly spirit that pervades Captain Hall's writings. The voyage is not commenced with the usual pining lamentations on dissevered ties, but with gay anticipations of "a boundless world of untried enjoyments a-head;" and its progress does not damp this hearty cheerfulness. Topics of professional interest, the best modes of navigation, and the most approved conduct for the moral government of the crew,—the glittering flight of the flying-fish, and the capture of the sailor's enemy, the shark, are alternately descanted on, and described with equal felicity.

His observations on the trade-winds and great monsoons of the Indian Ocean and China Sea are, in our opinion, especially valuable; to professional men, of course, primarily, but interesting and intelligible to readers of every class.

"It must be evident to every one, that the exact knowledge required for getting quickly over the more difficult parts of an Indian voyage, may often prove of the utmost consequence in a national point of view. Suppose, for instance, a war breaks out unexpectedly between France and England, and two frigates, equally good sailers, are despatched by the countries respectively, to spread the news in the eastern hemisphere. Conceive them to start simultaneously, one from Cherbourg, the other from Plymouth; let them both reach the edge of the Variables together, and also lose the north-east Trade-wind on the same day. So far, two equally good officers will probably run abreast of one another. But if one of the captains, without being personally acquainted with the numerous varieties that occur in those low latitudes, has yet a sound knowledge of the general laws by which the fluctuations in the winds are regulated, while the other has merely read about them in log-books, and has no theoretical key to help him to unlock the secrets of the perplexing anomalies he will inevitably encounter, the chances surely are, that the career of the two ships will become from that hour essentially different. If, to the theoretical knowledge which I have supposed one of the officers to possess, he adds even a slight personal acquaintance

with the facts, from having studied them on a former voyage, his advantage over his rival will be still greater. At all events, that frigate commanded by the officer possessed of most philosophical knowledge of the causes which put the air in motion, would, in all probability, double the Cape many days, perhaps weeks, before the other, and thus be enabled to scatter the important intelligence over the whole Indian ocean in time to prevent great disasters; or, by striking the first blow, to accomplish active warlike purposes of the highest importance to his country."

We promised to abstain from long quotations, but the above must be so striking as to exempt us from the censure of our readers in placing it before them. On our fitting out once for a voyage, a dear but economical old relation in the North expressed her wonder at our extravagant equipment of linen; and many a shore-going person, we doubt not, thinks it easy to be washed at sea, and also to catch fresh fish for every day's dinner. We must allow Captain Hall, in his own words, to instruct these ignorant individuals, and shall not apologise for so soon quoting again, as it may be any one's lot to make a long voyage; and sure are we that few, except sailors, know the value of the following hints:—

"We all know the misery of putting on wet clothes, or sleeping in damp sheets. Now, a shirt washed in salt water is really a great deal worse than either; because, in the cases alluded to, one may apply to the fire or the sun, and remedy the evil at the cost of a little time and trouble; but in the wretched predicament of putting on salt-water-washed linen, no such process avails anything. You first dry your unhappy shirt, by exposing it to the sun or the fire till it seems as free from moisture as any bone; you then put it on, in hopes of enjoying the benefit of clean linen. Alas, not a whit of enjoyment follows; for if the air be in a humid state, or you are exposed to exercise, the treacherous stuff, which, when crystallized, has hidden itself in the fibres of the cloth, speedily deliquesces or melts, and you have all the torture of being once more wrapped in moist drapery. In your agony, you pull it off, run to the galley-range, and

toast it over again; or you hang it up in the fiery heat of the southern sun; and when not a particle of wet seems to remain, you draw it on a second time, fancying your job at last complete. But, miserable man, you are as ill off as ever for the insidious enemy has merely retreated out of sight, but still lurks so close, that no art we yet know of will expel him, save and except that of a good sound rinsing in fresh water."

This information may seem homely, but it is worth the price of our Magazine to any inexperienced voyager. Captain Cook, who was the father of our present domestic economy on board ship, first devoted attention to the comfort of his crew by allowing them fresh water and two washing-days per week. And, following his example, a ceaseless anxiety to secure the comforts of their men, and unwearying contrivance how to effect this object in the best possible manner, is now so prevalent among our naval commanders, that we almost wonder that any seamen should prefer the merchant-service; but on this topic we must hereafter dwell more fully. "Aquatic Sports" furnish materials for a capital chapter, more inspiring to us than the verses of Somerville or any other describer of the raptures of the chase.* Are our landsmen readers aware that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the poets; and that Arion took his trip on the back of a porpoise, and not on the fish whose varying colours in death are likened by Byron to the rainbow hues of departing day? Have any of them eaten a porpoise? Captain Hall appears to relish its flesh, which "in texture and taste, and in the heat of its blood, resembles beef, though very coarse;" and his example induced his ship's company to demolish a whole monster of Arion's breed. When long at sea and short of provisions, we can conceive it possible to relish a porpoise, but can assure our unlearned readers, from personal experiment, that it is very fishy flesh, though we last partook of it in the German Ocean, when the ward-room table was well supplied with other and more dainty food, which might have made us fastidious. "A Man Overboard" supplies a text for excellent comments

* At a party, not long ago, in Sussex, where a gentleman was raving about fox-hunting, we asked him if he had ever chased a smuggling lugger across the race of Portland, or round St. Aldhelm's Head in a stiff breeze? Our question excited a superstitious stare; but when we recounted a run of the sort we had once ourselves, the young Nimrod admitted it might be pretty sport.

on the life-buoy, and on the best modes of procedure in cases of this common but distressing accident. "Sunday on Board a Man-of-War," and the "Ship Church," give the captain an admirable opportunity for graphic description, and, what is of higher moment, for the expression of sound opinions on the moral and religious training of seamen. The responsibility of a commanding officer on this head is very heavy, and very perplexing is the effective discharge of the onerous task, for sailors are such a strange set of beings, generally so uneducated, and; although by no means naturally irreligious, so totally destitute of any fixed principle—of such loose habits and oddly-constructed minds, that it is hard to turn them permanently to right thinking on religious matters. They are as docile as children, but quite as humoursome, and to manage them we must previously know them well. With Captain Hall, we would earnestly call the attention of commanders to this most momentous subject; we would caution them against the extremes of mere formality and raving fanaticism;—with him we will abstain from pointing out errors in excess and errors in defect, being too conscious of the facility of doing either. The utility of the exposure of faults is, in our estimation, more than questionable; it frequently is injurious—seldom, very seldom, is it beneficial. Rather would we exhort our officers, without prescribing the measure of church service afloat, or the peculiar doctrines to be inculcated, to recollect that there is not a single point of duty in the whole range of the naval profession which, when well understood, may not be enforced with greater efficiency by a strict adherence to the sanctions of religion. While the missionary is going forth to instruct the Esquimaux and the Hottentot, shall the noble defenders of our island be left uninstructed—left to drift about the wide and shoreless ocean of infidelity, without the breath of hope to fill their sails, and without pole-star to point their heavenward course? Forbid it, justice—forbid it, mercy!

The whole of Captain Hall's remarks on the moral management of sailors are deserving of the most devoted attention. His object, seems invariably to be, by the maintenance of considerate principles of discipline, to render his people happy and contented, and thereby se-

cure their best exertions on momentous and trying occasions. Had this system been observed on-board the *Bounty*, the impetuous but certainly ill-used Christian would not have been a mutineer. The house of commons have often expended much talk, with little practical wisdom, on the nature and severity of naval punishments, and it is not our purpose here to resume the discussion at length. Gladly would we assist any endeavours to lessen an evil which, until the period of perfection arrives, cannot be altogether removed; and readily will we listen to suggestions of any punitive system which will produce the necessary degree of order at the smallest expense of human suffering; but as to solitary confinement, gagging, branding, exposure, and other theoretical correctives, we can only smile at the ignorance of their propounders. Flogging may awaken the sensibilities of Joe Hume, or kindle the eloquence of Macaulay, or shake the nerves of Hunt, as his busy memory recurs to the cells of Newgate; but our experience enables us to confirm the accuracy of Captain Hall's observations. "I never once knew, nor ever heard of an instance in which a corporal punishment, administered calmly and with strict regard to justice and established usage, was followed by any permanent ill-will resting on the mind of a sailor, either towards his captain or towards the service." Sailors are on this point better judges than sentimental legislators on shore, who have no more notion of the peculiarities, the moral idiosyncrasy of Jack, than they have of the nature and attributes of beings of another world. And yet, when the question of corporal punishment is discussed, it is too frequently the fashion to treat a naval officer's opinion with a slight approaching to contempt. The question is one peculiarly technical, and can therefore only be grappled with in all its bearings by men long and intimately familiar with the service, and who, of all men, have the most direct interest in lessening the severity of a punishment, and removing from it every thing that is revolting. Since the year 1811, officers in command of ships are required to send quarterly returns of punishments to the Admiralty, which regulation has had a restraining influence on the despotic authority of commanders, and tended materially to

diminish punishment. Captain Hall offers some valuable suggestions to amplify the details of these returns, and prescribes sensible directions for the hearing and trial of offences, and the execution of sentence. His remarks are deserving of the best attention of our naval friends, but we must not dwell upon them longer, lest we weary our general readers; to whom, however, we shall not tender an apology for the time we have already spent on this subject, inasmuch as it is one not exclusively interesting to the service, but affecting all classes of the community on shore; since strictness of discipline, next to the spirit of honour and patriotism, is one of the sources of naval success, on which our national strength, after all, is dependent.

Having been grave for some time, we will now pass to the right merry and amusing subject of "Sailors' Pets;" and wish we could afford to quote the whole chapter in which these comical things are described; but in our little bark of a Magazine, we cannot stow away huge bales of extract, like a great hulking seventy-four of a Quarterly; and instead, therefore, of taking the captain's Jacko, Mona, and Jean, from his pages, we will, as a companion-sketch, exhibit a soldier's pet. At the battle of Rôleça, a dear and intimate friend of ours, then a subaltern in that crack regiment the twenty-ninth, was, together with other officers, taken prisoner, while Colonel L——, their commander, was shot from his horse at the very beginning of the engagement. In the night our friends were marched off to an old *château*, where General Laborde had fixed his quarters, with whom, in the morning previously to being sent off under guard to Lisbon, the British officers had an interview. Laborde was of the old cavalier school, and therefore perhaps never raised by Napoleon to the rank his military merits deserved. However, he politely accompanied his prisoners into the court-yard of the *château*, while crossing which the officers of the twenty-ninth uttered a sudden shout of joy, and rushing off without one word to the general, threw their arms round a black horse, and fondly caressed him. The Frenchman's surprise at this vivacity in a people whom he had hitherto regarded as phlegmatic and imperturbable, induced him to inquire into its

cause, when he learned that the object of our poor friends' regards was the charger of Colonel L——, their commander, who had fallen dead from his back the day before. Laborde quietly smiled, and, contenting himself with observing that he had noticed the gallant bearing of their colopel, dismissed his prisoners. Shortly after, the treaty of Cintra was signed, Lisbon evacuated by the French, and our friends of the twenty-ninth released from the ship in the *Taigis* on board which they had been confined. On rejoining, they found Black Jack, as the charger was called, already at quarters, "returned, with General Laborde's compliments, to the officers of the twenty-ninth regiment!"

These are the traits that soften the ferocious aspect of war, and are alone or chiefly discernible in knightly soldiers; for we could contrast with Laborde's courtesy the conduct of other officers at the same period, in colours though faithful, not flattering to the latter. But to resume our narrative. Black Jack was afterwards ridden at Albuera, and, if we mistake not, in one or two other hard-fought fields. He always escaped; but his fresh master, poor, dear, ecceptic Colonel W——, died in hospital of a shot which need not have killed him had his medical attendant known the oddities of his gallant patient's temper. On the loss of a second master, the men of the twenty-ninth entreated their officers that Black Jack might never be endangered in action again. Their request was granted, and Jack henceforth became a regimental pet of the most favoured order. He was sometimes gently ridden by the colonel, but was so overfed, that after many wanderings with his corps, he at last died of fat. But we consider it due to the memory of the war-horse to state, that he never attained the helpless, unwieldy obesity of that patent pet of the Lyrn, and envy of Quantung, Captain Hall's grunter Jean. As far as we know, this account of Black Jack has never appeared in print before. We write from our recollection of conversations often repeated, but think we are accurate. The twenty-ninth is now in the Mauritius, and the *depôt* company in Ireland, one of which is commanded by an eye-witness of the scenes we have attempted to describe. Had leisure permitted, we would have com-

municated with that individual on the subject; and if these pages meet his eye, he will recognise the writer, and will, we hope, accept his endeavours, as a blue jacket, to do justice to a pet of the other service, with whom they are certainly not so common as with us monsters of the main. The long periods of inaction to which sailors afloat are often doomed, render a lively yet highly acceptable, and indeed instrumental in preventing the mischief which idleness engenders. Whenever a fellow is idle, says Jack, the devil soon finds him a job to do.

Who has not heard and read of "Doubling the Cape" a thousand times, and in a thousand varieties? And yet, in justification of one of his own remarks, Captain Hall proves, in his description of the voyage round the cape of storms, that "when things are possessed of much intrinsic interest, the very multiplicity of previous descriptions will rather help than stand in the way of subsequent accounts." Familiar as the chief incidents of this celebrated passage are to our minds, we are enchanted to recognise them trimmed up for fresh inspection by a sailor, a scholar, and a gentleman. We are comfortably seated beside our sea-coal fire, while the harsh north-easter, in spite of his three weeks' obstinate blowing, is still rattling at our window; but we can, while perusing Hall's pages, almost fancy ourselves off Cape Aguilhas, spinning along with a spanking snuffler from the north-west; while the ship seems to fly along, her masts and yards bending forwards as if they would drop over her bows, and the studding-sail booms crack and twist as if ready to break across, as Jack would say, like a carrot. The boatswain looking at the fastenings of the boats and booms, the carpenter and the gunner quietly making their preparations for a gale, the loftier sails one after another coming down, and the captain with his anxious look to windward, and, after a fortieth perusal of his barometer, acknowledging, in spite of his wishes to carry on, that the mercury is falling — are presented in almost as vivid portraiture to our mind as the well-remem-

bered realities. Amidst these descriptions, in which all must delight, the captain does not omit any opportunity of conveying professional advice, and, in the chapter before us, corrects the error into which Falconer's poetry* has perhaps led many, as to the best mode of taking in the mainsail, which, if attended to, may save the country many a good yard of Dundee canvass. We can scarcely refrain from quoting his directions; and so neatly and clearly are they expressed, that we think even a landsman may understand them. But we must secure space for one quotation of a very different character:—

"Of all the Antarctic constellations the celebrated Southern Cross is by far the most remarkable, and must, in every age, continue to arrest the attention of all voyagers and travellers who are fortunate enough to see it. I think it would strike the imagination even of a person who had never heard of the Christian religion; but of this it is difficult to judge, seeing how inextricably our own ideas are mingled up with associations linking this sacred symbol with almost every thought, word, and deed of our lives. The three great stars which form the cross, one at the top, one at the left arm, and one, which is the chief star, called Alpha, at the foot, are so placed as to suggest the idea of a crucifix, even without the help of a small star, which completes the horizontal beam. When on the meridian, it stands nearly upright; and as it sets we observe it lean over to the westward. I am not sure whether, upon the whole, this is not more striking than its gradually becoming more and more erect as it rises from the east. In every position, however, it is beautiful to look at, and well calculated, with a little prompting from the fancy, to stir up our thoughts to solemn purpose. I know not how others may be affected by such things; but for myself, I can say with truth, that during the many nights I have watched the Southern Cross, I remember no two occasions when the spectacle interested me exactly in the same way, nor any one upon which I did not discover the result to be somewhat different, and always more impressive than what I had looked for."

* Falconer's couplet is,—

"And he who strives the tempest to disarm

Will never first enshroud the lee yard-arm."—*Shipwreck*.

The poet is diametrically wrong as a seaman.

Such is the description of

"the heavenly sign,
The pledge of conquests by the aid
divine,"

drawn by a British sailor in the nineteenth century. It may not be un-

"While nightly thus the lonely seas we brave,
Another pole-star rises o'er the wave;
Full to the south a shining cross appears;
Our heaving breast the blissful omen cheers.
Seven radiant stars compose the hallowed sign
That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine."

Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, is touched at by the captain on his passage to Bombay, and described with a felicity that reminds us of Loo Choo. We cannot praise it more highly, and have no room for more eulogium, much less extract. Bombay, Salsette, and the caves of Elephanta, furnish materials for the third volume so attractive, that they might draw a man to India to feast his eyes with the sights so graphically described. But Captain Hall is considerate, and, instead of alluring quiet folks from home in search of wonders, gives some excellent hints to panorama-painters, by which they may subject the wonders of Niagara and the surf of Madras to the inspection of the curious in Regent's Park, without the necessity of a Masullah boat to cross the one, or any risk of being whisked by the violent gusts prevalent at the other into its roaring, boiling pool. It is with regret that we thus hurry over these delightful chapters; but we are anxious, in conclusion, to say a few words on the "Royal Marines." His present majesty has honoured this admirable corps with fresh decorations, and treated it with marked attention. This, from a sailor-king, must be peculiarly pleasing to the "Jollies," who, though in serious points and substantially, on good terms with the "Johnnies," have so often been made the butt of jokes, originating in perfect good-humour, that at last they became liable to ridicule from quarters whence it was not to be tolerated. Their conduct at the Nore, and their uniform, unwavering loyalty, no less than their valour in actions all round the globe, secured them the gratitude of the nation; but in this strange country, which is indeed made up of anomalies, it required a king's notice to make them fashionable. Empty bottles were called, in our time at Oxford, *gentlemen-commoners*, and at an earlier stage of our life we had

pleasing to listen to the strains of a Portuguese mariner at a less enlightened period; and we bring him forward more readily, as it enables us to lament the neglect into which Camoens has so generally fallen.

been taught to call them *marines*. The late Duke of York, at a festive party, applied the latter designation to an empty decanter; when a gallant Jolly present asked, with a serious air, what his Royal Highness meant by such an epithet. "Mean!" replied the good-humoured prince, without an instant's pause—"why, I mean a good fellow, who has done his duty and is ready to do it again!" If our readers are as well satisfied with our repetition of a well-known story as the marine-officer was with the compliment he extorted, we need not crave their forgiveness for garrulity.

Perhaps we must sue more earnestly for pardon in the next quotation; but we think it due, to a corps less generally known than they deserve to be, to record any anecdote illustrative of their character; and especially glad are we to do so, when it enables us thereby to lay before our readers such a picture as the subjoined narrative must suggest to the fancy:—

"At half-past nine o'clock in the evening, after a long and sultry day in Madras Roads, the officers of the flag-ship were sitting round the ward-room table, enjoying a sober glass of well-cooled wine and water, when their hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the report of a musket, fired apparently close to the door, which, of course, in those climates, is always left open. The officers rushed out, and, directed by the smoke, sprung to the quarter-deck, where they found Evan Lewis, the corporal of marines, prostrate at the foot of the poop-ladder, and mortally wounded. This man, who was as good a soldier as ever served afloat, had stepped on the poop to commence his rounds, with his wonted precision, just as the bell struck three. On asking the question, 'Is all well?' and being answered by the usual echo 'All's well,' he turned to descend the ladder, when the sentinel brought down his musket, and fired. The ball passed

through the unfortunate man's body, ploughed a deep groove in the quarter-deck, and lodged in the coil of the fore brace, near the main-mast. The poor corporal, who, of course, fell down head-long, was removed under the poop awning, and laid in as easy a posture as possible, with his head resting on the marine officer's lap, a kind-hearted soul, who from time to time wept bitterly over his fallen comrade, as he called the dying veteran, and in vain tried to cheer up his fast-ebbing spirits. The surgeon indeed seemed to be the only person unmoved by the scene; he, however, being an old hand in such matters, knew the value of coolness.

"Having first examined the wound slowly and carefully, he paused for a moment, looked the poor sufferer in the face for a second or two, and then drawing his breath while he resolutely kept his feelings in check, said mournfully, 'My fine fellow, if you have any affairs to settle, you must lose no time; you cannot possibly live long!' The wounded man looked wistfully up in his officer's face, and said, with an air of great disappointment, 'I did not think, sir, my time had been so near.' After making particular inquiry whether any one else had been hurt by the ball, which he knew had passed through him, he expressed a wish to have the man brought aft who had fired the musket. It was a strange moment when the murderer was confronted with his victim. 'Why did you do this?' inquired the dying soldier, in a voice of the greatest mildness. 'I thought it had been the sergeant,' coolly replied the villain; nor could he ever afterwards be made to speak another word on the subject. The pain of the wound gradually subsided as the blood flowed, and the poor fellow now begged that prayers might be read to him. This was accordingly done by the first lieutenant, in the presence of the rest of the officers, and the dying man's messmates. He paid the closest attention to what was said; and at the conclusion expressed himself happy and confident, ready to die in peace with all the world, and, as he hoped, also with his Maker. Some wine was then given him by permission of the surgeon, who saw that all must soon be over. When he drank it, he exclaimed, 'Ah, that, too, revives me; but still I feel very weary and drowsy.' He was recommended to go to sleep: 'Ay, it will be a long, long sleep,' he said, with a tone of deep sorrow. But immediately afterwards, as if ashamed of his weakness, he cast his eyes round the group, and in a cheerful voice expressed much satisfaction at dying with all his officers about him. 'I only hope I have done my duty

to your satisfaction, gentlemen!' were the last words he spoke."

We cannot justly recollect where we have seen the feelings of a reader, on closing a volume which has long amused him, likened to those of a traveller on parting from one in whose company he had journeyed through a pleasant land. The simile is nevertheless a good one, without the stamp of authority, and illustrates the state of mind with which we now take leave of Captain Hall, and thank him for the entertainment he has afforded us. But Captain Hall's merits do not rest on his power to amuse, but on his effective efforts to instruct. That he is imbued with moral and religious principles, we have sufficiently shewn, and can only add, that the performance of his duty is ever attended by that serene cheerfulness, without whose presence no business in life, whether little or great, can be prosperously transacted. Let our young friends in the cockpit, for whom the captain's volumes are primarily intended, cultivate the spirit which he so eloquently inculcates,—not that laughter in the midst of which there may be heaviness, but "that cheerfulness which," to use the pure, modest style of Addison, "keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity." Happy will the cultivation of such a temper make the men who seek to acquire it—safe will it render the country which Christian protectors serve.

The termination of the Niger has at last been traced by two unpretending, but intrepid travellers, to whose volumes we next invite attention. They are very different from the production of the accomplished author above; but the contents supply a body of valuable facts, and over all there is spread such an air of ingenuous diffidence, that our affections are enlisted in favour of the Landers, and our indignation proportionably kindled against Major Head for slighting them. After enumerating the learned and brave men who had fallen in the prosecution of African discovery, and pointing out in what particulars he thought they erred, and to which their failure, and even death, might be attributed, the gallant soldier fans himself into fury that the cause of science should be committed to menials—to Clapperton's valet! Now we are

daily abused for being aristocratic, and therefore the Major must not suspect us of any design to confuse ranks, when we tell him that his pride has boggled at a shadow, and that his censure is very injudiciously directed. In place of deeming it necessary to grace the memory of departed victims, by sending men of correspondent rank and attainments to die upon their graves, we should, on perceiving the fruitless efforts made by the scientific, the brave, and the refined, have paused ere we added others to the devoted band, and asked ourselves whether the task might not be performed by ruder hands? This question was at last asked, and the answer was the mission of the Landers, who have earned the praise of their country by their perseverance and courage, and will be the benefactors of Africa, by having opened access to her hitherto unapproachable recesses. Their task was to act as pioneers; and so well have they wrought a path, that science and refinement will quickly follow on their steps. Our readers must be generally so well aware that Richard Lander was the man who accompanied poor Clapperton on his last expedition, and tenderly nursed him in his lingering illness, that we feel it needless to introduce him to either their acquaintance or esteem. John Lander is his brother, a young man who has apparently enjoyed superior advantages to Richard in the way of education, and who, without salary from government, or hope of reward, volunteered to accompany him. A journal of their expedition has just been published from their notes, prefaced by a neatly written introduction from the pen of Lieutenant Becher, R.N. detailing the mystery that hung over the centre of Africa from the earliest times, and the succession of failures, from a remote age to almost the present day, of every attempt at discovery. That two uneducated, humble young men should succeed, where so many of the great and wise had failed, may well excite a transient emotion of wonder. We are, we believe, among the last who would presumptuously throw a supernatural aspect over transactions of ordinary occurrence, or arrogate to human schemes the benefit of Almighty assistance, where man's sole agency is adequate to produce the result in question,—but this we will say, nor fear the imputation that scoffing infidelity may cast upon

us, the blessing of God seems singularly to have rested on an enterprise begun, continued, and ended in a patient spirit of trust in Him.

That Africa, throughout her vast extent, should continue in her present deplorable condition until the end of time, seems, from a consideration of the rest of the earth's improvement, improbable, and inconsistent with the ameliorating progression which the Almighty Disposer has permitted to advance over the globe we inhabit. For how many ages was America concealed from the primal settlements of the human race? When, however, the increase of population, and the development of scientific power, had enabled mankind to contend with her lakes, and mountains, and rivers, the curtain which had so long concealed the treasures of the western world was slowly raised, and men of the old world permitted to see her resources, and enter on their fruition. "It is curious to reflect," says Major Head, in his *Life of Bruce*, "that the deserts, the pestilential climate of Africa, and the dreadful moral state of the country, are all effects of one and the same cause,—namely, the unequal distribution of water." This proposition may startle some of our readers; but a moment's reflection will convince them how soundly it is based on facts and experience. The fertility of Egypt, by the aid of irrigation, is well known; and none can deny that the arid deserts might blossom as the rose, were streams led over them, and that the stagnant waters which lie in the morasses of central Africa would cease to pollute the air were they properly drained. The reward for the enterprise is magnificent beyond conception; for was the dry country irrigated, and the wet parts drained, Africa, with her prolific sun, might become generally, as portions of her once actually were, the garden and the granary of Europe. We know well that our statement may, in the estimation of some, savour of speculative reverie; but we entreat such to recollect the mighty instruments that science has placed under our control, and the stupendous effects which they have already wrought. That a nation is to be born in a day—that the work of many years may be achieved with a celerity that shall instantly reward attempt, would be foolish, would be presumptuously to expect a miracle. In Abyssinia and Nubia, Bruce every

where traced marks of mighty works, evidently constructed for the purposes of artificial irrigation. There is water in abundance, if properly diffused, and there is a level to conduct its course. This assertion is susceptible of easy proof. We are not about to issue a prospectus for the establishment of a company to irrigate the desert of Zaara. With the practical application of our theory we can, after all, have little to do—that must be left to natives; for, under the best cultivation, the fiery region of Africa could never be permanently tolerable to an European. All we beg our readers to admit is, that there is nothing irrational in our plan, though it does require an imagination ardent as the climate to anticipate its completion. For we must with deep awe confess, that the dispensations of Almighty God towards the land of Ham have ever been dark and mysterious. The flowers and fruits of Eden may still linger in her valleys, and the trees of Paradise may still be traced waving on her hills, but assuredly a blast from Pandemonium has passed over her living generations. “We have longed to discover a solitary virtue lingering among the natives of this place, but as yet our search has been ineffectual.” “We have met with nothing but selfishness and rapacity, from the chief to the meanest of his people.” Such are the conclusions which the Landers were invariably constrained to draw in their intercourse with the natives. And let it not be forgotten that they are well-conditioned, good-tempered young men, ready to accept the slightest kindness with gratitude, and far more prone to record civilities than abuse and cruelty. Their journal shews this; for, written day by day, it records events as they occurred, and we find this or that chief praised for hospitality and good feeling, whom a longer acquaintance reveals as a selfish, cunning, brutal savage. We dwell upon this point, because we are most anxious to ascertain the real moral state of Africa, and believe that the Landers may be relied on. Major Head wished to send a high-born gentleman, unable to brook a slight, much less insult; or fiery soldier, ready to draw his sword against whole hordes of barbarians; or a stiff civilian, who would deem the honour of his sovereign compromised by a compliance with some idle ceremony, not recognised at St. James’s, on the banks of the Quorra. Such men have

been sent and died; the assuming Landers have gone, and succeeded honourably to themselves and their country. The value of discovery does not consist in the exact mensuration of ruined temples, or in the bringing home some strange animal to feast the eyes of the loungee in the Zoological gardens, but in the opening new channels through which the blessings of civilised life may flow to the helpless and naked savage—the influences of Christianity be scattered over the wastes of idolatry, and fresh combinations of social and political relation created in the family of man. We accordingly hail this opening of Africa,—for so we may call the discovery of a river navigable to a considerable distance up the interior; and are glad to see proposals made, by some enterprising merchants of Liverpool, to send out a steam vessel, with one of the Landers, to the Niger. It may not be amiss to observe the vague expectations formed by the Africans of the arrival of Englishmen among them. A king pointed out to our travellers a large barn-like building, which he said he had been preparing for the reception of those who might come to trade with him.

Our readers must not conclude, because we have dwelt at considerable length on the prospective importance to be attached to this discovery as of especial moment, and introduced the Landers with an apology for their philosophical and antiquarian deficiencies, that these volumes are destitute of interesting matter; for, on the contrary, these young men have most carefully noted down peculiarities overlooked by their predecessors, and furnished us with facts from which very valuable conclusions may be drawn. If all those who investigate foreign and untried lands would adopt a similar course, and, instead of constructing theories, would recite a plain narrative of incidents, much would the cause of science and the history of the human mind be benefited. John Lander possesses considerable talent in description, and a painter might, we think, draw from some of his lively accounts. Those who delight to read of the Delphic Pythia, or gaze on the sculptured revelries of Bacchantes on the Helicon, will thank us for the following quotation:—

“This day a long and gay procession, formed by the female followers of the ancient religion of the country, passed

through the town, walking and dancing alternately, with large spreading branches of trees in their hands. The priestess, at the time we saw her, had just swallowed fetich-water, and was carried on the shoulders of one of the devotees, who was assisted by two female companions, supporting the trembling hands and arms of their mistress. Her body was convulsed all over, and her features shockingly distorted, whilst she stared wildly and vacantly on the troop of enthusiasts and other objects which surrounded her. The priestess was then believed to be possessed with a demon: indeed, to us they all appeared to be so, for not one of them seemed in their sober senses, so indescribably fantastic were their actions, and so unseemly did they deport themselves. The whole of the women forming this strange procession might amount to between ninety and a hundred: they were clad in their holyday best: their motions were regulated at times by the sound of drums and fifes, and to this music they joined their wild shrill voices. They were arranged in couples, and with the branches of trees shaking in the air, presented one of the most extraordinary and grotesque spectacles that the human mind can conceive."

There is a subsequent description of the same devotees, equally well drawn; but we must omit it, to make room for a short synopsis of their religious faith.

"The priestess and her followers believe in the existence of a God, and a heaven wherein he resides; that this glorious and Almighty Being superintends the destinies of man in this life, and in a future one rewards or punishes him according to his deserts. Yet of a hell, or place of eternal torment, they have no idea whatever. The souls of good men, say they, are translated into a tranquil, happy, and beautiful region, wherein but one monkey is permitted to reside, and where they remain for ever; whereas the wicked, before they can be allowed to participate in so much felicity and enjoyment, are forced to endure sorrow, pain, and punishment: a variety of tortures is in store for them, such as scourging and beating, till it is considered sufficient punishment has been inflicted for their misdeeds, when they are exalted to a happier state of being. Others, who waver between the Mahometan religion and the ancient faith, believe, that at the end of the world a voice will sound from heaven, to invite all black men to the world of bliss; but that these will be too much unconcerned and too lazy to embrace the offer. A

second voice will then proclaim the same invitation to white men, who will spring up with alacrity and transport, and enter the celestial regions before them, with nooks in their hands. They profess to believe, also, that two men were originally created, one black and the other white, from whom the whole world is descended. The professors of the ancient superstition sacrifice a bullock, a sheep, or a black goat to their divinities; but they shudder at the idea of a human offering. Instead of agreeing with us, that the world will be destroyed by fire, they suppose its Divine Maker will roll it up like a parchment scroll,* and put it aside for a future occasion. It is somewhat remarkable, that in Haussa the people have a tradition that the name of our great forefather was Adam (pronounced exactly as we pronounce the word). **Da Adam*, in the same language, signifies an object when observed indistinctly at a distance, bearing the least resemblance to a man. The mother of the human race is called Ameenatoo, in Haussa."

The above extract will supply our reflective readers with curious matter for comparison. White men are uniformly regarded as of superior race by the Africans, though malignant and not benevolent powers are frequently attributed to them. Denham's travels exhibit numerous instances. "It is you Christians, with the blue eyes like the hyæna, that eat the blacks whenever you can get them far enough from their own country," said a woman to that unfortunate traveller. The same belief in the cannibal propensities of "the fearful white men of the west" was displayed on many occasions to the Landers.

In Major Head's catalogue of the poor Landers' deficiencies for the prosecution of scientific discovery, he has omitted one, and that is their entire ignorance of what is going on at Almack's; for had they been properly initiated in the steps of the galopade, they would never have smiled with surprise at the canterings of an African prince, which, when exhibited in King's Street, set so many hearts a-throbbing. "When his first dance, which was much the same as that performed by his people, was concluded, the king began a second by imitating the canter of a native horse when going to war. This, as may be supposed, was an inexpressibly odd and whimsical expe-

* "And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together."—Rev. vi. 14.

riment; but it lasted a short time only, for in a very few minutes he disappeared from the spectators by cantering into one of his huts, followed by the cheers of admiration, and the exclamations of every one present." *Emirabitur insolens*, sneers forth the dandy of Brighton and of Boossa, at the untutored traveller's want of taste. A loftier subject now claims attention — even an African king's speech!

In pursuance of an ancient and established practice, we are informed that the King of Boossa annually harangues his people on the celebration of a solemn festival. The Landers were, fortunately for the increase of our parliamentary knowledge, present, and thus report his Majesty's gracious speech:—

"The King of Boossa began by assuring his people of the internal tranquillity of the empire, and of the friendly disposition of foreign powers towards him. He then exhorted his hearers to attend to the cultivation of the soil, to work diligently, and live temperately; and concluded with an injunction for them all to be abstemious in the use of beer. He declared that too much indulgence in it was the source of much evil and wretchedness, and the cause of most of the quarrels and disturbances that had taken place in the city. 'Go—retire to rest soberly and cheerfully,' said the king, 'and do as I have requested you, when you will be an example to your neighbours, and win the good opinion and applause of mankind.' The king's speech lasted for three-quarters of an hour. He spoke vehemently, and with much eloquence, his language was forcible and impressive, and his action appropriate and commanding, and he dismissed the assembly with a graceful and noble air. Instead of a sceptre, the monarch flourished the tuft of a lion's tail."

Had we not implicit confidence in Lander's veracity, we should suspect a vein of satire here; but, in addition to our reliance on his honesty, we do not think that he was sufficiently conversant with our house of peers to have produced such a coincidence of procedure from Africa, except by accident. It has certainly cheered our spirits, oppressed by the contemplation of unmitigated moral gloom; for on Boossa, at least, our eye may repose with satisfaction. Dear must his Majesty of Boossa be to those country magistrates who hold beer-shops in abomination, and certainly we think the speech in general quite as good—nay, better than, the unmeaning words

often placed by the Whigs in our own gracious sovereign's mouth. The same superstitious notions and prejudices respecting witches, wizards, the evil eye, and the same belief in necromancy and charms, prevail in Africa as in England two centuries ago. Wizards are doomed to be tied hand and foot, and thrown into the Niger to perish. This reminds us of our old water-ordeal; and the Africans have a similar belief with our forefathers, that if the bound person floats, he is innocent of the crime laid to his charge. Witches, in consideration of their sex, are doomed to perpetual slavery instead of death. The old and decrepid are, as heretofore in Britain, liable at any time to be accused of dealing in witchcraft by any of their ignorant neighbours under the pain of bodily suffering, or grief for loss of property; and, curious too, the same lamentable instances of delusion in persons believing themselves to be endowed with malignant powers, in spite of themselves, occur on the banks of the Quorra, as not much more than a century ago they did not far from the Tweed.

The African custom of carrying charms written on slips of parchment, and worn sometimes to the number of ten or even twenty on the arm, may probably have originated in traditions of the Jewish phylactery. They mourn, too, as did the Jews of old, in sackcloth and ashes. Classical readers of these volumes will not fail to notice the pouring out of libations to their gods. In short, the Landers have collected an assemblage of valuable materials for inquiry and meditation, for a correct estimate of which we must refer to the volumes they have published.

One word to the ladies at parting. They must all of them remember poor Ledyard's eloquent eulogium on woman's kindness wherever his varied course had been; and perhaps some of their eyes have filled with sweet tears on hearing the song of the African black women to lull Mungo Park to rest. We can assure our fair readers that the Landers bear the same honourable testimony to those who everywhere

"—lend the fleeting flower of life
Its lustre and perfume."

To many of the important and interesting topics contained in all these volumes, we shall shortly recur at greater length: want of space prevents our enlarging thereon at present.

No. XXIV.

THE ANTIQUARIES.

ἀγορευται

Ἐσθλοὶ, τεττίγασιν ἰοικότες, οἶτε, καὶ ὕλην

Δενδρέω ἐφεζόμενοι ὅπα λειρίεσσαν ἰδοῖ.

So Homer sung, long ago, of the specimens of antiquity in the Scæan Gate; and in like chattering occupation beheld the Society of Antiquaries!—not as Grose, that worthy fellow of the fraternity, has depicted them, examining Boadicea's urn, or any similar piece of trumpery, but as Croquis, with purer taste, has sketched them, engaged in the discussion of their cakes and coffee. The half-hour's reading is over, the business part of the meeting concluded, and we find the *élite* of that "learned body," as they are modestly pleased to style themselves, regaling in the "pleasant and profitable" manner represented.

Behold, then, a selection of no unfair specimens of the component parts of "the Antiquaries," from its noble president, "Athenian Aberdeen," to "the Atlas of the Society," as the facetious Sir Harris Nicholas, the ex-fellow, justly styled that energetic pourer-out of coffee, its broad-shouldered and square-built clerk, Mr. Martin! Vice-presidents, secretaries, and members, are here also displayed, not "tricked out," as the heralds say, with their holyday faces, but as they actually look and talk and congregate into groups, at three-quarters past eight of the clock upon the evenings of Thursday in each week respectively, between the months of November and May inclusive. Here stand and sit the A.S.S.es, great and small, long and short; in witness whereof behold the lengthy Jerdan, peering through his glass at every thing and person around him; while the five-feet nothingness of Crofty Croker has taken up a position under Jerdan's elbow, sipping his coffee in the blessed unconsciousness of the fairyhood of his situation. Behind this size-ace of our species we think we recognise Mr. John Bowyer Nichols, to whom Mr. Secretary Ellis is explaining some passage which his want of articulation, and breathless and sputtering haste to close the reading punctually at the half hour, has rendered doubtful to Mr. Nichols—in order that it may be satisfactorily reported by Sylvanus Urban. Next to Ellis we have no difficulty in identifying his coadjutor, the ingenious Nicholas Carlisle, who simpers with becoming complacency at the agreeable manner in which the evening has gone off. Why the Society has two secretaries, is a question that has been asked in these reforming times. The necessity is obvious—because one can't read, and the other can't write.

In the elderly young gentleman seated at the coffee end of the table we acknowledge the Deputy Keeper of His Majesty's State Papers, Mr. Lemon to wit, full of wonder and delight at every thing. Beyond him is the Byronic Mr. William Henry Rosser, who has the courage to display his *pomum Adami* to the keenness of the east wind and the unerring pencil of our Croquis. Of whom the group may be composed which has assembled beneath the vacated chair of the president, we pause not to inquire; but, shaping our course from thence down the table, we behold the ghost-like resemblance of the ex-Medico-Botanico Star-bearer of the ex-Emperor Don Pedro—the illustrious Johnny Frost! Mr. Kempe, we think we may conclude from the action of his hand, is turning a deaf ear to ex-Director Frost, and giving all his attention to the remarks of Mr. Rosser. Beneath the classic Kempe we behold the wood-cutter Brooke, poring over some old print or other—one of antiquated costume, perhaps, of which, in a week or two hence, we shall see a translation by him, with all the embellishments of a rich and poetic fancy, yet strictly preserving its antiquarian character.

A full-length of old Caley is before us—there is no mistaking him: the build of his head, and his hands in the true antiquarian attitude, behind his back, leave no doubt upon the subject; and he is talking to our friend D'Israeli, of whom having spoken in our last Number, we need say nothing more here than to correct an error of the press by which this curiosity of literature was called Israel instead of Isaac. The bald, square-faced, round-headed gentleman, whom Mr. Martin is so actively engaged in assisting to coffee, it strikes us must be intended for the late President of the Royal Society, Mr. Davies Gilbert. If our conjecture be correct, we think our friend Croquis has not been so happy in the portrait as usual. But who can question the group exhibiting the president supported by his Vices, right and left, Whig and Tory—the historian of the middle ages, the "learned Hallam, much renowned for Greek"—and the shrewd-looking Hamilton?

SHIEL *versus* THE TITHES.

It is better to speak out at once. The collection of tithes is not the question, the amount of tithes is not the question: John Hampden was sent to gaol for twenty shillings. But the question is, Shall the tithes be otherwise appropriated? I tell you, that a deep conviction has seized hold of the nation's faculties, and taken possession of its entire heart,—that church property is the nation's property. It is idle to tell the people that it rests upon the same right as private property, and that an inroad upon the one will afford a precedent for an invasion of the other. This is mere phrase,—gainless and empty apothegms, with which we are not to be caught. I'll tell you how matters stand. The Irish nation look back to their history, and they find tithes originally divided into four parts, of which one-fourth was given to the poor, and another fourth was given to the priest of the poor," &c.

So spake Richard Lalor Shiel, on the 8th of March, in the British House of Commons. Do our readers find any meaning in his words? 'We suppose that they do. The orator promises to "speak out," and he fulfils his promise. If language has any value, we have here a direct and vehement attack upon the endowments of the established church. The question is plainly stated to be, the appropriation of the tithes of Ireland,—that is to say, the taking them away from the present possessors, and the bestowing them upon others. They are declared to be "the nation's property," and of course subject to the nation's will. "The Irish nation," are then said to look back to a time when these tithes were appropriated, partly to the poor, and partly to "the priest of the poor;" and the orator subsequently declares the determination of the nation to restore those times. By "the priest of the poor," we need hardly say that the Romish priesthood must be meant, since it is entirely among the poor and the ignorant portions of the Irish peasantry, that that priesthood finds its dupes and its supporters. The purport of the whole passage, then, is to predict and to advocate the spoliation of the Protestant church, and the investment of the Popish priests with at least a portion of the spoil.

And yet this same Richard Lalor Shiel had, within the last twelvemonth, deliberately and voluntarily taken a solemn oath, in the presence of that very house in which he uttered the above-quoted speech, which oath was couched in the following terms:—

"I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure, any intention to subvert the present church establishment, as settled by law within this realm; and I do solemnly swear, that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am or may

become entitled, to disturb the Protestant religion or Protestant government in the United Kingdom."

This is an instructive lesson to us. It at once confirms, in the fullest degree, all those anticipations which the opponents of the Emancipation Bill entertained, of the utter uselessness of oaths and "securities," as safeguards to our existing institutions, while the natural enemies of those institutions were admitted, in reliance on those oaths and securities, to the possession of that political power which they coveted only for the purpose of attempting their overthrow. The authorising a known and declared foe of Protestantism to legislate for the Protestant church, merely on the strength of a paper undertaking "not to do any thing to subvert or disturb it," does surely seem an act of folly almost incredible; and yet of this act of folly was the Duke of Wellington capable. The result was nothing less than inevitable; and we accordingly see it in full exercise at the present moment. About forty of these men have banded themselves together, to take every opportunity of assailing the Irish church. They hope and expect, if the Irish Reform Bill passes, to have their number increased to nearly one hundred; a body too powerful to fail of ultimately effecting its end, which is now declared to be the overthrow of the existing church establishment of Ireland.

This speech of Shiel, from which we have copied the above abstract, is the first clear and distinct avowal of this object, which has been made in the House of Commons. The passage we have taken as our text, contains three or four admissions and assertions, which constitute the very kernel of the question. We therefore propose to take these propositions *seriatim*, as they

stand, and to offer a few observations upon each.

I. "*It is better to speak out at once. The collection of tithes is not the question,—the amount of tithes is not the question: John Hampden was sent to gaol for twenty shillings. But the question is, Shall the tithes be otherwise appropriated?*"

This is an important admission; but it was not voluntarily made. Shiel only confessed, of necessity, points which he was aware had been *already established* before the tithe committee.

A few weeks since, nothing was heard but complaints of the cruel mode in which tithes were collected in Ireland, and of the *burdensome charge*, which they were felt to be upon the poor cottier. Our sensibilities were thus attacked, and the conclusion was hastily arrived at, that a system so irritating and so burdensome must be given up.

But a little examination of the facts before the tithe committee soon dissipated these fictions. It was there found that the refusal to pay tithes had universally begun with parties who were well able to pay them,—who had quietly paid them for years before,—and to whom the amount was no burden. It was also seen that the *collection*, under the composition act, had been less matter of vexation and litigation than formerly; and that *this*, therefore, was not the real grievance. It was also proved that the opposition had been excited, in most cases, either by the priests or by their emissaries; and that it was in every case a political movement, and not the mere resistance of those suffering under oppression.

These things being proved, and not before, forth comes Shiel with the discovery, that "*it is better to speak out at once.*" The falsehoods upon which his party had been trading for months having been fully exposed, he now discovers the propriety of speaking the truth. He therefore confesses (what it would have been useless any longer to deny), that all the trash which had been uttered about the burdensome oppression of the tithe system, and the vexatious mode of collecting it, was mere invention; and that, in fact, it was not the *amount*, nor yet the mode of *collecting* it, that was the real object of complaint; but the actual point aimed at was, to take the tithes from those who at present receive them, and to give them, or at least a part of them, to the Romish priesthood.

It is well to have got rid, then, of a mass of false pretence and hypocritical sentimentality. It is well, also, to know distinctly what is the real question before us. But we must add one other observation, which is, that when the present question comes to be understood, it presents a very bad ground for legislation.

For what is now confessed? Just that there is, practically, no grievance to redress. It appears that the *amount* of tithes in Ireland is not the question. Shiel himself confesses it. It appears, also, that the mode of collection is not the thing complained of. Shiel himself confesses this also. But the quarrel is merely this:—"We don't like that those Protestant parsons should have the tithes,"—say some of the Roman Catholic farmers, acting under the influence of their priests.—"We would rather give them to our own clergy. In short, we won't pay tithes to the parsons any longer, so there's an end on't."

We repeat, that this state of things is a very bad ground for legislating at all. It is the executive, not the legislative, power, which ought to be instantly called into action. Certain men combine to refuse to pay a legal assessment,—not because it is burdensome or oppressive to them, but because they do not like the purposes to which it is intended to be applied. If this objection, felt by them, is to be the basis of an extensive alteration of the law; if a statute, established for centuries by the authority of parliament, is thus to be wholly set aside by a sudden combination to violate it,—and if, instead of vindicating the outraged majesty of the law, the government succumbs and proposes to concede to mere lawless violence, that which, *while so demanded*, ought to be maintained with unyielding firmness,—then, surely, a precedent is established which leads, by inevitable consequence, to the most fearful results,—in fact, to an entire disorganisation of civilised society. If any portion of the people, on taking a sudden dislike to any existing law, are to refuse obedience to that law, and are to meet not only with perfect impunity, but even with the reward of an instant repeal of the statute objected to; then, who does not see that by the failure of the executive to carry into effect the decrees of the legislature, the authority of the latter is at once prostrated in the

dust? Parliament may still continue to hold its sittings, and to promulgate its statutes; but if it be allowed to any portion of the people to exercise the power of repealing these statutes,—if the farmers of two or three counties, for instance, are to set aside at once an enactment to which they have taken an objection; then surely it follows of necessity, that the actual legislative authority has passed away from the houses of Lords and Commons, and is transferred, for all practical purposes, to those who are allowed to exercise a *veto* upon the decision of parliament; and who, by a refusal to add their assent, can at once repeal any statute, and prescribe the alteration of any law.

It is, indeed, pretended, that an attempt will be made to maintain the authority of the law, in the case of the tithes of Ireland, by compelling payment to the government of the arrears illegally withheld. But this, though it may in some small degree conceal and varnish over the disgrace which the law has received, still leaves our main objection untouched. The great feature of the present proposition of the government is this,—a repeal of certain laws of extensive operation, on the ground, chiefly, of a refusal on the part of some of the people to yield obedience to them.

Now, if the government were prepared to come forward, and to say, These laws, of which the people complain, are, in fact, unjust, oppressive, and tyrannical;—then, indeed, it might fairly be made a question, whether the legislature ought not instantly to be called upon to give the fitting relief. But even then it would be right to consider whether it were wiser to concede even a just claim, at the hazard of weakening that authority of the law, without which neither peace nor security can be maintained; or to enforce implicit obedience first, as the great essential in all civilised society; and then to consider the supposed grievance, at the first fitting opportunity after the authority of the law had been restored.

But this is not the position of the tithe question. The government itself confesses to the existence of no such grievance as we have supposed. The law to which obedience is refused, is *not admitted* to be unjust or tyrannical; and yet, although founded upon prin-

ciples which the government cannot suppose to be erroneous, it is nevertheless to be surrendered, not to reason, but to clamour. The very advocate of the resisting party himself admits, as we have above seen, in his own words, that it is not the burdensome amount, nor yet the vexatious mode of collection, that is the object of complaint. And the government settles the third question, that of appropriation,—by not even contemplating, for a moment, any change in the parties to whom the tithe is to be paid. If, then, the amount is confessed to be no burden; if the mode of collection is plainly stated to be not the grievance complained of; and if the appropriation of the fund so raised be not proposed to be changed,—what is to be gained at last by a change in the law; or why is the law, as it exists, to be changed at all? The answer must be, we fear, that the law is to be altered, simply in compliance with the demand made for its alteration,—that the exacting enactments are to be repealed, *because the people will not pay obedience to them.* A reason, of all others the very worst, and the most disgraceful to its own character, that any government could possibly assign. A reason, too, which if admitted in the present case, will soon become equally urgent in twenty other cases; since it brings into the field of legislation a new power, the mob, which when it once feels its newly acquired authority, will not be sparing of its frequent exercise.

But we proceed to the next passage:

'11. "*I tell you, that a deep conviction has seized hold of the nation's faculties, and taken possession of its entire heart,—that church property is the nation's property. It is idle to tell the people that it rests upon the same right as private property, and that an invoad upon the one will afford a precedent for an invasion of the other. This is mere phrase,—guineas and empty apothegms, with which we are not to be caught.*"

The first notice we shall take of this absurd burst, is to set in opposition to it the sober and quiet reasoning of Lord Milton, who writes to his Irish agent in the following terms:—

"Grosvenor Place, March 10.

"DEAR CHALLONER,

"The information you have imparted to me, that a meeting has been held in one of the townlands of the parish of Kilcommon, with a view to withhold

the tithe and church cess, has caused me great regret.

"I was in hopes that the inhabitants of our part of the country had too deep a sense of the importance of respecting the rights of property, and of obeying the laws, to permit them to contemplate what I can call by no other name than a scheme of spoliation and robbery. It seems that the occupier proposes to withhold payment of tithe, &c.; but let me ask, what is it that entitles the occupier himself to the land which he occupies? Is it not the law, which sanctions the lease by which he holds it? The law gives him a right to the cattle which he rears on his land, to the plough with which he cultivates it, and to the car in which he carries his produce to market; the law also gives him his right to nine-tenths of the produce of his land; but the same law assigns the other tenth to another person. In this distribution of the produce of the land, there is no injustice, because the tenant was perfectly aware of it when he entered upon the land; but in any forcible change of this distribution, there would be great injustice, because it would be a transfer of property from one person to another, without an equivalent,—in other words, it would be a robbery. The occupier must also remember, that the rent he pays to the landlord is calculated upon the principle of his receiving only nine-tenths of the produce. If he were entitled to the other tenth, the rent we should call upon him to pay would be proportionably higher. All our land is valued to the tenants upon this principle; but if tithes, &c. are swept away without an equivalent, we shall adopt a different principle, and the landlord, not the tenant, will be the gainer.

"Your's most truly,

"MILTON."

This argument, convincing as it is, will be, we conclude, perfectly lost upon such reasoners as Richard Lalor Shiel and his "Irish nation,"—meaning thereby, as he does, only that part of the nation which consists of two-thirds of the population, owning less than one-tenth of the property. The other section, reckoning one-third of the people, possessing nearly all the intelligence and education of the country, and owning nearly the whole of the property, is thrown wholly out of view, and the Roman Catholic cottier is to be taken as exclusively constituting "the nation."

But this "nation," it seems, reasons not with its *head*, but with its *heart*. Here is a question of law, a question of arithmetic, a question of rightful pro-

perty, a question involving a great variety of disputed points; and the orator tells us that a deep conviction "has taken possession of the nation's *heart*." If this be the case, argument must indeed be thrown away; for who would waste his breath upon a man who tells you beforehand, that his *heart*, his *inclinations*,—not his reasoning faculties,—have already decided the question. You may anticipate with certainty, that if you address the most irrefragable arguments to such a state of mind, you will be told, in the words of the orator before us—"All this is mere gainless and empty apothegm, with which we are not to be caught." To answer, indeed, an argument so simple, and yet so immovable, as that of Lord Milton's, would be no easy task; but it is easy enough to shut the mind against it,—to call it "mere gainless and empty apothegms,"—and to fall back upon the announcement that "the nation's *heart*," its *inclinations*, its *will*, has already decided the question, and that reasoning is therefore mere waste of time.

Had the orator, indeed, entered upon the dangerous ground, to him, of fair and sober argumentation,—had he appealed, not to the nation's heart, but to the nation's mind,—had he referred, not to its inclinations, but to its common sense; we might have ventured to ask him to furnish us with a little further insight into his views of this great subject, when applied to the practical working of the matter. The church property, he says, is the nation's property,—the nation's, to take or to give, to resume or to bestow; and yet he intimates, that thus to deal with it, would involve no other property in any danger; for that, to say that church property rests upon the same right as private property is mere idle talk. He would have us suppose that there is a clear line drawn between what he considers as "the nation's property," and private property; so that no seizure of the one could at all threaten the quiet possession of the other.

Now, had the orator condescended a little to common sense,—had he ever approached, even for a moment, the region of argument and simple matter of fact, we should gladly have embraced so favourable an opportunity of learning from him where this line is to be drawn. For it does seem to us, that there is a considerable difficulty in fixing where the so-called *national pro-*

erty ends, and where private property begins.

Church property, he says, is the nation's property. Very well; here we begin. It may be taken for granted, we conclude, that the *lands of the church*, as well as the *tithes*, are seized at once in this "fell swoop."

Next come the *college lands*. Will not the "conviction" take possession of the nation's heart," that these also are "the nation's property?"

Thirdly, we meet with *corporation lands*. We know little of Irish corporations, and can say nothing of their estates. But we know that divers corporations in London, the Skinners, the Mercers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, have large possessions in Ulster, granted to them by Charles the 11d. Mr. More O'Ferrall, member for the county of Kildare, expressed himself in the House of Commons very lately, as feeling impatient of the continuance of tithes in Ireland, "because they were a badge of conquest." What does Mr. More O'Ferrall think of the fact, that a small body of London tradesmen, called *Salters*, should possess the freehold of more than a score of towns and villages in Ireland; or that another such company should be the owners and masters of *Coleraine*? Does not all this smack strongly of "conquest?" and would he not like to throw off this "badge" also?

But, fourthly, there are other badges of conquest than these. Is not a large proportion of the land of Ireland in the possession of strangers and foreigners, who draw from the country its very heart's blood, and dissipate it on other shores? And do not the very title-deeds by which these absentee nobles hold their estates, declare that they were given on the one hand, and received on the other, "*for the maintenance of the Protestant interest*?" How can the member for Kildare stomach this? Is not "the badge of conquest visible enough here also?"

And if he longs to tear this badge away, he may find pleas as good as any that can be advanced for the confiscation of the lands of the church. A condition is annexed, in the original grants of these estates, to be complied with by the possessor of them. Has that condition been fulfilled? In many cases we rather suppose that it has not. Our readers will call to mind in a moment the refusal of the Marquess of Lans-

downe, a year or two back, to contribute to the erection of a greatly-needed church on his estates; although those estates, we believe, are held on the especial tenure just described.

But, supposing that this condition has been implicitly complied with, will not this very fact be in itself a crime in the eyes of the member for Kildare, and his inspiring genius, Dr. Doyle? What! to maintain, by especial means, an anti-national interest! for "*the nation*," as Mr. Shiel tells us, is Catholic, and of course hates every thing Protestant;—to preserve alive, in the midst of a Catholic nation, what is nothing less than an abomination in its sight. Can any title be maintained for an instant, which binds its possessor to a course of crime?

But it is time to stop. In truth, when the question has advanced this length, and the fancies that may "take entire possession of the nation's heart" are thus far gratified, it will matter little where we may talk of drawing the line, or whether any line at all is drawn. We therefore pass on to the next passage.

III. "*I'll tell you how matters stand. The Irish nation look back to their history, and they find tithes originally divided into four parts, of which one-fourth was given to the poor, and another to the priest of the poor.*"

Here again we are met by a handful of fictions of the boldest kind. We have once more "*the Irish nation*," meaning thereby the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and flinging into utter oblivion the Protestant portion of the community, reckoning, as they do, a third of the population, and possessing nine-tenths of the education and of the property of the kingdom.

However, this poetical fiction, "*the Irish nation*," is said to "look back to their history." Who has looked back to their history? The poor Irish serf, tenanted half an acre of potato-garden, and subsisting upon an average income of two-pence halfpenny a-day? Has he been groping over the black-letter lore of ages past? Or, even the farmer of a few acres, who gained his wife by breaking open his neighbour's house at midnight, and hazarding his neck in a plot more brutal than a savage would engage in? Has he been spending his winter evenings over the voluminous pages of canon law and ancient ecclesiastical lore?

No! the whole is the mere invention of a dealer in fiction, "a maker of bad tragedies," as Peel once denominated him in the House of Commons. The real matter of fact, as it stands upon record in the evidence taken before the committee, is this, that the priests, having now gained their first step, political power,—and having seated a body of devoted advocates in the House of Commons, now begin to think it time to advance a second. They have therefore raised, by their tutored emissaries, the present movement in Ireland, in the hope that they may at least succeed in depriving the Protestant clergy of their means of subsistence, if not in obtaining at once the transfer of those funds to their own pockets. To take away the endowments of the established church would be much; since its extinction and total disappearance must in many districts necessarily follow. And even though their agents in Parliament should fail in obtaining a legal transfer of these endowments to themselves, the priests know well that their own power over their besotted followers greatly exceeds that of an act of Parliament, and that they can with ease draw to their own purses those payments which are no longer claimed by the Protestant clergyman.

But the last fiction is, that *the nation*, looking over its past history, finds that, in the olden time, tithes were divided into four portions, of which the clergy received only one, and the poor another.

Now, although this last statement be, like those which have preceded it, a mere baseless invention, having not the shadow of support from that "history" which the orator, as a kind of figure of speech, drags into the question; still, it appeared to us, at first sight, that we might come to an agreement with the speaker on this concluding point. His "notion" seems to be, that a tenth should be levied as tithes, and that this tenth should be divided into four parts;—one being given to the clergy, one to the poor, one to repair the churches, and so on. Now, as the fact happens to be, that the clergy for years past have not levied, as tithes, so much as a fortieth, or a fourth of the tenth part, it is evident that even the orator has nothing to object to on this head. All that remains to be done is, to provide for the raising the other three fortieths, which appear to have fallen into disuse; and

we shall be happy to see Mr. Shiel propose that one-fortieth be forthwith raised, for the relief of the poor; another for the repairs of the churches; and another for the purposes of education. In doing this, he will only be filling up his own outline; and, in so filling it up, he shall have our best wishes and support.

We have said that the clergy do not, and have not for years past, received so much as one-fortieth, instead of one-tenth of the produce in Ireland. This fact is undeniably proved by some returns lately laid before Parliament.

The rental of Ireland has generally been computed by those best qualified to judge, at about 14,000,000*l.* The produce, calculating by England should be equal to about three rents, or 42,000,000*l.* But if we even suppose the Irish farmer to be able to subsist while making only two rents, the gross produce will then be 28,000,000*l.*

Now, from the return made to Parliament under the signature of *W. Gossett*, dated Jan. 31, 1832, it appears that, of the 2421 parishes into which Ireland is divided, as many as 1497 had compounded for their tithes, under Mr. Goulburn's act, leaving only 924 uncompounded for. Those which had availed themselves of the act might fairly be concluded, from that very circumstance, to be of the largest class. And yet these 1497, being more than three-fifths of the whole, had compounded their tithes for the sum of 433,904*l.* 6*s.* Therefore, if figures are of any value, we may conclude that the whole tithe of Ireland amounts to about 700,000*l.* But as a large part of this, a sixth at the least, is in the hands of lay impropriators, it would seem that the tithe actually received by the clergy must be about 5 or 600,000*l.*, or considerably less; as we have stated, than one-fortieth of the whole produce, instead of one-tenth, as people are too apt to calculate.

So far, then, the orator might be pleased to find that things were already so near to his own idea of what was right. One little point of difference, however, still remains,—a point which requires a few words in conclusion.

Mr. Shiel wishes the clerical fourth part of the tithe to be paid to "the priest of the poor;" that is, we suppose, to the Romish priest. A word or two on this point.

Who pays the tithe? Is it paid by

the tenant, who is, perhaps, in a majority of cases, a Roman Catholic? Or is it paid by the landlord, who is, in nine cases out of ten, a Protestant?

This matter is entirely set at rest by Lord Milton's letter. In fact, three words suffice to establish this point. A cottar takes a piece of ground at the rent of 36s. an acre. Both the landlord and himself know well that he must calculate upon paying 4s. per acre for the. But abolish tithe at once, will not the landlord, who in Ireland universally aims to get the full value for his land, will not the landlord instantly remind his tenant of the circumstance, and tell him, "You can now afford me 40s. an acre for that land, and I must have that rent next year"? Assuredly he will. Then, who

would be benefited by the change? The landlord, clearly. And who is it that now suffers the deduction of 4s. an acre for the tithe;—who, in short, is the *actual payer* of the tithe? Beyond all question, the landlord.

Are, then, the gentry of Ireland, being the landlords, to be called upon to support the priesthood of a church which they hold to be false, idolatrous, and most injurious to the people? Is this the common sense, or the justice, advocated by the oratorical member for Louth? If it be, we may well rejoice, that, with all his bold and venturous fiction, and with all his tragic imagery, he fails of finding, in a British House of Commons, above a dozen members to support his views.

THE AITTRIVE TALES.*

As for reviewing the *Aittrive Tales* just now, that is fairly out of the question. If we wish to do so, we shall have many opportunities hereafter. We shall only say now, that the volume first published is handsomely got up; that the story of Captain Lochy, which it contains, is one of Hogg's best, being, indeed, a very happy imitation of De Foe; that the Pongos is, we believe, pleasant—but as we have not read it, we are not quite sure; and that the picture in front is most abominably like.

Having thus got rid of the stories and the frontispiece, we turn to metal more attractive; viz. the autobiography, which commences the volume. It would be quite unnecessary for us now-a-days to repeat all the particulars of Hogg's life, which are familiar to us as household words. He commences this memoir by saying:

"I like to write about myself; in fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences. Often have I been laughed at for what an Edinburgh editor styles my good-natured egotism, which is sometimes any thing but that; and I am aware that I shall be laughed at again. But I care not; for this *important* memoir, now to be brought forward for the fourth time, at different periods of my life, I shall narrate with the same frankness as formerly; and in all, re-

lating either to others or myself, speak fearlessly and unreservedly out. Many of those formerly mentioned are no more; others have been unfortunate; but of all I shall tell the plain truth, and nothing but the truth. So, without premising further, I shall proceed with an autobiography, containing much more of a romance than mere fancy could have suggested; and shall bring it forward to the very hour at which I am writing."

Owing to this *penchant*, there is no man who has so often written himself down before us, having, as his friend the Professor phrased it, made a complete sty of our periodical literature.

We quarrel somewhat with the extract we have made. In it are promised frankness, fearlessness, unreservedness, plain truth. People are to be spoken of who are now no more; others will be introduced who are unfortunate. Now we are sorry to say, that we see no symptoms of fearlessness; that many things are reserved, many things most partially related, and that we cannot find any anecdotes of the unfortunate or the dead, which are so liberally announced. We wish Hogg had written more plainly—he had no reason to make him afraid—and then the romance of which he speaks might have been supplied in reality.

* *Aittrive Tales*: collected among the Peasantry of Scotland, &c. By the Ettrick Shepherd. London, 1832. Cochrane and Co.

The memoir is a sad gallimaufry of former autobiographies, and Hogg does not seem to care how he puts his materials together. In the very beginning we have a letter to Sir Walter Scott, dated Mitchell-Slack, Nov. 1806—*sir*. How, then, are we to account for the appearance of the following paragraph?

"I remember in the year 1812; the year before the publication of the *Queen's Wake*, that I told my friend, the Rev. James Nicol, that I had an inward consciousness that I should yet live to be compared with Burns; and though I might never equal him in some things, I thought I might excel him in others. He reprobated the idea, and thought the assumption so audacious, that he told it as a bitter jest against me in a party that same evening. But the rest seeing me mortified, there was not one joined in the laugh against me; and Mr. John Grive replied in these words, which I will never forget: 'After what he has done, there is no man can say what he may do.'"

Now, whatever Hogg may do, it is pretty considerably impossible that a letter written in 1806 should so minutely refer to affairs that took place in 1812.

This is, after all, matter of arrangement, and we confess we think such matters of secondary importance; but we wish that Hogg had made much shorter work of his shepherd days, and been more communicative of the events of the last twenty years of his life. We should not have regretted it, if the first thirty pages of this memoir had been squeezed into two, and the last sixty amplified to a hundred and fifty. We have heard quite enough of the shepherd anecdotes of our poet, unless, indeed, he would condescend to entertain us with some of those amatory adventures which in conversation are so amusing, and which we hope are to appear in the greater biography, which is to be published when its author—distant be the day!—is laid beneath the turf (if there be any there), by the side of St. Mary's Loch. Every thing else we have heard before, even up to his editing the *Spy*, and establishing his Forum. We have, however, a word or two to say about this Forum. We shall first extract Hogg's own account of that establishment.

"The next thing in which I became deeply interested, in a literary way, was the Forum, a debating society, esta-

blished by a few young men, of whom I, though far from being a young man, was one of the first. We opened our house to the public, making each individual pay a sixpence; and the crowds that attended, for three years running, were beyond all bounds. I was appointed secretary, with a salary of twenty pounds a-year, which never was paid, though I gave away hundreds in charity. We were exceedingly improvident; but I never was so much advantaged by any thing as by that society; for it let me feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow, and what they would not. All my friends were averse to my coming forward in the Forum as a public speaker, and tried to reason me out of it, by representing my incapacity to harangue a thousand people in a speech of half an hour. I had, however, given my word to my associates; and my confidence in myself being unbounded, I began, and came off with flying colours. We met once a-week. I spoke every night, and sometimes twice the same night; and, though I sometimes incurred pointed disapprobation, was in general a prodigious favourite. The characters of all my brother members are given in the larger work, but here they import not. I have scarcely known any society of young men who have all got so well on. Their progress has been singular; and I am certain (people may say what they will) that they were greatly improved by their weekly appearances in the Forum. Private societies signify nothing; but a discerning public is a severe test, especially in a multitude, where the smallest departure from good taste, or from the question, was sure to draw down disapproval, and where no good saying ever missed observation and applause. If this do not assist in improving the taste, I know not what will. Of this I am certain, that I was greatly the better for it, and I may safely say I never was in a school before. I might and would have written the *Queen's Wake* had the Forum never existed, but without the weekly lessons that I got there I could not have succeeded as I did. Still, our meetings were somewhat ludicrous, especially the formality of some of the presidents. To me they were so irresistible, that I wrote a musical farce, in three acts, called *The Forum, a Tragedy for Cold Weather*—wherein all the members are broadly taken off (myself not excepted), and some of our evening scenes depicted. I believe it is a good thing of the kind—at least I remember thinking so at the time; but it was so severe on some of my friends, who had a few peculiarities about them, that I never shewed it to

any one. I have it by me; but, I believe never man saw it save myself."

We do not recollect ever to have heard of any of the members of the Forum cutting any figure in society, except Hogg himself, and that pleasant and clever fellow who edits the *Mechanics' Magazine*, J. C. Robertson, who was, we believe, one of the secretaries of the body. What a life of Hogg he could write! But we must think of other matter. An account somewhat differing from this history of the Forum and its members, was written by Professor Wilson, some years ago, in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and we think it aptly to deprive our readers of the Professor's view of the case.

"But, lest I should be suspected of exaggeration, who composed the select society of the Niddry-Street Forum? Young grocers, redolent of cheese, comfits, and tallow candles—who dealt out their small, greasy, fatid sentences, as if they were serving a penny customer across the counter with something odious in brown paper—precocious apprentices, one of whom, in all probability, had made or mended the president's unpaid breeches—occasional young men, obviously of little or no profession, who rose, looked wildly round them, muttered, sunk, and were seen no more—now and then a blunt, bluff, butcher-like blockhead, routing like a bull on a market-day in the Grass Market—stray students of medicine from the sister island, booming like bitterns in the bog of Allen—long-faced lads from Professor Paxton, dissenters from every thing intelligible among men—laymen from Leeds and Birmingham, Hull and Halifax, inspired with their red port wines, and all stinking like foxes of the strong Henglish accent—pert, prim, prating personages, who are seen going in and coming out of the parliament house, nobody knows why or wherefore—mealy-mouthed, middle-aged men, of miscellaneous information, masters of their matter, all cut and dry, distinguished as private pedagogues, great as grinders, and powerful in extemporaneous prayer—now and then a shrivelled mummy, apparently of the reign of George II., with dry, dusty, leathern palate, seen joining in the debate—stickit ministers who have settled down into bookbinders, compositors, or amanuenses to some gentleman literarily disposed—apothecaries, deep in dog-Latin, and tenderly attached to words of six or eight syllables, such as multitudinarianism—a sprinkling of moist members from mason-lodges dropping in when the discussion is about half-seas over—and finally, for there is

no end to this, a few players and scene-shifters (for on Friday night the theatre is shut), assiduous in their noble endeavours to revive the study of Shakespeare, and making the Forum resound with screeds of blank verse, out of mouths as unmerciful as leaden spouts on a rainy day.

"Such is a most imperfect enumeration of a few of the component parts of the Forum, where Hogg learned to feel the pulse and gauge the swallow of the Edinburgh public. 'Here it was,' quoth the swineherd, 'that the smallest departure from good taste was sure to draw down disapproval'!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"No doubt, even in the Forum, it was possible to go too far, and Hogg was, I know, often hissed. It is said, that even among apes and monkeys there are rules of good-breeding, and that the better-bred ones are often excessively irritated at the mews and chattering of their less decorous brethren of ape kind.

"But the truth is, that Hogg never could speak at all in the Forum. He used to read ribald rhymes about marriage and other absurdities, off whity-brown paper, stuck up on a niche, with a farthing candle on each side of him, which he used to snuff, in great trepidation, with his finger and thumb instantly applied to his cooling mouth, in the midst of the most pathetic passages, cheered by shouts of derisive applause that startled Dugald M'Glashan and his cadies beneath the shadow of the Tron Kirk. He has no more command of language than a Highlander had of breeches before the 45; and his chief figure of speech consisted in a twist of his mouth, which might certainly at times be called eloquent. He had recourse to this view of the subject whenever he found himself fairly plunted; so that a deaf spectator of the debate would have supposed him stuck up in a hole in the wall to make ugly faces, and would have called, for a horse-collar. Was that a situation in which 'the smallest deviation from good taste would have drawn down disapproval'?"

This is very pleasant and graphic, though certainly not very flattering to Hogg. We have extracted it from the tenth volume of *Blackwood*, in which it originally appeared, principally for the purpose of pointing out what we think to be the most inexcusable piece of want of that frankness of which Hogg boasts. He tells us, in direct terms, that he was the original projector of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and yet he has not given us a single hint as to the history of the people connected with it. We have sketches and anecdotes of

such folks as William Dunlop the whisky merchant (not the tiger), Goldie, Laidlaw, and other names of low degree; but, somehow or another, Hogg, though he bestows upon *Blackwood's Magazine* the title of celebrated, does not drop a single word concerning his share in contributing towards its columns, the fame it has earned him, the abuse with which it has heaped him, or the scrapes in which he has been involved by its means. Now this, we submit, would have been rather interesting, though it is quite evident he overrates the importance of the Magazine in the literary world. Was he afraid of Wilson? of an old friend with a new face? Perhaps so. It is certain that he is sparing of anecdotes, when he had it in his power to be most amusing; and he is any thing but frank. Take the Chaldee MS. for instance:—

“Certain of my literary associates call me *The Chaldee Shepherd*, and pretend to sneer at my assumption of being the author of that celebrated article. Certes they have long ago persuaded the country that I was not. Luckily, however, I have preserved the original proof-slips, and three of Mr. Blackwood's letters relating to the article. These proofs shew exactly what part was mine, which, if I remember aright (for I write this in London), consists of the first two chapters, part of the third, and part of the last. The rest was said to have been made up conjointly in full divan. I do not know, but I always suspected Lockhart of a heavy responsibility there.”

The Chaldee MS. was one of those things which make a noise in a small, idle, blue-stocking town like Edinburgh, and which would hardly have attracted notice in London: indeed, the only notice which it did attract here was in consequence of its being quoted by Hone, who was, about that time, on his celebrated trial, as a justification of his parodies of the Creed and Commandments. But does Hogg pretend not to know who it was put ‘deevilries,’ as he calls them, into it. In one of Wilson's articles, it is alleged that the whole was written by the man who murdered Begbie. Blackwood very often, in his cups, claims the authorship for himself. Hogg could decide this weighty question; but we see that he only doubts, believes, &c.

Again, after describing Mr. Sym, “that noble and generous old Tory, the renowned Timothy Tickler,” he adds:—

“From that time forward, during my stay in Edinburgh, Mr. Sym's hospitable mansion was the great evening resort of his three nephews and me: sometimes there were a few friends beside, of whom Lockhart and Samuel Anderson were mostly two; but we four for certain; and there are no jovial evenings of my by-past life which I reflect on with greater delight than those. Tickler is completely an original, as any man may see who has attended to his remarks; for there is no sophistry there, they are every one his own. Nay, I don't believe that North has, would, or durst put a single sentence into his mouth that had not proceeded out of it. No, no; although I was made a scapegoat, no one, and far less a nephew, might do so with Timothy Tickler.”

• Who is North, Mr. Hogg? Can you tell? At all events, you well know that many and many a page of Timothy Tickler was written, and many and many a speech put into his mouth, without the least reference to Mr. Sym. Once more:

“Mr. Wilson once drove me also into an ungovernable rage, by turning a long and elaborate poem of mine on *The Field of Waterloo* into ridicule: on learning which I sent him a letter, which I thought was a tickler. There was scarcely an abusive epithet in our language that I did not call him by. My letter, however, had not the designed effect: the opprobrious names proved only a source of amusement to Wilson, and he sent me a letter of explanation and apology, which knit my heart closer to him than ever. My friends in general have been of opinion that he has amused himself and the public too often at my expense; but, except in one instance, which terminated very ill for me, and in which I had no more concern than the man in the moon, I never discerned any evil design on his part, and thought it all excellent sport. At the same time, I must acknowledge that it was using too much freedom with any author to print his name in full to poems, letters, and essays, which he himself never saw. I do not say that he has done this; but either he or some one else has done it many a time.”

As if Hogg could have any doubt on the subject! This is not frank.

How is this tolerance of the free use of his name to be reconciled with what he says elsewhere when speaking of Blackwood?

“I have had many dealings with that gentleman, and have been often obliged to him, and yet I think he has been as much obliged to me, perhaps a good deal

more, and I really believe in my heart that he is as much disposed to be friendly to me as to any man; but there is another principle that circumscribes that feeling in all men, and into very narrow limits in some. It is always painful to part with one who has been a benefactor even on a small scale; but there are some things that no independent heart can bear. The great fault of Blackwood is, that he regards no man's temper or disposition; but the more he can provoke an author by insolence and contempt, he likes the better. Besides, he will never once confess that he is in the wrong, else any thing might be forgiven; no, no, the thing is impossible that he can ever be wrong! The poor author is not only always in the wrong, but 'Oh, he is the most insufferable beast!'

"What has been the consequence? He has driven all his original correspondents from him that first gave Maga her zest, save one, who, though still his friend, can but seldom write for him, being now otherwise occupied, and another, who is indeed worth his weight in gold to him; but who, though invaluable, and I am sure much attached, yet has been a thousand times at the point of bolting off like a flash of lightning. I know it well, and Ebony, for his own sake, had better take care of this last remaining stem of a goodly bush; for he may depend on it that he has only an eel by the tail.

"For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That magazine of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth, of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given much pain to my family and relations, and many of those after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain and humble him by legal measures, as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power; and if he dares me to the task, I want but a hair to make a tether of."

We may ask Hogg, if he was not himself the very person who introduced his name into the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, of which he here complains? and did he not continue contributing songs and scraps to that series long after the words and sentiments which now so much shock his sensibilities had made their appearance?

For the rest, his description of Blackwood is correct enough. Blackwood certainly has behaved very shabbily to him in many instances. *Ex. gr.*

"I confess that there was a good deal of wrangling between Mr. Blackwood and me with regard to a hundred pound bill of Messrs. Longman and Co.'s, advanced on the credit of these works. When Mr. Blackwood came to be a sharer in them, and to find that he was likely to be a loser of that sum, or a great part of it, he caused me to make over a bill to him of the same amount, which he afterwards charged me with, and deducted from our subsequent transactions: so that, as far as ever I could be made to understand the matter, after many letters and arguments, I never received into my own hand one penny for these two works [*Queen Hynde* and *The Confessions of a Sinner*.] I do not accuse Mr. Blackwood of dishonesty; on the contrary, with all his faults, I never saw any thing but honour and integrity about him. But this was the fact. Messrs. Longman and Co. advanced me one hundred pounds on the credit of one or both of the works. I drew the money for the note, or rather I believe Mr. Blackwood drew it out of the bank for me. But he compelled me, whether I would or not, to grant him my promissory note for the same sum, and I was to have a moiety of the proceeds from both houses. The account was carried on against me till finally obliterated; but the proceeds I never heard of: and yet, on coming to London, I find that Messrs. Longman and Co. have not a copy of either of the works, nor have had any for a number of years. It is probable that they may have sold them off at a trade sale, and at a very cheap rate too; but half of the edition was mine, and they ought to have consulted me, or, at least, informed me of the transaction. It was because I had an implicit confidence in Blackwood's honour that I signed the bill, though I told him I could not comprehend it. The whole of that trifling business has to this day continued a complete mystery to me. I have told the plain truth, and if any of the parties can explain it away I shall be obliged to them. If the money should ever by any chance drop in, 'better late than never' will be my salutation."

A salutation which Hogg will never have to make. That hundred pounds is lost to him and his heirs for ever.

"I omitted to mention that I wrote and published a masque or drama, comprehending many songs, that summer the king was in Scotland. It was a theme that suited me to a tittle, as I there suffered fauzy to revel free. Mr. Blackwood never gave me any thing for it; but I got what I held in higher estimation, his majesty's thanks, for that and my other loyal and national songs. The note is written by Sir Robert Peel,

in his majesty's name, and I have preserved it as a relic."

Mr. Blackwood never gave him any thing for it! Of course.

"In the spring of 1829 I first mentioned the plan of the *Altrive Tales* to Mr. Blackwood in a letter. He said, in answer, that the publication of them would be playing a sure card, if Mr. Lockhart would edit them. He and I waited on Mr. Lockhart subsequently, at Chiefswood, and proposed the plan to him. He said that he would cheerfully assist me both in the selection and correction, but that it was altogether without a precedent for one author to publish an edition of the works of another while the latter was still alive, and better qualified than any other person to arrange the work. Blackwood then requested me to begin writing and arranging forthwith, that we might begin publishing about the end of the year. But when the end of the year came, he put off and put off until the next spring, and then desired me to continue my labours till November next, as I should still be making the work the better, and would ultimately profit by so doing. Then, when last November came, he answered a letter of mine in very bad humour, stating that he would neither advance me money on the work that had lain a year unpublished, nor commence a new work in a time of such agitation,—and that I must not think of it for another year at least.

"I then began to suspect that the whole pretence had all along been only a blind to keep me from London, whither I had proposed going, and keep me entirely in his own power. So, rather than offer the series to any other Scottish bookseller, I carried it at once to London, where it was cordially accepted on my own terms, without the intervention or assistance of any body. It was not without the greatest reluctance that I left my family in the wilderness; but I had no alternative. It behoved me either to remain there and starve, or try my success in the metropolis of the empire, where I could have the assistance of more than one friend on whose good taste and critical discernment I could implicitly rely."

Splendid liberality of a friend! Hogg, indeed, might have starved on such friendship. There would have been no objection to have kept him as a Tomfool in Edinburgh—a butt for the literary world there; but as to contributing to his subsistence or comfort, that was never thought of, even after the appeal of the *Quarterly Review*—in plain English, of Lockhart—which

showed how Hogg's pecuniary interests were injured by the course Mr. Blackwood was pursuing towards him. On the contrary, no scruple was felt in accepting his literary labours without remuneration; and Hogg did wisely in shaking off his Edinburgh trammels. His reception here was, on the whole, most flattering, and we trust that his series will be successful. At home, he would have been treated to the end, by his bookselling patrons, as Burns was treated by Thomson, or other paltry pilferers of the profits of genius.

His farming affairs have not been fortunate. He speaks thus of the last Duke of Buccleugh:—

"From 1809 until 1814 I resided in Edinburgh, having no home or place of retirement in my native district of Ettrick Forest, a want which I felt grievously in summer. But in the course of the last-mentioned year I received a letter from the late Duke (Charles of Buccleugh, by the hands of his chamberlain, presenting me with the small farm of Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow. The boon was quite unsolicited and unexpected, and never was a more welcome one conferred on an unfortunate wight, as it gave me once more a habitation among my native moors and streams, where each face was that of a friend, and each house was a home, as well as a residence for life to my aged father.

"The letter was couched in the kindest terms, and informed me that I had long had a secret and sincere friend whom I knew not of, in his late duchess, who had in her lifetime solicited such a residence for me. In the letter he said, 'The rent shall be nominal;' but it has not even been nominal, for such a thing as rent has never once been mentioned. Subsequently to that period I was a frequent guest at his grace's table; and, as he placed me always next him, on his right hand, I enjoyed a good share of his conversation; and I must say of my benefactor, that I have never met with any man whom I deemed his equal. There is no doubt that he was beloved and esteemed not only by his family and friends, but by all who could appreciate merit; yet, strange to say, Duke Charles was not popular among his tenantry. This was solely owing to the change of times, over which no nobleman can have any control, and which it is equally impossible for him to redress; for a more considerate, benevolent, and judicious gentleman, I never saw. It is natural to suppose that I loved him, and felt grateful towards him; but exclusive of all feelings of that nature, if I am any judge of mankind, Duke Charles had

every qualification both of heart and mind, which ought to endear a nobleman to high and low, rich and poor. From the time of his beloved partner's death his spirits began to droop; and, though for the sake of his family he made many efforts to keep them up, the energy that formerly had supported them was broken, and the gnawings of a disconsolate heart brought him to an untimely grave. Blessed be the memory of my two noble and only benefactors! they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were but shortly divided."

Such was the conduct of the *last* Duke.

Now for the *present* Duke.

"Having married, in 1820, Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr. Phillips, late of Longbridge-moor, in Annandale, and finding that I had then in the hands of Mr. Murray, Mr. Blackwood, Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, and Messrs. Longman and Co., debts due, or that would soon be due, to the amount of a thousand pounds, I determined once more to farm on a larger scale, and expressed my wish to the Right Honourable Lord Montague, head trustee on his nephew's domains. His lordship readily offered me the farm of Mount-Benger, which adjoined my own. At first I determined not to accept of it, as it had ruined two well-qualified farmers in the preceding six years; but was persuaded at last by some neighbours, in opposition to my own judgment, to accept of it, on the plea that the farmers on the Buccleugh estate were never suffered to be great losers, and that, at all events, if I could not *make* the rent, I could write for it. So accordingly I took a lease of the farm for nine years.

"I called in my debts, which were all readily paid, and amounted to within a few pounds of one thousand; but at that period the sum was quite inadequate, the prices of ewes bordering on thirty shillings per head. The farm required stocking to the amount of one thousand sheep, twenty cows, five horses, farming utensils of all sorts, crop, manure, and, moreover, draining, fencing, and building, so that I soon found I had not half enough of money; and though I realised by writing, in the course of the next two years, seven hundred and fifty pounds, beside smaller sums paid in cash, yet I got into difficulties at the very first, out of which I could never redeem myself till the end of the lease, at which time my stock of all kinds having declined one half in value, the speculation left me one more without a sixpence in the world; and at the age of sixty it is fully late enough to begin it anew."

He elsewhere estimates the loss at 2000*l*. This was a very excellent bargain indeed offered by Lord Montague, and confirmed by the Duke of Buccleugh. "The farmers on the Buccleugh estate are never suffered to be great losers." Phoo! what a worthy *Mecenas* is the Duke! Do these people wonder that they have lost their hold upon the literature of the country? If they do, never was wonder more gratuitously thrown away.

On the whole, Hogg's memoir has disappointed us. We looked for something far more piquant than old world stories of his boyhood which have been in print for nearly thirty years. The sketch of Sir Walter Scott is good — Lockhart's is better — those of Wordsworth and Southey nothing remarkable. We shall give a reminiscence of Galt, because the idea of Galt's having ever been a dandy particularly amuses us.

"I first met with this most original and most careless writer at Greenock, in the summer of 1804, as I and two friends were setting out on a tour through the Hebrides; so that Galt and I have been acquainted these twenty-eight years.

"That was a memorable evening for me, for it was the first time I ever knew that my name had been known beyond the precincts of my native wilds, and was not a little surprised at finding it well known in a place called Greenock, at the distance of one hundred miles. I had by some chance heard the name of the town, and had formed an idea of its being a mouldy-looking village, on an ugly coast. How agreeably was I deceived, not only in the appearance of the town, but the metal which it contained!

"My two friends and I, purposing to remain there only a night, had no sooner arrived, than word had flown it seems through the town that a strange physical chap had arrived there, and a deputation was sent to us inviting us to a supper at the Tontine Hotel. Of course we accepted; and, on going there, found no fewer than thirty gentlemen assembled to welcome us, and among the rest was Mr. Galt, then a tall, thin young man, with something a little dandyish in his appearance. He was dressed in a frock-coat and new top-boots; and it being then the fashion to wear the shirt collars as high as the eyes, Galt wore his the whole of that night with the one side considerably above his ear, and the other flapped over the collar of his frock-coat down to his shoulder. He had another peculiarity, which appeared to me a singular instance of perversity.

He walked with his spectacles on, and conversed with them on; but when he read he took them off. In short, from his first appearance, one would scarcely have guessed him to be a man of genius.

"The first thing that drew my attention to him was an argument about the moral tendency of some of Shakspeare's plays, in which, though he had two opponents, and one of them both obstinate and loquacious, he managed his part with such good-nature and such strong emphatic reasoning, that my heart whispered me again and again, 'This is no common youth.' Then his stories of old-fashioned and odd people were so infinitely amusing, that his conversation proved one of the principal charms of that enchanting night. The conversation of that literary community of friends at Greenock, as well as their songs and stories, was much above what I had ever been accustomed to hear. I formed one other intimate and highly valued acquaintance that night, which continued with increasing affection till his lamented death: I allude to James Park, Esq., junior, of that place, Mr. Galt's firm and undeviating friend. I like Galt's writings exceedingly, and have always regretted that he has depicted so much that is selfish and cunning in the Scottish character, and so little that is truly amiable, when he could have done it so well. Of my literary acquaintances in London I dare not say a word until I get back to my native

mountains again, when I expect that my reminiscences of them will form a theme of great delight."

We hope that Hogg will keep his word. He was certainly in company of all kinds in London, where his feats and freaks are as freshly remembered as any thing can possibly be here at the end of a month. But he must do it fearlessly and frankly, not somewhat sneakingly as he has done his task here. Where is Wilson? Apropos, Hogg is absurd when he says that there is a secret connected with his *Poetic Mirror* which he is not at liberty to unfold; it is merely that Wilson wrote the parody of himself, as Croker very well guessed in his review of that book in the *Quarterly*. Where is Moir — Hamilton, the O'Doherty — McCulloch — Leslie — Jamieson — the Howisons — Gillies — others fifty whom Hogg knew? This must be all mended in another edition. If he does not make haste to publish his account of London, he will be too late, because we have already a fixed design of writing "London, by James Hogg, in three volumes," of which, it is more than probable, we shall give a review in our next Magazine.

In the meanwhile we must drive other hogs to market.

DORF JUYSTEIN.

IN a little village, situated somewhere about the southern extremity of the range of the Erzeberg mountains, lived Dorf Juystein, the goat-herd. At an early hour of the morning on which our tale commences, he lifted the latch of his little cabin, and yawned sleepily and listlessly as he stretched himself before the door in the grey light of the morning; his lumber of the preceding night had evidently not been very refreshing. His dress betokened preparation for a journey. He was lightly and loosely arrayed; in his hand he carried a long thick staff, which he struck into the ground whilst he strapped more securely a leathern wallet, containing a little coarse bread and goat-milk cheese, which hung at his back. At the left side of his girdle was the large dagger-knife of the mountaineers, and in the other was stuck what seemed to be a whip made of a single thong of goat-skin fitted to a handle. "A curse," muttered Dorf, as he walked slowly away in the direc-

tion of the mountains; "a curse on that infernal *sniffelgag* — to make me so foolishly leave my goats out all night; I warrant I shall not find one of them between this and the Wald-berg. I must have been drinking confoundedly deep too, for my head aches this morning as if the Grey Men had been playing football with it, as they did with neighbour Jarl's." As he pronounced the name of the Grey Men, a sudden pang of fear took possession for a moment of his muscular frame; for now he remembered that, in the drunkenness of the preceding evening, he had spoken slightly and with affected contempt of these mysterious beings and their strange deeds, and boasted that if ever he succeeded in meeting with one of them, he would let him know the strength of a goat-herd's arm. "Fool, fool that I was!" again soliloquised Dorf; "but they know that I was drunk, and will excuse me." And with this consolatory reflection and

lengthened steps he strode on his way. The sun had been blazing for a considerable time above the horizon, when Dorf Juystein found himself approaching a huge brown rock, which lay some ten miles from the Waldberg, the mountain about the base of which he expected to find his strayed goats. He was getting fatigued with his walk, and likewise hungry; so he sat himself down upon a sward of grass, which grew most invitingly at the foot and in the shadow of the rock, and unstrapping his leathern wallet, prepared to make a hearty repast on his frugal cheer. He had not sat long, when he observed an old man turning a corner of the rock, which had before concealed him. He was apparently carrying a pitcher of water, and as he came near, Dorf had an opportunity of viewing his appearance. He was a man perhaps about seventy, thin, and tall of stature, which, with long grey hair and a beard as white as snow, gave him a most venerable appearance. When he approached near enough, Dorf requested permission to drink from his pitcher, stating that he had walked from the village, and having forgotten his bottle at setting out, he had not been able to enjoy his meal comfortably without it. The hermit—for such he appeared to be—without speaking, signified his assent by raising the pitcher that he might drink, which Dorf thankfully did, and to excess. But, alas! he had speedy reason to repent of his rashness. Instead of quenching his thirst, as he had grounds for supposing it would, he had no sooner drank than he felt in his inside a burning heat, accompanied with a sensation of sickness, and a mist before his eyes which made every thing invisible. This lasted but for a moment; and when it cleared away, he saw that the hermit was (to him, at least) gradually changing his appearance. The long white beard and grey hair curled up; and after having arranged itself into a single tuft, like a thin cloud on a mountain top, gradually melted away. All this time the body, not wishing to remain inactive, and yet not being willing to follow the example set by the hair, began swelling and puffing out its sides—at the same time drawing in its length, till it assumed very nearly the dimensions and shape of an ordinary beer-barrel; finally, a little comically-shaped hat popped itself down upon the heretofore uncovered head:

and he who was but a few moments ago, a tall, lank hermit, now stood before the astonished eyes of Dorf in shape and outward paraphernalia, a Dutch merchant of the sixteenth century.

After the change was completed, he did not allow Dorf long time to observe him, but fixing his eyes steadily on him for a moment, he then began to whirl and spin himself round on the grass; and, after performing sundry curious evolutions, he at last whirled himself with a jerk quite over the rock, turning round his head every moment as he was ascending, and grinning horribly on Dorf, and nodding and beckoning him to follow. Dorf, poor fellow, would very willingly have remained where he was; but, alas! he found that the spinning mania was seizing him—the evil eye was on him—so go he must; and away he did go in grand style, whirling round and round, then heels over head, and imitating, with no little expertness and celerity, the wonderful harlequinades of the little fat merchant.

Over hill and dale, over mountain, rock, and stream, over crag and precipice—on, on, whirled the little fat man, and on, on, whirled Dorf, whom an unaccountable feeling compelled to follow at his heels, although he felt much in the same predicament as the novice on the ice, who cannot stop himself without running more hazard than if he were to keep gliding on, and yet feels certain that fall he must at last. The perpetual spinning round, round, round, was beginning to affect him in much the same way as the pitching of a vessel in a stiff breeze affects the landsman; and, to make the simile still more applicable, he was just preparing to render himself safer for his flight, by unburdening his stomach of the bread and cheese he had so shortly before stowed away in it, when, after a journey which in duration, to his frenzied imagination, seemed akin to the existence of the Wandering Jew, the little man stopped; and Dorf, with feelings nearly allied to those of a criminal reprieved at the place of execution, found himself at liberty to follow his example.

When Dorf had so far recovered from the sickening stupor into which his aerial vagaries had thrown him, as to be able to look around, he perceived that the ground upon which he stood formed part of a small but deep

valley, which lay stretched out for about a quarter of a mile before him, and was then abruptly terminated by a range of almost perpendicular mountains, whose tall, dark heads, stretching away into the clouds, effectually excluded the rays of the hitherto oppressive sun, and imparted a degree of still and somewhat strange solemnity to the scene. Immediately behind him, and forming the opposite barrier of the valley, frowned an immense rocky precipice, over the summit of which he had so lately before been performing his magical gyrations.

These features in the appearance of the place were, however, imprinted on Dorf's remembrance more by the mere mechanical action of his visual organs, than by any attention which he paid to the study of them; for there was something in the valley, the observation of which was to him too absorbing to allow him to pay much attention to either rock or mountain. He had, in fact, scarcely raised his eyes, before he perceived that the little Dutchman and himself were not the only persons in the valley. Near the centre of it a group of five individuals were collected, and engaged apparently in some kind of game; they were all uniformly dressed in grey, their persons were tall and commanding, and their dark hair clustered round the high, pale forehead, which characterised the natives of ancient Germany. He was immediately observed, and welcomed to the circle by a fiendish Ha! ha! ha! which, as it swelled through the vale, echoed from the cliffs, and finally died away on the summits of the mountains, sounded like a death-knell in the ear of the unhappy wight, who instinctively knew he was in the presence of the City Men.

After the first burst of contemptuous laughter with which Dorf was received had passed away, they, as if by a common movement, turned round to pursue the game, without deigning to take any farther notice of the individual who had excited their risible faculties to such a degree. The game at which they were engaged bore much resemblance to the Scottish one of quoits, excepting that, instead of flat iron rings, they made use of large round stones, with straight wooden handles projecting from them. These they had thrown for a considerable time in perfect silence, when the little fat merchant, who, without putting himself to the

trouble of again changing his appearance, had taken his share in the game, seized one of the stones, and approaching Dorf, while a sort of half-malicious, half-humorous smile played about the corners of his mouth, and lurked in the twinkle of his grey eye, desired him, by signs, to try how far he could throw it. From the first moment of his entering the circle, Dorf had remained in a state of the most agonising suspense, fearing the more intensely that he knew not what he had to fear. When, however, he saw, by the movements of the little man, that something definite was to be enacted, and from his signs perceived the nature of it, a gleam of hope lightened the darkness of his despair, as he considered that, by an exhibition of unusual strength, he might perhaps win the pardon of those beings into whose power he had so unfortunately fallen; and it was with something like a smile of triumph on his features, as he thought of his own extraordinary muscular powers, that he took the ponderous stone which the little man tendered him, and prepared himself for the throw. Again the eyes of the whole were fixed upon Dorf, and for an instant he quailed beneath their gaze; but instantly rallying, he swung the stone to the stretch of his arm behind him, and as it recoiled, exerting his utmost strength, he threw it—three yards! The heart of Dorf died within him as the unearthly Ha! ha! ha! again rose wildly upon the air, and broke harshly on the reigning stillness of the scene; and he observed, with renewed apprehension, that the little man was preparing for him another trial. On the ground, and at the distance of perhaps eighteen or twenty yards from each other, were two stones, which during the game served as marks to throw at. To one of these the little man brought two of the throwing stones, and placing one on each side, he then removed the middle one, and directed Dorf to occupy its place, and endeavour with extended arms to raise the other two. Refusal or resistance his little remaining senses enabled him to perceive would be of no avail against the power of his demonical oppressors. So, with almost despairing energy, he seized the handles of the heavy stones, and with a mighty effort gradually raised himself till he stood perfectly straight, holding out the two stones at full extent of his arms. These he was now

willing to drop, and tried to open his hands for that purpose; but by some hellish power they were glued to the handles, inseparably united, and all his efforts to loosen his hold were unavailing. He then tried to drop his arms—it was in vain; something held them extended, although at the same time he felt every moment as if the terrible weight of the stones would snap them through. He endeavoured to bend his body to the ground—he might as well have attempted to bend a bar of iron; every muscle of his frame was stiffened into perfect rigidity, and he felt that he had no more power of motion than a statue of stone. He tried to scream, but the power of articulation was denied; he would have groaned under the anguish of the enormous weight, which he bore up, but he could not—he was capable of nothing but feeling, and that sense was only exercised by the most agonising pain. While he continued standing with outstretched arms, motionless and statue-like, a victim to the influence of the dreadful and mystic power which these unearthly beings were thus exercising over him, one of them struck the ground with his foot, and immediately he felt it receding from under him, and he sunk gradually down, down, until his arms reached the level of the earth, and the stones rested upon the surface, when he stopped, and the ground closing in around him, held him with an iron grasp in its yawning jaws. Again the same terrific sound boomed through the valley, and burst with an astounding fearfulness upon the nearly extinct faculties of Dorf. For a moment he stood the shock; but it was too overwhelming to enable him to continue to bear up against it, and with an inward groan he sunk into a state of insensibility. How long he remained in this state, he was not able to judge—probably not more than a few minutes. When he first languidly opened his eyes, he imagined that he was alone; but raising them, and looking about, he perceived that his tormentors were still there. They were grouped around the other stone in the position in which he had first seen them, and the little man was as usual bearing a conspicuous part in their proceedings. He stood somewhat in advance of the others. He was firmly planted upon his left leg, while his right was thrown out behind him; his body was slightly bent forward,

his head eagerly stretched out in the direction of Dorf, and his arm was raised in the act of throwing the stone. God in heaven! at what was he going to throw? Dorf shut his eyes again;—the stone flew whirring from the hand that sent it, and with so true an aim, that it struck with a horrid crash against the head of the devoted victim.

With the shock the spell was broken. Dorf found himself in an instant in utter darkness; the earth that held him so firmly before was gone; he thought he was falling, and he grasped with his hands to save himself. He uttered a piercing cry, and as he did so, he again heard the laughing chorus of the Grey Men. This time, however, it was not so fiendish; and, as it continued, gradually changed, until it seemed to Dorf to assume the sound of the pleasant, hilarious laughter of a voice to which in happier hours he had often responded. "You have had a long sleep, neighbour Dorf," shouted a voice close to his ear, which bore a marvellous resemblance to that of his friend Jarl. "Whe—what—what—where am I?" cried Dorf, as he opened his eyes, and raising himself up, observed his own little hut standing right before him, and bright with the rays of the setting sun—"what brought me here?" "Why, as to where you are," said Jarl—for it was indeed he who was standing beside the little cart in which Dorf lay—"I think I need scarcely tell you that; and as to what brought you here, that is easily explained. You may remember, unless you was so drunk as to forget, that I told you I was going to the hills early this morning, with Kaiser and the *schleife* (cart), and that I would bring home your goats. Very well; when we were coming home, goats and all, we saw you lying asleep at the foot of the rock; and guessing what brought you there, we lifted you gently into the *schleife* and came off, intending to lay you in your own bed, and give you a surprise when you awakened. But when we had got the length of your door, the horse stopped so suddenly, that your head knocked against the top of the *schleife*, and awakened you before the time; and that's all!" And the stout woodsman laughed again till the hills rang.

It was observed that from that day Dorf Juystein never spoke but with reverence of the GREY MEN.

Glasgow, Aug. 1831.

A SPEECH, BY WAY OF RIDER TO A LATE DEBATE.

THE predominant feeling in the breast of every Englishman when he first gazes on the House of Lords is, I believe, a painful one: it is a feeling of bitter disappointment. An illusion which he had cherished from childhood, and which was associated in the mind with every bright passage of his country's history is rudely broken, and his heart is chilled. Nor can this be marvelled at. It requires no small effort forthwith to imagine that the ill-favoured elderly gentlemen before you constitute the most august assembly in the world; and that the tawdry chamber, bedecked with a paltry show of gewgaw splendour, in which you now breathe a heavy air, is the hallowed hall wherein the descendants of the wise and brave, the representatives of the Plantagenets, the Percys, the Nevilles, and the Howards, meet to deliberate upon the fate of empires.

To the Chamber I have never yet been reconciled. It always appears in my eyes a sort of pasteboard apartment—a mere temporary construction, which was yesterday erected to serve a purpose, and which will be removed to-morrow. But, on the contrary, of our hereditary legislators, I conceived, upon better acquaintance, a high opinion. After having heard some two or three of their debates, and observed how infinitely superior they were in eloquence, in knowledge, and in wisdom, to the members of the other house—to the chosen representatives of so many millions, I felt they were not unworthy of their exalted situation. Specially, too, was I delighted with the display of talent, of dignity, and, I will add, of patriotism, which their lordships made upon that memorable occasion when they stood between the people and the accomplishment of their fatal wishes, saying to them in the voice of a saviour, they knew not what they asked; and shewing them they knew not what they did. It was with a beating heart, therefore, that I placed myself in their lordships' gallery on the ninth of the bygone month. Alas! my soul was sad within me; for it was now past doubt that certain short-sighted men had at length, like the arch-waverer, Pilate, determined upon surrendering to the fury of a blasphemous and besotted mob—that in which they believed there was

no crime, in which there was nothing that deserved death; but I still fondly trusted that there might yet remain a sufficient number of the true and brave to overthrow the enemies of the constitution; and thus it was that,

“Half in hope and half in fright,”

I looked forth upon that assembly of my fellow-men, in whose hands was the fate of countless millions, and on whose heads rested a responsibility, the most awful that was ever yet incurred.

As I gazed, the first thing that caught my attention was the care-worn, the haggard, may, the wild look of every minister whose countenance was capable of any expression whatsoever. Of each, I then fancied it might be truly said as of a great and noble reformer of antiquity, Lucius Cætilina, “*Animus *** neque vigilis neque quietibus sedari poterat; ita conscientia mentem excitam verubat: igitur colos ei ex-sanguis, siedi oculi *** prorsus in facie vultuque recordari incrat.*” I perused the face of my Lord Grey most earnestly. His agitation during the period in which the preliminary business of the house was going forward, notwithstanding a violent effort to suppress it, was visible to a degree that rendered him well nigh an object of pity even to an enemy. At length, he rose to move the second-reading of that bill which virtually declares that the constitution of England shall be no more. Let me endeavour to sketch forth his likeness: hitherto I know not that it has ever been attempted except by a flatterer's hands—from me he shall have stern justice.

It would be difficult to conceive a countenance whose expression is more unmitigatedly repulsive than that of my Lord Grey. “Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,” together with the exceeding bitterness of pride, and the mulish obstinacy of a narrow mind, may be read in it at a single glance. The moulding of the head, however, is fine; and the chiseling of the forehead makes it possible for you to understand how it is that the possessor of such other features as I have described may be yet master of an intellect sufficient, under circumstances of peculiar advantage, to enable him to acquire a lofty, though a specious reputation. The form, too, is fine; and, albeit something touched by time, still imposing.

His manner and bearing, nevertheless, are peculiarly ungraceful; nay, decidedly unpleasant, and almost offensive: they are at once haughty and awkward. And if the illustrious Greek did not much overvalue the use of action, Lord Grey must, by that which he adopts, be, even in the eyes of his friends, utterly disqualified from claiming that which he so much affects, the name of orator. He generally has his hands under the skirts of his coat, which he ever and anon flings into the air as he steps to and fro in the space between the treasury bench and the table of the house; and if ever he remove one of his hands from this favourite position, it is only to immerse it in his breeches-pocket,—seeking there, perhaps, a solace for all griefs, and a reward for all dangers, in the company of those golden ministers of joy, for which his palm is understood to entertain an inordinate affection. His voice may have been once good: it is so no longer. From the loss of his teeth, and other physical defects, he has ceased to enunciate distinctly, so that many of his words are lost; and from the sinking of his voice, the latter part of many of his sentences is quite inaudible except to those in his immediate neighbourhood. The style he affects is Ciceronian; and, as he is much more diffuse, so is he by consequence infinitely more feeble than that egregiously over-praised speaker. For the rest, he is a mere declaimer—a man perfectly incapable of taking an enlarged view of any subject, or of explaining it, and reasoning in its defence, if he haply could. His arguments are all supplied by others, and are put forward just as he received them, save that they are involved in a multiplicity of words. In short, his mind is essentially illogical, and desperately contracted. In his best day he was merely a framer of jingling periods: even that mean praise he can claim no longer. In his best day he never could take an enlarged view of a subject: at present, his failing vision can only take one the most misty and the most circumscribed.

I have not spoken of him as a statesman: the results of his administration are obvious to all mankind.

But touching his speech on this occasion. As a composition, it was feebler than any thing even he ever put forth: from the first moment to the last of the long period during which it crawled on its tortuous and slimy way, there was

not one new argument in favour of the bill—one novel view of the subject—one original idea—one happy illustration—one shadow of aught saving the most threadbare common-places. The mode, too, in which it was delivered made it appear still more desperately feeble than peradventure it might have been from other lips. A foul traitor, borne down by the consciousness of his own heinous guilt, could not, it did seem to me, have pleaded before his fellows in a style of more abject depression. His own words in former days were ringing in his ears, and stunning him with their force. Conscious of the threat by which he had extracted pledges from certain of the timid, the time-serving, and the deceived, he sunk under the conviction of the despicable light in which he must be regarded by those who had heard his 'big-mouthed declarations against the system proposed by Mr. Canning. He who now threatened to "swamp" (we thank the thick-skulled Althorp for the word) the house of peers by an extensive creation of those people who would alone accept of the dignity under such circumstances, felt that upon the amendment of the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Canning's corn bill he had uttered such sentiments as these:

"If there should come a contest between this house and a great portion of the people, my part is taken; and with that order to which I belong I will stand or fall. I WILL MAINTAIN, TO THE LAST HOUR OF MY EXISTENCE, THE PRIVILEGES AND INDEPENDENCE OF THIS HOUSE."—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.*

Well! he proceeded nevertheless, and cautiously and earnestly disclaimed all idea of wishing to rekindle dying animosities, or to arouse angry feelings. Still it was impossible, even in his humiliation, to rid his manner of its inherent offensiveness. His friends declared that the object of his speech was to conciliate—to confirm the waverers in their dispositions to be false to their own honour, and the safety of their country. From them perhaps he got full credit for his good intentions; but that the execution did not attend the wish, is abundantly evident from the observations of others. Lord Ellenborough followed him, to move as an amendment that the bill be read a second time that day six months. Lord Ellenborough's speech was an extremely able one: so it was acknowledged to be by friend and foe. He completely overthrew the crude arguments

of those who, to fulfil an idle theory, would vitally attack the constitution by the destruction of all nomination boroughs. He shewed that the best, the most intelligent, the most talented, and the most independent members of the house of commons were returned for such boroughs; and by the force of lucid argument, he triumphantly chased away the miserable mist which his ancient predecessor in the debate had laboriously contrived to raise from the foul exhalations of a thousand marshes of sedition. The speech, I repeat, was excellent; and it is not the first excellent speech Lord Ellenborough has delivered. Yet, strange to say, none sufficiently appreciate his talent, excepting the vile Whigs, who writhe under the infliction of its lash. And why? Simply for that he is personally disliked by all who do not know him; and that no man is disposed to render justice to one he dislikes. And why is he disliked? Because he wears his hair after the Lacedæmonian fashion, and because his wife was pleased to play him false. For the first, in a country where every body is endeavouring to turn the laugh against his neighbour, in order to escape being laughed at himself, it is, of course, beyond all remedy; but for the second, really seeing that it is a misfortune he shares, not only with several members of the present cabinet, but with the most renowned heroes, from Cæsar to Napoleon, I think he has been most hardly dealt with. It is too bad to deride, and revile, and deny all credit to one particular peer on one side of the house because his lady is incontinent, when there are so many noble lords on the other side of the house in perhaps precisely the same predicament, but who are nevertheless allowed the full enjoyment of their senatorial laurels. Lord Ellenborough was replied to (so in courtesy we must turn the phrase) by the husband of the late Lady Caroline Lamb, in a speech which was remarkable for nothing, except the speaker's declaring that he had changed his opinions upon the question of reform, without giving any semblance of a reason why he had been pleased to do so.

That most exemplary prelate, the Bishop of Durham, next addressed their lordships. He exposed the fallacy so often advanced, that the bill would benefit the lower orders; and, alluding to the arguments of certain very learned persons on the Treasury benches, ob-

served—"It has been urged that the people are placed in a different situation by the progress of knowledge, by what is called the march of intellect. Unquestionably, knowledge is power; but unless it be under the control of some higher principle, it is the power of evil rather than of good. It is therefore the duty of statesmen to guide and to restrain public opinion, not implicitly to follow it, or to yield to popular clamour." This opinion, by the way, of the right reverend prelate's, respecting knowledge undirected by principle and due discretion, is admirably illustrated by the Hindu fable of the four brahmins, who, returning from a foreign city wherein they had made themselves masters of all sciences even the most occult, resolved to take an early opportunity of putting their powers to some practical proof. The occasion was not long wanting. They met a countryman who was carrying the disjointed members of a tiger in the skin. They seized his burden, and by the mighty power of their art, reunited the various fragments of the animal, and once more breathed into his body the breath of life. Their experiment, in a word, had been perfectly successful; but, alas! the first use the tiger made of his restored vitality was to tear in pieces the brahmins who employed their knowledge after so indiscreet a fashion. Here ends the fable, as it well may, with the death of its heroes; and the moral is obvious: but I think it may be carried yet farther than was contemplated by the eastern Æsop, for the mischief arising from the mad use of the powers which knowledge confers does not cease with the death of the brahmins. The tiger once more lives; and a thousand other men, guiltless of the fault of recalling him to existence, will probably prove his victims.

The next speech to which I would advert is that of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Pitiful it was in composition, albeit manufactured by a Jesuit; and in delivery, although spoken by a Talbot. None, however, can dispute its value in proving to us the precise worth of the oaths of Popish members of Parliament, and of the other "securities" wherewith the Duke of Wellington fondly imagined he had fenced the established church.

But to proceed: the Earl of Harrowby signalised himself by the hardihood of delivering a long speech in favour of the second reading of the Reform bill,

every passage of which might be answered by a corresponding passage in that able speech which won him so much fame last year. Lord Wharncliffe repeated, after a worse style, all that his noble brother in apostacy had already urged. Several noble lords declared that they had been frightened into a change of opinion, and the Bishop of London, the most fortunate and the most worthless of pedagogues, unblushingly stated, that if he had been present at the division last year, he would have voted for the second reading of the first bill, notwithstanding the notorious fact of his having preached an anti-reform speech at his Majesty's coronation. This paltry time-server was followed by the Bishop of Exeter, a new member of their lordships' house, and one, be it remembered, who had never before addressed them upon any great question regularly brought into discussion. In this, therefore, his first appeal to their lordships' attention, he was entitled to all courtesy. But how was he received by the ministerial side of the house? Positively after a fashion which would have disgraced the frequenters of Mr. Hunt's old spouting-club, the Rotunda. The tailors and tinkers who meet there to shout blasphemy and sedition, could not possibly treat any unfortunate gentleman who happened to rise amongst them to express dissent from their opinions in a more unfair or more unjustifiable manner than the ministers and their mutes did the right reverend prelate. Six or seven times at least was he obliged to claim the protection of the house from unmannerly and brutal interruptions by the noble tenants of the Treasury benches. Unsubdued, however, and undaunted, he held his way, and, in spite of all the disadvantages against which he had to struggle, delivered one of the most splendid orations ever heard within the walls of their lordships' house. From first to last there was not one weak argument, one inappropriate expression. It was one mighty and unfailling gush of eloquence, prostrating and hurling forward in its impetuous sweep every thing that ventured to resist its progress, and ever gaining increased velocity and force from the encounter with each obstacle that for a moment chafed its current. But why was it, it may be asked, that all the ordinary courtesies of the as-

sembly were violated by certain noble lords, and that towards a new member, and one whose profession prevented him from defending or avenging himself after that fashion which would be most likely to have weight with his noble persecutors? Simply because they entertained the vain hope of being thus able to extinguish a man of genius whom they knew to be *à l'outrance* opposed to them: and they knew they might make the experiment safely in the house—because he was a new member—because he was a churchman, and could not defend himself—and because, from his limited means, and the humble situation he occupied previous to his elevation to the right reverend bench, it was most improbable he could have any personal friends in that dignified assembly; and they felt, moreover, that the excess of indignation which, under other circumstances, the public would be sure to entertain at their proceedings, was by no means likely to be displayed in behalf of one who was labouring under a load of obloquy—obloquy, too, I believe, most undeserved. At the period when the Duke of Wellington carried the measure of Catholic emancipation, Dr. Philpotts was held up to the universal execration, by a large portion of the daily press,* as a vile apostate, for lucre's sake, to the principles he had so long professed, and so ably defended. He did not condescend to answer the charges which were preferred against him; but now let us inquire upon what foundation they were fixed. He ceased to write against the measure. Why? Most probably because, after his interview with his Grace of Wellington, he saw that the measure must be carried, and, therefore, that his anti-catholic effusions could no longer have any effect, saving one which he would most anxiously avoid—the fomenting the agitation which prevailed throughout England. Next, he voted for Sir Robert Peel at Oxford. Now this is the only positive charge that can be brought against him. He should, perhaps, have abstained from voting on the occasion; it would have been better if he had. At the same time, if he believed, as well he might, that Sir Robert Peel's reluctant consent to the measure was given under circumstances that left no stain on his honour or patriotism, whatever they might have done on his judgment

* Among others, by ourselves.—O. Y.

and firmness, I cannot recognise in it more than a simple indiscretion, for which no man should be visited with the severe punishment which was meted out to Dr. Philpotts. Next, too, it was bruited abroad that Dr. Philpotts had, in private society, expressed himself not unfavourable to emancipation, with suitable securities for our establishments in church and state. Now, a most ungenerous use has been made of this; no orangeman even, who is unacquainted with the circumstances which led to the passing of the bill, should presume to pronounce a positive censure upon Sir Robert Peel, and much less upon Dr. Philpotts. It is ungenerous—it is unfair. They are labouring under the disadvantage of not being able to justify themselves by a disclosure of the motives which acted upon the one in a greater, and upon the other in a less degree. It is conjectured, and not without reason, that the Duke of Wellington had to choose between the Catholic bill and a rebellion in Ireland. If he could have depended upon the army, I do not think he would have hesitated in his choice; but I do believe he could not, at that time, depend upon the army in Ireland. The troops had been tampered with most extensively, and their fidelity to their colours was at least very doubtful.* The agitators of Ireland were then in close league with the opposition party in France; and by Perier, Lafitte, and the leaders of that party, it was at least declared, after the passing of the bill, that they well knew the fact of the army in Ireland having been in great part seduced; that if there had not been emancipation, there would have been a rebellion, and that then at least one-half of our troops would have deserted their standards. If this be true, we shall surely find some excuse for the duke in proposing the bill, and for Sir Robert Peel in acceding to it, although we may doubt his judgment in deferring the inevitable contest to an hour when it must be entered upon, under, perhaps, still greater disadvantages, and against still more fearful odds. We may believe, that, with half his army, and the Protestants of Ireland at his back, he might have rode the rebels down in eight-and-forty hours; but let nobody dare to blame the duke for not engaging the

country in a civil war, while a hope, however faint, of averting it yet remained. He, the most illustrious of living men, may blame himself: but it is not for us to presume to judge him—it is not for us to say that even he should not be assailed by the apparition of a civil war, and the poet's awful denunciation of him who calmly could contemplate it:

*Ἀφρήτωρ, ἀέριστος, ἀνίσταίς ἔστιν ἱκνῖνος,
Ὅς πολέμου ἔραται ἐπιδημίου δευρόντος.*

For myself, therefore, as a stanch Protestant and Tory, I consider that Sir Robert Peel is to be pitied rather than to be blamed; and, considering this, can I, with any shew of justice, attach the slightest reproach to the name of Dr. Philpotts. He dissented from the measure to the last. When the duke appeared to him, and probably laid before him the desperate goad by which he was urged forward with the measure, Dr. Philpotts may have acknowledged the irresistible power of that goad, but he never ceased to protest against the insufficiency of the securities, and never once for a moment lent his sanction to the particular measure which was carried. This is abundantly evident, from the explanation of his conduct upon that occasion, which the Bishop of Exeter gave in his place in the house of lords some time back, in the presence, and with the assent and support of the illustrious duke. With a patience under unmerited taunts that is beyond praise, and a determination not to avail himself of the insecure and unbecoming medium of a newspaper to clear his character, he waited the opportunity of doing so in an assembly where he could do it with dignity and effect, and after such a fashion as to leave no lingering doubt upon the mind of any honest man respecting the purity of his motives. Nothing, therefore, could have been more unfair and ungentlemanlike than the subsequent attacks on him in the house by peers, on most of whom the very stain of political apostasy, which they attributed to him, was deeply branded,—nothing more rufianly than the rancorous malignity displayed against him in the whole Whig press, from the filthy *Satirist* to the brutal *Times*. But such are always the tactics of the Whigs and Radicals. To weaken political opposition, they vilify private character. Witness their

* We do not coincide with our friend in these remarks; it was the minister's business to have put down rebellion by military force.—O. Y.

atrocious libels on the Duke of Cumberland; their foul and most false charges on the judicial purity of Lord Lyndhurst; their slanders upon the honour of ladies, which every right-thinking person must feel to be below the dignity of man. In pursuance of this system it is that they have never ceased to attack the Bishop of Exeter in the only way that lies open to them. The unaffected simplicity and piety of his private life afford no scope for scandal; the discharge of his pastoral duties is such as to wring praise even from his enemies. The only thing, therefore, which remains for them, is vague, personal abuse, and the positive charge of what they denominate his raving on the Catholic question. The debate on which I have been speaking, and to which I now return, affords an admirable illustration of this.

In the course of an argument in which he had been several times interrupted by the petulance of the ministerial bench, and which tended to prove that violence was not essential to a revolution, he proceeded to remark, that many supporters of the bill praised it for its revolutionary tendency; and added, that in the *Times* he had, not long since, read the following words, as characterising the constitution of the land: "That horrid old mockery of a free government which we have been hitherto enduring." This is the description of the existing constitution given in a public journal which has rendered the most powerful support to this measure, and which is believed by many to breathe the inspirations, if not of the Treasury itself, at least of some high officer or officers of the government." I DO NOT SAY THAT THIS BELIEF IS WELL FOUNDED. I DO NOT SAY THAT I BELIEVE IT: I only say that such a charge has been made, and that it is believed by many to be true." Here (quoth the *Mirror of Parliament*) a noble viscount used a strong expression, denying the truth of the charge.

The Bishop of Exeter—"I have only said that it is believed by many, not that I believe it." *

Now surely in this there was nothing unparliamentary—nothing discourteous—nothing personal. The prelate merely stated that which was notorious, namely, that many believed (and good reason had they for thus believing), that the *Times* was the organ of the radical party in the cabinet. After this ebullition of party rancour, he was suffered

to proceed with less interruption to the close of his admirable speech. The Bishop of Llandaff then announced his change of opinion; and the frothy verbiage of Lansdowne next vexed the drowsy ears of their lordships, who found themselves so fatigued by his 'damnable iteration' of common places, that it was found necessary to adjourn the debate immediately after the exhibition of his soporific.

The debate was adjourned for two days. Lord Wynford was in possession of the house. When he had concluded, my Lord Durham rose! Gentle reader, if you wish to bring Lord Durham before your 'mind's eye,' figure to yourself a gentleman with a mahogany-coloured face, lank black hair, a most sinister aspect,—that peculiar expression of countenance which distinguishes a person in the jaundice, and that narrow, intellectual moulding of head and brow, and that especial style of features, which we observe in the worst class of half-castes. Imagine to yourself, at the same time, a dingy dandy, with clothes cut in the first fashion, and the hair smoothed down, and oiled most carefully, and you cannot fail to be successful in your wish;—his lordship is before you: you have now only to fancy him suddenly inspired by 'the sweltering venom' of two days, and you will be enabled to enjoy the flowers of his oratory. I take the speech which he himself wrote for the *Mirror of Parliament*, and which is in many respects different from that which he spoke in the house; but of that I am willing to give him all the benefit. I shall simply remark, that he has, with very creditable taste, omitted all the dramatic portion of it,—the stage directions, and so forth. Such as—[here the noble lord was so affected that he could not proceed for some moments]; and [here the strong emotions of the noble lord rendered him inaudible for some moments],—and the like. He has also very properly omitted the allusion to his family misfortunes. To feel deeply on such occasions is natural; and to give utterance to that deep feeling is becoming;

Sed nunc non erat his locus.

God forbid that I should not believe his grief sincere; and that I should not sympathise with such grief, whoever may be the mourner. But I do think, that any allusions whatsoever to 'the lost and lovely,' are ill mixed up with the coarsest and foulest abuse of

a Christian prelate. I think, too, that under any circumstances, in a debate on a public question, and still more in a discussion wherein he conceived his own honour was affected, the noble lord might have spared himself and the house the pain of such allusions. The deepest and deadliest loss in this fleeting world of ours is the loss of honour,—that loss which no time can mitigate, no blessing can requite.

But let us proceed. The noble lord, after giving his predecessor in the debate credit for due courtesy, proceeds to say, in his own report, wherein the gross offensiveness of the expressions is something diluted, and in fact the purport altered; for he never made any allusion whatsoever to historical facts: "Very different was the tone and temper of his speech from the exhibition made from the right reverend bench the other night,—an exhibition, my lords, on the part of a right reverend prelate, of which I shall only say, that in coarse and virulent invective, malignant and false insinuation, and the grossest perversion of historical facts, decked out in all the choicest flowers of his well-known pamphleteering slang——"

The Earl of Winchelsea rose to order, and said, "I think it would ill become this assembly, or me, who am a member of it, to allow such personalities to be offered in it, more especially to an individual sitting in a quarter of the house in which the right reverend prelate alluded to is. MY LORDS, ON HIS PART I WILL SAY THAT I SCORN THE INSINUATION MADE BY THE NOBLE LORD." To this very intelligible compliment the noble lord, with his characteristic prudence, made no reply; and Lord Winchelsea, upon the interference of Lords Holland, Grey, and Buckingham, moved that the words 'false and pamphleteering slang,' be taken down, and Lord Durham resumed. He said, "the noble duke (Buckingham) will admit that there was an insinuation made by that right reverend prelate last night, against his Majesty's ministers, with regard to a connexion on their part with the press. It would be gross affectation in me, my lords, to deny that I did know that the expressions of the right rev. prelate did apply to me, having been told by those who had read them, that the same charge has been directly made against me, by name, in some of those weekly publications which are distinguished for being the receptacles

of every sort of scurrility and indecency. When, therefore, I found that charge repeated in your lordships' house, and conveyed in such terms that I could not doubt it was meant to apply to me, I was determined to take the first opportunity of stating to your lordships that it was false and scandalous. I now rest, for any noble lord to take down my words."

Here is admirable logic! He knew the right reverend prelate alluded to him, because, forsooth, the *Age* and the *John Bull* had, *he was told*, accused him of communicating with the *Times*; and because (which is evidently false) this charge was repeated in such terms that he could not doubt it was meant to apply to him. Now, pitching the newspapers aside, for they have nothing to do with the matter, we may observe, the terms in which the bishop spoke were general, and, most decidedly, to none could they convey the insinuation of a special charge, excepting to one most curious, from an ill-conditioned nature, in detecting matter of offence to himself in every general charge of baseness that was made, or else to one nervously alive, from a consciousness of his own delinquency, to every even random shaft that seemed to approach him,—to one

Conscius, et cui fervens
Æstuat occultis animus, semperque
tucendis.

I have now done with his lordship's speech; for that part of it which referred to the question is stale and paltry beyond measure. The Bishop of Exeter rose to explain, amidst something very like the hootings of the ministerial benches. Offensive expressions were addressed to him by several 'barons bold.' He was obliged to call upon the Marquess of Clanricarde, for example, "to speak out, so that he might answer him," and having stated that (as was obvious to all) he had only spoken generally, he proceeded to allude to a particular occasion, in which the apparent connexion between the government and the newspapers was wonderfully strong. He then referred to the notice which was given in the *Times*, of the 23d of January, of the letters written by the Duke of Buckingham and his son to his majesty and his majesty's secretary; and observed, that "the nature of the correspondence was so distinctly stated, that the information must have come from some one who

had access to that correspondence, and that it appeared to him more probable it came from one of the members of government than from the duke." His grace then stated that he had written to his majesty—that he gave no copy of that letter, and that he had read it only to two of his own family and the Duke of Wellington. This much of his grace's observations was clearly heard; but some doubt is entertained as to the precise impression intended to be conveyed by the remainder. The *Times* report makes him say that part of his letter was inserted *verbatim* in that journal, and this fact the *Times* has since denied. Others, with greater fairness, represent the noble duke as having simply said, that the substance of his letter was given with perfect accuracy in the *Times*; and this is the fact: and passages from the duke's letter, I believe, were therein published, under the impression that they were taken from a letter written by another noble personage. The modern Junius, as Jones styles himself, falsely and basely insinuates that he received the information from Lord Nugent. Now, all men will admit that the other parties accused are much more capable of an action so dishonourable.

Earl Grey then denied all connexion with the *Times*, which was scarcely necessary, and accused the bishop of want of Christian charity, which called for a second explanation, and that was given in these terms:—

"My lords, I distinctly declare that I never meant to charge the noble baron with communicating any particulars to the *Times*; but I said that there was an apparent general connexion between that paper and certain members of the government. If a declaration of what was passing in the inner mind be extorted from it, it is a little too much to say that I meant it for an insinuation. I declared from the first that I did not mean to charge the noble baron with any particulars, although I seem to have been mistaken by the noble marquess near me. Some of my right reverend friends did not think that I alluded at all to the noble baron."

I have now done with this unseemly squabble, which covers the ministers and their friends with such infinite disgrace; and of the debate itself I shall say little more. It presented few new features: the principal were, that unanswerable proposition enunciated by the Bishop of Exeter, that the publicity of the debates had already sub-

jected parliament to a democratic influence so great, that any increase of it must entirely destroy the balance of the constitution; and the exposure, by the Duke of Wellington, of the fraud which government had practised on the people, in representing his majesty as most intemperately eager for reform, when, in truth, he was perfectly indifferent upon the subject. Upon the whole, the debate languished from the first:—even Lord Brougham, who is generally so amusing, was dull and maudlin; neither his felicity in anecdote or sarcasm, nor his powers of happily applying something quaint and striking, from an immense mass of vague and superficial knowledge, was brought into action. Lord Lyndhurst spoke admirably, but not with his usual spirit. The subject was utterly exhausted. The revolutionists had been one hundred times defeated in argument already: it was therefore beyond measure depressing to be obliged once more to trample on a foe who can oppose little more than a mere inert resistance. Lord Grey replied after a fashion; and the house divided. The result is known to the country.

And now, what have we left to hope? Perhaps the Pilates who suffered the time-hallowed constitution of our once great and happy country to be dragged, as it were, to the foot of the scaffold, may yet relent; and when their idle expectations of "extracting the venom" from a mass of poison, by subjecting it to the alembic of a committee, are dashed to the earth, peradventure they may, at the eleventh hour, rescue that constitution, by some unworthy stratagem, from the gripe of the executioner. Should this, in the fulness of time, come to pass, we shall rejoice exceedingly. To them be the shame—the benefit to us! The country, however it may despise the instrument, will have good right to return its humble thanks to Heaven for a deliverance from the dire evils wherewith it has been threatened. And who would have a just cause to complain? Some, perchance, whose expectations of a share in the elective franchise have been highly raised. Their murmurs, however, would be groundless; for all just claims would hereafter be assuredly conceded. But decidedly Lord Grey and his followers would have no right to complain. He who moved the insertion of the divorce clause, and they

who supported it, after having strenuously opposed the second reading of the bill of pains and penalties against Queen Caroline, can never dare to murmur at any parliamentary manœuvre, however foul. They who vigorously maintained, during all the preceding stages of the bill, that the Queen was "pure innocence," and then, in the committee, carried a clause pronouncing a punishment for her innocence greater than the bill proposed for her guilt, and this for the base purpose of preventing the right reverend bench from voting on the third reading of the measure—they most certainly can raise no cry against any attack, however insidious, however treacherous it may be. But, for me, I entertain no such hope. I believe that the Lord hath hardened their hearts; and that, like that same accursed waverer Pilate, they will permit the execution to proceed, contenting themselves with protesting that they have no share in it, and that they wash their hands of the guilt. Perhaps, however, the "waiters on Providence"—those who absented themselves from the division, to see in which way the tide of fortune set, may grow ashamed of their apostasy, and arrive, at the close of the engagement, a precious reinforcement to secure our triumph. This I cannot imagine. I cannot suppose that men who, craven-like, hung back in an encounter wherein there was question of honour or infamy, of life or death, will now press nobly forward, when the dangers are infinitely increased and the prospect of success proportionably diminished. I believe the bill will be read a third time, and this without a new creation. Lord Grey dares not make peers; but I believe the bill will be read a third time—and, merciful Heaven! what is our prospect? The two houses of parliament will have virtually abdicated their high functions in favour of the rabble. Will the monarch then interpose with his prerogative to stay the demon of destruction? Will he have read the hand-writing on the wall, and see that the glory is on the eve of departure from his house and from his people? Alas, alas! we have a Richard the Second when we need an Edward the First. There is no

hope—no hope save in the merciful goodness of Providence, so often displayed in the fortunes of this kingdom. But let us not utterly despair. This is not the first, albeit the worst and bitterest agony of our country's fate. In a passage of the preface to Clarendon's works I find the germ of hope, and I embrace the omen that it offers. The words of encouragement which it breathes seem prophetically enunciated to give us consolation in those latter days when the ends of the world seem come upon us.

The writer says, "Our constitution is the main point ever to be regarded, which, God be praised! hath been preserved through so many ages;" and after alluding to the various attempts to overthrow it, formerly by violence, and more recently by an appeal to the people, parliament yet sitting, he declares that the latter "is not likely to be more effectual than some others that have been tried before; since we have the experience that no violence, or almost ruin, hath hitherto hindered it from settling on its old foundations."

Let all, then, embrace with me this omen! Let us hope, that, even at the worst, our trials will be only for a time, and that our glorious constitution, however tempest-tost, will once more settle on its old foundations! Let us believe, though power may be for a season permitted to wicked men, that in the end they will be scattered and confounded. Let us believe—and the very belief must bring to pass the consummation we devoutly wish—let us believe, that although the Lord, for his own wise but inscrutable purposes, may suffer the banner of our constitution to be laid prostrate and dishonoured—though, like the head of Hector in his own native land, *ἡν ἰσχυρὸν γαίῃ*, it be dragged in the dust—although it be steeped in the blood of martyrs, and polluted with the blood of traitors, it shall yet be raised to its ancient height of glory: it shall yet float free and triumphant from the towers of our Zion, on the breezes of a great and happy land—the delight, the pride, the wonder of succeeding generations.

W. I. H.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.—NO. IV.

LETTER OF VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, M.P., TO ARCHIBALD JOBBY, ESQ., EX-M.P.

DEAR SIR,

ALTHOUGH you and I have had the fortune of sitting on different sides of the House during your stay in Parliament, I need not say that I highly esteemed the principles on which you generally acted, and which must be the principles of practical men, who know the world, on all sides of every legislative assembly on the face of the earth. Jobbing is indeed a word peculiarly of Whig invention, and its most flourishing and palmy period was under the dynasty of Sir Robert Walpole, the Whig minister *par excellence*. If truth must be spoken—and as this is a confidential letter I do not see why it should not—the destruction of jobbing commenced with the accession of the Tories to power. The Whigs, in fatal moment, about the beginning of the reign of George III., allied themselves with the rabble leaders, whom, in the days of their own domination, they had scourged very efficiently; and, under the delusion that they might oust Lord Bute, commenced the clamour against place, pay, pension, sinecure, &c., &c., which, to the infinite chagrin of all true Whigs, they have found themselves compelled to keep up ever since. It was very well for the rabble to do this, because the great body of the shirtless had no chance of ever getting any of the things against which they bawled; and Wilkes, besides, saw that he could raise some money off the corporation, and stuff himself into one of their best places, as he did, by the noise; but such blinded policy on the part of the Whig leaders of that day is to me inconceivable. The mob have always been dangerous allies for us Whigs; even if we carry a victory by their means, it is a barren triumph, and destitute of the legitimate quantity of plunder.

We of course talk loudly of the disinterested virtues of our great families; and at this present moment Lord Brougham threw in the Duke of Wellington's face the great estates of the Whig leaders, as a proof that his Grace was mistaken as to the quantity of property embarked in the cause of reform; on which several blockish lords raised what the people in my own country call a hullabulloo, just as if Brougham had done something quite clenching; and I see the newspapers on our side are triumphing over it as a floorer. These newspapers of ours are, after all, the dumbest of human creatures. If they knew any thing about the business, they would not have said a word on such a subject. To me, I own, the assertion of Brougham was most melancholy; for it put me in mind of the days gone by,—parted, like Ajut, 'as my friend Sam Rogers—mind, the real Sam, the poet, not the sham Sam, the punster,—says in one of his books,—

“Parted, like Ajut, never to return.”

How came these properties? There are the Bedfords. Ask John Russell, who is a historian, a poet, a pamphleteer, and all that; and he can tell you how their property was derived. Or go look at Burke's letter to Lord Fitzwilliam, and he will explain it to you at full length. I forget Burke, because the man's writings (to say nothing of their being so completely refuted by Sir James Macintosh) kept the Whigs out of place for thirty years; and they are therefore not pleasant reading for liberal minds; but I think he says of his own pension, that it was granted by a gracious sovereign (meaning, of course, the sovereign then on the throne—for all kings are gracious while they are alive), while the estates of the Russells were derived from gross jobbing, sanctioned by an atrocious tyrant (thereby meaning a king who was dead; for, indeed, if the prince alluded to had not been as dead as Harry the Eighth, Burke never would have bestowed upon him such an appellation). Junius also will throw some light upon the doings of the Bedfords a generation or two back; and, on the whole, they well deserve the name of the Leviathans of jobbing, their fat, blubber, train-oil, all and every thing being job, job, job.

By the way, I do not think it was quite fair in my worthy and venerable uncle, Fitzwilliam, to allow Burke to write to him in such a style. His own family has had no light finger in picking up the public proceeds. In the fool-books called peerages you will see a lot of nonsense about Sir William Fitzgodric, cousin to Edward the Confessor, and Sir William Fitzwilliam, ambassador at the court of William, Duke of Normandy [where do they find these *Sirs* among the

Saxons?]; but the truth is, that the ancestor of the Fitzwilliams was an old pawn-broking tailor in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who jobbed a good deal under Wolsey; and the Irish estates, about which Milton now writes every now and then to "Dear Challoner," were lifted off the barbarian Irish in the usual way. To be sure, his lordship voted for the emancipation of the descendants of those persons whose estates he holds, which was very kind and considerate; and, in the true Whig sense of the word, Liberal. But still, it was shabby in my uncle to permit a brother jobber to be abused by Burke. I do not like these things, my dear Jobbry, believe me, I do not.

Wolsey founded also the "illustrious" house of Cavendish, and that in the good old style; and their Irish fortune came through the Boyles, from the great Earl of Cork. Puckler Muskan is impertinent enough to say, that the Duke of Devonshire, the great sultan of the fashionable world, as he calls him, has the face of a Merino sheep. This, I say, is shockingly impertinent, and the more so, as it is most provokingly true. But, be that as it may, it requires a face of brass to say that the Duke's property was acquired by means that give him a title to be a practical authority in the cause of antijob reform.

As to the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, my noble friend Lord Holland, how did he get his money? Oh, Mr. Jobbry! Mr. Jobbry! these were glorious days, when paymasters of the forces could put their hands upon "unaccounted millions." Indeed, Sir Stephen Fox, "a distinguished senator," as the peccages call him, was no bad judge of the best means of feathering his nest; but the first Lord Holland! Oh! he was the model of a Whig patriot, and his manifold virtues have descended among his successors. Charles Fox, himself, our own great leader, well valued the great merits of his father. When Alderman Sawbridge was thundering away in one of those indefensible speeches which are now and then inflicted upon Parliament against "the corrupt plunderer of unaccounted millions," Charley quietly replied, *sotto voce* of course, "Unaccounted indeed! What a bounce! Why there never were more than three millions in all; my brother Stephen can account for one, and I have pretty well settled another."

Then there is my Lord Privy Seal, my dear Jobbry. A more regular hand than the founder of the family in Ireland, Sir William Petty, the Surveyor-General and Commissioner for the Distribution of the Forfeited Estates in Ireland, never was known at the bar of the Old Bailey. He went to Ireland an apothecary, on three shillings a-day; but, by judiciously distributing the lands of the O's and Macs into his own pocket, he died worth what was 15,000*l.* a-year in those days; 60,000*l.* at least in ours. He was the prince of jobbers; and, to do his descendant justice, he holds with close fist what his honoured ancestor took with open palm. Indeed, an ancestor of my own, Sir John Ponsonby, fingered the debentures prettily enough, and thereby reared the fortune of our family; but he was nothing to the Lansdownes.

But I need not detain you to tell of the Graftons and Richmonds, though that's pretty well gone by; or the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, or the Hamiltons of Scotland; or any of the other great men of the bill. They are all sons of jobbing; so that when Brougham, in answer to the Duke, described these noble personages as representing the property of the country, he spoke very truly, in a certain sense; for it is indeed the property of the country, which they have contrived to get into their hands, that gives them any title to the seats they occupy.

You know all this, my dear sir, and could, no doubt, handsomely dilate upon the theme; but what I chiefly write about, is to assure you that you wrong us excessively in thinking that our coming across, chattering like pyets, as you express yourself, (a phrase that has much chagrined my friend Macaulay, who takes it to be intended for him,) was to make any material change in the doing of business. It was, I am obliged to say it, a conclusion far too hastily adopted by a man of your liberal ideas. It was very well for us, when we were out, to make a noise; but of course it was only consistent in us, when we got in, to do business as business ought to be done. For example, we roared against Lord Eldon for his delays in Chancery, and Michael Angelo Taylor used to come down every now and then, rigged up with a long speech for so little a man, after feeding us all at dinner, and blow up the old chancellor. Accordingly, when Brougham came in, speed was the order of the day; but, my dear Jobbry, men who know the world were not deceived. The arrear is just as great this minute

as it was in the old time, though it may take another shape. In like manner, every successive secretary at war was beautifully badgered for whipping soldiers; and the woes of sensitive grenadiers, detected in liquor, and tickled with the cat, formed the theme of many a dolorous speech. This was when we were out. When we are in, you see, Hobhouse himself, the very man who was most pathetic over the tender backs of tipsy lifeguardsmen, and the injured feelings of petty larceny lightbobs, now filling the office, and declaring it as his sincere conviction that whipping is a most wholesome exercise, and a sound moral discipline. So in the civil list, we put the Duke of Wellington out of office because his list was too large. When we succeeded to his place, we voted every item which he had proposed. The pension-list remains shilling for shilling as it was; and the old dowagers, over whom you lament, Mr. Jobbry, have not lost a farthing of their snuff-money. We talked of retrenchment,—and our army and navy estimates are greater than yours. We were very sharp on Goulburn for blundering in matters of finance,—we set up Lord Althorp purely for the purpose of defending Goulburn's character. The laws *were* to have been amended; we have done nothing in that, except the making a famous job, such as would give delight to your own patriotic heart, in the Bankruptcy Court. Not one of your own schemes was better covered over with the pretences of patriotism and disinterestedness than the appointment of "the four honours" to win us the "odd trick." But, without going further, need I point out to your admiration the conduct of the worthy and venerable premier himself? Since the good days of the Walpoles, was there ever a prime minister who quartered his family—his kith and kin, as we say in Ireland—so beautifully and so liberally on the public. Are there not fifteen Greys now in office,—a pretty team, drawing at least 100,000*l.* a-year? which, when reduced to francs, is 2,500,000. How Casimir Perier's eyes would glisten if he saw that sum sinking into his own purse! And need I point out to you the illustrious house of Plunkett? Peg Plunkett, in my father's time, was the most famous person of the family. She, as the story goes, very particularly patronised the Irish bishops of her day; but I doubt if she ever did any thing like the business in the way of patronage which is now exhibited by the noble lord who at present has the Church of Ireland in his keeping. He and his pick up at least 80,000*l.* a-year, which is no bad thing, when we consider what was his stock in trade when he began business.

As for myself, dear Jobbry, I have only the woods and forests, and much is not to be done there. I confess it is something amusing to the son of the Earl of Besborough to be a sort of upper servant to Mr. Spring Rice; but men of sense, you know, swallow those things. I have only one small matter to observe connected with my department. That highly respectable and honourably-minded individual, Lord Goderich, who sits now as colleague with Grey, after having been a colleague of Liverpool—who now calls Brougham his political friend, after having been the friend of Canning;—this worthy man, this true disciple of the Jobbry school (of which, indeed, he might serve as the model and exemplar), obtained, through his Tory connexion, a grant in Carlton Gardens, which, now he is a Whig minister, he has contrived to sell for a good round sum—the newspapers say 25,000*l.* Is not this a capital job? I am sure your heart warms to it.

With respect to my office in the House—that of whipper-in—I can only say, that the longer I fill it, the more is my veneration for the great man whom I have succeeded. I imitate him in every particular as closely as I can, adoring the traces of his footsteps from afar. I cannot flatter myself that I succeed in every thing, for genius is inimitable. Industry may, however, do much; and perhaps the future historian of the House of Commons, when his task leads him to speak of our important function, may say that among the whippers-in of that assembly, inferior only to the illustrious name of Billy Holmes, is that of,

Dear Sir, your obedient servant,

DUNCAINON.

Whitehall Place.

P.S. Do come into the House, and join us. You see the sagacious, the old veterans, such as Harrowby and others, have rattled to us already. I am sure a man of your sense, on reflection, must see that the Reform Bill, which has so much annoyed you, is a job in all its parts. One of its principal objects is to job Dwyer from Lord D.; and I am sure you will say that *that* is a laudable and intelligible object.

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FOR

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No. XXIX.

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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

No one can look at the conduct which has been for some time displayed by Whig and Tory, ministry and opposition, ruler and subject, without seriously inquiring whether there be any conceivable shame or calamity which is not on the eve of falling on this unhappy empire.

Still the pitiful copyists of France, it seems to continue our grand rule, that governments exist for no other object than to enable contending parties and factions to tyrannise and destroy each other; that in the management of public affairs this object only is to be regarded; and that laws have no validity when distasteful to will and physical power.

The Whig ministry has been in office great part of two years, and during this long period it has occupied itself principally with the Reform question. To the utmost point every other matter connected with national interests has been neglected, postponed, or made subservient to this: the cry has been, agitate not this, it will injure reform—that must be done in such a way, because it will promote reform! And thus, what necessity has preserved from total disregard, has only been done in the most improper manner. And what is this Reform question? One, on the avowal of its more candid supporters, for crushing one party and making another despotic—for enabling one portion of the community to rob and oppress the other;—one which has produced many of the evils of civil war, and threatens to produce all the rest. A lawful and upright ministry, if

even this question had been forced on it, would have remembered that its duty was to respect the just rights and feelings of all, and to set it at rest in the most speedy manner, with reference only to the general interests of the empire. It would have acted the part of moderator, poured wine and oil into the wounds of domestic peace, and taught the revolutionary lower orders that the better ones were their brethren. The Whig ministry has done exactly the reverse. Forcing on the question as its own beloved offspring, it has used it directly and collaterally as an engine for aggrandising the Whigs and destroying the Tories, feeding convulsion, and making the two great divisions of society to war for each other's extermination. Never, in modern times, did the institutions and good feelings of this country receive such a tremendous shock as they have received from this ministry.

A question like this, which, on the part of its parents and supporters, is one of fierce and sweeping aggression, is used to array national animosity against, first, the House of Commons, then the House of Peers, and next, the Established Church. The courtesies and humanities of civilised warfare are savagely refused, defence is unpardonable guilt, and success is to be attained even through the demolition of these venerable institutions. And who are at the head of the crusade? Why, the king's ministers.

It naturally enough happens, that the sacred precepts of the constitution and the laws stand in the way, and

that they are discovered to be fit objects of destruction. Lawless ends require lawless means. How could your Whig minister overthrow the constitution, should he spare the laws which protect it? The example of the ruler is too good to be lost on the subject. "To carry reform, I will put the laws under my feet!" cries the former; "and I will do the same!" responds the latter: "I will set aside the sovereign and the peers!" declares the one; "and I will pay no taxes, and obey no constituted authorities!" ejaculates the other. An unlimited, irresponsible executive, and an ungovernable people, are, on the ruins of law, placed before us. And who lead in this great work? Why, the king's ministers.

And, in the name of satiety, is not this enough? No, foolish inquirer; it would leave something still untouched, which ought to be the object of national reverence! The sovereign first is held forth as a fiery partisan in the question; in the most unconstitutional and unseemly manner he is dragged from the throne, and used as the leader of one part of his subjects in an offensive war against the other; the world is assured that he is the assailant of law and institution—of all he is solemnly sworn to defend. When he has been so far treated in this foul and barbarous manner, that he is rendered an object of distrust and animosity to his peers and the better classes, he is seized, and so dealt with, that the brutal insults and execrations of the rest of his subjects are showered on him. And who are the actors here? Why, the king's ministers.

What, more yet? Yes; the sovereign is incapacitated for discharging his duties. He is bound to such ser-

vants and advisers alone as are destitute of his confidence—to such as have given him the most criminal advice—to such as have brought him into this fearful conflict with his people, for refusing to do what they themselves acknowledge would be evil. And who here are the leaders? Why, the king's ministers.

Thus, then, in the most revolutionary of times, the House of Commons, the House of Peers, the Church, the Laws, and the Sovereign, are severally and collectively made the objects of national animosity, and even vengeance; they are held up to not only public hatred, but destruction, by the proceedings of the king's ministers. And let no heart ennobled by a drop of that pure and chivalrous blood which won the rights and liberties of England, ever forget that this is done, not to give bread to the hungry and clothing to the naked, not to remedy real public grievances and necessities; but solely to change the balance of power between profligate parties and factions, and enable one to prevail against another.

And also let it never be forgotten, that the defence put forth by the parents of these proceedings only renders their guilty character the more evident. After proclaiming in every direction, by sound of trumpet, that the king was as fanatical and reckless in the cause of reform as themselves, and had empowered them fully to create any number of peers they might decide on, these men resign office because he will not accept their advice for the creation of peers. On the evidence contained in this of falsehood, and of effort to deceive the country and intimidate the upper house of parliament by falsehood, no enlargement is necessary.

Earl Grey* admits, that the practical

* Those who wish to see the pretended right to create peers satisfactorily disposed of, have only to consult Earl Grey's defence of it, in reply to the Duke of Wellington's masterly exposure of its character. The right, forsooth! exists, because without it the Peers might combine against the Crown and Commons, and they would not be limited, as every thing in our system is. Is it possible in the nature of things for them so to combine? No; and if they should, what could they accomplish against the Crown and Commons? Nothing. They are effectually limited by their own interests and powers. And what limit would his lordship put on them? One which would limit them from deliberation and judgment, destroy them in regard to the more important of their judicial functions, and make the executive unlimited and irresponsible. And this is from a prime minister! O, shame on the ignorance and imbecility! He still dilates on his own pure character and motives: let him no longer deceive himself, for no one gives him credit for possessing either. When future cabinets shall tyrannise and oppress through the creation of corrupt peers, indignant and suffering England will not forget that Earl Grey was the traitor to her and his order, who established the precedent.

suppression of the House of Peers by creation would be an evil act; and Lord Palmerston owns, that it ought only to be done in an extreme case. If, then, the extreme case be not fairly established by proof, ministers stand convicted of foul guilt by themselves. Where are we to find such proof? It is notorious, that if their bill had, on its introduction, been of far more limited operation, and had contained many more securities, it would have been about as acceptable to the body of the reformers as it has been. The first item of proof, viz. that they were compelled to place it so far in hostility with the feelings of the Peers, is wanting; and we have demonstration of the contrary.

Instead of having, before they introduced it, reasonable assurance that such a bill would be passed by the Peers, they had a moral certainty that it would be rejected; they knew that many of the Whig peers—saying nothing of the Tory ones—withheld their sanction. The second item of proof, viz. that they did not voluntarily propose such a bill, without discharging their duty in obtaining satisfactory grounds of belief that it would be passed by the Peers, is also wanting; and we have proof of an opposite description.

It is abundantly manifest, that if they had from the first declared they would obey the laws and established usage, and would not pretend to reform the one division of the legislature by demolishing the other, the bill might have been greatly modified, without any call for new peers, or convulsion. Every one knows the revolutionary clamour for the passing of the bill without alteration, by means of new peers, originated mainly in the information they circulated, that they would seek, or had obtained, the king's consent to manufacture peers in any number: it is an historical fact, that after the bill was first rejected, this clamour had scarcely any existence until they sent abroad such information. The third item of proof, viz. that they did not advise the king to create peers, until they were driven to it by the state of public feeling, is likewise wanting; and, instead of it, we have proof, that they voluntarily gave the advice in the absence of all pressing public necessity, and produced the clamour they plead in their defence.

Without saying any thing in favour of Lord Lyndhurst's ill-advised motion, it decided nothing against the bill; and these ministers were assured, in the moment of its success, that their opponents would pass the bill in its essentials. They therefore renewed their advice to the king, and resigned on its rejection, when they knew, that without new peers the success of the bill in its material parts was certain. The fourth and main item of proof, viz. that they did not resign on the rejection of their advice, until they had the clearest demonstration of their inability to carry the bill without new peers, is also wanting; and, in lieu of it, we have evidence, that when they resigned on the rejection of their advice, these peers were wholly needless.

Their extreme case, then, was really this: without any public necessity they voluntarily and knowingly prepared such a bill as the House of Peers would not pass; then they extorted the king's consent to make, and by means of it raised the clamour for, new peers; and, finally, they laboured to compel the king to create the latter, when the triumph of the bill was certain without. At the moment when they resigned, because the king refused the creation, they knew the latter was no more necessary for enabling the leading provisions of the bill to pass, than it was for enabling Earl Grey to eat his dinner.

This, without exaggeration, is the extreme case on which the laws and usages of England were to be trampled in the dust, that the executive might be rendered despotic—on which the upper house of parliament was to be not only stripped of its independence, but made the servile instrument of the executive for ever. Let these ministers be their own judges; if it be not, in the honest meaning of the king's English, truly an extreme case, they practically admit they ought to be impeached.

It was impossible for them to be ignorant that their advice to the king, if accepted, would involve him in personal conflict with his Peers and a vast part of his people, and, if rejected, would draw on him the fury of the maddened mass of the population; and it was impossible for them to be ignorant that their resignation would be accepted, and that it would produce frenzy and commotion, from which the

most terrible consequences might be expected; and it was impossible for them to be ignorant that the advice they offered the king related not to the exercise of his ordinary, well-defined powers, but required him, without being clothed with any sufficient right or authority, to destroy the sacred rights of the upper part of his subjects—to usurp the functions of a separate estate of the realm—to violate his solemn oaths in both letter and spirit. If words can have any meaning, he is bound by the most sacred obligations, to his God as well as his country, not only from invading, but to protect, the independence of both houses of parliament. When, therefore, it was wholly unnecessary for the success of the bill, these ministers, knowingly forced the sovereign into this dreadful situation, and compelled him either to be guilty of perjury, usurpation, and tyranny, or to make the throne itself an object of popular vengeance, and place the public peace in the most imminent peril.

And is it to be believed that the independence of parliament still exists?—that the estate of the realm which the Peers are intended to form, still has effective being?—that the estate of the realm which the constitution means the sovereign to be, still has real vitality? Immaculate Cockney Gauls, I spurn from me the mockery! I say the independence of parliament, as a whole, is destroyed; the House of Peers is suppressed, and the sovereign is deposed. I am an Englishman, and if I cannot have substance as well as shadow, let me have nothing. What matters it whether the vote of the House of Peers is decided by the creation of a host of new peers, or the expulsion of an equal number of existing ones to prevent it? whether ministers expel the independent peers with the bayonet, or with the threat of practically putting down the house by marching into it an army of their corrupt mercenaries? whether the sovereign be an exile, or a passive instrument in the hands of his servants?

From the interest which Earl Grey has in the bill, as its parent, his opinion on it is not entitled to the smallest attention; and few people would care to take the life of a dog on the judgment of such a personage as Lord Durham. Passing by them, Lord Brougham, Lord J. Russell, Sir J. Graham, and

the rest of the ministers, are, touching the essential parts of the bill, trampling on their own deliberately-recorded convictions. What grounds do they urge? Neither impartial opinion of their own, nor legitimate public benefit, nor the will of the legislature—but only popular clamour, without reference to its character. Their plea is substantially this: no other than such a bill will satisfy the people; therefore, whether they be right or wrong, we must sacrifice our own opinions, and carry it, in despite of either sovereign or peers. I appeal to any man who can distinguish his right hand from his left, whether this be not virtually the abolition of constituted authorities and law—of legitimate, responsible, and limited government?

When the popular voice is thus distinctly recognised as the despot, I ask, by whom is the despotism exercised? Do the people of England meet for deliberation, as they were wont to do, voluntarily, and in freedom from improper bond and stimulus? The most profligate member of the cabinet will not dare to reply in the affirmative. The revolutionary clamour for the bill proceeds chiefly from the Birmingham and other clubs, of which the members in the body are bound to obey their depraved chiefs, and are worked on by every thing that can delude and inflame. These clubs, or rather the knaves and traitors who move them, now, on the confession of ministers, really constitute the king, legislature, and cabinet of England; and their will supersedes and abrogates the laws of England. Ought this to be? No, say these ministers; they are highly pernicious!

Nevertheless, these very ministers boast of their character; they actually represent themselves to be the monopolists of all the virtues! Reeking hot from the foul guilt of labouring to force the conscience of his sovereign, and destroy the independence of the upper house of parliament—to sweep away the sacred rights of the Peers, and usurp those of the crown—Earl Grey presents himself before his injured country, and proclaims, “I am the man of unsullied character! mine are the motives which no one can question!” With the hideous brand of interested apostacy, touching this reform matter, ineffaceably imprinted on his forehead, Lord J. Russell, with-

out a blush (one of these ministers blush!), vociferates in the public ear, "We are the models of chivalrous honour!" After setting aside the sovereign and peers, the constitution and laws, and investing a stupendous combination of lawless demagogues and rebels with an irresistible sceptre of iron, the whole cabinet, without ablu-tion or change of raiment, and with all the sweat, filth, stench, and infamy still fresh upon them, shout in our astonished ears, "We are the exclusive possessors of public morality! in us alone the sordid love of office can find no place! the gate of honour gives entrance only to our holy body!" Public morality, honour, character, pure motives!—what will these abused names be next bestowed on?

These ministers even go beyond this—they furiously assail the motives and honour of other people. What a tremendous outcry have they raised against the *motives* of the Duke of Wellington! Men like these have had the incredible assurance to say the Duke could not carry the Reform bill for the sake of office without the loss of honour! Another mirthful matter touching this must be told of them:—If the Duke had, on gaining office, carried this bill, he would have done only what Sir R. Peel did in regard to the Catholic question; if he had adopted the bill for the sake of office, Sir Robert evidently sanctioned the Catholic one to preserve it. It will be remembered that the Russells, Palmerstons, and whole Whig tribe, lavished the most fulsome adulation on Sir Robert for his change of sides; in their eyes it was so far from casting any suspicion on his disinterestedness and integrity, that it proved him to be the most disinterested and honourable of men. How does it happen that the selfsame conduct was the purest disinterestedness and honour in one man, and the most corrupt love of place and infamy in another? Courteous and wondering inquirer, it happens thus: the conduct was calculated, in Sir Robert, to give office to, and in the Duke to take it from, the Whigs! Then these mercenary profligates stigmatise all who defend the institutions and laws of the realm, as forming a corrupt and unprincipled faction. Lord J. Russell turns his coat on the more important points of reform at the precise moment—yes, miraculous though it be, at the

precise moment—when he receives office, and then he shouts, "Faction!" in reply to those who retain his renounced opinions. A personage who led such a public life as Lord Brougham did before he tumbled into the peerage rails against his opponents as "factious." Nay, Sir F. Burdett, the clumsy, patched, tawdry harlequin, who, a few short years ago, was wont to astound the very vegetables in Covent Garden Market with his vagaries before the Westminster rabble, even oracularly rails in the same manner against the "Faction." And oh, ye powers, to tolerate such things on earth! the moral, temperate, and knowing Mr. T. Duncombe is wroth beyond description with the "destitution of public morality, honour, and other virtues displayed by those who oppose the Whigs!"

Amidst all this, I turn to the Tories, on whom, as the opposition, the defence of public institutions and punishment of the ministry constitutionally devolve, to seek protection for myself and my country; and, alas, alas! what do they offer me?

The Wellington ministry fell because it could not resist reform: I care not for the Duke's assertion to the contrary—other members of it admit this, and it is notorious that it would have had a majority against it on the question. Some leaders of the Wellington Tories owned that no other than a reform ministry could have being, many of the old Tories were in favour of comprehensive reform, and only a few individuals held that no change was necessary. When, therefore, the body of the Tories either admitted that a reform ministry alone could exist, or called for reform, what were they bound to do? At the best, the question before them, on their own shewing, was—reform, or no ministry of any kind; for they had scampered from the cabinet, and human possibility would not allow a reform ministry to oppose reform; of course, no matter what they might think of the latter in the abstract, they were bound to support it, and endeavour to get the best plan practicable. It was something far more unpardonable than folly to oppose reform, almost wholly, at the very moment when they confessed that neither themselves nor any other men opposed to it could form the executive; yet they were guilty of this. As soon as they had

voluntarily abandoned office from inability to resist reform, their periodicals, however incredible it may appear, actually lauded the Duke of Wellington for pronouncing it to be unnecessary—vituperated Sir R. Peel for being willing to give members to large towns—heaped unmeasured abuse on moderate reformers—spoke of hostility to it in all but the lower classes—declaimed on reaction—and furiously withstood all reform, excepting perhaps some petty matters. The body, including the old Tory reformers, misled by them, opposed it wholly, or were only willing to concede unmentioned trifles—in part they would sanction some safe plan, but this safe plan they carefully concealed: they quibbled on unavoidable inconsistencies and anomalies in the ministry's bill, which were of little public moment, but never attempted to separate the good parts from the evil—they represented the bill to be so bad that they were compelled to reject it altogether, but they had no other to propose in lieu of it—and, in the upshot, they found themselves willing to adopt some unknown scheme in the gross, and inextricably pledged to resist any and all in detail. In much of their opposition to the bill they contended against provisions highly favourable to themselves and the reverse to the Whigs; and one mighty matter they accomplished: they saved the creation of freemen by birth and servitude. If in future they be disabled for acquiring and retaining office, it will be mainly through this, their great and much-bepraised achievement.

Well, in the heat of the turmoil, the Whigs fled from their posts, and no office was tendered to the Tories. Here was a glorious opportunity for proving their assertions touching re-action and the absence of all necessity for reform; and how did they use it? They were unable to form a ministry. Why? Because the House of Commons would only support a reform-ministry, and they found it impossible to obtain a different one. If this did not constitute an imperious necessity for reform, what could?

In my judgment, no public men ever acted in a more fatal manner to any country than they did to England in this matter. The Duke of Wellington, whose conduct was above praise, may be excepted. They were, forsooth! too much bound by pledges to propose the Whig

bill, and one less comprehensive could not be got through the House of Commons. If they could have carried no bill differing in essentials from the Whig one, they acted most properly; in such case it would have been the same to the country whether the bill had been carried by them or the Whigs.

Was it, then, morally certain that they could carry no other than this identical bill? No. They might have retained every syllable of it, and still by additions alone have rendered it infinitely less dangerous. This is stated on their own opinions. They denounced the bill because it excluded talent from parliament, and they could have made provision for the admission of talent. They denounced it for refusing representatives to the colonial interests, and they could have bestowed such representatives. They condemned it for making ministers dependent for seats on popular election, and they might have given them seats in virtue of office, and by this have secured an equal number of independent ones for the opposition. In this manner they might have rendered the bill infinitely less pernicious on their own doctrines, and in my conviction free from every thing dangerous, without altering one of its essential provisions: and there is the strongest probability that they could have got it through the House of Commons thus amended.

But reform was not confined to the bill before the Peers. There was an Irish bill, which nearly equalled in importance the English one. This Irish bill had vital bearing, not only on the church, but on the balance of parties in the House of Commons; and a modification of it would have operated as a large one of the English bill. To it the House of Commons was not particularly pledged, and the revolutionary clamour of England disregarded it. It cannot be doubted that they could have made great changes in it after passing the English bill.

There is almost a moral certainty that if the Tories had accepted office, they might have rendered the two bills comparatively perfect, and still have carried them in the House of Commons: if this be denied, was there a moral certainty to the contrary? No; and in the absence of it they were bound to make the attempt, even against hope; and to die in the breach like honourable men. What was their conduct in

reality? This : by refusing office they gave the Whigs ample means to carry what they declared was a most ruinous measure, and this was in effect giving the latter their warm support ; they did so when it was in their power to divest the measure, in a large degree, of its ruinous character. Compelled, on their own avowal, to choose between what they stated to be a revolutionary, destructive bill, and a comparatively innocuous one, they decided for the former, because they could not have the utter impossibility of no bill of any kind. If I concede them in the matter cold, feeble, trembling, indolent, purblind good intentions—much tender regard for self ; where, in the name of my country, am I to find courage and patriotism, discernment and wisdom ?

Let no one confound this with the Catholic question, which, it is to be feared, was the fatal rock in the case. The Tories could not have accepted office to carry the identical Whig bill, without sacrificing every vestige of honour ; but they were imperiously commanded by honour to accept it, in order to render a destructive bill, already in progress, and sure of success if left in Whig hands, comparatively harmless. It must be remembered, that it depended on their acceptance or rejection whether the House of Peers should retain its independent existence, or be virtually suppressed—whether the sovereign should resume the sceptre, or remain a captive.

And what are the Tories doing at present? In the House of Peers, the Duke of Wellington and others have uttered some ineffectual condemnation of ministers ; but, in the other house, they do little better than acquiesce in all the criminality. There must be no exciting speeches, no angry words, no sacrifice of the amicable and fraternal feelings which exist between the Tory and Whig heads ; therefore ministers must be tamely suffered to do any thing. Was it in this manner that men like the great Earl of Chatham fought their battles, gathered fame, and saved their country? Oh, that this departed statesman could once more appear in that degenerate House of Commons, which he so often illuminated and purified with his lightnings, to smite the puny Whigs with his giant invectives, and annihilate them with his deep knowledge of the constitution! I say that ministers, on their own admissions, have made themselves

liable to impeachment, and will Tory breach of sacred duty suffer them to escape? When they have turned public animosity against the foundations of the empire, placed all leading institutions in jeopardy, openly trampled on established law and usage, laboured by foul means to intimidate and seduce a large portion of the peers into criminal violation of solemn obligation, surrounded the public peace with peril, and attempted to usurp the functions of both the king and the upper house of parliament, is there nothing in all this—even no error of judgment—to provoke the thunders of an opposition? Are these ministers justified in their guilt because they are called Whigs, or because they are supported by combinations of demagogues and traitors, arrayed in open rebellion against the authority of both the king and the legislature? What! if the success of an impeachment be doubtful, does it follow that a fruitless attempt would be of no value in restraining future traitors and tyrants who might creep into the cabinet? Never will I concur in the doctrine, that guilt ought not to be molested because it cannot be reached by condign punishment—that the crimes of the ruler are venial, because they are encouraged and supported by the crimes of the subject.

Turning in despair from the Tories, where is hope to be found? I will appeal to all upright, reflecting, patriotic men, in utter scorn of party distinctions. To them I say: In the terrible war which rages between the population and institutions, tyranny and law—the ministry and House of Commons on the one hand, and the sovereign and House of Peers on the other—your persons and fortunes will not be protected from the most fatal visitations by neutrality or lukewarm interference. Delude not yourselves with the hope that his mob majesty of the thousand and one unions will resign his sceptre when the Reform bill is passed, or that his slaves of the cabinet will find no more extreme cases on which to place the king in chains, and put down the House of Peers. No, no! reform is but a *means* with both the despot and his slaves—it is worthless if the *ends* be not attained ; and they involve the destruction of every thing valuable to you and your country. Crush the tyranny and rebellion, and then, if it please you,

indulge as usual in contention for the power to manage public affairs according to the laws and constitution!

Is my appeal fruitless? then I will even betake myself to the ministry and its confederates; I will thus speak to the Cockney Gallic members of the cabinet, or, if it be useless to address the slave without gaining his master, to the Robespierres and Marats of the Cockney Gallic press. Most potent Cockney Gauls! in the name of myself and millions of my countrymen, I demand, if we can have nothing better, a rightful share of all this wrong—a fair equality of all this lawlessness and despotism. We are not too simple to comprehend your logic, and if you have a right to be exempted from obeying the laws and paying taxes because the House of Commons is not constructed according to your dictation, we demand, on the score of right, the same exemption, if its construction be altered without the sanction, and through the practical annihilation, of both the sovereign and the House of Peers. If your will be to suspend, annul, and operate as the laws of the realm, we demand that ours may also. If you have power to act as King, Lords, and Commons, we insist on enjoying the same power.

Most puissant and honourable Cockney Gauls! we are subject to grievous pains and penalties if we obey any other sovereignty than that of the law. We are commanded to yield only limited, conditional allegiance and obedience to, not only the king, but also his servants and the House of Commons. We are bound to obey them merely as the law's functionaries—and not alone to disobey, but to shed our blood against them whenever they attack the law. If you be released from the pains and penalties, we demand our equality of release.

And thou, most brilliant of all the constellations of the Cockney Gallic

hemisphere, Lord Brougham and Vaux, deign, after refreshing thy jaded faculties with an ample meal of reference to thy voluminous labours in the *Edinburgh Review*, to point out to us the chapter of the constitution which invests the servants of the crown and the House of Commons with authority to depose the king and suppress the House of Peers. Blandly shew us the law, great constitutional lawyer! which empowers one estate of the realm and an irresponsible cabinet to change the laws and institutions of England without the consent, and through the extinction, of the other two estates; and shew us, farther, the law which authorises the king's servants to usurp the functions of their master and the upper house of parliament, and to cause the Peers, by threat and stipulation, to violate their oaths and duty.

And tenderly reveal to us, pure keeper of the king's conscience! by what miraculous magic thou contrivest to keep his majesty's conscience, when he is not suffered to have one.

And most upright keeper of the king's conscience, and learned Lord Chancellor of England, disclose to us the manner in which thy solemn duties were discharged when thy official instruction was given to the King of England, that it was compatible with his oaths and powers to destroy, in effect, the upper house of parliament, annihilate the rights and liberties of his Peers, and change the laws and institutions of England, in despite, and through the demolition, of one of the estates of the realm.

I began with demand, but I end as a suppliant. Alas! alas! the chivalrous and mighty are no more who ever had a sword to draw and blood to pour in defence of the constitution and laws, the rights and liberties, of their country!

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE AMERICAN CHESTERFIELD.*

THE idea of America and Chesterfield do not in general enter our mind at the same time, and the combination at the head of this our article is therefore rather a startling one. We thought at first it was intended for a quiz; but, on examination, we find that it is a perfectly sober and well-regulated book, consisting chiefly of extracts from Lord Chesterfield's letters, flanked by Dr. Watts's advice to a young man on his entering into the world, the admirable lines inscribed on the five-sided golden crown which was found in the tomb of Noosherwan, Lord Burleigh's ten precepts, the Art of carving, and other excellent treatises of the same kind. There is very little in the book peculiarly American.

For our own parts, we confess it has long been our fixed opinion that neither good-breeding nor good housekeeping, no, nor even carving, can be taught by books—and we care not who is perfectly aware of the fact, that we utterly despise the spirit and feeling of Lord Chesterfield's famous letters, as being in themselves infinitely mean, grovelling, and worthless. But we have no intention of here going into the general question; many more fitting opportunities for so doing will certainly arise in the course of our existence. We only purpose at present saying a few words about the Americanisms.

Our transatlantic brethren are in general very angry when any of their little peculiarities are exposed by travellers. Basil Hall is abhorred, and a desperate outcry is at this moment raised against Mrs. Trollope, whom a *Foreign Quarterly* reviewer is pleased, in the last number, to call Mrs. Frances Trollope. Let us hear, then, what the member of the Philadelphia bar, who writes not to reprove, but instruct—not to expose the malpractices of his countrymen, but to amend their manners, selects as the objects on which he thinks them most to be reprehended. And first of all, he attacks the tobacco-chewers as follows:

"As there is no nation that does not exhibit something peculiar in its manners worthy of commendation, so there is none in which something peculiar cannot be observed that demands reproof. Should an American gentleman, during a visit to England, be seen chewing tobacco, it matters not what may be his dress, or his letters of introduction, he will immediately be set down as a low-bred mechanic, or, at best, as the master of a merchant vessel. No gentleman in England even smokes, except it be occasionally, by way of frolic; but no person, except one of the very lowest of the working classes, is ever seen to *chew*."

We are not quite sure that no gentleman ever smokes in England. We rather think that it is a practice most actively spreading into all civilised coteries among us; or, as Lord Byron phrases it, that sublime tobacco may be more magnificent in Stamboul, but that it is,

"Though less grand,
Not less admired in Wapping or the Strand."

And, since his lordship's day, it has continued on its travels westward, and the cigar may be seen decorating the bushy-haired visages of the dandies who perambulate Regent Street. Whether it has got so far as St. James's Street yet, is a different question, but the Guards certainly smoke. As for chewing, we take it for granted that the member of the Philadelphia bar is right. It is an accomplishment which we calculate is confined to the gentlemen of the American school. He soon proceeds to a congenial observation:

"The practice of chewing leads to that most ungentlemanly and abominable habit of spitting upon the floor and into the fire. No floor in the United States however clean, no carpet however beautiful and costly, no fire-grate however bright, nor even our places of divine worship, are free from this odious pollution. A person who is guilty of so unpardonable a violation of decorum, and outrage

* The American Chesterfield, or the Way to Wealth, Honour, and Distinction; being Selections from the Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Son, and Extracts from other Eminent Authors, on the subject of Politeness; with Alterations and Additions, suited to the Youth of the United States. By a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia, John Grigg.

against the decencies of polished life, should be excluded from the parlour, and allowed to approach no nearer than the hall-door steps. When in a house, and a person has occasion to spit, he should use his pocket-handkerchief; but never upon the floor, or into the fire. The meanest and the rudest clown in Europe is rarely known to be guilty of such an indecorum; and such a thing as a spitting-box is never seen there, except in a common tavern."

Decidedly the barrister is right in this. We do not recollect ever having seen a spitting-box at Almack's or Devonshire House. Mrs. Trollope, our readers may recollect, was especially angry with the skivvory system of the Yankees, and her observations were taken in very ill temper on the other side of the ocean; but they are here confirmed by a native—one to the manner born. He also confirms, what we find so pleasantly depicted in some of her pictures, viz. the practice of cocking up their legs upon tables, pulpits, benches of justice—everywhere, in short, where the temptation is afforded.

"There is another habit peculiar to the United States, and from which even some females, who class themselves as ladies, are not entirely free,—that of lolling back, balanced upon the two hind legs of a chair. Such a breach of good-breeding is rarely committed in Europe. Lolling is carried even so far in America, that it is not uncommon to see attorneys lay their feet upon the council-table, and the clerks and judges theirs also upon their desks, in open court. But low-bred and disgusting as is this practice in a court of justice, how much more reprehensible is it in places of a still greater solemnity of character! how must the feelings of a truly religious and devout man be wounded, when he sees the legs extended, in the same indecent posture, in the house of God!"

He continues his reprehensions:

"Much injury is done also to the paper-hangings of a parlour by the practice of balancing on the hind-legs of a chair. By this reprehensible indulgence, as well as sitting too near the wall, the paper becomes, in a short time, marked all round with grease, exhibiting a most unsightly contrast to the freshness and splendour of the rest of the paper, and compelling the owner of the house to renew the hangings in less than half the time that would have been requisite had his visitors been more careful."

The admission with respect to the state of the heads of the American gentlemen here is rather *naïve*. We admit that it must be rather a nuisance to have such impressions of the heads of one's friends depicted, in full greaseography, on the walls of our drawing-rooms. The indulgence, as our friend the barrister terms it, is indeed highly reprehensible. Every class of men has its particular amusements. The country boy who wished to be a king, was induced to desire that at present somewhat unenviable dignity because he could then eat fat bacon and swing on a gate all day. In the nation where every man, as one of their orators in congress told them, is as good as a king, it seems the favourite indulgence is swinging upon a chair, and rubbing the paper on the wall with heads as greasy as the bacon which called forth the royal aspirations of the country boy in England.

We proceed to—

"Another violation of decorum, confined chiefly to taverns and boarding-houses of an ordinary class, is that of reaching across a table, or across three or four persons sitting next to the person who wishes for some particular dish. This is not only vulgar, but inconvenient. It is a sure sign of having been accustomed to low company, and should be avoided by every one who is ambitious of being thought a gentleman. The offensive practice of carving with one's own knife and fork, and of using one's own knife or spoon, when wanting salt or sugar, does not call less loudly for amendment; but cannot always be dispensed with, unless the mistress of the house will be careful in performing her duty, by seeing that the table is fully provided with such things as a decent table requires."

Certainly, if there are not forks and spoons enough, we must only make shift to do with what we can get. There is an old Joe Miller story told of Foote, or some other wit, who apologised for the enormous grunting over their meal of what Coleridge calls a huge company of swine, on the ground that they had only one silver spoon among them, the servant-maid having thrown out no more than that number into the trough. So if even we ourselves, who are universally admitted to be persons of the most distinguished good-breeding, were to be set at table with nothing but our own good knife and fork wherewith to wage battle

against all and sundry that was on the board, we fear that the impulses of hunger, the sacred rage of famine, would in a short time get so much the better of our finer feelings, that our hand would be against every man's dish, and every man's dish against our hand.

Let not, however, the Philadelphian flatter himself that the custom which he reprehends, of reaching across the table, and seizing on whatever viand finds favour in the ravenous eye of the invader, is confined to the taverns and the boarding-houses of low degree on the other side of the Atlantic. It is a custom which flourishes extensively (consult Jerdan) at all public dinners in this our own renowned city of Cockaigne. At the late Mausion-house dinner, given by the eminent and illustrious Lord Mayor to the Brummagem reformers, we have been credibly informed that a fowl was torn in twain by Mr. Charles Pearson and Mr. Joseph Parkes, each of these great men assuming his own right to deposit it in the immense schedule A of his capacious stomach. When our institutions are refined according to the genuine model of Yankeeland, we shall of course decidedly improve. In the mean time our descendants, as Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan would call the Americans, must not think themselves sole patentees of all the privileges of ill-behaviour, while the corporation of London is an existing body.

The want of the munitions of table warfare is, we should think, very apparent in America, as we find it again insisted upon in another chapter, which we extract *ad longum*.

"It is the remark of every travelled gentleman, that nature has most prodigally lavished upon our country the greatest variety of her choicest and most grateful productions; but that, although our tables may groan with the weight of the feast, there is frequently a want of attention to the minutiae,—to those small matters which, taken together, make a large item in the sum of human comfort. Let the lady who superintends the laying out of a table for an entertainment attend to a few remarks on this head. Whether a plain domestic or a rich damask table-cloth, or perhaps two, are to cover the festive board,—whether that board is to

be of pine of purest white, or of the more precious woods,—these and all other matters relating to the splendour or meanness of the furniture of a table, must and should depend upon considerations foreign to our purpose; but that the furniture of a table, of whatever its materials may consist, should be perfectly cleanly, convenient, and sufficient in quantity; that the condiments usually attached thereto should be of good quality and properly prepared, are matters of absolute necessity for comfort, and are happily within the reach of every one.

"Every person at table should be provided with knife and fork, plate, bread, &c.; and before every meat-dish a carving-knife, fork, and spoon; and a spoon before every dish of vegetables. At the corners of the table, spoons, a salt-cellar, and small spoon for the salt; and, if pickles are there placed, a small knife and fork. If the table is large, the furniture of the corners should be likewise placed at short and convenient intervals. It has lately become common, in our Atlantic towns, and particularly at tables where light wines are used with water, as a *long drink*, to place, at convenient distances round the table, bottles of Sauterne, claret, or other light wine (the corks previously drawn, and inserted slightly in the bottle), and goblets of water. This is found, by experience, to be an admirable arrangement for convenience, and gives the waiters more time to attend, among other duties, to the frequent changes of plates, which modern refinement has introduced.

"I need not mention a napkin to each plate; it is as essential as a portion or roll of bread.

"Before, however, we leave the table, let us look at the salt. Fine white salt is much more palatable than coarse; coarse salt is inexcusable.

"On the side-board should be arranged, in order, all those articles of furniture which are necessary for the table. These are, the great supplies of knives and forks, plates of different sizes, spoons, bread, &c. &c.; but, in a particular manner, the castors.* These should always consist of five bottles, at least; viz. Cayenne pepper, black pepper, mustard, vinegar, and sweet oil. Much of the relish of a dinner depends upon the purity and goodness of these condiments; and they are to be procured good, at moderate prices, and with moderate pains. Let no lady who wishes to earn a large share of credit neglect, before dinner, to examine into the state

* Castors are frequently enlarged, to contain various fish and meat sauces, as Reading sauce, anchovy sauce, soy, &c."

of that most necessary appendage to a dinner-table. Let the castors be filled—not half filled—with condiments of good quality; that is, the *sweet* oil not rancid, nor the vinegar *sweet*, nor the pepper in grains like hail-stones, nor the mustard stale. And one word more, madam, before we dismiss the castors,—a little spoon for the mustard, though it were of wood,—and—and—remember the salt-spoons."

Here, we perceive, the absence of napkins, forks, knives, spoons, &c. is deplored as an existing and a flagrant vice. The illustrious authors of fashionable novels inculcate on their readers the villany of steel forks. It follows, most logically, that these said authors must have had many opportunities of sitting at boards where the absence of silver forks was a prominent feature.

"What can we write of but of what we know!"

And instead of being called the silver-fork school of novelists, which is, we submit, titling them on the principle of *lucus à non lucendo*, they should be called the steelprong authorhood. So it is plain, by the ceaseless lamentation of this Philadelphia barrister over the want of sufficient appliances for the due conduct of an orderly dinner, that though the Americans may be very excellent as grinders and masticators, they do not shine in the knife and fork.

But pressed, as we happen to be, both for room and time, we cannot avoid noticing a most enormously eloquent expression which occurs in the above extract. No reader of taste can have passed it over. Such wines as are to be used "as a long drink." A LONG DRINK! What a thirsty word! It excites an absolute fever in the fauces, and we call instinctively for fluid. There is nothing in our literature superior in picturesque beauty and effect to this admirable phrase. Nothing except those magnificent lines of John Keats's, which of themselves are enough to immortalise him:

"An endless fountain of perpetual drink,
Pouring down towards us from the
heavens' brink."

Here, waiter—another jug! and keep us perpetually served with hot water for the remainder of the evening.

A long drink! There is genius in the word! Think of Sotheby, or Mont-

gomery, or Ned Bulwer inventing or dreaming of any thing of the kind! They could just as soon write the *Iliad*. Here, we say, is the great point of America, and it has never been sufficiently noticed. This Philadelphia barrister shies it; foreign travellers take no notice of it; Washington Irving keeps it under his thumb. Why does not somebody write us a philosophical, philological, and peripatetical treatise on the art of drinking, as practised in America?—of the various degrees and kinds of drams, anti-fog-matics, gall-breakers, gum-tickers;—of the divers modes and species of rum—of the several varieties of whisky—of the wonderful and apparently anomalous combinations in which these respected liquors are respectively mixed—of the various hours at which they are taken, and in what quantities, by the free and enlightened republicans of the New World—of the peculiar properties of grog and gin-cocktail—of the absence of porter and ale, with the cause? Fearon, of the house of Thompson and Fearon, travelled professionally in America; and yet we do not find, even in him, any thing sufficient or satisfactory on these most important topics. Mrs. Trollope is a lady—Basil Hall a water-drinker. In them, therefore, we read nothing, or, if any thing, it is jejune, unpractical, and condemnatory. If we ever go to the States, the evil shall be remedied. A book on the real state of grog, slavery, and tobacco in America, is a desideratum in our literature, and it would throw more light on the true condition of the country than folios of disquisition on republicanism and other rubbish of the same insignificant nature. Even the American toasts are remarkable. The Philadelphia barrister reprehends them.

"Toasts and sentiments are now generally exploded, except when a company is assembled on some public occasion, as the celebration of a victory, the departure or return of a distinguished public officer, &c. We sometimes, however, meet with a citizen of the 'olden time,' who claims the right of one libation to the 'memory of General Washington.' *This is an homage of the heart, which will be always responded to by an American gentleman in any society of this country. When toasts are given, it is proper to observe that the president and vice-president, alternately, call upon

each guest for his sentiment, each officer attending to one side only of the table. Generally, at public dinners or suppers, a committee of arrangement prepare the toasts beforehand; and, in this case, they are announced from the chair. One word upon obnoxious toasts. No well-bred person, under any circumstances, would designedly offer a toast which could be reasonably exceptionable to any member of the company. When, however, an obnoxious toast is given, it is polite to suffer it to pass without remark. The unfortunate toaster will soon perceive, by the constrained civility of the company, that he has forfeited a part, at least, of their favour, and must sit reproved under their tacit reprehension."

Be it so. Those who wish for eloquence over a glass have only to read the sentiments of a July-the-fourth dinner in Kentucky. They are the super-finest things in the world.

We have now, we believe, exhausted all the Americanisms in the book, except the following:—

"Let us add a few words respecting a violation of etiquette in our theatres, which appears peculiar to the United States: we allude to the inattention, on the part of gentlemen, both in the pit and the boxes, to uncover, and also to the custom of ladies, in the boxes, wearing their bonnets during the performance, and, in some theatres, of tying them to the pillars that support the upper tiers. If any gentleman, at a theatre in Europe, should so far forget the rules of decorum as to keep on his hat after the rising of the curtain, some person behind him, having first politely requested him to uncover, would either knock it off, or ask him for his address; or else call in one of the box-keepers (if sitting in the boxes), to compel a conformity with the requisitions of places of public resort; and if a lady, wearing a bonnet, were observed sitting in the under tier, which is em-

phatically termed the *dress-circle*, it is most likely that the box-keeper would request her to take her seat aloft. A lady in Europe scarcely ever enters the lower tier, unless attired with the same degree of elegance as for a ball: this gives a delightful brilliancy to the *coup d'œil*; but if time will not permit, or she wish to remain *incog.*, she then goes with her head covered, and takes her seat in the second tier.

"The uppermost tier should never be entered by a lady, nor even by a gentleman, who has a nice regard to his character; though, if the other parts of the house be already crowded, the latter may, in this case, without reprehension, view the performance from any part of the house where he can find a seat."

All this is as Mrs. Trollope said. And yet, if the Yankees had their will, they would erect a pair of gibbets, in some immense plain, and hang Captain Basil Hall and that worthy lady of the expectant police magistrate upon them, in the manner that Haman intended to have complimented Mordecai. A more minute critic than the Philadelphia barrister would, in many other points, have communicated facts to prove the injustice of the sentence.

In the art of carving, we recognise nothing that we do not find in Mother Rundell. This is wrong. America produces *matériel* sufficient for great amplifications of the stock of that economical lady. But of this we say nothing here, as a far more fitting opportunity is immediately at hand. We have the honour to announce, ladies and gentlemen, for our next Number, or the Number after it, a didactic poem, in several cantos, on carving, written and indited by the renowned Sir Morgan O'Doherty, in person. It is a *magnum opus*.

Meanwhile, we bid the American Chesterfield good-by.

BITS OF CLASSICALITY.—NO. III.

Irish Song—Q. *Epigram*—J. K.

VII.

Cuille ma Cui.

(A celebrated Irish poem, parodied by TOM MOORE, in a song beginning with the words

“Come o’er the sea,
Maiden, to me,” &c. &c.)

Cushla-ma-chree !
Did you not see
How the villain he treated me ?
He broke my pitcher,
He spilt my water,
He kissed my wife,
He ran off with my daughter.
Cushla-ma-chree !
Thus you may see
How this villain he treated me !

Idem Latine redditum.

I AMBI.

O corculum ! vidistin’ ut me carnifex
Tractavit ? Urceum fregit fundens aquam,
Basiavit uxorem, rapuit et filiam !
Sic, corculum ! tractavit hic me carnifex !

Q.

VIII.

A SENSIBLE HAT.

A needy beggar swept the streets for bread ;
All weathers beat on his defenceless head.
‘Sam saw the wretch, and, pitying his state,
Gave him a hat to shield his naked pate.
Pleased with the gift, the beggar made a bow,
And cried, “This hat has got some sense in now !”

J. K.

Idem Latine redditum.

Asse carens vili errabat per compita pauper ;
Nudum pulsabant nix pluvieque caput.
Aspexit quidam, et casus miseratus iniquos
Obtulit huic galeam, quæ caput imbre teget.
Accipit oblatam pauper, subridet, aitque,
“Nunc quidquam cerebri pileus intus habet !”

J. K.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE.

THE object of the penal law is the prevention of crime. The guilty are to be punished, that society may be deterred from delinquency. Have our laws had this result? This is a subject which has for a long time engaged the attention of both the legislator and philanthropist. Many chimerical theories have been advanced, which, when examined, have been found in no way applicable to the purpose for which they were intended. No plan hitherto adopted has made crime even stationary; it having progressed one-fourth in the last seven years.

To treat on any subject successfully, and to grapple with it fairly, it is necessary that those who write on the subject should be practically acquainted with all its bearings. They should have mixed with the parties, that they may become possessed of all the latent springs which influence their conduct. In laws relating to trade, when any alterations are contemplated, a committee of the legislative body is formed, and evidence procured from among those most likely to be affected by the measure, and who are generally best acquainted with the subject. This is esteemed the surest source of correct information, as doubtless it is. Allowances, however, must be made for natural prejudices and bias to particular interests. So, in inquiries respecting the increase of crime, the best information is to be had from the offenders themselves. Obstacles certainly occur peculiar to such an investigation, in the characters of the parties to be examined, and the interest the examiners would think they had in misleading the examiners. To this are to be added their faithlessness and general depravity; and as few long accustomed to crime ever seriously reform, so as to take a sincere interest in the better regulation of society, little can be expected from them by any casual compunctions of conscience. Moreover, few traffickers in crime possess either education or ability to benefit the world by communicating their experience. In any case, such beings, long accustomed to trample on all principles, would be incompetent to assist us much in tracing the influences which draw so many into the trade of plunder, and by what spell it is they continue their vicious courses

in the very teeth of the law, and at the foot of the gallows. Nearly three years' residence in Newgate, and frequenting the court where they are tried, have enabled me to arrive at certain conclusions. The circumstances under which I was so placed it is not necessary for me to state; suffice it to say, I was brought immediately into contact with the inmates of the prison, and that I had opportunities of seeing the prisoners in their unguarded moments—freed from all caution, and without their having had any motive for practising deception. During the period of my confinement I was employed in giving them advice, and was confidentially intrusted with their secrets for the purpose of defending them when in danger of punishment. I was, moreover, engaged as their amanuensis, both before and after their convictions, by which means I have become possessed of their true feelings, together with their standing and grade as professed thieves.

During the first eight months of my stay in Newgate, my surprise was much excited by the regular manner in which the prison became occupied, over and over again, after each sessional clearance, by the self-same persons. It perplexed me much to account for the apparent uniformity of crime in the metropolis, the commitals being on an average about fifty per week, accompanied by an unvarying increase of one-eighteenth in each session of six weeks. On a more intimate knowledge of the character of these men, I thought I soon discovered the cause. If all the crimes committed were of such a nature as might be supposed to arise incidentally out of the very character of man and the construction of society, in which some were exposed to great temptation, possessing but a small share of virtue, whilst others, blessed with a stronger portion of power to overcome the temptation, were but little subjected to it, no hope, in a population like that of London, could be entertained of ever remedying the evil: but it is otherwise, there being comparatively but very few cases of casual dereliction from honesty when the temptations and population are considered. All there is to do, therefore, is to get rid of a certain party, or set of men. There

is a distinct body of thieves, whose life and business it is to follow up a determined warfare against the constituted authorities, by living in idleness and on plunder. The problem of their increase was solved when I saw so many of their known party let off every session with some slight punishment, by which means they were soon again at their trade; taking care, however, to send into Newgate thirty or forty young hands each before they would themselves be again caught. It is the practice of all the old and knowing thieves, who have the reputation of being clever at business, to ~~let off~~ in young ones, and make them do all that part of the work incurring risk. I knew one man of whom it was said upwards of a hundred had been "put away by him"—a term they have, when one is supposed to have been the cause of another's apprehension by leading him into crime. The term "desperate," as usually applied to these men, must not be taken in its common acceptation—bold, daring, absence of fear, and careless of personal danger. They are all, without exception, pusillanimous and rank cowards. The desperation they possess is that of a determined and inveterate gambler; they are ever employed in calculating the chances for and against them, in every unlawful adventure they think of embarking in; if they can but make the chances in their favour (that is, of escaping), they will unhesitatingly engage in any scheme or attempt at robbery. If, however, the commission of it be attended with the least possible risk of personal danger on the spot, they will always forego the adventure; and they have their exact odds in favour of every species of crime.* The higher the game (they say), the less the risk. The high and safe game, however, requires a capital, as in the more honourable walks of life, to make an appearance—to move about with facility, and in what they denominate *style*. It is astonishing with what pleasure some of them will speak of the prospects they have of soon leaving off the dangerous walk of business they have followed, and embarking in that which brings more profit and less risk—each saying, "If I get off easy this time, I shall alter

my game; I know I am a good workman, and ought to have been better employed." The character of one is the character of the whole class; their manners and notions are all of one pattern and mould, which is accounted for by their general acquaintance with each other, and their habits of association. They have a peculiar look of the eye, which may be known by any one much accustomed to see them; and the development of their features is strongly marked with the animal propensities. So very similar are their ideas and converse, that in a few minutes' conversation with any one of the party, I could always distinguish them, however artfully they might disguise themselves, and attempt to mislead me. They may be known almost by their very gait in the streets from other persons. Some of the boys have an approximation to the face of a monkey, so strikingly are they distinguished by this peculiarity. They form a distinct class of men by themselves, very carefully admitting noviciates into their secrets; he, however, who has graduated under one of their own approved body is unhesitatingly admitted into full confidence. He must, notwithstanding, prove himself acquainted with all the *cramp terms* peculiar to their craft, or he will still be considered "green," and not fit to be trusted. There is not one of the select who is not able to relate the whole history of any other individual in their body—how he first began, who first taught him, what he has done and suffered, &c. &c. They form one club, to whom all the *fences* are known (receivers of stolen goods), who will never purchase of a new hand without a proper introduction, for fear of "a *plant*" (being betrayed). An initiate is, in consequence, constrained to trust his spoils to some old offender, until he can himself become better acquainted, and gain confidence with the buyer.

In a recent work on Newgate,* there is mention made of a man who was in the habit of going to a house in Wingfield Street, Whitechapel, and shewing the boys large sums of money, and asking them to bring him goods to buy; from which it is understood he enticed them to commit crime. This man was in Newgate, under a sen-

* Facts relating to the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis. Second Edition. By Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. Wilson.

tence of fourteen years' transportation; and being known to some boys then in confinement, they mentioned to me that they had seen him with money, and that they thought him rich, saying how anxious he always was to purchase goods of them. But then the boys were known to him. It is a mistake to suppose he or any of his craft would go out to entice unknown persons to crime. The risk here is too great, and the parties too wary. Mr. Wakefield to whom I told this anecdote has misunderstood the matter. I mention this, conceiving there is a false notion regarding the temptations the receivers of stolen goods are supposed to hold out to crime. It is said, if there were no receivers, there would be no thieves; and the authorities have been advised to aim more at the buyer than the thief. That the receiver is as bad as the thief, must be admitted; but if it be resolved to a question of policy, I say, remove the thieves if you can, who will for ever, while they remain at liberty, make others, and annoy society. If, by any possibility, all the buyers of stolen goods could be annihilated, in twenty-four hours their places would be filled up by others embarking in the trade. The profits are too large, and the chances of detection too remote, until the thieves are removed, ever to blot them, as a class, out of society. Every regular thief let out upon the town draws into crime, in the course of one year, a dozen more, which continues the species; and this will ever be the case until the system at the Old Bailey be altered, where there really appears to be much more anxiety to take out of society casual offenders than the born and bred thief, whose whole life has been devoted to plunder. I have said they reckon all their chances: 1st, of their not being detected in the offence; 2dly, of their being acquitted; and, 3dly, of coming off with what they call a small *fine* (short imprisonment). The only punishment they dread is transportation; they hold all others in contempt; and I believe even that of death would lose its terrors, did it not lead to the greatest of all their drags, viz. transportation for life. Death, indeed, has no terrors for any one, until met with at close quarters. Tell the thief of death; and he will answer, "Never mind; I can die but once!" Name transportation, and he turns

pale. This cannot be too strongly enforced on the presiding judges at the Old Bailey. Full three-fourths of the prisoners, every session, are determined offenders, all of whom are regardless of imprisonment for a short period. Their spirits enable them to surmount such trifles, when the prospect of again returning to liberty and enjoyment is not very remote. "Go along, time!" they cry; "only three months and a *leaving*. Never mind! that's over in ten minutes (meaning the flogging); I would take one for each month, if the *old fellow* (the judge) would let me off the imprisonment." It is impossible for those who are strangers to these men to form any idea what contempt the prisoners generally have of corporal punishment, both men and boys. I have frequently heard the aldermen and sheriffs, when in their visits to the prison, and making inquiry into the nature of the several cases, threaten the boys with a severe flogging, and paint the punishment in the most horrible colours their imagination could invent. But this, so far from alarming them, had just the opposite effect, as it relieved their minds from the terrors of transportation. They forthwith resumed their wonted spirits, becoming impertinent and troublesome, saying they had been told their sentence—"only a *teasing* and *turned up*" (discharged); never ceasing to boast of their supposed good fortune, and of taunting their fellow-prisoners with the want of it. This is the truth regarding the whole, not an occasional instance of some hardened and daring offender; even in their sleep they will talk of their good fortune in escaping with *only a flogging*. There is no mistake in it; the punishment is worse than useless. I am certain, if they could have shortened their durance for a week, they would offer to take two whippings instead of one, any morning, and come back to their breakfasts in good spirits. I really never knew a boy go unwillingly to be flogged (and I have seen not a few); as it was always, in Newgate, the prelude to his enlargement. The nights preceding the days of punishment were always spent in the most cheerful manner, for the same reason. Men, immediately after their punishment, would pass their fellow-prisoners, saying, "Don't you wish you were as lucky?" A committing magistrate will sometimes, on sending

a boy to Newgate, intimate to the prosecutor (who may be rather an unwilling one) that the prisoner will probably have only a whipping. This never fails to make the party saucy and troublesome all the time of his imprisonment, thinking he is sure of no further punishment. I have ever observed the boys have become bold, daring, and hardened in proportion as they have undergone the most corporal punishment, and probably it is so with men. I knew one boy who endured seven whippings, five private and two public. He was only fourteen years of age. If a boy has once fallen into the hands of a praetor thief, not only but taking him out of society for a long period can afford any hope of his amendment; and this will fail, unless measures be used to rouse the better feelings of his nature; what is called discipline and severity will never accomplish the object; not even rewards for good conduct, under a system of heavy punishment for the reverse, can avail any thing: they will still remain the same insensible beings, hard and frozen up. The more you coerce, the further is the retrocession from the point aimed at. I wish those who have the management of boys of the description here spoken of, would reflect that, in the majority of cases, there has either been no parent, or those of such habits and temper as would have rendered orphanship a blessing; and that, in all probability, most of them under their care never had a kind or affectionate sentiment imparted to or drawn out of them, by any human being they could look to as a friend; and that they have in a manner been driven to take up arms against society, meeting, from their earliest recollections, with nothing but an enemy in man. Thoughts of this nature ever induced me to adopt a kind mode of treatment; and I have found it to succeed in a wonderful manner, even when others have said that no sense of feeling was left. I am not without a hope but that I have done some good in this way. The effect on one boy was remarkable. He had been abandoned by his parents from his infancy, and had always lived in crime. When I heard his history I became interested for him, and talked to him very much of the course he was pursuing; I reached his feelings, and his attachment to me was wonderful.

He, however, came into Newgate three times afterwards, always regretting his inability to follow my advice. Notwithstanding all his crimes, I could not but believe he was sincere in his wishes to become honest. I at length discovered he had an uncle at Birmingham, to whom I wrote: he was a poor man, but was willing to aid my views. I got the officers of the parish to which he belonged to pay for the travelling expenses to his relation, where he now is, quite reformed, and doing well in the service of a farmer. His uncle has sent me a letter of thanks, saying, the boy's only wish was to see me once more, to acknowledge his gratitude for having saved him. As it may appear extraordinary the boy should be so often in Newgate, I feel it necessary to state, the first time he was flogged, once acquitted, and twice no bill found against him.

I have said, the prisoners generally disregard minor punishments: with the younger ones it sometimes appears to act as a positive inducement to continue in their career. The boy who for his age has undergone the most punishment is the greatest man; such is their notion of consequence, which an endurance of many whippings gives them, that it is the main topic of conversation with each other. On this subject they will enlarge in the most extravagant manner, making out their offences and adventures as wonderful as their ingenuity can invent; often concluding with, "Well, when I have another *teazing*, I shall be as good a man as Harry —." This feeling is got from the men in whose hands they have been made instruments of crime, and who relate to them tales of heroism, telling them they will be great only as they endure punishment after the Spartan fashion. They at the same time afford these deluded creatures every facility of gratifying their passions, having first promoted an early and premature sense of them. Human nature is bad enough when the passions are attended by reason, and both are developed in due course of growth towards manhood. Ought we then to be surprised at the lamentable results, when the passions are set at liberty without the guide of reason, as in the case of these poor boys? The seducers of youth find an able auxiliary in the minor theatres, where they are generally sought. The men know, if a boy has

a passion for these low exhibitions, that he is a gure prize. This the boys acknowledge ; and full one-half have confessed to me, that the low theatres have been the cause of their entering into crime, and in very many instances the offences for which they stood committed were occasioned by their want of money to gratify this passion. When they know they are about to be discharged, the first pleasure they anticipate is going to the theatre the same evening. Although turned out without hat or shoes, and in rags, they make sure of getting the money for this purpose ; and I have no doubt many go from the prison-door to stealing for no other object,—such is their infatuation for these places. The truth of this I have ascertained from several who have been detected and re-committed. I remember an instance of one who was flogged on a Friday morning and brought in again on Saturday (the next day). He acknowledged to me having stolen a packet of halfpence, containing five shillings, within an hour after he left the prison, for no other purpose but to see some petty exhibition, of which a companion had told him. This boy's father was a hackney coachman, and did all becoming a parent to reclaim his son ; he was not yet fourteen years of age, and had been twice before in Newgate ; once for manslaughter, on which he was acquitted : he admitted, however, being the cause of the death of the party, an aged woman. The second time, he was tried for robbing a man of seventeen sovereigns ; for this he was whipped and discharged. For the last (the packet of halfpence), he was transported for fourteen years.

Although an advocate for the fullest liberty of the press, I regret to add, that if means could be taken to suppress the low publications, of which there are now so many sold, many boys would be saved from destruction who are now lost entirely by the influence these works have on their vitiated tastes, viz. the fictitious lives of robbers, pirates, and loose women. There is scarcely one in print that these boys have not by rote ; their infatuation for them is unbounded, and the consequent perversion of their minds very fatal, in every instance when this passion seizes them. Although naturally restless in their habits, they will sit for six or eight hours to-

gether, relating and hearing tales of criminal heroes. A boy expert at telling these stories will exact and obtain half the allowance of food from the others, to gratify them in this passion. How far this taste is brought on by their mode of tuition is not unworthy a consideration : full five-sixths of them are from the national schools, where they are taught to read entirely from the Scriptures, and never see any other works of interest. It is highly probable, if books of general history were put into their hands, and their tastes directed to substantial food for the mind, by which they might acquire a desire for the knowledge of facts instead of fiction, they might be excited to a better kind of reading, and much of the mischief avoided. I would not be understood, that the Scriptures are not of the first importance, but I object to their being almost the only book put into their hands when learning the first elements of reading. Little works of morality, with natural and general history, are decidedly the most proper for their years, and best calculated to excite a taste for knowledge in general ; reserving two days in the week for the New Testament with the junior classes, and an extra day for the Old with the more advanced in reading. With the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Cotton and Mrs. Fry, I succeeded in obtaining a stock of these books ; and I am satisfied, from my experience with nearly five hundred boys, that no other is so well calculated to engage their attention.

On the subject of boys engaged in crime, many volumes might be written, illustrative of their habits and character, shewing by what means they are brought into crime. As it would occupy too much space in these remarks on crime generally, to follow up this particular branch of the subject, I shall only make one other observation on the punishment of transportation as passed on juvenile offenders. It has always distressed me to hear of any sentence exceeding seven years being passed on a youth under fourteen years of age, as he can scarcely be considered morally responsible for his own actions at this period of his existence ; but as they are made instruments in the hands of others to commit depredations, and thus rendered not only dangerous to society but to themselves, when considered as soon to be men, it

is of the first importance they should be secured, until their minority be expired, taking care in the interim to give such instruction as the nature of the case will admit of. But to subject *them when men* to the severest of all punishments, viz. slavery for life, for an action committed *when boys*, I cannot but think both cruel and unjust in the extreme. The Old Bailey court, however, in proportion to the numbers, as often sentence boys as men to transportation for fourteen years and life. For one prisoner I felt very much, who was sent for the latter term; he was under thirteen years of age, and not a known offender; his crime was stealing his companion's hat, while they were looking at a puppet-show. The unfortunate boy says, "he knocked if off in fun," and that some other person must have found it. He was not taken up until the following day, and the hat was never produced. The policeman who took him into custody resided next door to the prisoner's mother, and was heard to say, "the boy had thrown stones at him, and that he would give him a lift." I know not what he said, but such was his heavy sentence. The mother was a widow, and he was her only son. I shall never forget her distress and agony of feeling when she heard his fate. Nothing can be more absurd than the practice of passing sentence of death on boys under fourteen years of age for petty offences. I have had five in one session in this awful situation; one for stealing a comb almost valueless, two for a child's sixpenny story-book, another for a man's stock, and the fifth for pawning his mother's shawl. In four of these cases the boys put their hands through a broken pane of glass in a shop-window, and stole the articles for which they were sentenced to death, and subsequently transported for life. This act, in legal technicality, is house-breaking. The law presumes they break the glass, and it is probable in most instances they do so. In two of the cases here named, however, the prosecutrix's daughter told me there was only a piece of brown paper to supply the place of that which once had been glass. In the latter case, the unfortunate mother caused her son to be apprehended, in the hopes of persuading the magistrate to recommend him to the Refuge for the Destitute, or some other charitable institution. She,

however, in the course of her examination, said she was from hope, and that the house was locked up at the time of the shawl being taken, which was afterward's found at a pawnbroker's. This made it house-breaking; and, in spite of all the mother's efforts, he was condemned to death. He is now in the Penitentiary. The judges who award the punishments at the Old Bailey appear to me as if they were under the influence of sudden impulses of severity, there being at no time any regular system to be recognised in their proceedings. This the prisoners know, and speculate on. If for crime *well-defined* transportation were sure to follow, there would soon be less business to do at the Old Bailey. A uniform plan of transportation for all known thieves would soon remove the whole fraternity of them out of society. It is of no use to pass this sentence on all brought to the bar for a whole day together, right or wrong, and then relax for a day or two, and pass minor sentences: it is the known thief who should be selected, and transported, being the only punishment he dreads. That they do fear this punishment I am convinced, notwithstanding what has been said by a gentleman who has recently written on this subject, and who had opportunities of seeing somewhat of these characters. I say *somewhat*, because, although he could daily, for three years, converse with them, yet he did not in any way employ himself in assisting them, so as to become thoroughly acquainted with their minds, except in cases wherein his feelings as a philanthropist were called into action by a peculiar case of hardship or oppression; and there were cases of this nature daily occurring strong enough to move one of cooler temperament than his. In his character of mere looker-on, he never could obtain their confidence; it is this which has misled him, and induced him to draw from real facts so many erroneous inferences. He thinks transportation has no terrors; I think no punishment so much dreaded. It is the manner in which this instrument of the law is used; it is the uncertainty of it, which robs it of its sting, and renders it powerless as an example. When it is one day passed on an offender for stealing a penny tart, or a small loaf of bread (I need not insert the names of prisoners who have been transported for these

offences; they are to be found in the calendar, and the next a hundred old and practised pickpockets allowed to get off with one or two months' imprisonment, it is not to be expected they will hold this or any other punishment in dread until they are overtaken by it. Naturally enterprising and sanguine, they think but little of punishment when it is uncertain and remote, but much of their present pleasures, and those practices which bring them wherewithal to support their dissolute life. They calculate that but one in four of the number found guilty is transported, making a balance in their favour of three to one over and above the chances they reckon their skill gives them of committing crime without detection. As they cannot in any other way account for the number of old offenders being permitted to escape with fines, a notion is common with them, that the recorder is afraid to transport more than a certain number, lest he should encumber the government, and increase the charges for their maintenance at home, or conveyance abroad, beyond what it would be prudent to incur. Imprisonment, as I before said, thieves regard not, if it be only for a short period. So ductile and flexible is nature to circumstances, that these men think themselves fortunate, if out of twelve they can have four months' run, as they term it; and I have no hesitation in affirming, they would continue to go the same round of imprisonment and crime for an unlimited period, if the duration of life and their sentences afforded them the opportunity. By a reference to the Old Bailey session calendar, it will be seen that about 3000 prisoners are annually committed to Newgate, making little short of 400 each session, of which there are eight in a year. Out of the gross number, about 350 are discharged by proclamation. Of these nothing can be said, as they must be considered innocent of the crimes with which they were charged, there not being *prima facie* evidence to send them on their trials. There remain 2550 who are tried, with the progressive increase of 4-7ths annually. Some persons have supposed this accumulation of offenders bears a regular proportion to the progress of population. As well may they assert that the demand for thieves in society regulates the supply, as in other markets of merchandise. The

cause is in the maladministration of the laws—the sending out so many old offenders every session to teach and draw in the more juvenile and less experienced hands—with the uncertainty of punishment, by the inequality of sentences for crimes of a like nature—to which may be added the many instances of mistaken, or rather *misdirected* leniency, compounded with others of enormous severity for trifling offences; all which tend to induce the London thieves to entertain a contempt for that tribunal. An opinion prevails throughout the whole body, that justice is not done there. I do not mean to say they complain of the sentences being too severe generally; that would be natural enough on their parts, and not worth notice. They believe every thing done at that court a matter of chance; that *in the same day, and for a like crime*, one man will be sentenced to *transportation for life*, while another may be let off for a *month's imprisonment*, and yet both equally bad characters.

It only needs that punishment should be sure to follow the conviction for crime, and that the judgments should be uniform and settled, to strike terror into the whole body of London criminals. Out of the 2550 annually tried, nearly one-fourth are acquitted, leaving little short of 2000 for sentence in each year. Of these the average transported are 800: deduct 200 for cases of an incidental nature, *i. e.* crimes not committed by regular offenders, and there remain 1000 professed thieves who are again turned loose in a short period on the town, all of whom appear in due course again at the court of the Old Bailey, or at some other, many times in the revolution of one year. Here lies the mischief. An old thief will be sure to enlist others to perpetuate the race. There is no disguising the fact: the whole blame is with the court whose duty it is to take cognizance of these characters. Whilst the present system is pursued, of allowing so many old offenders to escape with trifling punishments, the evils will be increased, and the business of the court go on augmenting, by its own errors. The thief is now encouraged to speculate on his chances—in his own phraseology, “his good luck.” Every escape makes him more reckless. I knew one man who was allowed a course of seventeen imprisonments and other punishments before his career was

stopped by transportation; a sentence which does, however, sooner or later overtake them, and which would be better both for themselves and the country were it passed the first time they were in the hands of the court as known thieves. Observing only a certain, and nearly an equal, number transported each session, they have imbibed a notion, that the recorder cannot exceed it, and that he selects those to whom he takes a dislike at the bar, not for the magnitude of their offences, but from caprice or chance. It is under this impression they are afraid of speaking when in court, lest they should give offence, and excite petulance in the judge, which would, in their opinion, inevitably include them in the devoted batch of transports, of which their horror is inconceivable: 1st, because many have already undergone the punishment; and 2dly, all who have not are fully aware of the privations to which it subjects them. Their anxious inquiry regarding every particular relating to the treatment, is a strong manifestation of their uneasiness on this subject. Yet Mr. Wontner and Mr. Wakefield (says the *Quarterly Reviewer*) think neither transportation nor the hulks have any terrors for them. How they come to this opinion, I cannot imagine. If they draw their inference from the noise and apparent mirth of the prisoners when they leave Newgate for the hulks, I think their premises false.

The transports are taken from Newgate in parties of twenty-five, which is called a draft. When the turnkeys lock up the wards of the prison at the close of the day, they call over the names of the convicts under orders for removal, at the same time informing them at what hour of the night or morning they will be called for, and to what place and ship they are destined. This notice, which frequently is not more than three or four hours, is all that is given them; a regulation rendered necessary to obviate the bustle and confusion heretofore experienced, by their friends and relatives thronging the gates of the prison, accompanied by valedictory exclamations at the departure of the van in which they are conveyed. Before this order arrives, most of them have endured many months' confinement, and having exhausted the liberality, or funds—perhaps both—of their friends, have been

constrained to subsist on the goal allowance. This, together with the sameness of a prison life, brings on a weariness of mind, which renders any change agreeable to their now-broken spirits; the prospect of a removal occasions a temporary excitement, which, to those unaccustomed to reason on the matter, may appear like gaiety, and carelessness of the future. The noise and apparent recklessness, however, on these occasions, are produced more by those prisoners who are to remain behind, availing themselves of the opportunity to beguile a few hours of tedious existence by a noisy and forced merriment, which they know the officers on duty will impute to the men under orders for the ship. This is confirmed by the inmates of the place being, on all other nights of the year, peaceable after they are locked up in their respective wards. Those who suppose there is any real mirth or indifference among them at any time, have taken but a superficial view of these wretched men. Heaviness and sickness of heart are always with them; they will at times make an effort to feel at ease, but all their hilarity is fictitious and assumed—they have the common feelings of our nature, and of which they can never divest themselves. Those who possess an unusual buoyancy of spirits, and gloss over their feelings with their companions, I have ever observed, on the whole, to feel the most internal agony. I have seen upwards of two thousand under this sentence, and never conversed with one who did not appear to consider the punishment, if it exceeded seven years, *equal to death*. May, the accomplice of Bishop and Williams, told me, the day after his respite, if they meant to transport him, he did not thank them for his life. The following is another striking instance of the view they have of this punishment. A man named Shaw, who suffered for housebreaking about two years since, awoke during the night previous to his execution, and said, "Lee!" (speaking to the man in the cell with him) "I have often said, I would be rather hanged than transported; but now it comes so close as this, I begin to think otherwise." Shortly afterwards he turned round to the same man and said, "I was wrong in what I said just now; I am still of my former opinion: hanging is the best of the two;" and

he remained in the same mind all the night. The first question an untried prisoner asks of those to whom he is about to intrust his defence is, "Do you think I shall be transported? Save me from that, and I don't mind any thing else." One thing, however, is clear: no punishment hitherto has lessened the number of offenders; nor will any ever be efficient, until the penalties awarded by the law unerringly follow conviction, especially with the common robbers.

Turn over the pages of the Old Bailey session papers for years past, and you cannot but be struck with the anomalies which are there apparent, with respect to crimes and the sentences which have followed. The impression a perusal of these papers made on my mind, was as if all the business had been done by lottery; and my observation during twenty-two sessions on the occurring cases has tended to convince me, that a distribution of justice from that wheel of chance could not present a more incongruous and confused record of convictions and punishments. In no case (always excepting the capitals) can any person, however acute and experienced, form the slightest opinion of what the judgment of the court will be. Of this the London thieves are fully aware. I never could succeed in persuading one before his trial, that he was deprived of all chance of escape. They will answer, "Look what a court it is! how many worse than me *do* scramble through; and who knows but I may be lucky." What men know they must endure, they fear; what they think they can escape, they despise: their calculation of three-fourths escaping is very near the truth. Hope, the spring of action, induces each to say to himself, "Why may I not be the lucky one?" THE CHANCE THUS GIVEN OF ACQUITTAL IS THE MAIN CAUSE OF CRIME. I do not mean to say three-fourths come off free; they are subjected to some kind of punishment (excepting a few cases of judgment respited): the others feel, no doubt, what they undergo, but it is only as a soldier in the fight considers a scratch—otherwise coming off with a whole skin, being ready for action again. Another evil arises out of this irregularity of judgments. All punishments are rendered severe and useful in proportion as the offender feels he deserves it, and is

conscious of having only his *quantum meritis*. This the convict can *now* never feel, seeing his companion in crime let off for a few months' imprisonment, he (his companion) having been guilty of an offence equal to his own, and for which he (the convict) is transported for life. Those connected with the court, in the conversations I have had with them, "say, 'circumstances of character occasion the apparent anomalies;' being unable, or perhaps unwilling, to give a better. That a good character does not avail the prisoner, or direct the court in its judgments, may be seen by a mere inspection of the printed trials, and is better known to all who *have* watched the proceedings of this court for any time. Hundreds of cases might be cited to illustrate this fact. I remember the case of two butchers, whose briefs I wrote, which occurred last year. One was an old, the other a young man, both having been in the employ of the prosecutor. They were charged with stealing a breast of mutton from their master: both were found guilty. The old man had persons to speak as to his character for honesty for forty years last past (his former masters); the young one had not a solitary witness to say a word for him. The former was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation; the latter to six months in the house of correction. When the prosecutor heard of the circumstance, he got up a petition to the secretary of state for a remission of the sentence, in which he stated that on the trial he himself had given the old man a good character, and not the other. Instances of this kind occur out of number to confirm the rogues in their preconceived notions of the uncertainty of punishment, and that "the greatest crimes come off the best." This is an aphorism among the thieves. I have seen some of them, after being sentenced by the court, dance for hours, calling out continuously, "Did I not tell you all, the biggest fagues get off the best?" The scene in the several yards of Newgate on the sentence-days after the judgments have been passed, defies any description on paper. Some will be seen jumping and skipping about for hours, frenzied with joy at the very unexpectedly mild sentence passed on them; others are cursing and swearing, calling down imprecations on the head of the recorder, for having, as they say, so an-

fairly measured out justice; all agreeing there is no proportion in the punishments to the crimes. It may be said, it is of little import what these men think, so they are punished. But is it of no importance under what impression the others are discharged? If the discharged feel (as assuredly they do) that punishment is a matter of chance, they return to their habits as the hazard-player goes again to the dice, in hopes of coming off a winner, and reimbursing himself for former losses. There is another evil comes out of these unequal sentences. The discontent it produces on the minds of those who fall under the more heavy judgments, which intimates against their reformation: instead of reflecting on their situation as brought on by themselves, they take refuge in complaint and in-vective, declaring they are "sacrificed" — in their own language, "murdered men," I have often said, Why complain? You knew the consequence of detection. "Yes," would be the reply; "but look at the case of Tom — and Bill —. Not that I am sorry they have got off; but is it not a shame to give me a *lifer*, and they only a month each?" Such answers are always given when any attempt is made to reconcile them to their fate. They carry this feeling with them to the hulks, where they amuse each other with all the tales of hardship within their knowledge; meditating revenge, by which they mean becoming more desperate in crime, and making reprisals on the public, when they shall be again at large. They become imbued with a notion the judge has more to answer for than themselves. Opinions of this nature are very common among them, and prevent the discipline to which they are submitted having its proper effect. Minds in the state of theirs seize on any supposed injury to brood over and stifle their own reproaches. Of this *dernier ressort* they would be deprived, if equal sentences were passed on all for like offences. They are now all ill-used men, by comparison with others who have been more fortunate. The present system holds out so many chances for the offender to escape, that it acts as an inducement to continue his practices, and to all loose characters, not yet accomplished in the art of plunder, to become so. Again, by the discharge of so many known thieves every session, so many masters are

sent into the town to draw in and teach others, by which a regular supply is brought up to fill the ranks of those who fall in the conflict.

There is no known crime, operating to the injury of society, for the punishment of which a statute has not been provided, and the penalties in which generally have not been considered too severe. If, then, it be not for lack of Draconian enactments that crime increases, the error must lie in the administration of them. An examination into the constitution of the court of the Old Bailey, and the manner the business is there performed, will, I think, prove this to be the case. The monstrous acts of carelessness, and consequent injustice, emanating from the Old Bailey court, are incredible to persons who have been accustomed to consider it, like others, pure and unvitiated by patronage and influence. No one unacquainted with the business of the place can possibly have a conception of the number of persons who influence the judges in a multiplicity of cases every session, — always excepting the capitals, because the law relating to them, be it good or bad, is clear and defined. A sentence of death always follows the conviction, after which the prisoner's fate is in the hands of the king and council. The Old Bailey court is under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and the court of aldermen, one of whom must be on the bench to complete a court. This body elects the judges, consisting of the recorder and common sergeant, who have an assistant judge, now Sergeant Arabin, all of whom are in daily intercourse with the other city authorities. Throughout the year, meetings out of number take place on city business, besides dinner and convivial parties, at which the aldermen and other gentlemen of city influence are constantly in the habit of meeting these judges, on all the familiar terms of intimates; consequently, through these channels, any representation may be made to a judge before trial, either for or against the prisoner. Tales may be poured into his ears, day after day, in various ways, so that the judge himself shall not see the motive, until a pre-judice be effected, which renders him unfit for his office. It may be asked, What motive any of these gentlemen can have in prejudicing the case of a prisoner? I answer, none personally;

but when it is considered they have all been in trade, and have numerous connexions, either commercial or otherwise, in all the grades immediately below their own, and looking at all the ramifications by which society is linked together, especially in this metropolis, it is easy to conceive that through such channels claims will be made on them not always to be resisted, and from them to the judge. That they do interfere I know, as do all others any way connected with the court or prison. It is not a postulate, but a demonstrable fact; not an occurrence now and then, but an every-day affair. All who have spent any time in Newgate, with their eyes open, know the truth of this statement; and that there are other undue influences exercised of a more pernicious nature, of which I shall speak presently. One case out of many known to me I will here relate. A linendraper's shopman was committed for robbing his master's till, marked money having been found upon him. A few days after his committal he was recognised by one of the turnkeys, who had formerly been servant to his father, an officer in the marines. The man took an interest in the young linendraper's fate, and four days previous to his trial told him, in my presence, that he had managed his business, but could not get him off for less than three months' imprisonment. He was subsequently sentenced for precisely that term. In this instance we begin with the lowest instrument, a turnkey! yet it went up, step by step, until it reached the judge, who acquiesced in a sentence previously arranged by another having a very different duty to perform. In the same ward with this young man were others whose offences did not exceed his, yet they were sentenced to seven and fourteen years' transportation. That it is highly proper the judge should be allowed a discretion in every case must be admitted; but is this discretion to allow others *out of court* to do their business? I should have said, the prisoner in the last case cited had no person to give him a character. The turnkey's conduct I applauded, as it proceeded from gratitude to the family. He is not to blame; and I should not have mentioned the circumstance, but to shew how certain it is that the court suffers itself to be led by others.

In every session there is a small

class of prisoners very opposite from the regular thief, consisting of clerks, and others in a similar walk of life, many of whom have probably for the first time offended against the law, by embezzlement, or otherwise robbing their employers. In these cases the sentences run in extremes; the fullest penalty of the law being exacted in some, while others are fined a shilling and discharged, or, having their judgments respited, are allowed to go at large, in the hope they will sin no more. Here, if any rule of action could be recognised, and character had its weight in court, all would be fair; but unfortunately it is not so,—some, having the best of characters up to the moment of the commission of the offence, are sentenced to the severest punishments at the bar,—others, without any such advantage (at least in open court), escape entirely free. IN ALL SUCH CASES IT IS INFLUENCE WITH THE JUDGES WHICH PRODUCES THIS DISPARITY. It has often happened, when I have applied to make a prisoner's brief, that a letter would be put in my hand; on reading which, I learnt some friend, or father's friend, or friend's friend in the second or third degree, had seen a certain alderman, who had made a promise to interfere. Probably I should be asked if he (the prisoner) might rely on the success of the interest; in which case I invariably told them they might be sure of his (the alderman) having the ability, if he could be brought to exercise it. I was never mistaken: when the promise was made, the party always got off, and the instances within my own knowledge are not a few. This influence is often used in a more unjust manner. When a confidential clerk or warehouseman is charged with embezzlement, it not infrequently happens the prosecutor has a motive for being anxious to secure the entire ridance of the prisoner, by having him sent out of the country, he (the prisoner) being in possession of secrets which it might not be so well to have divulged. To accomplish this, hyperbolic reports of the man's extravagance are circulated—his having kept one or more mistresses, &c. &c.—that he has been doing this for a long period, by robbing his master. All this, poured into the proper city channels, never fails to reach the judge who tries him, and produces the object sought, viz. transportation for fourteen years. Few

will be disposed to complain of the instances of mercy; but it is the mode of doing it with which I find fault, and which makes it an abuse of justice. The pure stream is polluted—a door is open by which the worst of mischiefs enter. This can only be reformed by the appointment of judges out of city influence. There is no prejudication with the regular judges of the country. In their hands the course of justice goes on in one pure uninterrupted stream. The lives and liberties of nearly 3000 human beings come under the cognizance of the Old Bailey court every year. Does it not appear extraordinary that the management of a business of such national importance should be in the hands of judges who are not one remove from the middle classes of the community, and who, it is well known, mix every day with their fellow-citizens, so as to hear every current tale connected with the very cases in which they are a few hours afterwards called on to adjudicate—often coming into immediate contact with the prosecutors, who, for reasons before stated, have occasionally an interest in prejudicing the judge? Calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it. The dinners during sessions are very bad things, and assist much in working mischief. There the city judges, lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and many others, sit down together every day during session, talking over all the affairs and occurrences of the day, as they may chance to be brought on the tapis. There any wish may be expressed to a judge regarding a prisoner, and story told without the accused having the opportunity to rebut it—any enormity softened down to a venial offence, or any peccadillo swelled to a most atrocious crime. All who know any thing of the city corporate body are aware that they are not only divided into political parties, but also those of sectarianism, and that there is a puritanical party, who are so extremely tenacious of any member of their sect coming to harm, that under their protection getting into Newgate is of no consequence. Hence the fine of one shilling and discharge of the cheese-monger's clerk who had thirty-two cases of embezzlement against him, and to which he pleaded guilty, being so advised, which is usual when a prisoner has a friend to protect him, as it avoids

a trial, and he passes through the ordeal unobserved. This man told me his sentence BEFORE HE WENT UP TO THE COURT, and borrowed a shilling of a person to prepare himself for it. Letters were inserted in the *Weekly Dispatch* from the firm this man had robbed, inquiring who advised the late common-sergeant to pass so *just* a sentence, which enabled the man to join an opposition house to the prosecutors' within a few days, to their great prejudice. A promise was given that an inquiry should be made; it has, however, passed away, like all promises of this nature. Another extraordinary feature in this case is, that some other person had promised to protect the prisoner from transportation, and the prosecutors had been led to expect a sentence of two years' imprisonment in Newgate, (so they expressed themselves in their letter to the editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*,) with which they were satisfied. The prisoner, however, subsequently found another friend to interfere for him, who was less ceremonious in matters of justice, and the payment of a shilling was deemed a sufficient expiation for the crime of embezzling thirty-two separate and distinct sums of money.

The judges say they never suffer any thing extrajudicial to influence them. How do they know that? No one knows himself, and there is no security but by removing the possibility of his coming within the sphere of such pollution to his office. Let him be placed on a pinnacle of more importance, out of the reach of these gossips. If it were possible, a judge ought to descend from the upper world to the seat of justice, untainted and unprejudiced by any knowledge of the matter at issue. In all our other courts of law this desideratum is obtained, as nearly as human arrangement can approximate to such an object. If it be thought proper, in a question involving a consideration of a few pounds, that a superior law officer of the crown should preside, of how much more importance is that of life and death, of liberty and character; a question comprehending the interests of so many—the fixing a stamp of infamy on the father of a family, and in which a wife, children, and relations, are all concerned? It is true that, during the first days of each session, one or more of the fifteen judges attend to try the capital cases; but they

do not always go through the whole of these, leaving some for the recorder. It is remarkable how the auditors and prisoners are penetrated with the manner and patience of these judges, as contradistinguished from the hurried way in which the trials are usually conducted in these courts. The effect it has on the prisoners is astonishing, notwithstanding the awful sentences which invariably follow in these cases, viz. death. They are generally satisfied they have had a fair trial; and it is a remarkable fact, that none who are tried by the city judges ever think justice has been done them. However guilty they may be, they expect a chance on their

trial, and decent treatment while they are undergoing it. The most brutal are sensible of the difference so apparent when they appear before what they call "a real judge." I have seen them come from the court, after such treatment, positively pleased, although found guilty, saying, "I am guilty fair enough: the judge would have let me say any thing, he is such a nice old man." I have observed the demeanour of these men subsequently to be always better than those who could never get rid of the notion they had not had a fair chance on their trials.

[To be continued.]

TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE. VOLS. III. AND IV.*

THESE two are the concluding volumes of the travels of a titled German, who now stands revealed as Prince Pückler Muskau. The two first volumes were much lauded on the continent, and the old and excellent Göthe (now, alas! no more) was pleased to write a preface in their praise. Göthe had never been in this country, therefore could only estimate the manners and usages of English society through the medium of books, or the not over-precise information of British travellers on the Continent. The consequence was, that the plausible style and narrative of his countryman the prince, were calculated to deceive even the loftiest intellect and deepest mind of Europe. Reasoning may be close and correct, while the premises are a postulate impudently assumed or erroneous in principle; accordingly, the conclusion arrived at will be a falsification of the truth, although the deducing chain is faultless. Of such deception the prince is frequently guilty whenever he treats of our national peculiarities. His conceit is inconceivable—he fancies that his strength of intellect is so great, as to be more than a match for the most abstruse inquiries;—morals, legislation, belles lettres, physics, metaphysics, theology, every thing, in short, human and divine, comes under his review; and there is a perpetual pluming, and strutting, and crowing, from the consciousness that every thing he

touches he elucidates—*nilhil non tetigit quod non ornabit*. This imposing assurance is easily detected by those who are fully aware of the matters in the discussion of which it is assumed; but no power of intuition will enable the ignorant to see through it. We have an infinity of books treating on the manners and mode of life of the ancient Greeks and Romans, of the Mexicans and Peruvians; yet what flimsy conceptions of the reality are we capable of forming? To understand a people's character, we must have full ocular demonstration—we must reside among them and narrowly observe them. Göthe, with all his transcendent powers, had not an opportunity of this kind with regard to England; he could not, therefore, be competent to form a correct estimate of the despatches from the Prince Pückler Muskau to his Julia. Göthe's praise consequently goes for nothing in this instance.

The swallow season in England is also prolific of foreigners, flocks of whom readily leave their own countries to bask in the more genial sunshine of English prosperity. Scarcely does a steam-boat cross the channel, or stage-coach wend its weary way from Dover to town, without bringing its due complement of whiskered aliens—the prince, the baron, and the count, not to say any thing of untitled and ignoble personages, who are prepared to tell

high-sounding tales of their pedigrees, their family connexions, their feudal castles, and their rent-rolls—to impose on all the gulls they meet with in society—to cheat and swindle at cards—to learn the low tricks of jockeyship at Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster, so that they may be an overmatch for their simple fellow-countrymen at home—to get as good an insight into English society as they can, and then, having ample materials for their spleen to work upon, to traduce that nation of shopkeepers with whom their own poverty will never enable them to compete—to kidnap some artless girl's affections, and then persuade her to make a runaway match—to score up bills with confiding tradesmen, and then to levant, leaving them unpaid.

Too many foreigners answer to this description; the consequence is, that it is impossible for them to work their way into the highest and best society in London. With all his pretensions, the illustrious prince failed to accomplish this most desirable point; and, accordingly, the worst word in the vocabulary of abuse is not bad enough for the fashionable circles of London. We will not deny that there is much truth in his strictures—nay we will go farther, and confess that many of the observations which he makes on the state of society bear strict accordance with the existing state of things. But when we see nothing but abuse, and that of the most venomous quality, directed indiscriminately against all classes and conditions of the community—when he sneers at high and low, and rich and poor, and brings all admitted excellencies in the English character down to the moral level of himself, and laughs, mocks, derides, or is sarcastic at all that falls below the level of his own precious moral self; then we may be sure that there is some latent cause whence springs all this bitter vituperation against the domestic character of Englishmen. Whatever may have been the motive, notorious facts exist, which tell us that Prince Pückler Muskau was a disappointed man. He raked up every piece of scandal regarding every family or person with whom he came in contact on his travels, and these he details with exceeding zest and satisfaction. There is a bad word for most, and a good word for few, or none. But while the fair-dealing prince, with little sense of

Rhadamanthian justice, was casting scandal on the wide world, it was only to retaliate for his exclusion from, or cold reception in, the better circles; and for the tales which the mouth of scandal (perchance) was, in those self-same circles, uttering against him. We care not about believing the latter; we care as little whether foreigners believe the abominable stories and innuendos in which the veracious prince has indulged at the expense of Englishmen. He never can set foot in England again without the risk of a horsewhipping; for his volumes afford too many instances of betrayed confidence, of malicious slanders, of abused hospitality. Mr. O'Connell and Lord Dunsford must think of him with contempt. We judge of the prince by what he has said of himself. By his own testimony he is one of the most conceited, affected, and vain of human beings—boasting of philosophy, yet having none—boasting of learning, of which he gives but slight indications—boasting of high family, which is questionable—boasting of his title, which he derives by having espoused the Countess von Pappenheim. The truth is, that he does not understand English character or English institutions. He may be a judge of the frivolities of fashion—he may have a quick eye for catching the ludicrous and the flimsy in the character of Englishmen; but to penetrate the deep, serious, and pervading tone of their national character, or the character of their institutions, is altogether out of his power. Hence can the tables be easily turned on Prince Pückler Muskau. All with him is flippant self-satisfaction or braying conceit, ambitious of admiration; and then disappointment at the lack of its daily supply of praise and pudding by the astonished world of England. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*: is a rule applicable to the prince; had he had the wisdom to have observed it, all had been well. The cockcomb and intellectual charlatan, notwithstanding all assumed pomposity, cannot break through the prescribed circle of their nature. They can well understand Newmarket races, club-rooms, Almack's balls, masquerades, Brighton life; and relate all their conquests over barmaids and ladies' maids, and their intrigues with their mistresses—especially if it be in confidential letters, (intended for publication,) to their own

wives. And certainly the philosophy of such a wife—whose prurient taste is ever eager for descriptions of the intrigues of her salacious husband, who, with the never-tiring spirit of a modern Don Juan, is, by his own account, playing havoc with the fair and frail beauties of England—is not sufficiently to be admired. Such a woman is, as Coleridge would say, a psychological curiosity, peculiar only to the phlegmatic climate of Germany. For descriptions, however, of this kind, the prince has supple fingers, and an easy and enviable flow of language, which covers obscenity with a subtle veil of plausible modesty. But when he dives into the depths of history, his ignorance is laughable—his statistics halt woefully—his attempts to belabour the hard hide of metaphysics are ludicrous. What he has somewhere said of himself, with reference to some physical objects, is also applicable in the instances under consideration. "I waded with a great feeling of satisfaction through the streams, throwing myself into the pleasurable state of mind of a duck." Very like the waddling of a pompous duck are his lucubrations on conscience (vol. iii. p. 295): such grave matters were never intended for the paltry understanding of Prince Pückler Muskau. The illustrious individual, however, is not satisfied with likening himself to the duck—he must needs liken himself to birds of a higher calibre than that harmless creature. "Worldly wisdom," he says, "is as decidedly denied to my nature, as to the swan the power of running races with the sledges on the frozen lake. However, his time too comes, when he cleaves his free and beautiful element. Then he is himself again." The prince shines most in a ball-room, or a flirtation, or at a whist-table, playing the knowing one, and pocketing that paltry dross called English money: but the only assimilating point between his highness and the swan in question is egregious self-conceit. "Look at a man of my inches, ye vermin, and make way!" seems always the uppermost thought in the delicate and highly-bred mind of the illustrious prince. His letters are full of allusions to his rank, to the antiquity of his family, to his rights of precedence, to his far-famed castle, to his connection with royalty, to his ample domains, his principality, and even his subjects (!!).

Never was more vapid egotism in any four volumes since printing was invented to facilitate the details of the follies and absurdities of mankind. His title is the charmed *abacadabra*, that is to open every door to his intrusive foot, and every heart to his amorous and insolent suit. At every second page almost we have an account of his carriage, his travelling equipments, and his people; and to prove to us that even they were individuals worthy of consideration for the perfection with which they enacted "High Life below Stairs" under his especial management, he tells us that his Saxon servant left him because nobody ate soup in England, the domestic declaring "that he could not exist any longer in a state of barbarism—without soup." As we are on the subject of soup, we may as well quote the "thoroughly illustrious's" description of an Englishman's breakfast.

"To this meal he seems to bring more animation than to any other, and indeed, I think, more appetite; for the number of cups of tea, the masses of bread and butter, eggs and cold meat, which he devours, awaken silent envy in the breast, or rather in the stomach, of the less capable foreigner. He is now not only permitted, but enjoined (by custom, his gospel) to read. At every cup of tea he unfolds a newspaper of the size of a table-cloth. Not a single speech, *trim. cont.*, murder, or other catastrophe, invented by the 'accident-maker' in London, escapes him.

"Like one who would rather die of a surfeit than leave any thing uneaten which he had paid for, the systematic Englishman thinks that, having called for a newspaper, he ought not to leave a letter of it unread. By this means his breakfast lasts several hours, and the sixth or seventh cup is drunk cold. I have seen this glorious meal protracted so long, that it blended with dinner; and you will hardly believe me when I assure you, that a light supper followed at midnight without the company quitting the table."

In all this there is a pleasant Munchausen vein of humour, and therefore not to be quarrelled with, even by the most fastidious. Every where and on every occasion is he parading an ultra-misanthropic, and complaining of a morbid and melancholy mind. To be Byronia he supposes is to be interesting. He goes to

a ball, Mrs. makes love, boasts of his conquests, comes home, and tells his affectionate Julia that he is weary of the world; he goes to a race-course, and between the heats he thinks of the improbability of this sublunary existence;—he dives into all kinds of amusement, and then 'is seized with despair from the consciousness of his superiority to that mode of life which he has adopted,' ("because he is an independent man,") and chooses to follow;—he plays the merry-andrew at parties, by exhibiting himself in half a dozen costumes for the amusement of the company—ascends in a balloon—engages in a fox-chase—and then wishes to depart for that bourne whence no traveller returns, because he cannot fathom the moral mysteries of human nature. All this springs from vanity—from the wish to be thought interesting—to make sensitive hearts palpitate at his approach—to be considered a monstrous fellow by the men, and a monstrous handsome and interesting creature by the women—to be Manfred with the one, and an amalgamation of Childe Harold and Don Juan with the other.

In the first two volumes of his travels, his highness is perpetually afraid of thieves and robbers. One of his axioms is, that there is no honesty in England. Both these points are admirably hit off in his third volume, at the expense of custom-house officers and tavern-keepers. The first, he says, are easily bribed; and the second, he insinuates, only want opportunity for dishonesty.

"In the middle of the second night we anchored just below London Bridge, the most unfortunate circumstance that can happen to a man. In consequence of the severity of the Custom House, he is not permitted to take his things on shore before they are inspected; and the office is not opened till ten in the morning. As I did not choose to leave my German servants alone with my carriage and effects, I was compelled to pass the night, almost dressed as I was, in a miserable sailors' tavern close to the river. In the morning, however, when I was present at the examination, I found that the golden key, which rarely fails, had not lost its efficacy here, and saved me from long and tedious delays. Even a few dozen French gloves, which lay in all innocence open upon my linen, seemed to be rendered invisible;—no-body took any notice of them.

"I hastened as quickly as possible out of the dirty city, swarming like an ant-hill; but had half a stage to travel with post-horses before I reached the 'west-end of the town,' where I put up at my old quarters, the Clarendon Hotel. My former host, a Swiss, had exchanged England for a yet unknown country. His son, however, occupied his place, and received me with all that respectful attention which distinguishes English innkeepers, and indeed all here who live by the money of others. He very soon rendered me a real service; for I had hardly rested an hour before I discovered that, in the confusion of the night, I had left a purse with eighty sovereigns in a drawer in my bed-room. Monsieur Jaquier, '*qui connoissait le terrain*,' shrugged his shoulders, but instantly sent off a confidential person to the spot, to recover the lost purse if possible. The disorder which reigned in the miserable inn, stood me in good stead. Our messenger found the room uncleared; and to the perhaps disagreeable surprise of the people, the purse where I left it."

"Macadamizing," he says, "changes the town into a sort of quagmire. Were it not for the admirable 'trottoirs,' people must go on stilts, as they do in the Landes, near Bourdeaux. Englishwomen of the lower classes do indeed wear an iron machine of the kind on their large feet." No doubt all our readers know what machines these are, for since Englishwomen wear them, on the veracity of his highness, they must have seen them. "A man should be more aware of gambling clubs in England than elsewhere," is another of his wise aphorisms. Has the prince never shewn his sublime countenance and flowing mustaches at Aix-la-Chapelle, Ems, Wisbaden, and the other watering-places of Germany, where native sharpers, with titles longer than one's arm, are as rife as partridges in September?

While attending the races at Newmarket, he is invited by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who has a park and mansion, and is a city merchant. Now the prince has an inveterate and natural dislike for such "*canaille*" as merchants, which, indeed, is very natural in one of so exalted a character and of such supreme rank;—but he does not dislike the merchant's entertainment. Accordingly, the latter passes without much animadversion; but the manners of the host, and of his family of daughters (who had received him

with hospitality), afford the letter-writer and his friend food for much merriment on their way back to Newmarket. His reception at the house supplies occasion for the following observations :

"According to this system of manners, as it appeared, a visit from two 'noblemen' (even foreign ones, though these are full fifty per cent under natives), was an honour to a house of the 'volée' of our host's. We were therefore amazingly 'fêtes'; even the dandy was—as far as the rules of his 'mêlée' permitted—civil and obliging to us. It is an almost universal weakness of the unnoble in England, to parade an acquaintance with the noble: the noble do the same with regard to the 'fashionable' or 'exclusive'; a peculiar caste, an *imperium in imperio*, which exercises a still more despotic power in society, and is not influenced by rank, still less by riches, but finds the possibility of its maintenance only in this national foible.

"It is therefore a great delight to the English of the middle classes to travel on the continent, where they easily make acquaintance with people of rank, of whom they can talk as of intimate friends when they come home. A merchant's wife once gave me a specimen of this. 'Do you know the Queen of —?' said she. I replied that 'I had had the honour of being presented to her.' 'She is a great friend of mine,' added she; exactly as if she had been talking of her husband's partner's wife. She immediately exhibited, among the numerous trinkets which hung about her, a portrait of the queen, which, as she said, her majesty had given her.

"It was very likely true, for her daughter produced a letter from Princess —, a married daughter of the queen, containing the most confidential communications concerning her marriage and domestic affairs, which has probably been made to serve for some time as 'choval de parade' to gratify the vanity of the possessor. Is it not most extraordinary, that our German great people, many of whom are by no means wanting in pride and 'morgue' towards their own countrymen, should treat every little English squire or miss, however utterly deficient in intellectual pretensions, almost as an equal, without in the least inquiring whether this person occupies a station at home which warrants such a reception?

"Nothing lets us down more in the eyes of the English themselves than this obsequious worship of foreigners; the weakness of which consists in this; that its true foundation generally lies in the profound respect which high and low have for English money."

Nothing but wounded pride and bitterness of spirit, resulting from his rejection from certain circles in England, into which he imagined his titular principedom should have gained him admission, suggested this passage. The merchant's wife in question might have been Mrs. Rothschild, whose husband he frequently holds up to derision in the course of his *Julian* correspondence; and in return for which the Austrian baron and friend of Metternich will no doubt again ask his princeliness to dinner on his next visit to this "island of fog, gloom, and despondency." But supposing that it were Mrs. Anybody else, "the merchant's wife," who had been honoured by the friendship of the Queen of —, where, we ask, would have been the disgrace or dishonour in this intimacy? Are not many of our merchants of as old families as many of the high and noble families on the continent? Are they not possessed of wealth sufficient to buy up a score of the miserable, petty principalities of Germany? Have they not seen as much of the world as this or any other German prince? Have they not equal blandness of manners, courtesy of bearing, refinement of mind, knowledge, learning, and every essential for constituting a lofty and an honourable character? Where, then, is the harm of the Queen of — forming an intimacy with a British merchant's wife? The queen in question was no doubt a person of discernment, and, amid the ignorance characteristic of the females of Germany, she was gratified at meeting with an intelligent English female, and her she singled out for her confidence. No woman of sense would have paraded the ornaments and letters in the way the German prince has been pleased to describe the matter: we have no doubt he cunningly led the lady in question and her daughter into the conversation, and requested or insinuated a desire to see the letter, which was unsuspectingly produced. As to foreign noblemen being prized in any respectable family merely for the sake of their titles, the self-complacent titular prince is miserably mistaken; for foreigners of the kind under consideration are as frequent in England, and as cheaply estimated, as a plentiful crop of mushrooms after a shower of rain.

Equal truth is there in his description of the economy of country-houses.

"It requires a considerable fortune here to keep up a country-house; for custom demands many luxuries, and, according to the aspiring and imitative manners of the country, as much (in the main things) at the shopkeeper's house as at the duke's;—a handsomely fitted-up house, with elegant furniture, plate, servants in new and handsome liveries, a profusion of dishes and foreign wines, rare and expensive dessert, and in all things an appearance of superfluity,—'plenty,' as the English call it. As long as there are visitors in the house, this way of life goes on; but many a family atones for it by meagre fare when alone: for which reason nobody here ventures to pay a visit in the country without being invited; and these invitations usually fix the day and hour. The acquaintances are generally numerous; and as both room and the time allotted to the reception of guests are small, one must give place to another. True hospitality this can hardly be called; it is rather the display of one's own possessions, for the purpose of dazzling as many as possible. After a family has thus kept open house for a month or two, they go, for the remainder of the time they have to spend in the country, to make visits at the houses of others; but the one hospitable month costs as much as a wealthy landed proprietor spends in a whole year with us.

It is notorious that shopkeepers do not live in the same style as noblemen—for the best of all reasons, that there is no necessity or call for their so doing. The late Mr. Blades the lamp-manufacturer, and Mr. Rundell, were, notwithstanding all their wealth, excluded from high society, except from that of extravagant and spendthrift lordlings, who are desirous of mending their worn-out elbows with the sartorial gold of the citizens. Nothing can be more false than what the illustrious says about the meagre fare of families in the absence of visitors. In the first place, how could he, a stranger, know what was passing in his absence? Next, is not the hospitality of English country gentlemen proverbial? Those who reside constantly on their property live the same course regularly through the year; but the more wealthy of our landed proprietors have more estates and mansions than one, and, like good and prudent landlords, they visit these in rotation, and generally reside among their tenantry for a short space of time. Their families regularly come up to London for the gay season, where a

totally different system of life to that in the country is adopted. Prince Pückler Muskau has thus made this attack against the landed proprietors of England in sheer envy and bitterness of spirit.

One of the true signs of good breeding is to conform as closely as strict observation will allow us to the manners of those foreigners among whom we may be dwelling. The prince, however, supposes that, because he is a prince, he may take whatever liberties he pleases in English society. Our readers are fully aware of the nature of the rules prevailing in club-houses. His highness was for a season allowed the privilege of using the 'Travellers' Club,—one of the best arranged and most select of club societies. His supercilious behaviour to the very men at whose hands he had accepted the favour of admission, and domineering, swaggering, bullying manner to the waiters, and the persisting doggedly in some little usages which, however common on the continent, are an abomination in respectable circles in this country, became, with other matters on his part, highly offensive to the Travellers' Club. To give him a hint, by way of silent admonition, affronts the gentleman, and off he writes the following fragment to his darling Julia.

"The English take it very ill of foreigners if they reprove a waiter who makes them wait, or brings one thing instead of another, or if they give their commands in a loud or lordly tone of voice; though the English themselves often do this in their own country, and much more in ours, and though the dining-room of the club is in fact only a more elegant sort of 'restauration,' where every man must pay his reckoning after he has dined. It is regarded not only as improper, but as unpleasant and offensive, if any one reads during dinner. It is not the fashion in England; and, as I have this bad habit in a supreme degree, I have sometimes remarked satirical signs of displeasure on the countenances of a few islanders of the old school, who shook their heads as they passed me. One must be on one's guard, generally, to do things as little as possible unlike the English, and yet not to try to imitate them servilely in every thing, for no race of men can be more intolerant. Most of them see with reluctance the introduction of any foreigner into their more private societies, and all regard it

as a distinguished favour and obligation conferred upon us.

"But of all offences against English manners which a man can commit, the three following are the greatest:—to put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit any where in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices, —though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last-named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared with great indignation that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial, but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many; and in England, don't spit."

His accuracy in noticing our manners will appear in the following observations.

"The practice of half lying instead of sitting; sometimes of lying at full length on the carpet at the feet of ladies; of crossing one leg over the other in such a manner as to hold the foot in the hand; of putting the hands in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, and so on,—are all things which have obtained in the best company and the most exclusive circles: it is therefore very possible that the keeping on the hat may arrive at the same honour."

It were well, observes the illustrious gentleman, if clubs could be formed in Germany after the organization of those of England.

"In this case we ought to repay the English like for like, and not prostrate ourselves in puerile slavish admiration before their money and their name; but while we treated them with all civility, and even with more courtesy than they show to us, yet let them see that Ger-

mans are masters of their own house, particularly as many of them only come among us either to economise, or to form connexions with people of rank, from which their own station at home excluded them, or to have the satisfaction of showing us that in all arrangements for physical comfort we are still barbarians compared with them.

"It is indeed inconceivable, and a proof that it is only necessary to treat us contemptuously in order to obtain our reverence, that, as I have remarked, the mere name of Englishman is, with us, equivalent to the highest title. Many a person, who would scarcely get admission into very inferior circles in England, where the whole of society, down to the very lowest classes, is so stiffly aristocratical, in the various states of Germany is received at court and 'fête' by the first nobility; every act of coarseness and ill-breeding is set down as a trait of charming English originality, till perhaps, by some accident, a really respectable Englishman comes to the place, and people learn with astonishment that they have been doing all this honour to an ensign 'on half-pay,' or a rich tailor or shoemaker. An individual of this rank is, however, generally, at least civil, but the impertinence of some of the higher classes surpasses all belief."

Well may the translator add in a note, that the author's feelings towards Englishmen are evidently bitter, and that his testimony is to be received with great allowance. Our extracts hitherto have proved, that they are to be taken with the *greatest* allowance, since his hatred to the English forces him to deal either in scandalous falsehoods, or else to repay sincere hospitality by the betrayal of confidence,—by the publication of family peculiarities and individual failings,—of how he made love, and won the hearts of the innocent and artless daughters of his hosts,—by divulging the foolish freedom of their wives, and the boorish ignorance of their sons. We agree with the translator, "that it will be confessed, by all who are not blinded by intense self-complacency and insular conceit, that it is extremely rare to meet a foreigner of any country, who has encountered English people either abroad or at home, without having his most honest and allowable self-love wounded in a hundred ways." But the converse of this proposition is equally true. The fact is, that there exists a particular national pride and vanity, common to all nations; and unless individuals, when tra-

velling among a foreign people, have the good sense to lay these aside, and by exercising their eyes, endeavour to conform as closely as possible to those around them, they must make themselves ridiculous.

We happen to know that it is by no means so very easy as the German prince insinuates to get into good society on the continent, and, well, indeed, is it that it is so. "An ensign on half-pay" is generally a gentleman at least of a respectable family, and has associated with gentlemen; but to say that "a rich tailor or shoemaker" can get into court society, is what the prince's countrymen will scarcely thank him for, and is, moreover, absurd. An Englishman in France, even with the best credentials, can scarcely get, after a residence of many years, the *entrée* into the first society (we speak of times previous to the "glorious revolution" of 1830); at Dresden it is equally impossible; at Weimar it might have been done by being known to some of the resident young Englishmen; at Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, a man must be known to the ambassador, and be first entertained by him (as a voucher of his respectability), before he can be entertained by others. Even with the most observant persons, it takes some little time to wipe away the rust of national peculiarity, and if, in this interval, any stranger should offend the self-love of those he is abiding with, their good sense ought to pardon him. All we argue for is, that it is not the peculiar characteristic of (well-bred) Englishmen to offend foreigners abroad, for the illustrious letter-writer himself was grossly offensive to the English during his stay among us; and the only charitable construction to put upon his conduct, was, that he was blinded by intense self-complacency and princely conceit. The story told of the invitation from a prince of the house of K—to a travelling English viscount, who replied, that *he could not accept the invitation, as the prince was perfectly unknown to him*, we do not believe. If any English nobleman could by any possibility have been guilty of such boorishness, he must have been labouring under an unfortunate temporary derangement, or been of the unhappy temperament of that gamboge-faced nobleman known by the *sobriquet* of Lord Mustard.

The prince's description of our thea-

trical audiences is equally diverting and true with all our preceding extracts from his veridical pages.

"The most striking thing to a foreigner in English theatres is the unheard-of coarseness and brutality of the audiences. The consequence of this is, that the higher and more civilised classes go only to the Italian Opera, and very rarely visit their national theatre. Whether this be unfavourable or otherwise to the stage, I leave others to determine.

"English freedom here degenerates into the rudest license, and it is not uncommon in the midst of the most affecting part of a tragedy, or the most charming 'cadenza' of a singer, to hear some coarse expression shouted from the galleries in stentor voice. This is followed, according to the taste of the bystanders, either by loud laughter and approbation, or by the castigation and expulsion of the offender.

"Whichever turn the thing takes, you can hear no more of what is passing on the stage, where actors and singers, according to ancient usage, do not suffer themselves to be interrupted by such occurrences, but declaim or warble away, 'comme si rien n'était.' And such things happen not once, but sometimes twenty times, in the course of a performance, and amuse many of the audience more than that does. It is also no rarity for some one to throw the fragments of his 'goût,' which do not always consist of orange-peels alone, without the smallest ceremony on the heads of the people in the pit, or to shail them with singular dexterity into the boxes; while others hang their coats and waistcoats over the railing of the gallery, and sit in shirt-sleeves; in short, all that could be devised for the better excitement of a phlegmatic *Harmonie Society* of the workmen in Berlin, under the renowned Wisotsky, is to be found in the national theatre of Britain."

"That foreigners individually and personally do not find English society," says the prince, "agreeable, is evident by their rarity in England, and by the still greater rarity of their desire to stay long. Every one of them, at the bottom of his heart, thanks God when he is out of English society" (111). Flashy gentlemen, like the prince in question, who, on imitating the jack-daw in the fable, soon get their fine feathers plucked from them, may indeed be in a hurry to decamp speedily from "English society;" but all our readers will know of many foreigners, who, not possessing the *morgue* of Prince Pückler

Muskau, and not being, moreover, gambler, blackleg, or any thing equally bad or worse, have been satisfied to live for years in this country, in spite of its "*nimbus* of a firmly-anchored aristocracy, and vast wealth." A little further on, he affirms many "*baroque*" customs prevail in domestic and most intimate relations; and, as an instance, states, that "sons in the highest ranks, as soon as they are fledged, leave the paternal roof and live alone; nay, actually do not present themselves at their father's dinner-table without a formal invitation" (111). As a piece of information pleasing to the Lady Janes and Lady Carolines who allowed this impudent foreigner to flirt with them, permitted him to encircle their waists with his arm in the waltz, and afforded him opportunities for making them the butts for laughter to his "beloved Julia," we have the following observation on a portrait by Holbein:—"Ann Boleyn is a good-natured, unmeaning, almost stupid-looking, genuine English beauty, like many one sees now, only in another dress." Again we have, at page 313, vol. iii. the following piece of information:—"Even in elegant houses in the country, coachmen and grooms wait at dinner, and are not always free from the odour of the stable;" and at page 326, comes a blush at the stupid English for their ignorance of foreign titles.

"How admirably well informed the English are concerning foreigners is seen in a passage in this novel, in which the wife of a foreign ambassador, born however in England, is extremely facetious on the ignorant Londoners who assigned a higher rank to a German prince than to her husband the baron, whose title was far nobler. 'But the word prince,' adds she, 'whose nullity is well known to every body on the continent, dazzled my stupid countrymen.' 'C'est bien vrai,' says a Frenchman, 'un duc c'est mes bottes à Naples, et à Pétersbourg un prince Russe me rasant tous les matins.'" As the English generally mis-spell and misquote foreign words and phrases, I strongly suspect that a slight mistake has crept in here, and that it ought to be printed, 'un prince Russe me rasant tous les matins.'"

The ignorance of the stupid English is further elucidated by an anecdote in the very next page.

"I was invited, with several other foreigners, to dine with a very rich

* * * * * Among them was a German prince, who had visited at the house before, and, luckily for the farce, a German baron also. When dinner was announced, the prince advanced, as usual, to the lady of the house to hand her out, and was not a little amazed when she turned her back upon him with a slight curtesy, and took the arm of the most agreeably-surprised baron. A laugh, which I really found it impossible to suppress, almost offended the good prince, who could not explain to himself the extraordinary behaviour of our hostess; but, as I instantly guessed the cause, I soon helped him out of his wonderment.

"Regardless of rank, he now took the prettiest woman of the party; while I, for my part, made haste to secure —, that I might be sure of an amusing conversation during dinner. The soup was hardly removed, when I expressed to her, as politely as I could, how much her nice tact and exact knowledge of the usages of even foreign society had surprised me. 'Ah,' replied she, 'when one has been — so long, one becomes thoroughly acquainted with the world.' 'Certainly,' replied I, 'especially in —, where you have all that sort of thing in black and white.' 'You see,' said she, speaking rather low, 'we know well enough that; a foreign prince' is nothing very great, but to a baron we give the honour due.' 'Admirably distinguished!' exclaimed I; 'but in Italy you must be on your guard, for there 'barone' means a rascal.' 'Is it possible?' said she; 'what a strange title!' 'Yes, madam, titles on the continent are mysterious things; and were you the Sphinx herself, you would never fathom the enigma.' 'May I help you to some fish?' said she. 'With great pleasure,' answered I, and found the turbot, even without a title, excellent."

Our illustrious prince, although not a "barone," still, from some other cause or causes unknown, could never ride the "cock-horse" over English society as he desired. Society first grew cool upon him, then neglected him, and now, if he were to return, would most assuredly kick him out of its circle.

"I was told," he says, "that the chief of a Highland clan, with a name as long as a Spaniard's, a descendant of some island king, and proud as Holofernes of a thousand years of noble ancestry, wished to make my acquaintance." The "thoroughly illustrious" gentleman refers to the unfortunate Glengarry, who, amid many peculiarities, possessed an excellent heart, was

good landlord, kept the most hospitable mansion in the Highlands, was a true Scottish patriot, and not only held, but endeavoured to preserve and maintain all the old mountain customs in their native vigour. If any one could ever boast of a high pedigree, Glengarry was the man, and pride of ancestry was pardonable in him.* The upstart prince of Germany, however, writes down all his peculiarities, and turns them to ridicule. Well were it if he could boast of one half the personal qualities of the other, to say nothing of pedigree, in which Glengarry could have vied with the proudest of the barons of Germany, and by the side of whom Prince Pückler is a dunghill plant. However, not to be outdone by the descendant of the Gael, he trumps up a story from the Nibelungenlied, and swears that it refers to his own ancestry.

Of blasphemy there is sufficient in the volumes. He is an advocate for an "imaginative worship, though it be addressed more to the senses." He informs us, that in most companies, play is the order of the day, and the ladies are the most eager players. The crowding to the "écarté" table, which is almost out of fashion at Paris, he continues, "is incessant, and the white arms of the English beauties appear to great advantage on the table-covers of black velvet embroidered with gold." He tells us, that once when riding into the city, he got so entangled in the crowd, that he was forced to turn his horse on the "trottoir," which was by the people taken as an invasion of their rights, who began to abuse him unmercifully and struck his horse, and a huge gigantic carter held up his fist and challenged his princedom to box! He is particularly fond of borrowing articles from his friends, particularly horses. Several instances of this occur in the first two volumes; in the fourth he is at his old tricks again:—

"An acquaintance had lent me his hunter, as I had left mine in London; and I determined to ride, in a direction as yet unknown to me, towards what is called the Devil's Dyke. I had already ridden some miles over the smooth turf, when suddenly the air was obscured, and in a few minutes I could not see ten steps before me. Thus it remained; nor did there appear the least hope of its clearing. I passed an hour in riding to and fro in search of a tracked road;—my light clothing was soaked through,

the air ice-cold, and had night overtaken me, the prospect was not the most agreeable. In this extremity, wholly unacquainted with the country, it happily occurred to me to give my old horse, who had often hunted over these downs, completely his own way. In a few paces after he felt himself perfectly free, he turned short about, and set off at a pretty brisk gallop directly down the hill upon which I was. I took good care not to disturb him, spite of the obscurity around me, even when he broke through a field of high prickly broom and furze, over which he leapt like a hare. A few inconsiderable hedges and ditches of course retarded him still less; and after half an hour's pretty hard running, the good beast brought me safely to the entrance of Brighton."

He takes particular care to note down for the public, "More than forty invitations are now lying on my table—five or six for each day;" and in return for those to Holdernes House, gives us a description of the lady's "*air chiffonné*," and of her bazaar containing jewels of the value of three hundred thousand reichsthalers—of the way in which she reclined on a *chaise longue*, attired in a dress of yellow gauze, *plongée dans une douce langueur*—and how diamonds and pearls, pens and ink, books, letters, toys and seals, and an unfinished purse, lay before her. We agree with his highness, that, altogether, "it was a pretty picture of refinement." But these disclosures do not satisfy the "thoroughly illustrious." He tells us, that "nothing was so common in this house as portraits of the Emperor Alexander, who had paid great attention to the marchioness at Vienna, and whose image had been thus multiplied by gratitude." Thus, having allowed at least the merit of gratitude to her ladyship, "whose complexion forms the most agreeable contrast with her 'black diamonds,'" his princship adds a malicious shew-up of her loving lord, while at Vienna:—

"Her husband was ambassador there, and used his English prerogative to its full extent. Once he boxed with a 'fiacre' driver: another time he presented the archduchess, and, if I mistake not, the empress herself, to his wife, instead of the reverse; then he ran into the kitchen to stab his cook for having offended the marchioness: 'enfin, il faisait la pluie et le beau temps à V——; on plutôt l'orage et la grêle.'"

By the prince's account, washing

must be the most thriving avocation in England, since the *canaille* wash for *élégans*, and the *élégans* severally require, per week, "twenty shirts, twenty-four pocket handkerchiefs, nine or ten pair of 'summer trousers,' thirty neck-handkerchiefs, unless he wears black ones, (which, no doubt, the economical prince took care to do himself,) a dozen waistcoats, and stockings *à discrétion*."

"I see," he continues, "your housewifely soul aghast." Does he mean by this, that the princess (though a princess) would be frightened at the quantity of washing her fair fingers would have to accomplish on her spouse's return, after his adoption of the dandified fashions of England; or that she could ill afford the expense of other hands being employed for the work? He, however, continues his exposition:—

"As a dandy cannot get on without dressing three or four times a day, the affair is 'tout simple,' for he must appear,—

"1st. In breakfast toilette,—a chintz dressing-gown and Turkish slippers.

"2d. Morning riding dress,—frock coat, boots and spurs.

"3d. Dinner dress,—dress coat and shoes.

"4th. Ball dress, with 'pumps,' a word signifying shoes as thin as paper."

After deploring the loss of five-and-twenty pounds from his carriage-pocket, he tells his Julia a neat story, on the authority of Sir Gore Ouseley, of the sons and daughters of the Shah of Persia:—

"At Sir Gore's audience of leave, he begged the Shah graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make any inquiry. 'A hundred and fifty-four sons,' replied the shah. 'May I venture to ask your majesty how many children?' The word daughters, according to the rules of Oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce; and indeed the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The king, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. 'Ha! ha! I understand you,' said he laughing; and called to the chief of his eunuchs, 'Musa, how many daughters have I?' 'King of kings,' answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, 'five hundred and sixty.' When Sir Gore Ouseley re-

peated this conversation to the empress-mother in Petersburg, she only exclaimed, 'Ah, le monstre!'

He tantalises his fair Julia by informing her that he had met Major Keppel, the Persian traveller, who related some rather "scabreuses" but amazingly "piquantes" anecdotes, which he would not commit to print, and which, his highness adds, "I reserve till we meet." This is a little insight, not over-flattering, into the moral calibre of the fair princess.

Somewhat farther on, we are told that "the brutal love of mischief is quite peculiar to Englishmen," (he has been describing the mischievous tricks of little boys and girls on the wheelbarrows, &c. of the workmen in St. James's Park,) and forms the sole apology for the grudging inhumanity with which the opulent classes shut up their charming pleasure-grounds. Here is a delightful "morceau" for the tender and absent Julia:—

"I don't know whether I told you that I lodge at the house of a dress-maker in Albemarle-street, who has collected around her a perfect garland of English, French, and Italian girls. All is decorum itself; but there are many talents among them which can be turned to account—among others, that of a French girl, who has a genius for cooking, and has thus enabled me to entertain my kind friend L— in my own little home. Dinner, concert (droll enough it was, for the performers were all 'couturières'), a little dance for the young ladies, a great many artificial flowers, a great many lights, a very few intimate friends;—in short, a sort of rural fête in this busy town. The poor girls were delighted, and it was almost morning before they went to bed, though the duenna kept faithful watch and ward to the last moment. I was greatly praised and thanked by all; though in their hearts they no doubt liked my young friend L— much better."

The facetious Mr. Lister (or Luttrell) does not escape the prince's gall and venom. "There is a certain L." he says, "a patent witting, whose every word the extremely good-natured company holds itself bound to admire: people affect great liking for him, from fear of his evil tongue. Such intellectual bullies are my mortal abhorrence, especially when, like this, to a repulsive exterior, they unite all the gall and acrimony of satire without any of its grace."

A butcher's shop in London is described as "decorated with the most beautiful garlands, pyramids, and other fanciful forms constructed of raw meat: in a tailor's shop, "a pile of hundreds of bales of cloth, and as many workmen. A secretary appears, and after making a sign for two folios to be brought, in which he pores for a short time, and then says, 'Sir, to-morrow at twenty minutes past eleven, the 'frac' will be so far advanced that you can try it on in the dressing-room.' Of these rooms there are several, decorated with large looking-glasses and 'Psyches.'" Who is the tailor in question? Is it Stultz, Nugee, Durglardt, Davidson, Wilson, or Lewis?

He again assures us, in p. 371, vol. iv., that selfishness is strangely prevalent in the domestic habits of the English. "Grown-up children, and parents soon become almost strangers; and what we call domestic life (*Häuslichkeit*) is applicable only to husband, wife, and little children living in immediate dependence on their father. As soon as they grow up, a republican coldness and estrangement take place between them and their parents. An English poet maintains that the love of a grandfather to his grandchildren arises from this: that in his grown-up sons he sees only greedy and hostile heirs—in his grandchildren the future enemies of his enemies. The very *thought* could not have arisen but in an English brain!"

The clerical fox-hunters have their share of abuse. He revives the old piece of scandal which, time out of mind, has been said of Nimrod parsons, but which no one ever saw exemplified.

"The most striking thing, however, in the whole business, to German eyes, is the sight of the black-coated parsons flying over hedge and ditch. I am told they often go to the church ready booted and spurred, with the hunting-whip in

their hands, throw on the surplice, marry, christen, or bury, with all conceivable velocity, jump on their horses at the church-door, and off—tally-ho! They told me of a famous clerical fox-hunter, who always carried a tame fox in his pocket, that if they did not happen to find one, they might be sure of a run. The animal was so well trained, that he amused the hounds for a time; and when he was tired of running, took refuge in his inviolable retreat—which was no other than the altar of the parish church. There was a hole broken for him in the church-wall, and a comfortable bed made under the steps. This is right English religion."

We have done with this precious specimen of the princes of Germany—with his absurdities, his vanities, his fooleries, and his falsehoods. The translation is the work of Mrs. Austin. It is a pity that so much exquisite talent as this very clever lady possesses should have been thrown away on such a work. She, however, touchingly alludes to the small portion of public patronage given to works of a higher standard.

"By any material change, I should have made myself, in some sort, responsible for its contents, which, as a mere translator, I can in no way be held to be. Whenever I find that the English public are likely to receive, with any degree of favour, such a German work as it would be my greatest pride and pleasure to render into my native tongue to the best of my ability, I shall be too happy to share with the illustrious and humanising poets and philosophers of Germany any censure, as I should feel it the highest honour to partake in the minutest portion of their glory."

Mrs. Austin indulges in unfounded fears. Her talents are great, and they are appreciated. Let her devote herself to whatever work she pleases, it must succeed; it cannot fail to be hailed with gladness by every educated or thinking person, and by none more so, than by ourselves.

¹ Since the above was written, we have been extremely happy to hear that Mrs. Austin is about to publish a translation of the *Correspondence of Goethe and Schiller*.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S BILL ON PLURALITIES.

THE demand for church reform has for several years, but especially since the passing of the "healing measure" in 1829, been both loud and urgent by various and opposite parties, and the extent of reform required by these persons has been in the ratio of their connexion with, or their hostility to, our ecclesiastical establishments. 1st. Many sincere friends of the church of England, seeing the spread of sectarianism, arising principally from apathy and neglect on the one side, and zeal, if not fanaticism, on the other—seeing parish churches deserted, and conventicles overflowing—the incumbents of the former aliens and non-residents, and the ministers of the latter diligent, conciliating, and living in the hearts of their flocks—seeing all this, many true and devoted members of the church have anxiously wished to see such a measure of reform introduced as should place it on a better vantage ground, remove the causes of disaffection, and restore that harmony in parishes, and such an active, efficient, and zealous discharge of the clerical duties, which every friend of charity and religion must desire. 2dly. Another party demanding reform consists of those who, imbued with hereditary principles of sectarianism, and whose enmity to the established church, and its union with the state, is deep rooted, would wish to see it, if not utterly despoiled, at least so far shorn of its dignities and its revenues, as to be placed on the same level with the communions to which they belong—a precarious corporation of priests living upon speculative opinions, or each making head against the torrent of alluring or repulsive schisms for himself, upon the principle of fair competition, and according to the rules of free trade. 3dly. In the last class we did not include the Roman Catholic party, the adherents of the church of Rome, who, strong as they now are in their legal intrenchments, in their colleges of Jesuits, in their exclusive institutions, have openly joined the Deists, Jacobins, Socinians, and the numerous host of political levellers, ready to rise *en masse* against the Protestant church of England, and, if possible, not only despoil her, but sweep her

into oblivion. The popish faction hate the church because it is Protestant—their allies hate her because they hate religion; but, as they pursue a common object, the unnatural union subsists, and never was in such vigour as it has been since the passing of the Catholic bill, and since political associations, and the fraternity of demagogues, have assumed the functions of legislators, and have been allowed to dictate even to the government itself. When men seek the attainment of the same end, they seldom stand in awe of any inward monitions relative to the means. We do not say that the Catholic clergy are hostile to religion, in the sense of their own definition of this term, but they are inveterately opposed to the Protestant religion—hating it with deadly and incurable hatred; and in this heartless, unholy, and unchristian cause, ready to coalesce with their own avowed enemies, in order to facilitate their designs. The anti-religion faction cherish no affection for popery or the church of Rome; on the contrary, they would, if that church were in the ascendancy, be the first to assail her; but in a cause which is congenial to the principles of the one and the deep-rooted antipathies of the other, they wage war together, reckless of the consequences.

The parties opposed to the church of England, although we have classed them under three, or rather under two heads, are nevertheless divisible into numberless factions. Here, however, are three parties—first, the friendly reformers; secondly, the Protestant dissenters; and thirdly, the popish and revolutionary factions. With these parties, arrayed against the church, or, at least, each and all of them demanding *reform* on the one side, while the first minister of the crown is conjuring the prelates to "set their house in order" on the other, it is not surprising that the right reverend bench and the dignitaries of the church should feel some alarm, and betray a state of rather conciliatory unbusiness. The word has gone forth—pronounced, we say not by whom—that public opinion is virtually in arms against all the existing institutions of the country. Revolution is in every mouth, and the fear and the dread of it in the hearts of all good men. The

aristocracy, the pride of England, have their fate in the balance—their influence in the state is represented to be pernicious—and a lawless, selfish, and domineering democracy are, we fear, for a long future, to be the depositaries of British honour, and alone sway the destinies and direct the policy of this mighty empire. The Protestant church in Ireland already totters to its base. It may, in a sense, be said to be in *extremis*—in the agonies of dissolution. It is a country without a government—where loyalty to the British crown is a reproach—where the law is every day set at defiance with impunity—where the popish priesthood dictate to the demagogue—where the demagogue beards the king's lieutenant, tramples upon acts of parliament, preaches rebellion, advocates treason and the dismemberment of the United Kingdom; and for these insults and open violations of all law and order, is decorated in official silks, and elevated to a high and honourable station in his profession. It is a country, in short, where the Protestant clergy are robbed of their just rights without redress—where, in many places, it is a fearful drawback upon private interests for an individual to avow himself an adherent of that religion, and, in other places, where it is not safe for a Protestant, whether priest or layman, whether magistrate or constable, to walk abroad by day or night, unless well armed and well attended.

The responsible guardians of the Protestant church of England cannot be otherwise than sensitively alive to these alarming signs of the times. They must be conscious that the fall of the church of Ireland will be but the harbinger of a much more extensive ecclesiastical revolution in England. The struggle has already begun in the former country on the part of their persecuted and slandered brethren; but they must see that a much more severe struggle awaits themselves at home. They must be blind, indeed, if they do not see that the struggle will not be limited to the maintenance of the rights and property of the church, but will extend itself to property in general, to corporation property, to property in mortmain, to funded property, to property in trust, whether for the support of charitable institutions, or of roads, canals, or railways—of property in savings' banks and insurance

companies—of property in harbours, markets, and bridges—of property held by charters under the crown, or guaranteed by acts of parliament. These they must perceive are likely, are almost certain to be the consequences of that reform in Ireland which, in an evil hour, on the ground of false conciliation, and despite conviction, gave power to the Roman Catholics, and armed against the institutions of England their worst enemies—yielding to treachery the means of enforcing its malignant purposes—accounting the Howards, Petres, and Shrewsburies, in the panoply of legislators; men too slippery in their professions, too devoted to their creed, and too much held in subjection by their imperious masters, their confessors, not to convert that which was conceded to them as a boon, into a means of further exaction, intimidation, and aggrandisement.

Such are now the visible effects of the first measure of reform. What shall be the consequences of the second false step—the bill now in progress—are self-evident. We have in fact already adverted to them. The prelates of the church of England contributed their assistance in carrying the first bill; and many of them are now active in lending their aid towards the success of the second. God forgive them! It is but charity to say that they know not what they do. Public principle seems scarcely to have a resting-place. The wall of the temple is rent in twain. Opinions cradled in youth, fortified by experience, and maintained resolutely and consistently for more than half a century, are dissipated in a night, and change like the blossom of a frost-bitten shrub; all that is fair becomes black; all that is noble becomes vile; the mitre and the red-cap dangle on the same pole; and the guardian of our sacred religion, as if made drunk amid the incendiary fires of Bristol, shakes hands with the ruthless enemies of liberty and civilisation.

It is an invidious duty to animadvert upon the conduct of individuals, and mark out to the scorn of future generations the feebleness of mind, the capricious disposition, or the apostate acts of those, who, looking no farther than their own life-interest in the marionette of the church, hesitate not to expose the church herself to future and inevitable danger. For this reason we

leave them for the present to the solace of their own consciences, and sincerely pray they may not live, like the Earl of Limerick, to repent, with bitterness of soul, not only their first measure of concession, but their last act of revolution.

Having these fears, however, before their eyes — seeing, as they must see, the evil consequences of their ill-judged policy — the prelates of the church of England have recently yielded to the menaces of their enemies, and have passed a cruel censure upon their own past conduct. The church reformers have had their triumph over them, which we know little of them if they do not follow up much farther than the right reverend bench have yet dreamt of. We allude to a bill introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and which has already passed the upper house, intitled an act to “restrain and regulate the holding of pluralities.” As to pluralities and their effects, we shall speak by and by; but, at the outset, we cannot help remarking, that the time chosen for the introduction of this bill is any thing but indicative of sound discernment. If, at a time when a man is held up to public odium as an exorbitant and oppressive landlord, he should begin to lower his rents, is not such concession a *prima facie* proof that the charge was well founded? If the manufacturing interest raise an outcry against the corn-laws, and the government bring in a bill for their abolition, would not this, to a certain extent, substantiate the charge that these laws were inexpedient, if not unjust? Just so with the church. Public clamour denounces as intolerable the enormous revenues of the high dignitaries of the church, the abuse of patronage, and the holding of plural incumbencies; and what do the bishops do? They bring in a bill to change a system which has been acted upon for several hundreds of years, and to “restrain and regulate the holding of pluralities!” Is not this tantamount to admitting, that the system they have so long upheld is an unjust and pernicious system, which they upheld unrighteously as long as they possibly could; and which they are disposed to modify, now, and now only, at the last hour, when told to put their houses in order, and when menaced by a minister of the crown with popular fury and confiscation. There is no blinking this

disheartening but strictly logical inference. Have not lists, apparently derived from official documents, been published, holding up the dignitaries of the church to public reproach as the vampires of the state, receiving emoluments blazoned forth as amounting to God knows how many millions (nine, at the least, we believe), by all the inventive arts of radical exaggeration? The revolutionary press has fed upon these falsehoods for years; and although every well-informed person knew them to be falsehoods, yet nine-tenths of the multitude, believing them to be as true as the Gospels, have swallowed them with avidity. All this while, have the bishops taken one single step to undeceive the public? They have, it is true, denied their accuracy; private explanations have been made in parliament for private purposes; but no parliamentary inquiry, emanating, as it ought to have done, from the bench of bishops, has ever been instituted to disabuse public credulity, and shew the actual or average incomes of the higher and lower clergy of the church. If an innocent man be accused of any offence against morality or the state, would he hesitate a moment to confront his accusers—defy them to the proof, or, if this be declined, bring forth the most ready and most convincing evidence of the falsehood and injustice of the charge? But the bishops have had the charge rung in their ears—they have allowed the public mind to be tainted with these exaggerations, highly prejudicial to themselves and the church, of which they are the guardians, and yet they have instituted no inquiry to set the question at rest. On the contrary, they have permitted the enemies of the establishment to drink deep of the delusion, till it has become, as it were, engraved on their hearts, and till the revenue of each dignity is embroidered on the hems of their garments, and then, with the spring-tide of popular opinion running strong against them, and the Reform bill menacing their destruction, they come forward with a bill, the preamble of which is declaratory of abuses, the removal or restraint of which is now a matter either of necessity or expediency.

At the present moment, we believe, a committee is sitting inquiring into the revenues, the discipline, and what they are pleased to call the *abuses*, of the church. Surely it would have been

politic, before adventuring upon any measure of reform, however specious, or efficient, or delusive, to have awaited the publication of the report of this committee. It would then have been seen to what extent the allegations against them were true or unfounded. The whole question would have been brought before the public at once, and if any modifications of the system were recommended, they would have been in a situation either to adopt them to the full satisfaction of all classes in one bill, or resist them, if their necessity could not be made apparent. In this way the prelates would have avoided the taunts now heaped upon them; and by their alacrity in repairing any errors or abuses which might have crept into the system, they would have evinced an honest zeal, and obtained credit for correcting them as soon as they were pointed out by judicial investigation.

But they have acted differently, and if the amount of their present concessions falls in placing them in better odour with the public, or in conciliating their enemies, they will have themselves alone to blame. This, however, brings us to the consideration of the measure already passed the house of lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in introducing the bill to the committee, makes the following observations on the "objects and principle" of the measure :

"I will begin by stating," says the right reverend prelate, "that so far back as the reign of Henry VIII., previous to which period the regulation of the church, as regards pluralities, was under the canon law, and which law was opposed to the principle of pluralities of all kinds, the first act was passed on this subject. But the power of granting dispensations became so abused as to render the law wholly ineffective and nugatory. At that time the number of benefices that were held by the same individual exceeded any thing which exists at the present period. These abuses which so existed at that time called for legislative interference, and the matter was regulated by the act 1st Henry VIII. By that act, all persons holding benefices valued at 8*l.* a year in the king's books, were prevented from holding any other benefice except by dispensation. A great number of persons, however, who were in possession of certain qualifications, were allowed to hold two benefices; members

of the council also were allowed to hold three, and king's chaplains could hold any number to which it was the pleasure of the crown to appoint them, without regard to their value. With these exceptions, no person could hold more than one benefice with cure of souls of 8*l.* a year. There were other livings under the value of 8*l.* a year, which were left in the same state as before under the canon law, which, though it prohibited pluralities altogether, was so inefficient that persons could hold any number of livings under 8*l.* a year, at any distance, under such qualifications as would enable them to hold an ordinary living. Another clause of that bill permitted deans of cathedrals and collegiate bodies to exercise their own regulations in respect of their own estates, or left them to the operation of the canon law. With these exceptions, and the exception of members of the council, and king's chaplains, who might hold any number of livings, all persons were prohibited from holding two benefices with cure of souls of the value of 8*l.* a year.

"The bill which now lies upon the table of your lordships' house provides that a space of not more than thirty miles shall intervene between two livings held in plurality, which will have the effect of reducing the present pluralities nearly two-thirds. There is also another important alteration made, and one which I think will be considered an improvement, namely, that the office of king's chaplain will not give a title to hold in connexion with it any church preferment: that office will in future give no advantages beyond those enjoyed without it. I am aware that there are anomalies and imperfections in the existing system, and I am far from saying that this bill will remedy them, or that any bill could advantageously remove all; but here we have one most important step taken, namely, that no more than two livings, having cure of souls, can be held jointly, and not even then, unless they be within thirty miles of each other."

The best friends of the church will concede, that although pluralities are not evils in themselves, yet that the abuse of pluralities is a grievous evil. It is the object of the bill to correct this evil. The incomes of the great majority of church livings in England are so miserably small, so totally inadequate to the support of any man of education, or who has such exalted and responsible duties to perform as a parish priest, that but for these pluralities the inferior clergy would be sunk in penury to such a degree, that they

would neither be useful nor respectable. The abuse, however, on the other hand, by which a rich rector, a brother of a peer for instance, having an independent fortune derived from other sources, holds, in addition to his rectory, a vicarage some hundred miles distant, a prebend in Durham, a canonry in London, a chapelry elsewhere, and something probably besides — this is intolerable — it is an abuse of patronage highly detrimental to the church and the cause of religion. It is true, that where the rector or the vicar is non-resident, there his curate is, ever ready, able perhaps, and willing to perform the duty. But, after all, the curate is at best but a stipendiary — perhaps an itinerant in the bye-ways of the church — a poor gleaner in the corn-fields, picking up a morsel here and there, — a wanderer without a home, almost without a resting-place — his hopes blighted, and his heart seared — a grey-haired old man, yet a dependent — the temporary keeper of another's flock, whose talents are mildewed by time, and his affections soured and alienated by misfortune. 'This, we say again, is an evil; for, under any circumstances, a curate can never be expected to obtain an influence in the parish equal to that which the rector himself, if resident and competent to the discharge of his various duties, is always able to command. But let us see how these grievances are proposed to be corrected by the new bill.

The first clause repeals so much of the act of Henry VIII. as relates to the privileges of kings' and peers' chaplains, and the relations of peers and others, and the privilege of dispensation in favour of doctors and bachelors of law and divinity.

The second clause enacts, that after the passing of this bill no person shall hold two deaneries, prebends, canonries, or other dignities.

The third and fourth enact, that if any person, after the passing of the bill, holding one benefice, shall take another, *the first holding shall be void*; and that the patron may thereupon nominate to such void benefice.

The fifth enacts, that the power of granting personal unions shall cease.

The sixth enacts, that certain spiritual persons *may hold two benefices* if the distance between them do not exceed thirty miles.

The seventh clause, explanatory of the last, is of considerable importance, and we, therefore, give it entire. It enacts:

"That where the joint annual value of two such benefices shall *not exceed*, the sum of four hundred pounds, it shall and may be lawful for the Archbishop of Canterbury, if he shall think fit, to grant a license, under the seal of his office of faculties, to any spiritual person, being in possession of one benefice, to accept and take one other benefice, and to hold the said two benefices together; and that where the joint annual value of two such benefices shall *exceed* the sum of four hundred pounds, it shall and may be lawful for the Archbishop of Canterbury, if he shall think fit, to grant a dispensation under the said seal to any spiritual person being in possession of one benefice, and being one of his majesty's chaplains, or who shall have been admitted to the degree of doctor or bachelor of divinity or civil law, or of masters of arts, by either of the universities of Oxford or Cambridge, or by Trinity College, Dublin, or who *not being such chaplain, or not having been admitted to any or either of the said degrees, shall be specially recommended*, on account of his attainments and exemplary conduct, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the bishop of the diocese in which such benefice is situated, or who for the like cause shall be approved of by the Archbishop of Canterbury, if such benefice is situate in the diocese of Canterbury, or is subject to the peculiar jurisdiction of the said archbishop, to accept and take one other benefice, and to hold such two last-mentioned benefices together."

The fifth clause enacts that no bond be given unless required by the archbishop.

The tenth enacts, that in case the archbishop refuses to grant dispensation, an appeal shall lie to the king in council.

The eleventh enacts that every such dispensation so granted shall contain a condition, compelling residence for six months of the year on the most populous benefice.

The twelfth enjoins registration of license.

The thirteenth relates to the mode in which the value of benefices is to be estimated.

The fourteenth relates to the form and contents of the application for license or dispensation.

The fifteenth authorises the archbi-

shop to order distances between benefices to be measured. (Pretty much this in the style of the old Hackney Coach Act.)

The sixteenth confines the enactments of this act to cases of presentation after it shall have passed into a law.

Another clause defines the term "benefice," which means "all rectories with cure of souls, vicarages, donatives, perpetual curacies, whether augmented by the governors of Queen Anne's bounty or not, and parochial chapelries, and whether such curacies and chapelries have cure of souls or not." And the last clause restricts the act to England and Wales.

Thus, we think, we have given a tolerably clear outline of the bill; and the first point to which we beg leave to call attention has reference to the seventh clause, by which certain privileges are taken from peers and others and conferred upon the bishops. It will at once suggest itself to every reader that the effect of this rather specious, not to say invidious measure of reform, will be first to increase, to a very considerable extent, the patronage of the prelates, and secondly to make the rich and influential clergyman a pluralist, and keep the poorer class *singularists* probably for life. Bishops are at the best but men; and they generally have near relations in the church, young gentlemen climbing the ladder of patronage, and aspiring to the rank and dignities of their fathers, brothers, or uncles. The rewards are reserved for these persons, while they are placed far beyond the reach of incumbents less favoured by circumstances. In addition to this, so far as university degrees conferred the privilege of dispensation under the act of Henry VIII., these are extended under the present bill. For instance, under the act of Henry VIII. doctors and bachelors of divinity and law only possessed the privilege; but, by the present act, masters of arts are included. The greater, therefore, the patronage conferred on the right reverend bench.

It is stated, but we know not on what authority, that there are upwards of two thousand parishes in England without resident incumbents. The Archbishop of Canterbury assumes this to be a fact, but he calculates that the effect of his bill, when carried into full

operation, will reduce the number of pluralities *two-thirds*, or, in other words, that ere long, instead of there being two thousand, there will only be about seven hundred parishes without resident incumbents. Upon what data he founds his calculation we are totally at a loss to conjecture. Surely the difference between 30 and 45 miles, within which former distance the holding of pluralities is to be confined, cannot effect this extraordinary reduction. What is to prevent patrons from eluding this nice rule of distance by exchanging advowsons, or accommodating each other by a transference of nomination? The bishop of the diocese, it will be found, will have very few scruples in giving his *special recommendation*. On the whole, we cannot be induced to believe that the bill will produce any such effects as are contemplated by its framers. As to salutary effects, we expect none from it. Even that clause which compels incumbents to reside six months of the year in his most populous benefice, is neither framed in charity nor in good policy. The incumbent may be attached to one place, where he has ingratiated himself with his parishioners, where he is a useful magistrate; and a generous landlord, from which the law forces him away to reside in another place, where perhaps it is impossible he can render himself by many degrees so useful, and where perhaps his residence is far less indispensable. It is true, it may be the more populous benefice, but that is not always the criterion of usefulness. At any rate, if he give the benefit of his residence to one parish, he must take it away from another; and it is quite possible that, by endeavouring to conciliate each, according to law, he may lose the confidence and the esteem of both. In our opinion, so long as pluralities are tolerated at all, and they must be tolerated until the revenues of the smaller benefices are increased, or till some convulsion sweeps the whole fabric of the church away, it is the wiser policy to allow the incumbent to choose his own residence. If a good man, zealous in the cause of religion, he will place his watch-tower where it is likely to be most serviceable, and where he can best perform the duties he has solemnly sworn to fulfil. If he be a man of an opposite character,—and such men are found in all churches

and communions,—it is in vain to bind him down, or extort reluctant, and therefore, inefficient duties by acts of parliament.

This, however, is the church reform introduced by the right reverend bench. We are afraid, however, they have commenced at the wrong end. In this bill there is not a word said about themselves, except in those clauses where they resume new powers, or at least powers which have long laid dormant, and where they increase their own patronage. The bill bears hard upon the inferior clergy, who, of all men are the most useful members of the church, and whose revenues, limited as these are, are still further to be limited by the operation of the bill. It would have evinced more generous feelings, and a truer and nobler sense of Christian zeal in behalf of the church, had the right reverend bench turned first the mirror upon themselves, before they held it up, in the cause of reform, and as a sop to revolution, to their humbler brethren. They have, in their order, many bishops inadequately provided for from the revenues of their respective dioceses, and who, were they not permitted by royal favour to hold benefices in *commendam*, would be unable to maintain their rank. Would it not have been better had these right reverend lords devised some method of removing this reproach from the bench, by some fairer adjustment of its aggregate emoluments? Had they done this, they

would, better than by the precept of a bill, have set a salutary example to the inferior clergy. But no adjustment is to be made—the *commendams* are not to be touched—these are to replenish the bench as heretofore, to the exclusion of others who well merit a share of those benign influences which now only fall upon the mitre; while, under the pretence of restraining non-residence, thirty miles is the maximum of distance between livings, as if thirty miles did not as much prevent a clergyman from being in two places at once, as fifty, or two hundred. The bill, we confess, is supported by high names, but this in the present crank state of affairs might have been expected. We confess, however, that it does not satisfy us. When the present committee of inquiry shall report their views, and favour us with the results of their investigation, then perhaps it will be expedient to consider the question of church reform. We conclude in the words of Lord Wynford: “I put it to your lordships whether such an alteration of the law ought to be made, without at the same time making compensation to the parties whom it so injuriously affects. *This bill is calculated to work so much injustice without aiding the cause of religion* (and God forbid that any thing that does injustice should advance religion), *that it will drive from the church the best class of persons that now belongs to that respectable community!*”

DISCOVERIES OF THE MODERN GEOLOGISTS.

No. I.

THE Geological Society of London, since its first formation, has exhibited a degree of energy and spirit perfectly unrivalled by any other scientific association. The researches which have been made, have turned the earth inside out, and exposed to our view its structure and contents in a manner more satisfactory than all former investigations. It has been shewn that geology cannot be learnt by reference to hand specimens and the contents of museums, but that the practical geologist must travel far and near, hammer in hand, to obtain views of extensive mountain ranges, and to dive deep into the bowels of the earth, before he can acquire true and useful information. The results of such a principle have been highly important and creditable to our age. False theories and groundless speculations have been dispelled, and facts established which have thrown much light upon the natural history of our planet. It has been recently demonstrated, that the evidences to be derived from the organic exuvie, in connexion with the rocky strata and diluvial deposits, furnish the best clue to the unravelling of terrestrial structures, settling the successive epochs of their creation, and creating a just notion of Nature's plan in the arrangement of living forms.

One of the chief disputes of modern geologists was based upon the question of whether the formation of the solid parts of the earth and its earlier changes were brought about by the agency of water or fire. At the head of the first school was Werner, and of the second Hutton; and their followers were therefore denominated either Neptunists or Plutonists.

The globe, as it is customary to call the earth, is held to be, in shape, an oblate spheroid body, flattened at the poles; and it is presumed to have constantly revolved upon its axis. The primitive state of the earth was probably fluid, and its surface became gradually solidified by the slow evaporation of its heat, or other natural causes. We may conceive this fluid mass revolving round the sun with other planets in the immensity of space, and carrying with it an atmosphere supposed to extend between forty and fifty

miles above its surface. The process of cooling would condense a portion of this atmosphere into water, which therefore occupied some of the earth's surface in consequence. In this state of things it is quite clear that the present races of living beings could not exist, and that the earth was then unfitted for organisation. Therefore the earliest crystallisations would contain no organic remains; and such is the fact—no vestiges of life are found in the primitive rocks. But as the earth continued to cool, the waters, which more or less covered it, settled into a smaller space, and thus left islands in the midst of the ocean, and found their way into crevices and abysses. The subsiding water must have left deposits behind it; and thus we have earth, air, and water, created from a uniform fluid mass by the operation of gravity and attraction; and a state fitted for living beings was engendered, which accordingly produced examples of the simplest organisation. The earliest living forms, therefore, whose exuvie appear in the second order of strata, are shell-fish, and the coral animals or zoophytes, probably preceded by aquatic vegetables growing among the submarine rocks. This early period of life must have been attended with the work of myriads of zoophytes, whose industrious labours produced such extensive reefs of calcareous rocks along the shores of the ocean, whilst the prolific shell-fish embedded the earth with shells to that immense amount which we now see in the secondary rocks. The fecundity and activity of this incipient animate world were the sources of much structure and fertilisation; and, the temperature of the earth being still high, such plants as were fitted for heat appear to have been created in abundance. The impressions of these exactly resemble plants now flourishing in the tropics. The busy zoophytes, in the mean time, were actively employed in throwing up from the depths of the sea new formations; and various molluscs, and ordinary fishes perhaps, found nourishment from the submarine vegetables.

The first order of secondary rocks originated evidently in copious deposits from the cooling liquid holding many

materials in solution, and amalgamated with sand, immense masses of coral rocks, the effluvia of shell and other fish along the shores of the primitive lands. Then, the temperature of the earth still cooling, whilst such deposits and unions were going on, some of the species of oviparous reptiles were created; and in the bays and creeks of the primitive land-formations sported the turtle and the crocodile, and the gigantic sauri, whose remains adorn our geological museums. Still, the order of things must have widely differed from that now prevailing; the earth's crust must have been very slender, and the sources of its fire very near the surface. Contractions in different parts of the cooling mass caused crevices to form, and the waters rushed into them, whereby sudden condensations ensued, which created volcanic eruptions, uplifting one portion of the surface and depressing another. Thus mountains first arose, and new and extensive depositions were made from the primitive ocean—changes evidently very frequent in the early epochs of nature.

The only monuments of the living creation of these periods are the coarser kinds of plants, fishes, birds, and oviparous reptiles, beings capable of resisting the war of the elements then in operation. But as these subsided, and the cooling of the earth advanced, the mountain-chain preserving the necessary inequalities of the earth's temperature, more perfect beings were brought into existence; and then came forth the original antediluvian elephant, the mammoth, the megalonis, the megathurium, and a gigantic hyæna, all now known to us only by the fossilated remains of their skeletons.

At this period, probably, the temperature of the ocean was not much higher than at present; for the changes produced by occasional eruptions of it have left no consolidated rocks, such as were formed at earlier epochs, notwithstanding one of these eruptions appears to have been very extensive, not only from the tradition handed down to us in the Mosiac history, but from examinations of the earth, and other circumstances. This seems to be the only great catastrophe of which we have any written account. This revolution was not only very general, but evidently of long duration, as appears from the immense collections of water-worn stones, gravel, and sand,

usually called diluvial remains. It is also probable that this effect gave rise to the origin of a new world in the southern hemisphere, by the agency of volcanic fire.

The state of the globe becoming, more and more consolidated, and permanently fitted for living beings of superior organisation, and those tremendous convulsions depending upon the destruction of the equilibrium between the heating and cooling agencies in action, subsiding, the quietude of the earth presented a favourable opportunity for the creation of a higher species of the mammifera than hitherto produced, and accordingly man was created. Since this remarkable epoch no great and sudden revolution has occurred, although the surface of the earth is constantly undergoing slow and often imperceptible changes, from the perpetual operation of causes which have never altogether ceased since the first formation of the globe. Our destinies suffer no alteration from the changes now going on; our species is greatly extended, and it maintains its position undisturbed as lord of the creation in every latitude. Volcanic fires occasionally give rise to new islands raised from the bed of the ocean, and portions of the old continents are constantly being washed away by rivers and mountain-torrents. But such changes are too powerless in the grand system of the earth to produce any great effects in the moral or physical departments of the creation.

The present existing crust of the earth is comparatively thin, and the surface of our globe surrounds a fluid nucleus of ignited matter, from which circumstances we appear to be by no means secure from a general catastrophe by fire. The temperature of the interior of the globe is higher than at the surface, as we find by experiments in mines; for the deeper we penetrate, the greater is the heat. The great number of hot springs found in almost every country, arising from excessive depths, tends to favour this idea. This want of equilibrium in the temperature of the earth is probably the cause of volcanoes; so that the open craters of burning mountains act as the safety-valves of the earth, by which the terrific effects of suppressed gaseous expansion are modified and restrained. Volcanoes have been accounted for upon the principle of partial chemical changes, such as arise from the action

of the air and water upon the combustible bases of the earths and alkalis, which is not so well borne out by analogy; although it is perfectly probable that these substances may exist beneath the surface of the earth, and give rise to some volcanic results of a minor character. Many of the existing phenomena are explicable upon the hypotheses of the Huttonians or Plutonists, but they do not apply to the formation of the secondary rocks. The Plutonists tell us the earth is being constantly disintegrated, destroyed, degraded, and washed into the ocean by water, and as constantly consolidated, elevated, and regenerated by fire; so that the wrecks of the old form, the foundations of the new world. They suppose that the same types both of inert and living matter are always in existence, and in fact that the remains of rocks, vegetables, and animals, of one age, are found embedded in rocks raised from the bottom of the ocean in another. Were this true, we might expect to find the remains of the living beings now inhabiting the globe embedded in the oldest secondary strata, and monuments of human art also, since man is the most populous and powerful of the inhabitants of the earth. Whereas we well know that no such evidences exist. The oldest secondary strata contain the remains of peculiar and mostly unknown plants and animals, and no traces of human forms whatever, nor any of those durable specimens of human skill which will hereafter be contained in strata not yet firmly consolidated. In the deepest deposits, the earliest forms of vegetable life are extremely rare; the next order contains the remains of shells and vegetables; the succeeding class those of oviparous reptiles and fishes. Then are found birds, with other tribes before mentioned; extinct species of quadrupeds appear in the next range, of still more recent formation; and, lastly, the remains of man are found only in the loose and slightly consolidated strata of gravel and sand, or diluvial formations. Neither does man, nor do his works, attest any more ancient existence of the human species.

The lias, limestone, and other strata of the earlier formations, contain remains of beings which evidently belonged to an order of events entirely different from the present order. There are to be seen the embedded forms of gigantic plants, resembling more the

palm-trees of equinoctial climates than any other plants, and such as can exist only in high temperatures. We have also immense reptiles, such as the megalosauri, furnished with stupendous paddles instead of legs, and clad in coats of mail, some larger than the whale. We have, also, organic remains of some great amphibie, such as the plesiosauri, with the body of a turtle, and necks longer than their bodies, apparently so constructed to enable them to feed on vegetables growing upon the shores and in the shallows of the primitive ocean. The order of the land, in those days, seems to have consisted of flats or extensive low shores, rising above an immense calm sea, when no mountain-chains existed, and no storms or tempests arose to disturb the general equalisation of temperature.

If we suppose the present surface of the earth to be carried down to the depths of the ocean, or some great catastrophe to overflow the land, which may be again elevated by fire, and then covered over with consolidated depositions of sand or mud, the embedded remains hereafter would put on a very different appearance from that of the old secondary strata. We should then undoubtedly recognise the organic remains of man, and we should find monuments of his habits and evidences of his social character: stones hewed into statues, granite bridges and arches, tools of iron, and other durable works, coins, &c. would appear to attest human existence associated with certain geological eras. Such remains as these might be conceived to be far more abundant than the remains of the lower animals, and they will hereafter, doubtless, be curiously contrasted with the bones of the sauri and the crocodile of the older rocks, or of the mammoth, the primeval elephant of the old world before the last great catastrophe.

That the whole surface of the globe has undergone a great change since its early formations commenced, sometimes by violent convulsions, and gradually by slowly operating causes and more insignificant catastrophes, is proved by all geological investigations. The destruction of a former order of things, and the existence of a new order, the comparatively recent existence of man as master of the whole globe, and the extinction of multitudes of living forms; are wonderful evidences and monuments of the revolutions to which the

earth has been subjected, and afford grounds for the anticipation of future changes, to which in the progress of time our planet will be exposed, to such an extent as to lead to the destruction of the existing order, and give rise to new creations in some distant ages, possibly to the improvement even of the human species. But, whether any higher than man may be created, or the earth return to a more simple and less perfect system of organisation, it is impossible to conjecture; nor can we conceive, upon any reasonable ground, to what probable extent the future physical changes of the globe may influence either the destinies of man, the destruction of existing species of living beings, or the creation of new forms of animals and plants. Of the past history of the earth, we have abundant evidence from monuments of remote ages; the future we cannot contemplate without being lost in a chaos of conjecture and speculation.

To this short and general sketch of the history of the earth, derived from geological data solely, some account of the living creation in connexion with the strata of the globe may be considered, as affording a view of the natural history of our planet, based upon the best possible foundations. In the prosecution of this inquiry it will be seen, that the causes now in operation are sufficient to account for the past changes to which the earth has been subjected from the earliest geological eras, however much these changes may have been occasionally accelerated by sudden and violent revolutions.

Mr. Lyell, Professor of Geology at the King's College, has recently published a valuable work upon this subject, the facts of which are of the highest importance, as they tend to dissipate idle speculations that have been put forth upon the order and regularity of the great scheme of nature. One of the main points which this author has successfully established is, the existence of *species* in the animal and vegetable creation, not as a mere artificial mode of arrangement, but as existing absolutely in the natural grouping of animals and plants. Some naturalists have pretended that there is no such thing as *species* in nature, and that the whole system of organisation may be referred to a gradual development of living forms passing from one to another, in one continuous and uninterrupted chain, from the lowest being of

the simplest construction to the highest, each grade being an evolution from the preceding. Such a transmutation of species was the foundation of Lamarck's system, one which has been followed by some French philosophers, who adhered to the Lamarckian theory notwithstanding the geological facts which must have been known to them, and which were in direct contradiction of the theory which they chose to support. Their bias was to rob the Creator of one of his greatest attributes, by shewing that instead of a special intervention in the creation of animals and plants, fitted to the preparatory state of the earth, the entire scheme of nature was a mere evolution of organs and functions in succession, as existing physical circumstances called them forth, by a law of necessity growing out of matter, without the interference of the Deity. This was the doctrine of the materialists of the French school, and to which they subjected all their reasonings. Geological facts are, however, against them, and distinctly shew that at different epochs of the history of the earth different species were created fitted for the habitations provided for them, which species retain, throughout all the revolutions of the earth, their distinct and special characteristics, unchanged to the latest generations in all essential points, acquiring no new organs, and losing none of those originally given them, however modified their habits may be by the various transportations to which they are subject from the influence of man, of animals, and various physical causes in daily operation.

By the term *species* is meant every collection of similar individuals produced by others like themselves, since every living individual bears a close resemblance to those from which it springs; and this is true both as to plants and animals. All individuals, in fact, propagated from one stock possess certain characters in common which never vary, and distinguish them from all others to the most remote generations, and which is destroyed only by the extinction of the *species*. But the Lamarckians profess to see no such distinctions; they affirm that all individuals pass from one to another progressively, confounding species and genera, and that mere varieties are obliged to be laid hold of in order to mark a gap in the chain, which they maintain is always filled up, and that

genera are still less distinguishable than species. If, they say, you pass over a few links of the chain, you will not be able to recognise any being next brought into view, especially amongst domesticated animals, so completely are they changed. They pretend that the dog sprung from the wolf, in the scale of improvement, and is merely a wolf in a modified state from domestic circumstances; but that if these circumstances be suspended, he returns to the wolfish character. Now it is well known that the dog, under no circumstances, becomes a wolf, or any thing resembling it, but in the wildest state preserves his canine character, as a distinct species, maintaining in his conformation precisely the peculiarities of the original type.

It is perfectly true that domestication, climate, and other causes, change the external characters of animals, which depends upon the organs chiefly called into use. But in no instance do we see any organ lost, or any new one added, in tracing an individual species. Animals have evidently been created successively with an organisation fitted to the circumstances of their position. Every analogy proves this fact. The feet of the dromedary and camel are so constructed as to bear the huge weight of the animal in walking over sandy deserts without distress, by an elastic ball adapted to the surface it is destined to move on; and this species is furnished with stomachs capable of holding a large quantity of water and herbaceous food, both of which are scarce in the sandy plains in which it dwells. But the Lamarkians explain such provisions by referring them to the local circumstances in which animals are placed, as the necessary causes of such peculiar developments of their organs. And thus it is that materialists reason, and with sophistry, and heedlessness of facts actually before them, deprive the Creator of the most beautiful instances of providential care and contrivance.

The principal argument in favour of distinct species existing naturally, is derived from an aversion between the sexes of separate species to form alliances — a fact denied by Lamark, who supposes that such alliances do occur, and that offspring frequently proceed from them, both as to animals and plants, and that innumerable varieties arise in consequence. If, however, this view be correct, we must still

have some point of departure; and in no instance where we can trace a pedigree do we find the original stem of the branches wanting.

The geological monuments of the earth exhibit a graduated scale of organisation, from a simple plan to one of varied complexity. As each group appears from age to age, the organs added successively increase in dignity and importance, whilst no individual race is more completely developed than the one preceding it, although constructed upon an improved plan. Geology teaches us that plants and animals of the most simple known construction existed prior to more complicated forms, and that the globe was formed long before it was susceptible of life and fitted to maintain living beings. The chain of progressive improvement is beautifully demonstrated by geology, and appears to be so complete that there is scarcely a link missing.

With many geological facts before him to the contrary, Lamark supposed the earth to be covered by the ocean after the commencement of organisation; and hence he assumes the priority of marine animals, the testace appearing first, and being gradually evolved into terrestrial animals. The ancient idea was in opposition to this, for animals were considered as becoming deteriorated by being left to themselves, and that when it was otherwise the amelioration was a special intervention of the Deity.

Admitting that the modification of plants and animals from common parents has been indefinite, the most simple and imperfect forms must have constituted the original types. Upon this principle we must conceive inert matter first to have been endowed with simple vitality, until, in the course of ages, sensation was added, the senses subsequently acquired with their special organs, and the mental faculties developed, whereby the irrational being glided into the rational. And yet we now see beings of the simplest organisation, the infusorise and polypi, and the confervæ and other cryptogamous plants, associated with the highest orders of mammiferæ and vegetables. This is attempted to be accounted for by Mr. Lyell thus: — “Nature is not intelligence, nor the Deity, but a delegated power under laws of necessity. She is obliged to go on gradually; she cannot produce animals and plants of

all classes at once, but must begin with the most simple, and out of them elaborate the more compound, adding to them successively different systems of organs, and multiplying more and more their numbers and energy. She is always engaged in the formation of elementary rudiments of animal and vegetable existence, which is like the *spontaneous generation* of the ancients. Day by day she begins anew the work of the creation, the monads, &c., or rough drafts, being the only living things she gives birth to directly."

The Lamarckians, not allowing distinct indefinite species, illustrate their favourite theory of transformation, by shades scarcely perceptible, by referring to a minute gelatinous body as the point from which all the subsequent steps of organisation have sprung, and thus it is traced regularly to the finest tree, and the highest animal. Animals in this view pass on to the most perfect; the orang-outang is reached, and becomes evolved into the human being, from the tendency to progressive advancement, and the force of external circumstances, according to the variations of the physical condition of the globe. Many anomalies are, however, supposed to interfere with the regularity of this plan, and hence chasms occur into which whole families fall, separating the nearest portions of the series, local revolutions totally altering habits and organisation. The most specious arguments and gratuitous reasons are employed to support this unphilosophical hypothesis, by which a minute infusory being or polypus is placed at one end of a chain and ourselves at the other, or, deriving man continuously from a monad, our immediate preceding link being the monkey, or orang-outang, which is forced by circumstances to assume the human form and habits!

Now the cousin-german to which we are thus said to be allied so nearly, bears no resemblance to man but in certain outward particulars, and in the power of imitation. Beyond a certain point it is not susceptible of improvement; it has never learned the use of speech, nor extended its empire, nor improved its moral condition in any way. This tribe remains just the same as it was originally; whilst man, in the most degraded intellectual state, is capable of some improvement, and asserts his superiority over all the other

species of mammifera indefinitely. The upright position of the monkey tribes is not natural to them, and evidently an uneasy one; and even the orang-outang runs off on all fours when pursued. Without the constant effort of the will, and the action of numerous strong muscles, the upright position is uneasy to ourselves. Leave the body unguarded by watching, and it falls forwards directly.

The permanency of specific species is demonstrable from geological data, although it be liable to the influence of periodical changes and extraordinary circumstances, in opposition to which it goes on from age to age uninterruptedly in all essential characters. The hand of man is a powerful agent in modifying species both of animals and plants, by domestication, horticulture, conquest, traffic, and colonisation; yet the original type is never lost, and the parent stock transmits its peculiar character indefinitely from generation to generation. For if the interference of man be suspended, the varieties which his influence has established lose their acquired modifications, and return to the same character which they assumed when first created: such is the fact with domestic fowls, dogs, &c., when they retreat into the woods.

No one can deny the mutability of every part of the creation. Endless vicissitudes have occurred in the form and structure of organic beings through past ages. The approach to the present order of things, both animate and inanimate, has been very gradual, and marked, as to the former, by a successive series of changes on the earth's surface, the destruction of one portion and the formation of another, by phenomena sometimes effecting sudden and violent convulsions, and otherwise acting in a slow and almost imperceptible manner; and after a long series of remarkable events, the last phenomenon of the organic creation is the appearance of *man*. And in this long course of changes we see clearly the wisdom and foresight of the Creator, in previously fitting the earth for his creatures before each successive species is called into life, whilst in the animal kingdom we see a progressive perfectibility going on regularly, from the period of the earliest geological era of the globe's formation, and from which it is not unreasonable to anticipate future improvements.

The influence which climate and other local circumstances exert upon species of animals and plants, by modifying their external character, has in numerous instances produced their entire extinction, as we see from the fossil remains of animals, and the impressions of plants in the older strata, of which we know of no existing resemblances. Ancient drawings of Egypt, still in preservation, also indicate the former existence of groups now extinct. But as this destructive process has been going on new species have been created, the outward form and internal structure, the instinctive faculties and reason, have been gradually developed as organisation advanced from the simplest to the highest degree of development. Admitting, therefore, this theory, derived from incontrovertible evidence, the once pretended ancient genealogy of man must be renounced as untenable. The tradition which refers our creation to a period prior to that assumed from geological data is not supported by the facts to which we appeal for positive information; on the contrary, these afford a decided contradiction upon the point of the antiquity of our species; and in thus disproving the written narration, we must bear in mind that the sacredness of the book which contains it rests upon the authority of higher objects than our genealogy, which it is not the purpose, nor is it in the power, of natural history to weaken or controvert.

The principal circumstances which appear to influence the natural order of living forms take effect more amongst some varieties than certain species. These circumstances are considered by Mr. Lyell to be as follows:—1. The organisation of individuals is capable of being modified to a limited extent by the force of external causes; 2. These modifications are, to a certain extent, transmissible to their offspring; 3. There are fixed limits beyond which the descendants from common parents can never deviate from a certain type; 4. Each species springs from one original stock, and can never be permanently confounded by intermixing with the progeny of any other stock; 5. Each species endures for a considerable period of time.

In proof of these positions we have innumerable examples. Animals and plants are accommodated to variations of temperature and food, and whilst

they suffer some modifications, they never lose one organ or gain another, with the trifling exception to the last rule, of some additional fingers growing upon children's hands, spurs on cocks' feet, &c. Amongst varieties, no doubt, a greater degree of variation occurs than amongst species. Weapons of offence and defence must be added to certain insects, for example, which other genera do not require. So in the dog, no perceptible change ever occurs in the setting of the teeth, excepting an additional false grinder sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; but in all essential points the relations of the bones to each other remain constantly unaltered by external circumstances. The wolf and the dog differ not only in outward form, but in some degree in the structure of the intestinal canal; and we have proofs of the idea being untrue that the wolf was the parent stock of the dog. The domesticated horse, ox, boar, &c. lose all the modifications derived from association with man when they return to the wild state, and then assume the appearances peculiar to their wild ancestors. In the Carribean Islands the dog is wild, and resembles the sheep-dog, but not the wolf, and its whelps are more easily tamed than those of the latter.

The embalming of animals in ancient Egypt has shewn us many examples of distinct species, which are the prototypes of what is still in existence after the lapse of three thousand years, without any material alteration of form. They resemble animals now living as closely as the human mummy does the present groups of human beings; which shews a permanence as to distinct species utterly at variance with the transformations living beings are supposed to be constantly undergoing by the Lamarckian system; especially when it is considered that since the period alluded to the species have undergone transportation to every climate by the hands of men. Our domestic cat closely resembles the sacred cat of the Egyptians, and the bull apis is as like our common bulls in all essential points. The same rule is applicable also to the vegetable world. Seeds and fruits, anciently indigenous in Egypt resemble the same species transported to and growing in distant countries. Horticulture, indeed, so alters species and varieties, that Mr. Sabine himself would not perhaps, in future,

were he to rise up in another generation, recognise the objects of his care and cultivation in the Horticultural Gardens, supposing these beautiful grounds to have run to waste. Greatly as alterations may be effected in plants, there is a limit beyond which no circumstances can produce farther mutations, and, left to themselves, they in time return to their primitive forms and appearance. Gardeners are so well aware of this, that they are often obliged to return to original seeds, thus upholding the hypothesis of distinct species in nature.

We know we can oblige animals to change their habits. Furred animals of the northern regions shed a portion of their coats in milder climates, herbivorous animals may be brought to eat flesh, and carnivoræ herbaceous food. Wild animals are, however, often difficult to tame, and wild plants frequently resist the efforts of cultivation; and in all cases the degree of divergency of varieties from the parent stock determines the facility with which cultivation can be made to alter habits and appearances. Amongst dogs and other animals, however much the breeds may be crossed, hereditary qualities will sometimes re-appear after several generations. The tricks which some animals are taught are lost with the individuals possessing them, because such accomplishments are not hereditary, as not naturally belonging to the species. All hereditary properties must bear relation to the natural exigencies of the animal, and not to its acquirements in domestic education. A pig is taught to hunt or spell, but its descendants shew no instinctive propensities of these kinds, nor will the foals of Astley's horses go through the various evolutions taught their parents by Ducrow. Even in a state of domesticity, some animals do not lose instinctive dispositions: thus deer and sheep continue to be gregarious, and, from the habit of following a leader, follow man, to whom they look up as their guide, from association. Animals never entirely lose their natural instincts any more than their organs, although they acquire new habits; and it is astonishing how short a course of education is sufficient to effect the obedience of animals to man's purposes. And when this is effected, the animal goes no farther in acquirements. The wildest animals in time become so reconciled to domes-

tication as to continue their species as before they were tamed: thus the elephant, contrary to general opinion, is known to have bred in a state of domesticity. The capacity of accommodation to external circumstances varies very greatly, but goes farther, perhaps, than is generally believed.

The theory of distinct species has been at different times attempted to be supported, on the one hand, by reference to hybrids, and on the other, to be invalidated. No alliance ever takes place between animals remote from each other in form and organisation; thus, the different classes of animals do not form any sexual unions with each other, but amongst species of the same class, nearly allied, sexual intercourse does occur, and is fruitful. Thus the bird and the mammifer never cohabit, but the dog and the fox do. The results, however, of such alliances are hybrid progeny, which are usually barren. The mule race does not go beyond one generation. In Spain, Portugal, and Italy, mules rarely reproduce; in temperate climates still more seldom, and in cold latitudes never. Nature has limited and controlled the fecundity of hybrids; were it otherwise, the animal creation would not admit of that order in classification which is known to exist. The offspring more frequently resembles the male than the female; a hybrid will resemble his mother in figure and size, and the father in limbs, head, and tail. Buffon considered that the male transmits his sex to the majority of progenies. Hunter thought that the distinctness of any two species depended upon their incapability of fruitful sexual intercourse. He supposed the wolf, the dog, and the jackal to be one species, but in each case of progeny one parent of pure breed was always to be traced; and in one of his experiments the hybrid pups resembled the wolf: and this accords with the fact, that the offspring always resembles the male more than the female, but never assumes or transmits the characters of both. Neither the animal nor the vegetable kingdom affords indications of any new and permanent species from hybrid stocks, however greatly we may be able to produce and perpetuate hybrids by crossing breeds and diversifying varieties. There is a decided aversion to marriage among distinct species with regard to each other, although circum-

stances may sometimes induce them to form alliances; and that it is only in cases of near resemblance that these are fruitful, is well known. Consequently, mules are rare in a state of nature, and never breed. But hybrids are not always sterile, and procreate when the parents have resembled each other: the permanency of the mixed race, however, depends upon crossing the hybrids with a pure stock, and the true hybrid is never perpetuated; which contradicts Lamarck's theory of increasing perfection, and strongly indicates the truth of that which establishes distinct species as a law of nature.

Recent formations of the earth shew, that the highest orders of terrestrial mammalia were fully represented during several successive epochs, indicating the slow and continuous progress of organisation, instead of a constant transformation. Only one mammiferous quadruped belonged to more remote eras. The recent origin of man, also, and the want of any rational being having an analogous relation to former states of the organic deposits, whilst it indicates the assumed scheme of progression, contradicts the imagined evolution of one species from that which immediately preceded it. The supposed gradation of intellectual properties, measured by the development of the skull and the facial angle, seems also futile and gratuitous. Upon this assumption, the ape has been elevated to the prejudice of the dog, because the snout of the latter is more projected, and the skull more thrown back. The ape and monkey are merely imitators of habits, but the dog shews more reflection, sagacity, and fidelity.

The varieties of our species as to colour, formation, and general development, indicate the parent stock to be reducible to one original pair; for the deviations from a common standard are so slight, that they are mere instances of varieties of one species, all the essential characters of which are transmitted unaltered by external circumstances. Map has extended his conquests to every quarter of the globe, and exists unaltered in all essential points, equally under the influence of a tropical sun and in the polar regions, "Where, as they say, perpetual night is found,

In silence brooding o'er th' unhappy ground."

And to this he is indebted to the flexi-

bility of his corporeal frame, an evidence of superior organisation; examples to the contrary of which are few, and arise from individual improvidence and too great confidence in the human constitution.

By reference to comparative anatomy we find, that the fœtus of the highest class of vertebrated animals has gradually developed the rudiments of the brain peculiar to the inferior classes, until it arrives at the perfect state in which it exists in full-formed mammifers. Thus there may be seen, as the embryo grows, in succession, the brain as it is in the fish, then as in reptiles, and, lastly, as in birds, forming a representation of the types produced at different periods of the earth's history, from the earliest data. A series of successive transmutations therefore goes on, until the embryo is perfected in the fœtal state, by first indicating the cerebral lobes of fishes, then of reptiles, and next of birds, the fourth transformation being into the lobes of the mammiferous brain. Thus, unity and harmony pervade nature's plan throughout; and the reality of species is demonstrated from each retaining its exact form in the course of every change in the physical condition of the earth, from one era to another in its geological history, with an accompanying progressive improvement in the general plan of the animal creation. From all the lights of geology, and every circumstance that can tend to throw light upon the subject, it is concluded:—1. That all species have a limited power of accommodation to meet external changes, the power varying according to the constitution of the species; 2. That under circumstances of great changes we usually find corresponding modifications as to form, colour, size, structure, &c., whilst such mutations obey fixed laws, and the capacity of endurance becomes a portion of the specific character; 3. Some acquired peculiarities of form, structure, and instinct, are transmitted to the offspring, but they possess such qualities and attributes as exclusively relate to the natural exigencies of the species; 4. The whole deviation from the original type that any change produces is effected in a short time, and then no farther deviation occurs; whilst, if these limits be attempted to be forced, the species becomes destroyed; 5. The alliance of distinct species is obviated.

by natural aversion, and by the sterility of such a union: hybrid races cannot perpetuate themselves by any control of man; and those cases which have been noticed are derived from the crossing of mules with individuals of pure breed; 6. These ascertained facts indicate that there is such a thing as real species in nature; and each species was originally endowed at its creation with such attributes and peculiarities of organisation as we now find existing in species of the present day all over the globe.

These deductions result from the solid bases of geological facts, and form a striking contrast to the whimsical and extravagant notions of transformation which certain French philosophers have indulged in, by which they trace, in an uninterrupted chain, our intellectual species from a monad, or minute bag of gelatinous matter; all the intermediate evolutions being brought about solely by the agency of the physical mutations of the globe!

If we turn our attention to the different quarters of the globe in succession, we further discover evidences enough of the distinctness of species, in comparing the geographical habitations of each with others at remote distances. Between the old and the new world there is no specific identity amongst the land quadrupeds. In New Holland, the species of animals and plants are nearly all perfectly distinct. Humboldt found that every hemisphere has its different species of plants, not explained by reference to temperature and climate. These influences will not explain why there are no laurinae in equinoctial Africa, that heaths grow not in the old world, and so on; that the birds of continental India are of inferior plumage to the brilliant varieties of South America; that the tiger is an inhabitant of Asia, and the *ornithorynchus* of New Holland. The ancients knew but little of botanical geography, and have not produced descriptions of plants beyond about fourteen thousand species amongst the Greeks, Romans, and Arabians. Yet in England alone we have figured and described full three thousand species, and the whole catalogue of modern days includes upwards of seventy thousand. The waters, as well as the land, have their peculiar groups; but there are certain exceptions to this rule, from a variety of dissemi-

nating causes, since it has been seen that all species of living forms can, more or less, accommodate themselves to physical changes. Of the dispersing causes, man is the author of most transportations, from his roaming disposition, and desire of traffic and colonisation. Wind and water also are great sources of the dispersion and dissemination of animals, plants, and especially of the seeds and farina of the latter. There are likewise many local circumstances of stations affecting species, such as climate, soil, humidity, light, elevation, &c., all more or less influencing the destinies of animals and plants.

In describing the localities of animals and plants, the word "habitation" is meant to apply to their wild or natural residence in countries where they are indigenous. And it is remarkable how few of the indigenous species are common to foreign countries, some of which, indeed, have been transported. Mr. Brown found, that out of four thousand one hundred species in Australia, one hundred and sixty-six only were common to Europe, and some of these were traced to transporting causes. Where lands are separated by the ocean, the variation is greatest; and in cases of greater approximation of territories geographically distinct, many species are common to each. Sometimes, also, plants found at two remote points are to be met with in some intermediate spot. It is perfectly new to travellers of modern days, in search of botanical species, that a species can have two birth-places; and when they found exceptions to the rule of non-identity of species, at points remote from each other, they speculated upon the mode in which the seeds were transplanted, and inquired into the habitations of such exceptions.

Such is the influence of man's agency upon the species of plants and animals, that it is doubtful whether they are most dispersed or encouraged by his interference; but, probably, the two are nearly balanced. Animals, and birds especially, are great sources of the transportation of seeds in various ways; and when it is recollected that the seed contains no fluid matter, and resists aqueous solution for a long time, their transport across the seas might easily be conceived to be attended with their being landed in various countries, islands, and continents, without under-

going any alteration. They are capable of being preserved fresh for years, without prejudice to their reproductive qualities. These considerations altogether evince the constant changes which the animated creation undergoes from one age to another.

When America was discovered, the elephant, the camel, the dromedary, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, the buffalo, the horse, the ass, the lion, the ape and baboon tribes, and others of the mammalia, were not to be seen; but the discoverers met with the tapir, the lama, the peccari, the jaguar, the conguar, the agouti, the paca, the coati, and the sloth, all of the same class as the above-mentioned animals of the old world. This shews a limitation of groups of distinct species to regions separated by natural barriers from the rest of the world.

From the variations of species in different parts of the globe, we may in imagination parcel out the earth into different zoological provinces, and stock them with animals suited to local circumstances. The arctic regions contain animals common to the continents which there approximate; but the temperate regions of America, separated by a wide extent of ocean, have distinct indigenous groups. A plan in theory, upon this principle, would be found substantially correct.

Where an identity of animals is found in parts of the globe remote from each other, they have either crossed rivers, swam down them, or have been forced by streams or tides from their habitations, and colonised other countries. Most animals are disposed to roam where there are no natural barriers to stop them; and hence we have a great source of their dispersion, and the introduction of animals not indigenous into territories where they effect a residence. The polar bears have been drifted on icebergs to Greenland; and the Norway rat has been introduced into England, &c. by swimming, and the transport of merchant vessels. Many of our animals are not indigenous originally, but have been brought here. The modes of transportation are very various; but whilst man drives some animals away by colonising, he increases others by encouraging their procreation, indirectly as well as directly.

The migrations of birds are very fertile sources of diffusion; yet, not-

withstanding their locomotiveness, they retain a distinctness of grouping perfectly conspicuous. We have a distinct province in the Brazils, central Africa, India, and New Holland. The grouse is peculiar to the British isles, and many species are quite local in their geographical habitations. The nightingale extends from Western Europe to beyond Persia, and some of this species are common to Rome and Philadelphia. The swallow that feeds upon insects, instinctively migrates to a warmer climate as autumn advances. Their average rate of flight is estimated at fifty miles an hour, in fair winds. The swift flies at the rate of two hundred and sixty miles an hour, the eider duck at ninety, hawks, &c., at one hundred and fifty. But the migrations of birds are sometimes impeded by storms and tempests, and they then cling to the masts of vessels, or stop on some island, and thus become new tenants of a place where they were not destined to breed.

Reptiles afford the same obedience to the law of variation in different parts of the globe as other animals. The great saurians differ in different habitations. Thus, the crocodiles of the Nile are not exactly like the gairals of the Ganges; they differ in New Holland and Africa; and the genera of the new world vary from those of both these countries. The python of India and the boa of America are allied, but differ. The three British species of snake, and the toad, are not seen in Ireland; although the frog, the water-newt, and the green lizard, are found in the last-mentioned country. The range of the great reptiles is limited; they are slow in moving, but sometimes cross tracts of land to reach other rivers. Some small reptiles deposit their ova upon aquatic plants, which thus get transported. Thus reptiles obey the general law of dispersion.

Fish migrate to an immense extent, and thus become dispersed; and they are found to differ in distant habitations. They migrate periodically like birds. Some go high up rivers to spawn, and others come down fresh-water streams to spawn in the sea. The flying fish occupy the tropics; the fish of the north and south of the equator differ; the *gymnotus electricus* belongs to America, the *silurus electricus* to the African rivers, and the torpedo inhabits both the tropical and

temperate seas. Herrings, haddocks, and mackerel, are great migrators. Insects transport the ova of fish.

The testaceæ are dispersed by similar causes to those which actuate fish; their remains are found in the strata of every geological era, and in the most complete preservation. They are much influenced by temperature and climate; but as the ocean is uniform in its temperature, the molluscæ are more generally dispersed. The nautilus, voluta, and cypræa, are most perfectly developed in the tropics, where many unique species are found; and the Pacific Ocean has a peculiar group. Belts of land and streams of fresh water limit the extension of this class, and confine its species to districts. Their general extension is very rare, for they are much influenced by temperature and climate. Their ova sometimes adhere to shells, and are sometimes wafted by currents of air; they are also dispersed by means of drift-wood, &c.

The zoophytes are but little known, but each maritime region has its peculiar species. The madrepores are only fully developed in some tropical seas. The groups of our own seas are inferior. The polypi are generally dispersed by adhering to sea-weed and shells: the ova of zoophytes are light and buoyant, and easily transported.

Of all living beings, insects exert the greatest influence upon the animated creation, especially upon plants, from their numbers and activity. Naturalists observe a great correspondence between the botanical and entomological provinces, for insects live mostly upon vegetables. Their species assume varied characters in different parts of the globe. The Indian groups differ from the European; and there are distinct groups in the United States, South America, New Granada, Peru, and Guiana. Some are local, and some dispersed and common to several countries. The Creole frigate, six miles from shore off Buenos Ayres, once became covered with insects and sand; and fifty miles from land, the Adventure was the receptacle of numerous large dragon flies. Insects are also dispersed by animals. They are so light and buoyant, that they pass over seas drifted by the wind, and escape drowning.

The geographical dispersion of man is a subject of great interest. His

origin from a single pair placed between the tropics, in a climate of perpetual summer suited to his nakedness, is in accordance with our general principle of the creation. Fruits, herbs, roots, and animals, abound in this fertile region, so well adapted to man's nature and exigencies. The soil brought forth without tillage, and animals were not scared by the intrusion of colonists at the period of his first appearance. His advancement, from a state of perfect barbarism to his subsequent social condition, must have been gradual. As his race multiplied, the wants of the species must have required exertion to supply them; and thus hunting became, probably a new condition of society, the first rude attempt at extension of territory. Increasing population may be supposed to have compelled groups to migrate, and to pursue in distant countries the means of social intercourse. And as man's exigencies increased, the arts of life must have advanced, calling forth human industry and invention, and the spirit of adventure must have arisen as difficulties accumulated.

It is calculated that eight hundred acres of hunting ground produce only as much food as half an acre of arable land. The necessity, therefore, of hunters spreading far and wide is obvious; and thus population increasing, the globe became more generally inhabited, and the worst portions of territories peopled. Islands, as well as continental lands, appear to have been peopled very early in the history of man, excepting St. Helena, and a few others, perhaps, of small size. Few islands in the Pacific are uninhabited. Canoes have been drifted several hundred miles, and thus tended to disperse the race, and to people the earth with savage hunters. In this general dispersion, man's influence is exerted both voluntarily and involuntarily: he increases useful quadrupeds, and disperses the noxious. The rat, however, is an exception, for this noxious animal has been introduced into the new world by man. Many small animals are brought from distant places by ships, as the cockroach from India, which seeks the warmth of our houses. Beetles also, and some other insects, have been imported in a similar manner. The aphid, which destroys our apple-trees, likewise came from India.

The dissemination of various species

has occupied much of the attention of naturalists, and some erroneous conclusions have been drawn. Linnæus supposed the inhabited part of the globe was confined to one spot originally, laid bare by the partial subsidence of the primeval ocean, and that all the original species were there assembled, the ancestors of all animals, and man included. All temperatures, he imagined, were to be found there united, among a range of hills and mountains, enclosing a warm region fitted for the first creation. But geological facts contradict this purely gratuitous notion, and shew that since the earth first became susceptible of life no primeval ocean circumvented its entire surface, for all the older formations bear the impressions of terrestrial plants; and since the first small portion of the globe was laid bare, there have been many complete changes in the species of plants and animals.

The geographical diffusion of species has induced a belief in the simultaneous creation of separate species in several spots of the earth, wide apart from each other. This idea is, however, less probable than that each species sprung from one individual, or a pair, as the common stock of the race which ensued, and was continued through subsequent ages, each species being created at successive epochs, in such places as were best suited to enable them to increase and multiply the species, and endure through many generations. If it were possible to establish an insulated colony, cut off from all the rest of the world, by the introduction of a pair of each species as an original stock, from the inhabited parts of the globe, a few ages would give rise to the same plan of grouping now universally seen, provided that temperature and other circumstances were favourable to each species, and that care was taken to introduce animals in due succession, so as to prevent hostile collisions before one had acquired sufficient footing to obviate the danger of expulsion from a more powerful race. Each species also must have its appropriate locality as to soil and other circumstances. For it is evident that animals and plants are not grouped by the influence of mere casual circumstances, but that each requires a peculiar situation for its maintenance and the continuance of its race. We must, therefore, in such a case, do what nature has ever effected, which is to

secure the proper succession of animals. The herbivore must precede the carnivore, or the former would be destroyed by the latter; and food enough must be accumulated to support an increasing species before it is introduced, and the food of each class must be duly considered. Thus, for example, birds that feed upon insects, as the swallow, must be preceded by insects. In this manner there would ultimately arise distinct botanical and geological provinces. The insects would have plants to feed upon, the birds would be supplied with insects, the herbivorous quadrupeds would have grass, the carnivore animal food, and so on. The ocean would afford similar results, the climate would influence marine species, and the terrestrial barriers stop their diffusion. Some terrestrial species would afford the same exceptions which we now see in nature, and become common to temperate and frigid regions alike, but the exceptions would be too partial to invalidate the general law.

It is not necessary to refer to some such terrible convulsion as the shock of a comet, &c. to account for the entire loss of species. This may be effected as easily as that of individual varieties, and by causes far less important and gradual. Many of the species of testacea have become extinct in the Mediterranean, although many of their contemporaries have survived. The loss of species may be referred to some such law as that which influences the extinction of life in individuals, by which the species becomes weaker in successive ages, and loses the energy necessary to its fecundity. Many causes may influence the result; such as hostile species rising up and thinning the families of less powerful groups, and expelling them from those places fitted to maintain them, and obliging them to retreat to less hospitable spots. Many species are probably now on the decline, from the influence of natural laws. Some species stoutly maintain their localities against all intruders. Some live on rocks, others on the summits of mountains, where the light, and buoyant ova have been borne by the wind.

From the variety of food upon which animals live, the losses and the increase are perhaps nearly poised in general, as is the case with herbivorous and carnivorous insects in the great scale of life. While insects prey on vegetable

matter, they also indirectly influence the numerical proportions of animals in many instances. It is calculated that one *musca carnaria* produces 20,000. The larvæ of many flesh-flies will devour so much, and grow so rapidly, as to increase their families two hundred fold, five days being sufficient to hatch and mature them. Linnæus states, that three individuals of the *musca vomitoria* will cause a dead horse to disappear as quickly as a lion; and such are the powers of propagation, that a single species of insect will commit more havoc than an elephant. The trees in St. James's park, some years ago, were destroyed so fast, that persons were employed to watch by night, and strict orders were given to the sentries to secure the supposed authors of the devastation—in vain; till at length a little boring insect was found to have established colonies in all the injured trees, and thus produced the destruction attributed to man's agency. A single individual of the *aphis* species is said to become the progenitor of descendants to the enormous amount of 5,904,900,000, and that in one year it gives rise to twenty generations. The ravages of the caterpillar are immense, as gardeners well know. A female moth lays not fewer than 400 eggs, producing a most destructive family in its efforts to maintain itself.

In the kingdom of Massimissa, in Africa, eight hundred thousand persons were destroyed; thirty thousand perished in the Venetian territory; and in Russia, Poland, and Lithuania; the dead bodies of the victims lay four feet deep; and all this accupulation of "plague, pestilence, and famine," was caused by flights of locusts.

Whilst, however, there are destructive causes in constant operation, the generative are not less active. If a garden be abandoned where many plants have been brought from distant countries, and many varieties forced by the hand of man, then numerous indigenous plants spring up. If sheep are associated with deer in a park, the latter will dwindle away, and be ultimately exterminated. The lion and the tiger in time reduce the stock of leopards. In 874 Greenland was colonised by the Norwegians, and the polar bears then made a settlement. In 1816 and 17, the icy barrier, which had endured four centuries, broke up, and

during the interval, the bears, effecting an easy landing over the ice, had so increased as to destroy the former tenants of Greenland, and the wolves, foxes, seals, and birds, became reduced. But whilst the invaders exterminated some, they also encouraged other families. Plants increased as the deer were destroyed that fed upon them; and as insects which preyed on plants became thus multiplied, birds which feed upon insects also increased. The destruction of the seals by the bears likewise gave a respite to numerous fishes. These are only a few examples of that reciprocity of extermination and increase to which Mr. Lyell has referred in proof of the constant changes going on in the animated world—changes which are favourable to the propagation of some species, and destructive to others, in a manner which probably counterpoises the influence of man and animals upon the inhabitants of the globe, which mutually depend upon each other, and are subject to the operation of one common law of nature preserving the harmony of the universal scheme of organisation upon the surface of our planet. And whilst we direct our attention to past effects from such changes, we cannot but gain some idea of the influence of their continuance during a long series of future epochs, independently of any sudden and violent catastrophe, either by the agency of fire or water.

The most recent estimate of the population of the earth is 800,000,000 of human beings. Comparatively new as is the creation of man, this affords some clue to the due estimation of what changes must have been effected through the influence of our species, up to the present day. How much must many species of animals, have suffered diminution, in so short a period even, from such an extension of the most populous and powerful species of the mammiferous class! The stag, the fallow-deer, and the roe, were formerly abundant; but if from five hundred to a thousand have been frequently slaughtered in a single hunt, we need not wonder at their present scarcity. But for private pastures, they must now have been extinct.

Human wants in all civilised states increase, and animals decrease in the same ratio. Thus, the demand for furs has thinned the otters, the martens, and the polecats. The wild cat; the

fox, and the badger, are almost entirely exterminated from their fastholds. The ancient breed of indigenous horses is wholly extinct; so is that of the wild boar, the wild ox, &c., some of which, however, are still encouraged in preserves. In the twelfth century the beaver was limited to Wales and Scotland; the wolf was exterminated in the early part of the seventeenth century from the British isles; eagles and hawks have been so persecuted as to be now rare; the haunts of the mallard, the snipe, the redshank, the bittern, the lapwing, and the curlew, have been drained; the egret and the crane are only occasional visitants of Scotland; the bustard of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire is no longer visible; even in Australia the kangaroo and the emu are retiring from the advances of civilisation.

When the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was first discovered, a remarkable bird, called the dodo, was found in the uninhabited Isle of France. This immense bird has long been lost, and its existence was doubted by many, until some of its bones were discovered in a bed of lava in the island where it was said to have lived. The remains were in the possession of the late Baron Cuvier, who considered the bird to be of the large gallinaceous tribe.

Of all quadrupeds encouraged by man, the herbivora are most so. The Spaniards imported a single pair of wild cattle and horses into America, which have since increased to such a degree as to constitute an immense portion of the wild stock of Spanish America. Amongst the pampas of Buenos Ayres, they reckon twelve million cows and three million horses, besides flocks unowned. In the valley of the Mississippi wild horses are very numerous. Since Columbus's second voyage to St. Domingo, the black cattle have spread over America, and rapidly multiplied. Hogs, sheep, goats, cats, and rats have equally increased in numbers since the year 1493, when Columbus was the means of first introducing them into the new world. The dogs introduced became wild. In Lapland the rein-deer is nearly destroyed by man, but they find refuge in Iceland: the domestic fowl has been propagated immensely in the West India islands, both wild and tame.

Thus we trace the effects of man's influence; and although it is now only in its infancy, we trace it amongst islands into which he has but recently entered, in comparison with the period of his peopling the great continental territories. The present amount of human population constitutes but a small portion of that which the entire globe is susceptible of maintaining, and, from the progress of civilisation, no doubt destined to support, ere many ages have passed by, if we may judge from the increasing perfectibility as well as the population of our species, and especially from the rapid progress of society in America and Australia. There are now in America upwards of four million square miles, each mile capable of supporting two hundred persons, and nearly six millions of square miles of which each is estimated as providing for four hundred and ninety persons, according to an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But extensive as have been our conquests and colonisings, the human species in reality does not effect more changes by its exterminations than the other species which have become extended over the globe; and no greater degree of mischief is entailed than what the insect class alone contributes to work. And yet many zealous moralists affect to consider man as possessing, in his own species, exclusively the attributes of extermination and destruction.

It is quite obvious that organic causes alone are perfectly sufficient to effect an entire change in the whole condition of the living creation, by exterminating species through myriads of future ages, both in continents and islands, where man's influence is principally exerted, as well as in the ocean, where it is less exerted, or indeed nearly unknown.

The geological monuments of former eras tend to afford us some insight into the future destinies of the inhabitants of the earth; and in the contemplation of these we find, that an apparent confusion and endless variety are, in reality, the effects of a system of things perfectly uniform, and obedient to fixed and permanent laws, of which nature is the agent, and the Deity the omnipotent director and first great cause, operating upon our planet—a small individual globe amongst myriads of others which constitute the mechanism of the universe.

RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

No. IV.

SATURDAY.

"Every day has a character of its own. Saturday is not like Monday, though the difference is not easily defined."—*Rich and Poor.*

THE reader—if he chance to number among his acquaintance a feeling but not melancholy recluse, weaned by misfortune from a world whose denizens he can yet yearn over with a brother's sympathies and invest with a poet's halo of romance—may be aware (if, amid the din of life, an old man's very existence be not long since forgotten) that it is at this precise season he becomes, like his sylvan neighbours, the cuckoos and swallows, at once restless and garrulous; loathing, like a patient under hallucination, even the cottage he would not exchange for a city of palaces, and the book which has lain in his bosom and been unto him as a daughter; "babbling," like a seaman in a calenture of "green fields," and sallying forth, Quixote-like (though on no lean Rozinante), in quest of spring associations and spring adventures.

Spring, did I say? Methinks that bright and balmy season has this year been a blank in the calendar; so often has her primrose-crowned head been thrust back into winter's icy lap—the carol so often frozen in the throats of the little wondering and well-nigh disheartened choristers.

But, be this as it may, I am too wise to dwell long on possible alloy. To an old man's scanty share of earthly enjoyment. Sunshine with me makes summer, as unequivocally as the swallows that come from afar to proclaim the joyous season; a sunshine holyday is still one to the old bachelor, because, with the memories that gild the summer Saturdays of a long life, these rarely fail to mingle actual rencontres with happy human beings to whom memory is as yet little, but hope every thing!

Last Saturday was indubitably a spring day. There were tears, bright and harmless as ever April wept in sport—and smiles, which in dazzling instability might have vied with that noted coquette's most bewitching caprices. The tint of green diffused over earth's surface, thanks to the eternal dripping of the tears in question—

would they had always been of as genial a character!—was soft and tender, as though born yesterday; while the tardily unfolding buds of the reluctant oaks and ashes spoke alone of "winter lingering in the lap of May." There was in all nature, to the eye of Fancy, a mingling of that youthful revelry of enjoyment which defies change—with that timid uncertainty of virgin demeanour, ready to shrink appalled from the first rude breath of tempest or misfortune.

This was particularly manifest in the deportment of my neighbours of the bee-hive. "To swarm, or not to swarm," was evidently the soliloquy of every bee of the commonwealth, as well as the grand matter of debate in the apiarian wittenagemot. With every bright blink of sunshine came thoughts of enterprise and emigration, while under every quick succeeding cloud they subsided into drowsy domestication.

I am,—like all those who have no one to consult or be thwarted by,—notorious for indecision; but as a coward is sure to gather courage from a display of irresolution in others, I was stimulated by the pusillanimous perplexity of the bees to more decisive proceedings, and set out, for the first time this season, on a long aimless ramble for rambling's sake.

I might have been aware it was Saturday, even before quitting my peaceful bachelor dwelling. The duenna who guides (*credat Judæus*) with noiseless regularity its humble economy, has in her composition too little of the Alecto or Tisiphone, to excruciate with vulgar Saturday annoyances her sensitive and harmless lord. How and when the cleanliness, conspicuous from garret to kitchen is achieved, she happily leaves me to conjecture—nor should I, but for certain sounds of nocturnal activity too decided for incorporeal besom, and footsteps not exactly sylph-like, occasionally "murdering sleep" before dawn, be aware of any agency in the household more obtrusive and tangible than that of

Robin Goodfellow, or our own indigenous Brownie. It was therefore with the blissful feeling of escape from some unimaginable form of "most admired disorder," that I heard my careful housekeeper say, as she stood shading her old eyes from the unwonted sunshine in my little porch, and looking after her master and Dumble as proudly as if the one had been Alexander and the other Bucephalus—"Ye needna be in ony particular hurry the day, sir; a lang daunder will be for your health after sae muckle confinement."

As I turned the corner into the village, Saturday stared me in the face. Dozens of housewives, less merciful than mine were twirling the mop of empire with undisputed sway. Dumble's ideas of the fitness of things were grievously staggered, and indeed at one time nearly upset, by a display of stools and tables, where stools and tables "shouldna be"—*videlicet*, lining the usually peaceful and grass-grown street, and lending to it the temporary appearance of preparation for the gingerbread fair (*Scotticè*, grosset-market), at the invasion of whose booths the sagacious animal is in the habit of taking annual umbrage. On piles of bedding, evoked by the spirit of nascent cleanliness from the vasty deeps in which winter had kept them immured, lay groups of sprawling urchins, to whom the inversion of the tranquil order of things was evidently matter of infantine delight. Nearly equal, though more subdued satisfaction, beamed on the visages of the female enchantresses of the broomstick and scrubbing-brush; and so universal was, on this privileged day, their emancipation from shoes and stockings, that I began to think Monsieur Nodier's ludicrous idea of their being distasteful to *all classes* of my fair countrywomen, must have been founded on analogies furnished by a Saturday's *promenade* through the streets of B—.

The very spirit of Hunt or Cobbett seemed to animate young and old in the task of radical reform. Old men, cunning in the well-nigh obsolete art, sat astride on the rigging of their moss-grown tenements, mocking the russet hue of their weather-stained roofs with motley patches of golden thatch.

Masons' apprentices, on the faith of the morrow's Sabbath parifications,

rose perched in professional pride on many a smokeless chimney, brandishing their besom of office, and besprinkling with a sable shower every unlucky boy whom his evil stars sent within their murky influence; while, with more laudable intentions, slender barefoot lassies on tiptoe, or perchance more ambitiously elevated on slippery new-washed *creepies*, polished with youthful pride such dingy window-panes as old stockings and defunct Kilmarnocks had not long since supplanted, pouring a flood of unwonted and welcome radiance on the Bible, which, regardless of the perturbed world without, a bed-ridden grandmother lay reading ayont the hallan.

Could these and other indications, "so redolent of spring" and Saturday, have been mistaken, incredulity must have vanished at sight of the early, unwonted, and indeed altogether gratuitous (though perhaps not wholly disinterested), emancipation of the village school. The "skailing o' the schule," with its yells and shrieks of discordant joy, is at all times rather too much for the sober gravity of Dumble; but to-day it was attended with such outrageous and unrestrained demonstrations of anticipated enjoyment, that I thought for a moment the unhorsing of an elderly gentleman was to form the first act of the expected entertainment. Allowance must, however, be made for Dumble, whose equanimity I have twice already, I find, unwittingly disparaged. The transition from the retired and sheltered paddock, where—with the occasional variety of a snug stable, and the company of a cow, like himself, of a certain age—no object for the last six months had invaded his tranquillity or disturbed his ruminations, to the turmoil of a half-yearly redding-up in the village, and the Babel of a half-holyday at the school, must have been to the last degree trying and unendurable; and cooler reflection has convinced me that his snort of disdain and sidelong efforts to eschew the annoyance (unattended as they were, thanks to my self-possession, with any catastrophe) were not only pardonable, but praiseworthy.

My drawing him up, however, as I prudently did, to let the brawling torrent of triumphant mischief exhaust itself, brought me into contact with one whose enjoyment was not a whit

inferior in its own quiet way, and of course far more in mine, than the clamorous exhilaration of youth. I was just hesitating which of the roads that diverged from the green to pursue, when there issued from the school-porch the tall pensive figure of the young schoolmaster, who, locking the wicket with the air of one breathing at length, after a week's care and confinement, held up his pale cheek to the reviving breeze, and courteously expressed his satisfaction at seeing me once more mounted for the season.

"We are both prisoners, sir, I believe, though from different causes," said the meek and usually uncomplaining student: "rheumatism and necessity are alike inexorable." "And we enjoy their occasional relentings all the more vividly, perhaps, Mr. Lorimer, for their previous tyranny. As for myself, I doubt if one of your ragged regiment yonder is more thoroughly alive to the pleasures of this fine Saturday; and you, I am sure, look as if mind and body drew life from every breath of this kindly spring wind, after the noise and heat of the school. Nothing, indeed, but professional enthusiasm, which I trust you feel, could reconcile one of your tastes and habits to the vocation you have chosen." "As to the vocation, Mr. Francis," replied the Dominie, with a subdued smile, "necessity is, I fear, as often the parent of that as of invention. Far be it from me to complain of the allotment of a wise Providence; but I did not study seven long years at the university of—— with no higher ambition than that of teaching the grammar-school of B——."

"More congenial employment is, I trust, awaiting you, my young friend; but, in the mean time, I hope you teach the young idea to shoot (as one comes to do most things) *con amore*." "I do, Mr. Francis, at times feel much both of decent satisfaction, and, I fear, human pride, in the progress of my pupils. I love my boys, even the dull ones, when the wish to learn makes up for want of power; and the little curly-headed rogue who has been dux these six months (barring Saturday forenoons, when he has not slept a wink all night for thinking of the fly-fishing) is as near my heart as though he were my own younger brother. It is not the drudgery, but the nature of the employment I am sometimes tempted to

quarrel with. To spend in teaching words the faculties which would fain be devoted to inculcating truths—to be cramming memories, instead of feeding souls,—this is a trial to more ambitious, and, I trust, not criminal, aspirings. But I strive to discharge my duty, sir, and leave the rest to a gracious Providence."

I had a letter in my pocket from my nephew Arthur, complaining of the difficulty of replacing his lately deceased pastor with a successor at once pious and modest, and of cultivated mind; and, after asking Mr. Lorimer to partake my Sunday's dinner on the morrow, I felt inclined, by checking the pace of my pony, to prolong our conference to-day; but, with a hasty glance at his watch, and a slight blush on his really handsome countenance, he apologised for quitting me to keep an appointment elsewhere.

I know not why I, who account it one of the few privileges of my seclusion to escape all knowledge, direct or indirect, of the affairs of others, should have felt a sudden curiosity to dive into those of the village schoolmaster. Perhaps, however (and self-complacency immediately assured me it was so), my growing interest arose from a laudable desire that the possible future incumbent of Arthur's parish, with a parsonage absolutely within the park, should have placed his affections on no ignoble or unsuitable helpmate. Now all this train of provident and prospective feelings had their rise simply from a slight heightening of colour on a cheek which the "eloquent blood" rarely visited; and that rarity inducing me to attach importance to the circumstance, I stood (tell it not in Gath, far less in B——) actually raising myself in my stirrups to spy, with a curiosity I should in any other cause have utterly abhorred, the site of the "appointment," which honest Will Lorimer could not mention without blushing.

I very soon did so myself, and with a double glow! the ungenial flush of conscious meanness blending with an indignant rush from the heart in reprobation of my suspicions of aught interested or unworthy in the devotion of poor Lorimer. I watched him down the green lane leading from the main street of the village, to one of the humblest though neatest of its cottages, saw him knock with reverential defer-

ence, and place, with the respect due to misfortune and suffering, within his own the arm of the fragile unearthly-looking being, on whose lovely countenance deeper ravages than those of mere ill health were still sadly legible.

"I might have guessed this," said I to myself, as they disappeared amid the wood's most sequestered paths. "Sympathy will draw congenial minds together; and here, alas! there is congeniality of fortune, or rather misfortune, to cement the bond. Both these young creatures were educated for stations far different from those fate has assigned them in an evil world; but that they should have fallen thus together, may perchance convert both ultimately into blessings. If the poor stranger's partial recovery *may* indeed be depended upon!"

But I am forgetting that the reader does not know who the poor stranger is. Her tale, alas! though no very common one, is soon told.

It is some years since, by the well-meant, though in some respects injudiciously directed, munificence of a rich townsman of X—, (a village adjoining our own,) the character of his native place was totally altered—whether for the better or worse remains to be proved—by the endowment of a wealthy gratuitous seminary. That schools are excellent things, and intellectual improvement eminently desirable, are positions which none but antediluvians of the most bigoted class now presume to question. But as the blessing of education was one whose light had long, in common with every village in Scotland, shed its serene and useful radiance over the humble dwellings of X—, it may be doubted whether their inmates were made either happier or essentially wiser by having placed within their reach, and of course their ambition, the superfluous acquirements of dancing and geography and French. Be this as it may, a teacher of the latter language was found for the infant establishment, in the person of one of those young Swiss who leave their native country fitted out with a venture of grammars and dictionaries, as regularly, and quite as full of hope, as our own more substantially endowed traders seek the marts of commerce.

Antoine Peyron had no one to leave behind but a sister a year or two younger than himself. Their parents

were dead; and Justine's education, which had been a careful one, as far finished as altered circumstances would now ever permit. There were many humble homes in their native canton which would have sheltered Justine, left slenderly, though, for Switzerland, not inadequately portioned. But the grief of parting with her only brother, and those bright visions of English splendour and English munificence which haunt every Swiss girl's fancy, determined her to accompany Antoine on his far pilgrimage. He was delicate—in fact, as many of his countrymen are, constitutionally consumptive—and Justine felt that were he ill, no one in England could watch over or nurse him like herself; and even if well, he would have none to share his brief recreations, or talk to him amid strangers of the valley of St. Puy.

"Antoine felt it his duty to remonstrate; but his inclination to yield, at length, to that energy of determination which ignorance of obstacles induces in many a young and sanguine mind. The orphans, in fact, were all the world to each other, and why should seas and mountains divide them? Had Antoine lived and prospered, as he did at first beyond even youth's anticipations, in his humble but laudable vocation, all would have been well. Often did he, for months after his arrival in Britain, exclaim, on returning home to snatch his frugal meal, "Thank God I have a sister to share it with me!" and smile at her simple efforts to surprise him with some of their country's primitive dainties. Often did Justine re-echo his expressions of fraternal thankfulness; and even amid much of *ennui* and monotony and privation, to look twice a-day on Antoine, and see him adding slowly but gradually to their little mutual hoard for brighter days at St. Puy, was happiness—for it included hope! Justine, meanwhile, by embroidering with her fairy fingers, as even persons of peasant rank in her country contrive to do with hands inured to the labours of the field, kept her own pittance undiminished, if not increased. It sufficed for her simple wants, even in England—that land of splendid privation, as it is felt to be by many an exile to whom it denies the cheap luxuries of southern existence!

It had hitherto denied to poor An-

toine the more indispensable blessings of air and exercise. The city in which, as more favourable to his views as a teacher, he had at first fixed his abode, could not afford the one—the very extent of his success forbade the other;—and the mountaineer drooped, he knew not why, amid encouragement and fame (for renown is not confined to heroes). Still, even the hope of revisiting, a wealthy man, his paternal valley, could not arrest the languor of disease.

The eye of Justine marked the change with the quickness of affection; and, with a decision the poor aspirant after competence might himself have hesitated to exert, hurried him at once, and without a sigh, from the fatal emoluments of G—. A few weeks of happy idleness in a cheap Highland glen, which they loved as men treasure even a dim, unflattering picture of an absent friend, seemed to have repaired the havoc of toil and confinement; and Antoine longed, with the energy of an upright mind, to resume his useful vocation.

Where to do so was now the difficulty. Of towns Justine would not even hear; while in most country villages a French teacher would have found himself a most superfluous personage. The new academy of X— came as if by miracle to supply the desideratum; to combine rural simplicity, as yet unimpaired by an overgrown establishment, with all the pecuniary advantages which redundant wealth enabled it to hold out. At X—, the Swiss orphans were for some time but too happy. There were pastoral hills, if not mountains, to refresh them with Alpine associations; a primitive people to wish them well, and shew them kindness; indulgence on the part of superiors, unused to despotism; deference and docility from pupils, enchanted with the novelty of instruction. For Antoine occupation just sufficient to keep the mind from stagnating, and abundant leisure to give the body healthful exercise. In short, humanly speaking, all those advantages which the Power that first lends sometimes sees fit so mysteriously to render abortive.

An apparently slight cold, a decay of strength so gradual as hardly to alarm Justine, paved the way for the return of that insidious enemy, who, haunting alike the desert and the city,

retires but to gather venom for another blow. More than a year did Justine watch over health too fluctuating not to keep alive hope, yet too precarious for one moment to permit anxiety to slumber. A year's anxiety! brightened, perhaps, alone by some short hours of sickly hope! who need be told its undermining effect on a mind so loving, and a frame so far from robust as the Swiss maiden's? /

Both were sustained, as frequently will happen, by the strong stimulus of daily duty—till exertion was, alas! no longer required. Both then paid their tribute to frail humanity, in the shape of a fever of frightful violence, whose subsiding excitement left the bereaved orphan with a shattered body, and a mind, it was feared, a nearly equal wreck. As the former gradually recovered, the aberrations of the clear, though simple intellect, seemed only to become more confirmed. In the family where, from Christian compassion, she had been received on her poor brother's death, she met with the kindest attention and most genuine sympathy. But the task of controlling her wild and often alarming rambles, and of tracing her wandering footsteps to their usual goal, her brother's lonely grave, was one which circumstances did not long permit them to fulfil; while the vicinity of that grave, and of the hills which fostered her soul's malady, was considered by her physician as a serious obstacle to her ultimate recovery. To be, however, within reach of the benevolent few, whom her youth and misfortunes had deeply interested, she had only been removed to B—, and placed under the humble roof of a poor widow and her daughter, who to great piety, simplicity, and industry, united the invaluable requisites of mingled tenderness and firmness of character.

But with these homely beings—gratefully, nay, even dutifully, as with returning reason she acknowledged their cares—the gently nurtured, romantic, cultivated mind of Justine could have few ideas in common. Necessity and a quick ear had made her, even before she stood alone in the world, a tolerable proficient in English; but still she longed for some one to whom she might pour out, in the unrestrained accents of her own land, the sorrows of an exile. To this wish she recurred so often during her

occasional paroxysms, that her kind hostesses became persuaded such intercourse could alone complete her cure; but how it was to be brought about, it baffled their simple skill to devise. The successor of poor Antoine at X— had, with well-meant kindness, visited her while there; but the inevitable revulsion of feeling occasioned by the office he filled, had rendered the interview too agonising to be even again ventured on. My own well-known avoidance of strangers and precarious health prevented my presumed gift of tongues being invoked in the cause of humanity. But though, Heaven knows! it would have gladdened the solitary recluse, by exerting talents long in abeyance, to waken salutary echoes in a faint and desolate heart, it was perhaps well that the office should devolve on a younger and more efficient agent—one who could make the tones of human sympathy blend with those of heavenly consolation, and lure back the stricken deer to the fold by the united charm of eloquence and religion!

A wish, rather hopelessly thrown out than seriously expressed, for a supply of French books to beguile the tedium of winter to the convalescent, drew forth the discovery that young Lorimer, the new schoolmaster, possessed, as a relic of his university studies, no contemptible collection of the select authors of France. That he *read* the language was naturally to be inferred from so rare a feature in the library of a divinity student—that he *spoke* it was somewhat more rashly concluded. The absence of this latter accomplishment had never before been matter of regret to one, familiar as household words with the glorious dialects of antiquity—but that very acquaintance promised facilities for his new pursuit; and, moved to the very heart, at their first brief interview, with the gentle melancholy and innocent pining for her native accents of the forlorn orphan, he bethought himself of converting the task of enabling him to converse in them into the most effectual stimulus that could probably have been devised to rouse poor Justine's slumbering energies of mind and memory.

There were circumstances in the age, history, and views, of the young aspirant in the thorny path of tuition, which reminded her, though without

bitterness, of her poor brother; and when once impressed (as those about her sedulously inculcated) with the eminent advantage the sympathising young schoolmaster would derive in his future career from permission to study French under the auspices of a native, Justine set about the task of his instruction with womanly kindness, and almost infantine delight.

The intended profession of the incipient divine was conspicuous in the choice of the precious volumes forming his scanty stock; and it was while reading—with one who blended the intelligent pupil with the meek, unobtrusive instructor—the sublime eloquence of Massillon and Bourdaloue, and the yet more soul-subduing simplicity of the French sacred volume—that peace, heartfelt, permanent, not of this world, was shed abroad once more on the bruised and long-benighted spirit of the Swiss maiden.

All the long winter, the evenings of the benevolent Lorimer were devoted to this pious task. It had its first and purest reward, when the roving eye and unsettled mind of his fair fellow-student became fixed, in still solemnity, on the hallowed page of inspiration. It was next delightful to less exalted human sympathies to mark that eye's sparkle of joy, and that mind's responsive thrill of ecstasy, when her apt scholar became able to re-echo, in its own darling accents, her rapturous praise of Switzerland. Of further reward, or deeper and less disinterested feelings, William Lorimer hitherto dreamed not. Had he been at this period questioned on the nature of his sentiments, he would have spoken unhesitatingly of the object of all this devotion in terms of pity and admiration, but hardly of love; and though existing only in the perhaps enhanced sunshine of smiles now once more placid as a new-born babe's, it might have been long ere he confessed to others—nay, even to himself—an attachment to one whom he had seen the victim of grief, in its direst and most appalling form, had not a critical occurrence taught him how indissolubly, in his case, pity had proved "akin to love."

An unexpected opportunity presented itself of restoring Justine, under the most eligible protection, to her native mountains. Her heart throbbed wildly at the half-forgotten thought;

her first movement was to grasp eagerly at the long-despaired-of return to "dwell among her own people." Yet, strange to say, there was something within her that clung to cold, ungenial Scotland! Was it a brother's loved remains, or the breathing form of one still dearer, that made her pause ere she consented? Whatever might be her doubts and uncertainties on the subject, Lorimer had felt none from the hour her departure was first spoken of as probable. A thought, wild and transient as some of her own fitful fancies, flashed across his mind, of following her to her fair land of day-dreams and romance. But William had a country and a calling too sacred to be bartered for even the most gorgeous features of earth's outer sanctuary. With another he had nothing to share but his hopes, distant and visionary enough, of church preferment. If on these and her own scanty pittance Justine could live and love in Scotland, Arcadia itself would be a desert to B——. If otherwise, would Lorimer's high-schooled, disciplined heart break at the separation? No; he hoped to be enabled to bid the gentle sister of his love and prayers "God speed" in her far pilgrimage, and cherish her image, undescraced by one selfish regret, to hallow the remainder of his own!

How the proposal was made or received is known to themselves alone. Suffice it, that Justine did not go to Switzerland with Lady G——; and saw her depart, if not without a "few natural tears," at least she "wiped them soon." Somewhat of all this (the particulars I have learned since) had reached me through the medium of old Deborah, who, in pure fear of breaking her heart were it otherwise, is allowed, during very severe and protracted attacks of rheumatism, to entertain her master, as she calls it, by telling him the news of the village. How little I am in the habit of profiting, may be imagined from my having well-nigh forgotten, or rather never listened sufficiently to comprehend, the bit of real-life romance I have just narrated. All my dormant interest in it suddenly awakened by the sight of the young pair issuing forth to enjoy, on this bright balmy holyday, their guileless communings. I could not resist stopping, as I passed along the lane, at the door of the cottage which

had so long sheltered the Swiss maiden, ostensibly to inquire, with the privilege even a stranger of my age might assume, after the mental and bodily health of its inmate.

I fastened Dumble to the gate of the little scrupulously neat parterre, and knocked with all the awkwardness of tardy courtesy at the door of the cottage. A feeble voice said, "Come in;" and an old woman, beautiful as cleanliness and serenity of aspect can make age, sat reading her Bible in a large, high-backed arm-chair.

"My bairn," (for so, I found, she still called a daughter no longer young,) "has stappit out this bonny forenoon. Ye'll excuse my rising, sir; I've been a cripple wi' the pains a' winter." "I can not only excuse, but sympathise with you," said I, glad of the opening thus afforded; "the same cause has kept me a prisoner for months past, else I should not now for the first time have been inquiring for your interesting lodger. I hope your kind cares have been rewarded by seeing her restored to health."

"They have been blessed, sir," said old Margaret, solemnly, "by Him whose it is to bind up the broken in heart, and set the prisoners of darkness free. It was, in truth, a' benighted, broken-hearted creature, that was sent us to deal wi'. But, thanks to Him, and good Mr. Lorimer, the bonny bit dowed flower can lift up its head again after the storm, and the wild eldritch fancies that the Enemy had power to send through her wandering brain, are a' clean skaured awa' by the blessed light o' the Sun of Righteousness! It garr'd me grew when she came first (though I kent she wasna hersel), to hear her aye praying to die, and her so unfit for a change; but now, if it were His will, I could lay her in the kirkyard as pleasantly as ever I did one of my ain four bonny lasses—though I had rather, nae doubt, she were spared to requite gude Willie Lorimer, for a' his care baith for soul and body. We never did muckle wi' her till the sound o' her ain mither tongue brought the tears back to her dry een, and the softness to her full heart; and when they read thegither in a wee bookie—no like ane o' our stately, purpose-like Bibles—yet I kent it was the Word o' God, by the light that cam glancin' ower her brow, and the quiet draps that lay waitin'

their time to fa' on her lang, black eye-lashes. She's been an altered woman sinsyne, (though, 'deed, at her warst she was aye a winning creature,) and I dinna think an innocent, better-doing lassie is in a' Scotland, let alane her ain far-awa highlands, that she llikes sae weel. She's gude enough for a wife to William Lorimer—and what could I say mair, gin I should speak till the morn! I wish I could only hope to live to see their hands joined; but a weary wait I doubt they'll hae till he gets a kirk, that has naething but modest worth to speak for him!"

"Who knows, Margaret?" said I, not daring to excite hopes I had no certainty of realising. "When merit does make friends, they're the surest of any." "It makes a friend of Ilm that's ajunc a'," answered the old woman, with her habitual reference to a higher Power; "and if Ille sees fit, the hearts of men are in Ilis hand."

I rose, and promising a supply of French literature and another visit to the interesting orphan, bade her aged guardian a respectful and cordial farewell.

In deep and not unprofitable musings on the "lights and shadows" of the little scene of Scottish humble life, which Saturday had so vividly brought before me, I had permitted Dumble to choose his own path. The love of shade and seclusion which his sequestered paddock inculcates, and the instinctive preference of hoofs no longer young for byways over highways, bade him follow the course of the little river, or rather brook, which surrounds, as with a fairy elf-knot, our picturesquely situated village.

We were holding, like the here placid stream, our noiseless course along a haugh, all gemmed, thick as a summer midnight sky, with starry primroses, when I was aware of as sweet a bit of unsophisticated natural grouping as ever Morland or Gainsborough embodied or imagined. Before me, in the narrowing path over which the alders and willows began well-nigh to meet, walked a pair of happy schoolboys, who, loaded as they were with rod and basket, and all the appurtenances of sylvan recreation, had, in their unconsciously lingering pace, and gesture of unstudied endearment, a something which bespoke unrestrained communion, rather than sport,

to be the chief delight of this first summer holyday. The arm of the taller and slighter of the two glad creatures was thrown carelessly over the other's shoulder; his fair cheek rested in almost startling contact on one brown as though gipsy tents had lent it nurture; and so close, so earnest was the conference which, on some momentous bird-nesting, or trout-catching, or care-killing topic of school-boy lore, these loving playmates were engaged in, that even I and Dumble (with the added consequence of six months' seclusion from the public gaze) could scarce obtain a glance of hasty recognition.

Piqued, as well an elderly gentleman might, by this manifestation of youthful indifference, vanity prompted me to try and astonish them out of it, by a display of those congenial talents which, in all classes of society, form the most infallible claim on sympathy. "So you're for the fishing, my lads!" I cried, with all the hilarity which the word could inspire in one whose rod had lain idle more summers than their youthful heads yet numbered. "A fine afternoon for the sport, if your gear is the right thing, and your flies fit for the spot and season. Will you let an old fisher see your tackle, my bonny men—one that knows the trade well, though he may be a thought rusted now-a-days?"

The rosy creatures looked astonished, but not displeased, at the strange gentleman's intrusion. I turned Dumble to graze among the primroses; and laying myself down, rheumatism and all, on a tuft of dry fern, began to turn over the miscellaneous wealth of the holyday sportsmen, till it became obvious, to any eye less sanguine than a schoolboy's, that the murder of even a minnow by such "means and appliances" was manifestly impossible.

"This will never do, hains!" cried I, in a tone of compassionate superiority. "You may thresh the water till doomsday with this gear, and get nothing for your pains but a pain in the shoulder. Come to me between this and next Saturday, and I'll rig you out with such a kit of flies and lines as your young eyes never opened on. But you must unlock your lips in return now, and tell me what you were talking of so earnestly when ye walked together face to face, as I rode up."

At this the two boys blushed, as if

by one impulse—the “celestial rosy red” of the fair cheek shamed by the mantling of the eloquent blood through all the hardy bronzing of the other. “We were speaking, sir,” began the flaxen-haired blusher, whose gentle breeding was evidently akin to his delicate complexion—but his eye caught the laughing one of his swarthy playfellow, and the words died away, while a fresh glow of vermillion rushed over cheek and brow. “We were just saying,” began his brisker comrade, when, lo! the sudden spirit of unwonted bashfulness sealed his merry lips also! “Tut!” cried both together, in a simultaneous fit of desperate frankness, “it’s no worth the makin’ a phrase about! We were just cracking about what trade we wad like to be.”

“And what *would* you like to be?” said I to the tall, fair boy; “you’re the oldest, I think, and should tell first.” But he hung back disconcerted; and the dark smiler, emboldened by his friend’s hesitation, exclaimed, “I’m auldest, though Charlie’s gotten the heels o’ me for length; and I’m to be a doctor or a dominie, or some dounce kind o’ a trade like that. I’m no for wild, uncanny notions o’ sailoring, like some folk that I ken.” Another blush marked the application of this innuendo; and its object, with a flash in his clear blue eye, the more remarkable from its previous softness, cried, “I’m no gawn to think shame o’ wishing to be a sailor; my father was aye before me!”

“The very reason ye should be nae sic thing, Charlie,” replied the younger, who, with somewhat of a waggish turn, united, I could perceive, strong sense and genuine feeling. “What will your puir mother say?” “My mother loves sailors, Rob,” cried the now thoroughly animated Charlie; “she says her very heart warms to them.” “It’ll be cauld enough if ye’re drowned like your father, and leave her wi’ naebody to care for her in her auld days, like lanely Lizzie Murdie.” “But I’ll no be drowned, Rob,” exclaimed the little sanguine slip of a future Nelson (not the first instance of a heroic soul in a feminine fragile-looking casket), “I’ll be an admiral, and take French ships fu’ o’ siller, and my mother’ll never need to greet again.”

“And who is your mother, my fine fellow?” asked I, not aware of any sailor’s widow settled in B—. “My

mother?” echoed he, in evident surprise; “they cu’ her Widow Bennet, and she’s sister to Bob’s father there, and stays down bye at the Mains since my father never cam hame.”

“Sir,” said the little hero’s more communicative cousin—son, I now discovered, to one of the most industrious farmers in the parish, “my auntie would fain hae Charlie there to gie up thoughts o’ the sea, and be a minister, like her ain father, and gude Mr. Monteith down by at St. Forgan’s. And O giv he wad only think sae!—it maun be grand to stand up in a braw pulpit a’ covered wi’ red cloth, and speak awa out o’ the Bible for an hour upon end, wi’ a’ the folk hearkenin’, and naebody dawring to answer him again! I wad like it weel mysel’, but I could never won up till t’—I’m ower blate. Now Charlie here, for as dounce as he looks, never feared the face o’ man, and wad mak a special minister. If ye only heard his Latin speeches at the examination! Mr. Lorimer says he’s a born orator!” “I’m a born sailor, Rob,” cried the boy impatiently, “and its no in the power o’ man to mak me ony thing else!”

“Weel a weel,” cried the good-natured little philosopher—“him that will to Cupar maun to Cupar! I’m wae for my auntie, and that gar’d me speak. But”—suddenly starting up, and gathering the now despised tackle, “since there’s t’ be nae fun here, we’ll away down to the burn-mouth and houk for sand cels—the lave’s there langsyne.”

“I’ll go with you,” said I, loath to part with this interesting pair of widely differing boys; “I’m always glad to turn my pony’s head towards the sea.”

About a quarter of a mile lower than the spot where our conference had taken place, the brook, or burn as it is called, emerged from its leafy concealment between the wooded banks of the little Den, to run for perhaps another half mile across open sandy downs or links to its parent element. A long line of shining beach extended in one direction from the wide shallow outlet of the here considerable streamlet; and along this we could see, on gaining the first sand-hill, a crowd of persons of all ages running along in a hurried, desultory manner.

“What play’s yon they’re after the day, Rob, think ye?” asked the keen,

daring, little sailor-elect, all impatience at the thought of any pastime—a nautical one especially—in which he had no share. “It’s no like fun yon,” answered his cousin, after a pause and earnest gaze on the advancing group; “it’s the laddies, sure aneuch—but there’s men and women and a’ yonder, and a horse coming after, and a man on’t—guide’s, Charlie! it’s the doctor’s powny—there’s been mischief yonder, and nae fun.”

It was impossible to look on the ominous aspect of the motley but silent crowd which thronged along the glittering sands, without sharing in the child’s gloomy foreboding of some catastrophe. I pushed on, well aware my light-footed comrades would easily keep up, and in ten minutes more we were in the heart of the melancholy group.

The prominent object in it, the one on which all eyes were sadly but irresistibly rivetted, was the corpse of a boy, apparently little if at all older than my youthful acquaintance Charlie—like him, of slight interesting figure—gifted, like him, with a profusion of golden hair, which, dripping wet, and yet dabbled with sand and sea-weed, fell over the edge of the shutter on which they were carrying this only son of a widowed mother to her desolate home, his lately animated features frozen in marble stillness, his free, unshackled limbs stiffened into eternal repose! “Gude safe’s, Willie Armstrong!” burst from the lips of poor Rob Arnot, one of his favourite playfellows, as he sprung forward from my side to seize the cold, lifeless hand, and then shrunk back with the instinctive horror of childhood for mortality.

“Good God! how did this happen?” asked I of the old weather-beaten sailors who had rescued from the deep, and were calmly though mournfully bearing, the body of the drowned child. “It cam o’ wilfulness, sir,” said one of them; “clean wilfulness and contempt o’ counsel! The schule callants had gotten the play this weary Saturday, and naething wad serve them but a boat. Boats were never made for bairns, and we set a watch on the yawls, lest the mischancy creatures sud lay hands on aye; but, Gude forgie us, we forgot the auld rotten skiff that’s lain gaizening sin the last winter’s wrack, high and dry on the Mussel Brae. The wild callants brought her

down, and launched her round the point where there was nae to see them. By a special mercy, she drifted aff ere ever they could a’ loup in thegither, wi’ only puir Willie Armstrong his lane! I saw the laddie, God help him! baling out the water wi’ his hat ae minute, and waving’ it in the air for help anither; but ere I could won down, the skipper’s scailzie, and cast aff my jacket to swim out till him, the boat was keel upmost, and the doomed laddie nae mair to be seen. I got a glisk at last o’ his bonny gowden hair, and gripped it, and brought him ashore; but, wae’s me! there was nae life in the creature; and weel I wot, though Doctor Armour has been fechtin’ this hour to bring breath into the cauld clay, his Maker had the soul o’ the puir witless callant or ever I laid hand on his body in the water.”

A piercing shriek turned all eyes towards an advancing female, who, all bent and coiled up like some wild animal on the spring, bounded rather than ran towards the spot. “His mother! his mother! God pity her! Puir Helen Armstrong!” burst from lips awe-stricken and sealed till now. Instinctively the women closed round the body, to shield it from a mother’s frantic gaze; while one more thoughtful than the rest tore off her apron and threw it over the face.

But what living rampart, however charitably formed, can stand against a mother’s yearning for a son’s inanimate relics? In an instant, Helen, a tall, powerful woman, stood, defying opposition, erect before her darling’s bier—the next, she lay as lifeless as himself upon the beach beside him. From her awakening grief all seemed to shrink appalled; but Monteith, the deep-tried pastor of an often sorrowing flock, was descried hastening, like a ministering angel, to the scene of anguish; and I felt, like all around me, as if the peace he seldom invoked in vain must reach ere long even the desolate parent before us.

I looked round, ere I quitted the spot, for the blithe, fearless countenance of little Charlie Bennet: it was pale and subdued; the flush of conscious daring was fled; yet somewhat of high resolve and thoughtfulness still stamped the delicate features with an expression not belonging to childhood. “Will you be a sailor now, Charlie?” asked I, with a glance at the fearful

spectacle we had left. "I'll be like Mr. Monteith," answered the child—his whole countenance brightening with unearthly joy—"and speak to my mother when she greets, as he's doing the now to Helen Armstrong, and"—suddenly starting away—"I'll run hame to her this moment, for fear she should think, when she hears o' a drowned laddie, it maun be her ain wild Charlie."

"Even so, dear child!" exclaimed I, as I saw him bound off like a roe across the sand hills. And did not my own saddened heart whisper, How like the tenour of human life is this brief

summer Saturday! Toil and trouble, labour and confusion among the many; here and there a heart gathering out of the furnace of affliction pure unalloyed grains of affection's imperishable ore; pleasures, empty as the laughter and fleeting as the sports of childhood, and ending (as these have done to-day) in gloom, and tears, and a grave! Yet over even these—to complete the analogy—the mild form of Religion rising beacon-like from the dark and troubled waters, to wipe away the tears of time, and draw aside the veil that shrouds eternity!

ON THE DOCTRINE OF FREE TRADE.

WE pray our gentle readers not to take fright at the title of this article. In submitting to them a few considerations on the subject of Free Trade, we shall not weary them with statements of exports and imports, nor confuse their heads with those arrays of figures, by means of which, writers on political economy, and their disciples, our philosophers of the House of Commons, find it easy to prove any proposition they may please to adopt.* Our present object is to inquire into the propriety of that rigid and inflexible application of the principle of free trade by our modern statesmen, which has, in our humble opinion, been productive of such great and widely-spread calamity.

The doctrine of free trade was first formally maintained and developed by Adam Smith; and the recent political economists have done nothing more than ring changes on his arguments. They have, however, done what sectaries generally do;—they have departed from the caution and moderation with which the doctrine was originally propounded;—they have insisted, much more vehemently than its author did, on its unbending application to practical purposes;—and have disregarded the exceptions with which he guarded it. Had the doctrines of Smith, as qualified by himself, been adopted in practice, those violent changes in our commercial laws would not have taken

place, which have reduced so many thousand families of our most industrious population to beggary.

This, we believe, is not generally understood. It is a very common impression, even among those who are fully aware of the evils produced by the present *liberal* system, that, after all, it is the only true system;—that its truth has been demonstrated by the great founder of the science himself;—that, being true, it must necessarily be productive of the greatest good on the whole;—and that, therefore, it ought to be persisted in, notwithstanding the temporary evils it may occasion. We wish to correct this misapprehension.

We shall not at present enter into an examination of the arguments by which Dr. Smith supports the general doctrine of free trade. Two passing remarks, however, we shall make. Smith sets up free trade in opposition to what was called the mercantile system;—a system of commerce which proceeded on the notion, that the only real wealth of a country consisted in gold and silver,—the accumulation of which, therefore, was the only true object of commercial legislation;—that, consequently, if we imported from any country a greater value of goods than we exported to it, and paid the balance with money, we were carrying on a losing trade, which ought to be discouraged. It is on a confutation of

* For a recent specimen of this convenient method of demonstration, see Mr. Powlett Thompson's speech on the motion for an inquiry into the distress of the glove trade, 31st of January last.

this doctrine that Smith's arguments for free trade are founded. But, though he successfully exposed the errors of the mercantile system, and though it is now deservedly exploded, it by no means follows, that its fallacy involves the truth of the doctrine which Smith has opposed to it. The one may be false, without the other being true. Our other remark is, that Smith, in supporting his doctrine, has fallen into a curious inconsistency. He arrives at his principle of free trade, according to his usual method of reasoning, by applying to nations the experience of individuals in their private transactions. He says,* "It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers." The next step of his argument is, "What is prudence in the conduct of every private family, can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom." And his conclusion is, "If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them, with some part of the produce of our own industry employed in a way in which we have some advantage." This simple syllogism is the foundation of the whole system of free trade; and is every day repeated, by Dr. Smith's echoes, in a thousand different ways. It depends entirely on the soundness of the second proposition, that what is prudence in the conduct of an individual is prudence also on the part of a nation. But in another place Smith says, that what is prudence on the part of an individual *may not be* prudence in a nation. In speaking of the treaty with Portugal, he says,† "The Portuguese, it is said, indeed, are better customers for our manufactures than the French, and should therefore be encouraged in preference to them. As they give us their custom, it is pretended we should

give them ours. *The sneaking arts of underling tradesmen are thus erected into political maxims for the conduct of a great empire.*" Here, then, is a case, (and it is well known to be a very common one), of prudence on the part of an individual, which Smith *refuses* to admit as prudence in a nation. Here he talks with contempt of "erecting the sneaking arts of underling tradesmen into political maxims for the conduct of a great empire." What does he himself do, when he erects the conduct of the tailor and the shoemaker into political maxims for a great nation? It is very well known that tradesmen, in purchasing goods, are in the habit of giving a preference to their own customers; and, if what is prudence in an individual is prudence in a nation, then a nation, like an individual, ought, in purchasing goods, to give the preference to the nation which purchases its goods. This, however, Smith denies; and, in so doing, he denies the soundness of the very proposition on which his doctrine of free trade is founded.

Allowing, however, Smith's general doctrine to pass for the present without further question, it is of importance to observe the qualifications under which, as he admits, it must be applied to practice. Its unlimited application, in the manner contended for by the philosophers of the present day, he considers a perfect chimera. "To expect, indeed," he says, "that the freedom of trade should ever be entirely restored † to Great Britain, is as absurd as to expect that Oceana or Utopia should ever be established in it." And he admits, notwithstanding his general doctrine, that there are several cases "in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden on foreign, for the encouragement of domestic industry."

One of these cases is, when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country. "The defence of Great Britain," he says, "depends very much on the number of its sailors and shipping. The act of navigation, therefore, *very properly* endeavours to give the sailors and ship-

* Wealth of Nations, book iv. chap. 2.

† Book iv. chap. 3.

‡ Restored, by the way, is not a very accurate expression. What did freedom of trade ever exist in Britain? This is something like the restoration of the British constitution by the Reform-bill.

ping of Great Britain *the monopoly of the trade of their own country*, in some cases by absolute prohibitions, and in others by heavy burdens on the shipping of other countries." And, in another place, he says, that though some of the regulations of that famous act may possibly have proceeded from national animosity, yet "they are as wise as if they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom." Here, then, we have a *monopoly of great magnitude*, warmly approved of by Adam Smith, upon a solid and practical ground, though it was inconsistent with his abstract principle. The despotism of abstract principles had not then commenced. Smith saw that the monopoly in favour of British shipping enlarged the number of our ships and seamen, and supported those floating ramparts which have so long secured us from the aggressions of every foe. Smith, however, was, it seems, a poor and faint-hearted thinker, and shrunk even from the application of his own principles. His successors are men of greater souls. According to their enlarged views, the navigation laws have come under the general proscription of monopolies; and as, unhappily, instead of pursuing their former, and comparatively harmless vocation, of inditing books and pamphlets, political economists have obtained the opportunity of mystifying the houses of Parliament with speeches, in the character of legislators, our British shipping was soon, through their influence, left to shift for itself. They succeeded in persuading Parliament that it was nonsense to suppose that British shipping required any protection, or that the withdrawing of that protection would throw a single ship or seaman out of employment. And, what is more wonderful still, when the *working* of their new system shewed that its consequences were ruinous,—when our ports were filled with vessels rotting for want of freight, and our streets with seamen perishing for want of bread,—even then they had the effrontery to pretend to prove, by their usual method, that is, incomplete, garbled, and erroneous quotations from shipping returns, &c. (of which they brought forward just as much as they found convenient), that the shipping interest never was in a more flourishing condition!

Another case, in which Dr. Smith inquires how far "it will be advanta-

geous to lay some burden upon foreign, for the encouragement of domestic industry," is, "when some tax is imposed at home upon the produce of the latter." When a tax is laid upon some *particular article* of domestic produce, his opinion is decided, that an equal tax should be imposed on the same article when imported from abroad. But he is not disposed to allow that the principle, on which this limitation of the freedom of trade is founded, should be extended further. When the necessities of life are taxed in this country, so as to increase the cost of domestic production in general, though he admits that this has the same unfavourable effect on the produce of any particular commodity, in respect to foreign competition, as if a tax were laid on that particular commodity, yet he discovers some distinctions between the cases, which lead him to withhold the protection in the one case, which he grants in the other.

Dr. Smith expressly admits, that taxes on the necessities of life must raise the price of labour; and, consequently, of all other commodities. The imposition of such taxes, therefore, he admits, must disable the producer of any commodity from bringing it to market at the same price he did before, in the same way as if a tax were laid on it specially. But his distinctions between the cases are these.

"First," he says, "it might always be known, with great exactness, how far the price of such a commodity could be enhanced by such a tax; but how far the general enhancement of the price of labour might affect that of every different commodity about which labour was employed, could never be known with any tolerable exactness. It would be impossible, therefore, to proportion, with any tolerable exactness, the tax upon any foreign, to this enhancement of the price of every home commodity."

This argument obviously calls for very little remark. Admitting the expediency of affording protection to the home producer in the case in question, the objection is, merely, that it is impossible to discover the *exact amount* of the relief which ought to be given. But if the principle, that the home producer ought to receive protection, is admitted, it surely does not follow, that because the exact amount of protection cannot be exactly ascertained,

he ought not to receive *any* protection. That is bad logic, surely.

"Secondly," says Dr. Smith, "taxes upon the necessities of life have nearly the same effect upon the circumstances of the people as a poor soil and a bad climate. Provisions are thereby rendered dearer, in the same manner as if it required extraordinary labour and expense to raise them. As, in the natural scarcity arising from soil and climate, it would be absurd to direct the people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals and industry, so it is likewise in the artificial scarcity arising from such taxes."

Now, this argument from analogy is clearly unsound. Taxes on the necessities of life render provisions dearer; and so do a poor soil and a bad climate: but, in relation to the present question, Dr. Smith overlooks a great flaw in the analogy. The poor soil and the bad climate have *always* existed, and *always* operated in the same way; but the taxes on the necessities of life, in the circumstances of the case under consideration, have been recently laid on. No home manufacture can be placed in a worse situation than that in which it was before, by the operation of a poor soil and bad climate; but a home manufacture, once flourishing, and able to stand its ground against foreign competition, may be ruined in consequence of the rise in the cost of its production, caused by a gradual or recent taxation of the necessities of life. The cases, supposed to be analogous, are thus widely different. The impediments which Nature presents to the manufacture of wine in England, are constant and eternal; and wine never has, nor will, become an article of English produce. But the manufacture of corn, which is congenial to the soil and climate of England, has been impeded, and the cost of its production enhanced, by taxation, and acts of the legislature. And though the legislature is not bound to protect a manufacture against the operation of the laws of nature, yet it is bound to do so against the effects of its own measures. This oversight on the part of Smith is too evident to require further illustration; and it is fatal to the argument which contains it.

Putting this last argument, therefore, aside, it is to be held as consistent with Dr. Smith's own views of political economy, that the principle of the free-

dom of trade ought to undergo a limitation in the great and important case *where the cost of home production is enhanced by the influence of taxation.*

But the great economist carries his limitations much farther. He says, that "it may be a matter of deliberation how far it is proper to continue the free importation of foreign goods, when some foreign nation restrains, by high duties or prohibitions, the importation of some of our manufactures into their country."—"There may be good policy," he says, "in retaliations of this kind, when there is a probability that they will procure the repeal of the high duties or prohibitions complained of. The recovery of a great foreign market will generally more than compensate the transitory inconveniency of paying dearer during a short time for some sorts of goods. To judge whether such retaliations are likely to produce such an effect does not, perhaps, belong so much to the science of a legislator, whose deliberations ought to be governed by general principles, which are always the same, as to the skill of that insidious and crafty animal, vulgarly called a statesman or politician, whose councils are directed by the momentary fluctuations of affairs."

This passage makes a most important inroad on the *totalité* (as a Frenchman would call it) of the principle of free trade. It establishes a limitation, which is quite disregarded by our modern scientific legislators, who have extended the benefits of the utmost freedom of trade with as precisely to those nations who have most rigorously withheld them from ourselves. In the whimsical attack on "*that crafty and insidious animal, vulgarly called a statesman or politician,*" and the comparison between him and the legislator, Dr. Smith seems to labour under a considerable confusion of ideas. He speaks with a truly philosopher-like contempt of the man whose councils are directed by the momentary fluctuations of affairs; while he admits that, in the very case under discussion, *it is necessary* to be guided by the fluctuation of affairs. But, worse than this, he distinguishes between the contemptible animal who is so guided, and the legislator who is governed by general principles;—forgetting, that in the matter in question, and in every other case in which the general principle of free trade is, by himself, subjected to

limitations, these limitations depend on the fluctuations of affairs; and that it is our *legislators* who must judge how far the changes in the state of affairs give cause for these limitations. We do not see how, in such cases, our legislators, in their philosophical dignity, are to leave the matter to these inferior animals, called statesmen; nor, indeed, do we know, in the natural history of politics, any inferior class of animals different from legislators, and known by the name of *statesmen*. In cases such as the present, our legislators themselves are the only statesmen that can have any thing to do with the matter.

Dr. Smith's last case of the limitation of the freedom of trade has, from the fluctuation of affairs, become the most important of all. He himself had not the means of seeing half its consequences. The case which he considers is, "how far, or in what manner, it is proper to restore the free importation of foreign goods, after it has been for some time interrupted; when particular manufactures, by means of high duties or prohibitions upon all foreign goods which can come into competition with them, have been so far extended, as to employ a great multitude of hands." In this case, he says, "humanity may require that the freedom of trade should be restored only by slow gradations, and with a good deal of reserve and circumspection. Were those high duties and prohibitions taken away all at once, cheaper foreign goods of the same kind might be poured so fast into the home market, as to deprive, all at once, many thousands of our people of their ordinary employment and means of subsistence."—"Changes of this kind," he afterwards says, "should never be introduced suddenly, but slowly, gradually, and after a very long warning."

Strong as this language is, we have reason to conclude, from the strain of Dr. Smith's argument on this subject, that he would have spoken much more strongly still, had he contemplated the changes of circumstances which have taken place in this country since his day; which it is very evident he did not. After speaking of the amount of mischief and disorder which would arise in this case, from the free importation of foreign goods, he gives two reasons for supposing that the disorder would probably be less than might be imagined.

The first is, that "all those manufactures, of which any part is commonly exported to other European countries without a bounty, would be very little affected by the freest importation of foreign goods." There can be no doubt that those manufactures which can be produced at home so cheap, as to admit, of being exported without a bounty, would not be materially affected by free importation of similar manufactures. In the *present* state of things, certainly, our manufacturers of hard-ware, or cotton goods, would suffer nothing from such a course. But Dr. Smith's argument embraces only a part of the subject. What becomes of manufactures destined for home consumption? If the foreigner can make these goods much cheaper than we can, he drives our manufacturers out of our own market? What, again, becomes of those manufactures for foreign consumption, which have risen to a great height, and have been supported by bounties on exportation? By the withdrawal of those bounties, we can no longer afford to export the goods; and all those who were employed in their manufacture, in so far as they were destined for the foreign market, are thrown out of employment. This has been strikingly exemplified in the case of the withdrawal of the bounty on the exportation of linen. Dr. Smith is so much aware of these considerations, that he adds,—“the silk, perhaps, is the manufacture which would suffer the most by this freedom of trade, and after it the linen, though the latter much less than the former.”

Though thus aware, however, of this effect of the freedom of trade on some of our manufactures, Dr. Smith's *second* reason shews that he had no conception of what might be the *magnitude* of this effect. "Though a great number of people," he says, "should, by thus restoring the freedom of trade, be thrown all at once out of their ordinary employment and common method of subsistence, it would by no means follow that they would be deprived either of employment or subsistence." He illustrates this argument by the case of the reduction of the army at the end of the American war, when, he says, more than a hundred thousand soldiers and seamen were all at once thrown out of employment, without any sensible disorder or increase of vagrancy. He adds that, from the

analogous nature of different manufactures, people who are driven out of employment in one may find it in another.

Now, though all this may have done very well, as matter of speculation, in the days of Dr. Smith, it will not do at all in the present circumstances of this country. Dr. Smith said that the silk manufacture would *perhaps* suffer: what would he have said if he had seen how much it *has* suffered!—if he had seen the frightful destitution and misery to which the immense population engaged in it (a population exemplary for their industrious and orderly habits) are reduced? What would he have said, too, if he had seen the extent of calamity inflicted on the people engaged in the linen manufacture by the late repeal of the bounty on its exportation? The linen manufacture has for generations been the staple of various parts of Great Britain and Ireland. In Ireland it has supported the prosperity of the province of Ulster, and afforded subsistence to a great body of the most respectable and well-conducted of his Majesty's subjects in that country. In these distracted times, to drive to misery and despair such a portion of the Irish people, is madness. In the Scottish county of Angus, where the long-established and flourishing manufacture of linen has now received its death-blow, the distress is extensive and extreme. This manufacture has not only caused the wealth and importance of Dundee, and been the source of prosperity to many smaller towns, but has afforded employment to great numbers of the inhabitants of the villages, and even hamlets; who, in

their own houses, did piece-work for the large manufacturers, and formed a link between the town and rural population. Every person who visited that extensive district was delighted with the appearance of industry and comfort which every where presented itself. It is all gone! and in its place there is nothing but desolation and famine.

It is idle *now* to talk of the people who are thrown out of any particular employment being admitted into others, and absorbed into the general mass of the population. The population is already *saturated, super-saturated*,—every employment is full—more than full, and will receive no more; the excess is precipitated, as noxious dregs, to the bottom; and those who are rejected from any class of the industrious population have no resource but mendicancy or rapine.

From all that we have said, we conceive it to follow, (even without questioning the soundness of the doctrine of free trade, considered as an abstract point in economical science), that the philosophical statesmen of the present day have disregarded the limitations of this doctrine, which its author himself considered to be necessary in practice. We have shewn, too, that Dr. Smith's limitations would have been more extensive, but for some evident errors in his reasoning, and his being unable, besides, to anticipate the change of circumstances which has taken place since his time. These are the objects to which we have limited our present remarks. We may take another opportunity of troubling our readers with our views of the general doctrine itself.

LAYS OF THE TWADDLE SCHOOL.

No. III.

A CLASSIC CHANT BETWEEN LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER AND
ALARIC ATTILA WATTS.

- Lord F. L. G.* The pride of the Peerage — the Poet of power
Is the graphic Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* There never was poet, from John o'Groat's
To *Scilly*, like Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* The glory of Goethe is forced to cower
To the *vous* of Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* I verily believe that Sir Walter Scott's
Nearly equal to Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* The fustian of Faust none to gold could scour
But the magic Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* The moral and modest Tom Moore, not a jot's
To compare with great Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* Into *Wallenstein's Camp* not e'en SCHILLER could pour
Such soul as Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* Not Southey himself ever scribbled such lots
Of verses as Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* Knowles, Kenney, and Kotzebue, all must lower
Their heads to Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* Whilst forgotten old Wordsworth, the wordy, rots,
Immortal is Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* Greek, German, and gibberish, alike to devour,
Who rivals Lord Francis Leveson Gower?
- A. A. W.* Tom Campbell's old Pegasus, plagued with the botts,
Limps after spruce Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* Victor Hugo's *Hernani* had scarce lived an hour
Unillumin'd by Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* Though I shouldn't say it, 'tis clear that forgot's
E'en Byron for Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* *Anne of Cleves* ne'er had taught Fanny Kemble to tower,
Were it not for Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* Leigh Hunt and B. Barton, the bards of the grots,
Yield the palm to brave Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* At th' Adelphi, the *German Prince* brought down a shower
Of shouts for Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* A nosegay of nettles for cynics and sots
Are the satires of Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* Though the cream of my temper vile cynics would sour,
Mild as milk is Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* What though mine escutcheon Nor YORKE sadly blots,
Still splendid is Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* My genius in glow, and my fancy in flower,
Still triumphs Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* Though they darken my disc, on the sun there are spots,
As well as on Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* The poet of palaces, ball-room, and bower,
Is the far-famed Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* The first niche in his temple Apollo allots,
To the all-inspired Alaric Attila Watts.
- Lord F. L. G.* Ho, ho! my bold bard! since thus sun-ward you tower,
In your flight take Lord Francis Leveson Gower.
- A. A. W.* Agreed,—and our glories, like true lovers' knots,
Blend Gower with great Alaric Attila Watts.

LOUIS EUSTACHE UDE.

WHEN we originally projected this our Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters, we had an idea of confining it to our own countrymen; but Fate, as is usual, controls the designs of men. There is scarcely an Englishman on our list. Of Scotchmen, we have had Jerdan, Campbell, Lockhart, Scott, Hogg, Galt, Wilson, Brougham; of Irishmen, Moore, Maginn, Crofton Croker, Wilson Croker; of Americans, Washington Irving; of Sandwich Islanders, Tydus-poo-h-poo-h, whose identity much puzzles the learned inquirer; of ladies, Mrs. Norton and Miss Mitford. Of the male English authors of renown, we have as yet depicted none save D'Israeli, Lord Munster, Lord John Russell, Montgomery, and Sam Rogers; and even of these the first is a descendant of Abraham Ben-Terah, and the last has long since ceased to be classed among living authors.

But we have had, nevertheless, no absolute foreigner now alive—Göthe, alas! is dead—for the Yankees, Irish, Scotch, and the Sandwich Islanders, are offshoots of our own—with the single exception of the Muy Excelente Señor Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cozio. As our cosmopolitan propensities are becoming more and more extensive in these days of spreading liberality, we have determined to give the Anglicised Iberian a fitting companion; and whom can we better select than that admirable specimen of an Anglicised Frenchman, Louis Eustache Ude? Ude and Trueba are worthy of one another; and we are sure the Don will feel all the value of the compliment.

Not that we wish to make Trueba too vain, by insinuating that he is in any respect an equal to Ude. Far from it. Ude is a great man, a most original author, a gentleman of exquisite taste, of infinite goût, of gusto (a favourite word of Mr. Hazlitt's) beyond all compare. We talk of the richness, the raciness, the fine flavour of the style of authors. Will Sir Walter Scott himself contend, that in these particulars even his works can compete with Ude's? Certainly not. Sir Walter is a man of too much genius to make any such pretence. The wit may boast of his attic salt, the satirist of his peppery powers, the pastoral poet sing of sheep and lambs, the bard of the middle ages deck his poetry with descants on barons bold and knights of fame, L. E. L. warble sweetly of doves and pigeons, and so forth; but who knows how to manage salt or pepper, to dress the lamb, to serve up the baron, to cook the knightly loin, to make *pâtés* of the pigeon, like Ude. Ude is the greatest author of the day—unrivalled, now that Dr. Kitchiner has gone to another feast, and that Mother Rundell is scouted out of civilised kitchens by a just indignation.

It is our fixed intention to review this eminent man's immortal work in a short time—or, rather, to extract from it some of the primeest and most savoury pieces. Here, cramped down like a turbot in an undersized fish-kettle, we have not room to dilate on his great merits. We take the opportunity, hasty as it is, of assuring our readers, that Ude, like all the eminent men of the day who do not expect places from the Whigs, is a true Tory. Cooking for Lord Sefton has not debauched him from his original principles; and he has indulged in a satirical touch at his lordship, by designating some of the most abominable dishes ever devised *à la Sefton*. We have never tasted the dishes so designated without thinking of his lordship, which must be allowed to be a sufficient abomination. No; the chosen cook of Louis XVI. and the Duke of York cannot be a Whig. How tender! how touching his apostrophe to the Duke, after his Royal Highness's demise: "Ah, mon pauvre Duc! how much will you miss me where you are gone!" Ude felt all the inconvenience which must be experienced by one used to the benefits of superexcellent cookery, no matter to what region he might be transplanted.

Our artist has taken him in a moment of inspiration, when, resting his chin upon a ladle, he is meditating the divine things to be produced by the hour of repast. Visions of cookery sublime—courses, entrées, hors-d'œuvres, chase one another through his prolific brain. The thought now kindling in his culinary eye will ripen into a dinner, and the curl of his nose is prognosticatory of perfumes far surpassing any which come upon the perfumed breezes of Araby the blest.

Farewell! of fish, flesh, fowl—baked, roast, boil'd, stew'd,
Thou first of artists, Louis Eustache Ude!

wonderful. The letter, however, from Paisley claims attention; and we suspend our critical notations to afford the reader the means of further judging of the Colonel's intelligence, and the information which gleams from his pages and enlightens every reader.—O. Y.

LETTER II.

Paisley.

MY DEAR UNCLE SAM,

I wrote you from Greenock, a place which I now find merits more distinctions than I thought it did at the time; but compared with this calm city for sederunt trades, it is no place at all.

As I approached Paisley, which was in a po'chaise, or, as we would say, an extra, I was greatly surprised—not that there was any thing notable in the appearance of the town, save a church on a mountain; but it had about it something so particular, that I have no proper 'jjective to describe its unlikely-hood to other noted places.

My first remark, as we drove towards the tavern, was that of a town abounding in operatives, with pale faces, long coats out at the elbows, breeches unbuttoned at the knees, and shoes down in the heels, looking out at the doors and windows of houses not particularly elegant.

The ladies of Paisley are neither clever nor spry. They go about in the week-days muffled up in dark brown duffle cloaks, with the hood over their heads, and drawn so close over their faces, that you only can see the tip of their nebs. They do not wear stockings, but on their feet what are called bauchles,—a species of mokasin, somewhat between a sash and a shoe. But on Sunday, or, as the people here call it, the Sabbath-day, what grandeur! Then they are rustling in silks, and fluttering in ribands, going all in a row, hand in hand, to the steeple-house on the hill, which, by the way, is here 'nominated a he'-kirk,—the great bell tolling most solemnly the knell of the departed week.

The inn where we are now staying is certainly not so good as that at Greenuock. I was told that it is likewise a Tontine; which I suppose is the name in the Scotch language for the principal hotel in the place—as the mansion-house signifies with us the chief tavern in any village, as you very well know.

I was grieved to observe the same proofs and visible symptoms of national distress here, which had so deeply affected my feelings at Greenock. Indeed, the citizens with shoeless feet

are undoubtedly more numerous than in Greenock. Paisley, however, I have heard before I came 'cross the 'tantic, is a town where distress is not rare; but the inhabitants are to a man first class, or A 1 Reformers, and possess many excellent moral qualities. Their language differs considerable from that of Greenock. What the English call a master is there called a skipper; and here he is known as a cork, especially among the manufacturers. This difference admits of no such plausible explanation as that of the skippers at Greenock. A cork is a mystery. It may have originated from the buoyancy of the material cork, which always floats uppermost; or perhaps from the masters always drinking bottled liquor, and their workmen using only cart-water. I shall not, however, puzzle myself in trying to explain this further.

The inhabitants of this town have been in all ages celebrated for their love of liberty. The operatives hold their cackhouses, or committees, at a place of ominous signification, called "Gallows-green;" but their corks meet in a street called Causeyside, at the head of Plunket Street, which gave rise to their well-known appellation, "the plunking corks;" and there they do plunk politics, I guess! Inasmuch that the devil is said to have 'rangue them from the head of a herring barrel at Alexander Frazer's door, where they usually congregate:

"The de'il
Stood on a barrel-head and hosted,
And thus the plunking corks accosted."

Aut whatever the devil said on that occasion, it is not so 'torious as the witches' prophecy, that has been the cause of the operative making "Gallows-green" their place of resort. When one of these old ladies, by name Maggy Lang, that Bailie Pyepaste told me kept tavern in the Abbey Close, was brought to the stake, she gave a great shriek, and 'tending her arms aloft, delivered the prophecy. "Not a dry eye," said Mr. Pyepaste, "was present on the occasion."

Paisley is celebrated as the birth-place of many famous characters,—all men of reforming dispositions. Of

Tannahill, the poetical weaver, you have heard, and likewise of Professor Wilson, who keeps the morality school in Edinburgh, and is, moreover, a great writer in the *Review*. He is what the Bailie Pyepaste calls a lick-the-doup Roswell to that colossus of learning, the Ettrick Shepherd. Some of Dominic Wilson's friends here are not pleased that he has taken upon himself this office; but it is well known he is a smart man, and records all the Shepherd's sayings from the best of motives.

The professor, I am sorry to mention, is supposed to have received very ill usage from Sir Walter Scott, for he has of late spoken of him in an ignominious manner. But I keep back what I have to say concerning the literati till I get to Edinburgh, where they abound, and are in their element. "That's the east wind," replied Bailie Pyepaste, when I made the remark to him.

This Bailie Pyepaste is a man that ought to have been born in the States; and I regret that I am not yet so complete at the Scotch language as to know all he says; but what of it is understandable is smack to the point. He went with me to see the remarkable of the town, and was quite 'noyed when I told him that we had never heard of the Abbey kirk, for he said it was built by the Peghs, and had been one of the wonders of the world. But although small things seem big at hand, this 'foresaid' kirk is no such almighty thing, and I told him so, which made him look comical and disappointed.

I have been exceedingly disordered by the English which they speak here; it is not at all of such a satisfactory kind in its meaning as ours in America.

We had desired the printer's devil, who brought the proof of the foregoing, to wait till we had corrected it; which he did, taking a seat on a chair in the far corner next the door. We happened to remark aloud, in soliloquy, as we proceeded with our stets and deles, that the compositors seemed to be improving in deciphering the colonel's wampam belts, meaning his manuscript, which was indeed very hieroglyphical. We then held out the proof to the urchin—a little smutty-faced imp, with droll^o significant eyes, like those in Sir Joshua's painting of Puck the fairy. On giving it to him, we observed that he turned his tongue in his cheek, and looked at us with a knowing leer; at the same time he said, with a particularly expressive accent, "I know——" "What do you know?" said we. "I know who wrote that." "Indeed!" replied we; "who was it?" "I know the style." "You do? And who's is it?" "It is that there——But I must not say whose." "My boy, you never were more mistaken; like's a bad mark. It shews, however, that you possess discernment to have made such a discovery; but we advise you not to tell the printers in the office that we had the manuscript from the author himself."—O. X.

I s'pose this is owing to its being older, and has not yet received those betterments which have 'leviated' ours. Many of the words 'clipse the sense, and dark sentences abound in the speech of the citizens. One thing I must notice, for hitherto I had always understood, and 'specially from Squire Armstrong, who kept store and tavern at Manlius four Corners, long ago, 'fore the war, that "*wee*" in Scotland did not signify *us*, as in America, but "very small." I find, however, that his remark was not judicious, for "*wee*" is here a 'sperlative, and goes for a great deal; many ladyes using it give it this consequence, and say a very beautiful bonnet is the wee bonniness, and of a man that he's the wee handsomeness, and so forth. Really this is very obscure, and certainly not to the point. They call, likewise, what is a lamp a croozie—which I think is not gospel; for the woman who had the oil in Scripture had surely it in a jar, or a small keg; croozie, however, may be derived from keg, for all that, although I do not see how. They are not particular in many other things: for 'sample, they speak of a dish as an ashet, which no one can understand why it should be so; and they call a cup of tea a dish of tea, as if it were sass, like cucumbers or 'tatoes. But no doubt I shall become proficient in all these alternatives as I travel.

I guess, however, that this prevarication in the meaning of terms is a greater obstacle than you think, and is cause of much misunderstanding. But it is time for me this evening to conclude, 'for my paper you see is done, and can serve me no more.

Your loving nephew,
RICHARD H. HICKORY.

ON POLITICAL PARTIES.

No. II.

I WILL now look at the importance of parties, and the means of placing them under proper regulation : in doing this, it will be needful for me to touch occasionally the question of reform. Stale and repulsive as this question is, much may yet be said on it, which its champions on both sides have thought good to overlook ; and imperious is the necessity which calls on the community at large to throw aside the party foolery which has so long engrossed its attention, and to laboriously examine reform once more, in disregard of every thing save its own benefit.

To establish freedom, it is necessary to impose certain limitations on the executive. Some of these can be accurately defined by law, but many cannot : in respect of law alone, the executive is, from necessity, invested to a very high point with discretionary or despotic power, and this power extends over the law in both effect and being. The limitations must really consist of individuals—living men, charged with the duty of protecting and enforcing the law against the executive, and of watching the latter, step by step, in order to apply at discretion a limit to its exercise of power.

Thus a free government really consists of two bodies of functionaries ; the one acts as the executive, and the other watches and limits its use of power. Free is not government, but a population cannot in the mass act as its own executive, or duly restrain the functionaries it appoints ; therefore, in both matters it is compelled to employ delegated authority. Law is the instrument, and it is at the mercy of both the bodies.

It is self-evident that freedom, and every thing which enters into good government, must vary, as these bodies vary in the discharge of their duties. Mere neglect, or inability to do what it ought, in the executive, will often cause one part of the people to perpetrate grievous tyranny and wrong on another, independently of the evils its acts may produce. Intentionally, and from necessity, this body takes character and conduct, in a great degree, from the other.

On this point, the science of government has always, in my eyes, dis-

played any thing rather than the light, precision, and fulness of science : it has seemed to be little better than a barbarous and very defective attempt to approach the truth. The rude experiments of former nations are copied as perfection, in contempt of the terrible evidence against them, that the nations by which they were made are no more ; and their errors are magnified and multiplied in every conceivable manner. Who, in these days, in proposing a republic seeks to avoid the deficiencies and vices which made the ancient republics a source of national ruin and extinction ; or, in fabricating a constitution, does not throw out the good and retain the evil of tried ones ? When Europe is convulsed with a rage for new forms of government, none but the worst models of antiquity are selected ; and such monstrous errors are engrafted on them, as the common reason of their parents of old, unenlightened as it was by experience, rejected with deserved scorn. It is natural enough for those whose rule it is to treat the lessons of experience with derision, to be the servile worshippers of all it has proved to be falsehood and folly : the conservatives of the latter, however, have small right to vilify those of truth and wisdom. The blind champion of a defunct and rotten republic exhibits, I opine, somewhat more antiquated prejudice and bigotry than a defender of the British monarchy.

The limiting functionaries are intended, positively or negatively, to select, in a great measure, the executive ones, as well as to regulate their conduct ; and to an immense extent they must be without law or rule to direct them, and must act from discretion : to a very high point they must form a despotism, which may produce the most fatal evils by error of judgment, as well as by abuse of power. It might be expected from this, that writers on, and nations making changes of government, would bestow their first care on the choice and governance of these limiting functionaries. It might be taken for granted, that the reason of any man, however untought, could only arrive at this conclusion—there can be no free and

good government if those who are to appoint and direct, in a great degree, the executive, be not in every way fitted for the discharge of their duties; consequently, to give them the requisite character and powers is a matter, compared with which every thing else is of minor importance. &

Nevertheless, by constitution-manufacturers, ancient and modern, this momentous matter is in most respects treated as unworthy of notice. No one can look at the perilous responsibility the limited functionaries must be invested with, and the temptations to corruption they must move amidst, without seeing that it is imperiously necessary for them to be in the highest degree able and virtuous. What is done to render them so? Nothing; the necessity is not even admitted. In changing our own system of selecting these functionaries, that part which sent into the legislature nearly all its talent and wisdom is abolished, without any attempt to retain, by other means, the good it produced; and the deplorable public loss which this must cause is regarded with contempt. Avowedly, the character of the functionaries is, in a great measure, put out of the question; they are to be chosen according to certain assumed rights of the people, no matter who and what they may be: the point is, not that they may be fitted for the discharge of their duties, but that particular parts of the community may elect them. Reform has been called for and granted; not that the members of the House of Commons might be rendered more able and virtuous, but that the people, on the ground of right, might choose them, however perniciously the change might operate on their character.

While it is thus made a fundamental principle, that these legislative functionaries ought to be chosen without reference to their fitness, and merely that an assumed popular right may be enjoyed; such practice of the principle is insisted on as is calculated to give them the very worst character. Those who, in this country and foreign ones, are the most clamorous for *improving* forms of government, maintain that the selection ought to be made principally by the lower classes; they would make these classes independent of, and give them a vast majority over, the middle and upper ones, which is al-

most tantamount to constituting them the sole electors. Now it is notorious that the lower classes, and a very considerable part of the middle ones, are utterly incapacitated, by want of knowledge, for judging of a candidate's fitness, and that they never follow the dictates of their own judgment; they vote either for bribe, without regard to character, or in obedience to some such leader as a profligate newspaper: if their vote be not bought, or given through the influence of others, it is reserved for him who will promise to gratify their guilty passions. Here is the most admirable system imaginable for composing these functionaries exclusively of fools and demagogues, knaves and traitors; and exempting them after election from all obedience to the opinion of the enlightened and virtuous part of the community.

This is not more palpably erroneous than the pretended right on which it is founded. If I concede that there ought to be equality of rights, this evidently must mean equality in end, but not in means. There is equality, if the poor man have the same share as the rich one in electing a member of parliament, but there is the reverse if he have a greater share. No matter what individual means may be, there must be criminal inequality if they enable the poor to elect all the members, and be only a nominal possession to the wealthy. Even equality of individual means includes number, as well as franchise; and it might as truly be said, that an army of 5000 men is on an equality with a hostile one of 100,000, because each soldier is armed alike, as that the rich are so with the poor, because each individual has the same power of voting. This pretended right is intended by its champions to exclude the wealthier classes from all effective share in selecting the functionaries, and of course to establish the most unjust and destructive inequality of rights.

Confessedly, these functionaries are to act for the people collectively, as well as individually; they are to speak the sentiments of every part of the people, and attend with equal care to the benefit of every class and interest—to be strictly impartial between the rich and the poor, the majority and the minority, property and population. Yet this right must compel them to sacrifice the general good to partial,

represent a part of the people only, ruin some classes and interests for the aggrandisement of others, and act for the poor, the majority, and population, against the rich, the minority, and property. Thus it must obviously make them the reverse of what, on general acknowledgment, they ought to be.

The self-evident truth is not denied, that the weal of the workman is bound up in that of the master, population depends on property, and all have a common interest; nevertheless, this pretended right is to be given that workmen, population, and the poor, may continually oppose and assail masters, property, and the rich: of course it is really to be given, that its possessors may make the functionaries as much enemies to themselves as to the rest of the community.

But expediency as well as right is pleaded; the functionaries are to be chosen in this manner, that they may not only limit but dictate to the executive. Now the latter must from necessity consist of the heads of a party, and of that which is the most powerful in the legislature. In proportion as the legislature may be chosen by the lower classes, it will consist of one party—it and the executive will be really one, and the executive will be without limit. The latter must be limited from making unjust laws and assailing beneficial institutions—from oppressing the peer, master, and minority, as well as the peasant, servant, and majority—from invading property as well as personal rights; it must be bound to respect equally the rights and possessions of high and low, rich and poor, the few and the many, or it cannot be other than a tyranny. Well, the functionaries are to be chosen in such manner, that they will only limit it in respect of the lower classes; they will leave the more respectable classes at its mercy; they will form no limit in most of the points where temptation to tyranny really exists. But this is not the worst: while they will in a large degree only act as a limit, whose limitation is needless, they are, in virtue of their dictating power, to compel the executive to be a savage tyranny to the defenceless part of the population, and in the matters where limitation is chiefly indispensable.

This dictating power in the legislature must, in the nature of things, convert it and the executive into an

irresponsible tyranny. Supposing that the first act of dictation in the functionaries should not be, that their leaders, and, of course, the body, should form the actual ministry, and that they should not connect themselves with the latter, they would really exercise the functions of the executive free from responsibility and control, secure of their tyranny for a term of years, and empowered to make during the term any changes they might deem desirable. The men who are to enjoy a tyrannical power like this, are to be, by the mode of choosing them, such only as will make the very worst use of it.

A great reason urged for confining the right of selecting the functionaries to the lower classes is, that the executive may be prevented from entering into unnecessary war, levying oppressive taxes, making corrupt use of the public money, and enacting unjust laws. It is confessed that people of property pay the taxes; it is obvious that they must suffer the most from war and abuse of the national treasure, and that unjust laws are the most likely to fall on them, and do them the greatest injury. If we look at history, we find that republics were always distinguished far above absolute monarchies for incessantly waging needless and destructive war, imposing the consequent oppressive taxation, corruptly using the public money, and framing iniquitous laws. Even Mr. Fox was compelled to own, "According to the experience of history, the ancient democracies of the world were vicious and objectionable, on many accounts; their instability, their injustice, and many other vices, cannot be overlooked. * * * We are compelled to acknowledge their oppressions to their dependencies, their horrible acts of injustice and of ingratitude to their own citizens." At this moment we see the French republican party labouring to plunge its country into general war, and give being to ruinous laws; and the English one taking it for a model. What does all this demonstrate? That the right is to be withheld from those who have an interest in preventing the executive from doing what it is alleged it ought not to do, and given to those only who will compel it to do the whole.

In forming a government, these ought clearly to be the first steps: in the first

place, the stake of each individual in it should be calculated; and in the second, the use interest and feeling may lead him to make of any share in it which may be given him, should be ascertained. By interest, I mean not real and common, but that separate and supposed interest which governs every one in his political conduct. The man of property feels that his privileges and wealth would be endangered by convulsion and change; the poor one very often believes that his privileges and fortune would be bettered by revolution of the worst character: the one has much knowledge of public interests; the other is in general without the knowledge, and thinks the most injurious things would be beneficial. The landowner and manufacturer, in promoting their private interests, promote, however unintentionally, those of their dependents; and they cannot prosper without giving prosperity to merchants and tradesmen. The labouring orders and smaller tradesmen strive to promote their private interests by injuring the rest of the community, although it is certain that an abundant portion of the injury must fall on themselves. The wealthy classes are tempted to serve rather than attack the poor ones; but the latter are continually tempted to seek the ruin of the former.

Even where wealth is equal, the stake and ruling interest vary greatly. Merchants and tradesmen, however rich, have little to fear from the rest of the community; they have no separate interests which can well be assailed; while this is the case they are impelled to war against the weal of agricultural and manufacturing producers, and of course the workmen, &c. of the latter. The producers I have named are incessantly attacked, and they have little inducement to seek the injury of other capitalists.

While property is eternally fought against by population, some divisions of it are in far greater danger than others. The property of merchants and shopkeepers is almost free from enemy; but agricultural, funded, colonial, and many kinds of manufacturing property, are always exposed to assault of the most formidable character.

On common reason it irresistibly follows, that the share of each individual in the government ought to be proportioned to his stake, and the de-

gree in which his interest and feelings are identified with the weal of his fellow-subjects—that a great preponderance should be given to those parts of the community which have no temptation to injure the rest, and promote the general benefit in their endeavours to promote their own—and that the classes and divisions of property which are beset by potent foes should have far more means of defence than those which are nearly above danger. The fashionable doctrines, however, insist on the reverse; they give a virtual monopoly of the government to those whose stake is the smallest, who have no assailants, and who are strongly tempted to seek the public ruin; they give all the power to the classes and divisions of property which scarcely need defence, and refuse it to those which are in peril.

That which is so abundantly obvious in reason is amply confirmed by all experience. Wherever we look, in ancient times or modern, we find that a legislature chosen improperly, and in the main by the lower part of the population, formed the most senseless, wicked, savage, and destructive of all tyrannies; and that whenever free nations have been ruined, the errors and crimes of a legislature so chosen have been the great cause. While states under an absolute despot, or with a legislature servilely obedient to an independent executive have endured, advanced, and even flourished, never did a legislature chosen and propelled by the multitude obtain the power of dictating to the executive, without producing every imaginable national ill. The most perilous and evident of all evils is, however, precisely the thing which every actual and would-be government-manufacturer seeks to create; in this country and the rest of Europe his great object is to establish a despotic legislature, selected and influenced by the multitude.

Turning in sorrow and disgust from the prevalent baleful doctrines, let us examine some of the leading elements of free and good government.

As I have stated, the executive must really be limited by a separate body of functionaries; but it does not follow that it ought to be under their dictation, or that they ought to be without limit. It is as essential for it to be able to do what the public weal requires, as to be limited from doing the

contrary; and for them to be limited from usurping, as to be able to prevent from misuse, its powers. Of course it is as essential for them as for it, to be duly limited; and to a large extent it must form their limits.

In the teeth of daily fact it is erroneously assumed that the legislature is independent of the executive, because it is so in law and name; in reality, the independence has little existence, and frequently it has none. The executive (I know not that the chief magistrate can be excepted—at least, he cannot in republics) must, in the nature of things, consist of the heads of a party; these heads form a part of the legislature, and their servile followers form its most powerful division, and often its great majority; consequently, a large portion of it always, and what is equal to the whole frequently, yields them as servile obedience as the law could prescribe.

Casting aside the forms and names, the legislature is an assembly which is divided into various parties; two of the most powerful continually war with each other for the reins of government, and that which is the strongest forms the executive. This, from the nature of man, must be the case, no matter how it may be chosen. So far are its members from even being intended to be independent of, and to merely judge and limit, the executive, that a large portion of them are expressly elected to be, and support in all things, the latter; another large portion are expressly elected to oppose the executive, whether right or wrong, and to do every thing possible to rule in its stead; and scarcely any are elected to support or oppose it according to its conduct alone. This forms a ludicrous contrast to the pompous assertions that the legislature exists in perfect independence, solely to judge and control the executive, and especially to the dismal complaints of electors that it will not so exist and act.

Thus the legislature is even intentionally, in essentials, the executive also. The most powerful division of it is the executive; the next is the limiting or legislative part; and the minor ones hold the casting vote between the two majors. To render the latter independent of, and yet cause them to control, each other—to make each triumphant against the other for good, and yet powerless for evil—to

keep them opposed to each other on public affairs, without opposing either to the public weal;—to do all this, when up to a high point they cannot be placed under law or rule, but must act from discretion, is therefore the great and most difficult problem. Although every cobbler, in these days, thinks himself master of it, I fear it has never yet received satisfactory solution from the wit of man.

In reality, the executive consists of a party which comprehends a large part of the general population, as well as of the legislature; the limitations on it consist of a similar party. These two parties or divisions of the community are in the main actuated by separate, conflicting, and private interests; each seeks partly the benefit of the divisions of the community contained in it, and principally to preserve or obtain the executive offices. There must be such parties—they must be moved by such vicious and dangerous motives, or free and good government can have no being. Formed as man is, he can only be depended on for doing his duty when he is incited by personal gain.

The diversity of interest and feeling which society must contain continually impels some parts to seek to tyrannise over and injure others; while separate interest and feeling split society into countless divisions. In proportion as the power of electing what is called the legislature may be divided amidst the divisions, the legislature itself will be divided into parties, and *vice versa*. If the power be confined to one division, or one combination of divisions having common interests and feelings, the legislature will consist of one party, which will resolve itself into an absolute executive, and sacrifice one part of the community to the other. Furious parties may divide it for the possession of office; but they will be unanimous, and one only in general principle and tyranny.

When we look at the matters on which it is the more necessary to limit the executive, we find that only a few of them affect all equally. This law exists for the especial benefit of one class or interest, and that for the especial benefit of another. The case is similar with institutions: in general policy different branches are intended to serve different orders and divisions of property. We see that laws, insti-

tutions, and general policy, are, like population and property, divided into two great parts, and that each great combination of population and property eternally wars against that part of them intended for the benefit of the other. The executive will zealously protect the part of them designed for the advantage of the combination to which it belongs, but it will continually assail the other part. A Whig ministry needs no limitation, to restrain it from attacking the laws which give elective power to the people, or the institutions of the dissenters, or free-trade points of policy; but potent limitation can alone prevent it from assailing the laws which yield political power to the aristocracy, the church, or the commercial restrictions enjoyed by the colonies, &c. With a Tory ministry the case would be reversed, but limitation would be equally necessary. If there were at present no Tories in parliament, there would doubtless be a furious opposition, headed by such men as Sir H. Parnell and Mr. Hume; but, standing on the same combination with the Whig executive, it would only war against ministers for not going far enough where limitation would be really necessary, and goad them forward in injustice and tyranny.

As the executive must, in the nature of things, have a deep private interest in acting for the exclusive advantage of one great combination of population and property against the others, it cannot be duly limited if the limiting party have not a similar interest in so acting for the other. If the latter can reap no personal profit from opposing the executive, it is pretty sure to let it do what it pleases. As this limiting party ought to have a deep private interest in acting for the exclusive benefit of one of the great combinations against the other, it is essential for the executive to have a similar interest in so acting for the other. To incite both to proper exertion, it is essential for them to have the dignities and emoluments of office to contend for.

It is foolishly ascertained, that popular opinion and the press will commonly operate as an effective limitation on the executive party. The latter has the most influential part of the press as an instrument, and on many of the matters which call the most for limitation it has popular opinion for one also. If the present executive had framed such

a reform bill as would have wholly destroyed the political power of the better classes, and, to carry it, had added one hundred new members of its own selecting to the House of Commons, and suppressed entirely the House of Lords, it would have been fiercely supported by the more powerful part of the press and popular opinion. If it should seek to abolish the corn-law, or destroy the protections of the colonies, or transfer all taxes to the owners and occupiers of land, or seize the property of the church, or perpetrate various other acts of oppression and tyranny, both would assist it to the utmost. In some matters the press and popular opinion will operate as limitations; but in many others of the first moment they will be exactly the reverse—they will mightily aid the executive in trampling on its limitations. They are governed very largely by the state of parties in the legislature. In proportion as the legislative or limiting party is powerful, able, eloquent, and active in keeping its side of the press in due efficiency, they are divided between it and the executive one; and in proportion as it is the contrary, they unanimously support the executive one in almost any iniquity. But a moment ago the press, in its more influential part and popular opinion, were doing every thing possible to incite and assist government in the most foul injustice and tyranny.

It is abundantly manifest that the proper limiting of the executive and enjoyment of general and equal liberty, depend mainly on the limiting party, or what we call the opposition. The House of Commons, according to its understood duties and uses, consists chiefly of this party, and not of its whole body; it must be only a sweeping despotism, if the party be without power to perform the labours imposed on it. The minor and umpire parties can do nothing without this. The executive one must be the strongest; therefore it will always have rather too much than too little power for discharging its official duties and protecting its own combination of population and property. To give, then, the requisite strength and character to the limiting party, forms the master difficulty of the problem. It is here where republics have failed; in labouring to enable their legislature to dictate, they made it an executive nearly free from

all, save needless limitation. Theirs is the error of our own government-manufacturers, whose efforts all tend to make the limiting and minor parties as powerless as possible, and of course to establish an unlimited executive. Their object is to give the body of the people absolute control over the better classes and the executive; but the absolute control must necessarily be, not only a tyranny, but a tyranny exercised by an executive—a government; and, like a kingly one, it must be exercised to rob, injure, oppress, and destroy.

To give the limiting party the requisite strength and character, these matters are clearly indispensable:—1. It must have reasonable hope of gaining office, or it will make no proper exertion. 2. It must be bound by interest to defend what the executive is likely to assail, or its exertions will be rather injurious than beneficial in respect of limitation. 3. It must be so constituted, that in opposing the government it may not be a source of disaffection and convulsion. 4. It must be always qualified by talent and knowledge to form the executive. And, 5. It must be sufficiently numerous to outnumber the executive one, when aided by the minor or umpire parties. The two great parties must alternately form the limiting one, and provision must be made for insuring these matters to and in both equally.

That which is the great essential for giving real equality of individual representation, is also the same for making this provision. After receiving a part of the legislature for the minor or umpire parties, the rest ought to be equally divided between the two great conflicting combinations of population and property. As the members of the legislature act according to the interests and sentiments of the separate parts of the community which elect them, it follows, that in proportion as the power of election may be equally divided between these combinations, the numerical strength of the two parties will be equalised.

In bestowing, with the reservation I have named, half the legislature on each combination, care must be taken to give every component part of the combination its proper share. Every division of population or property which has interests liable to attack, at least, ought to participate. There are, in hostility, first, the aristocracy and

democracy, then the church and dissenters, then agriculture and manufactures, then the colonial and shipping interests on one side, and foreign merchants on the other, &c. &c. These naturally form themselves into the two great combinations, of which the aristocracy, church, agriculture, colonial and shipping interests, &c. constitute one, and the other bodies and interests the other. In proportion as its half of the legislature may be duly divided amidst the various parts of the combination, the limiting party, whichever it may be, will labour to apply limitation where it is really needful; and *vice versa*. Divide the legislature even equally between the aristocracy and the less exalted classes; and while they will furiously contend for their own separate interests, they will neglect or invade those of the rest of the community. Let one party be elected by the democracy and dissenters, and the other by a few trading interests, to the exclusion of the aristocracy and churchmen, and the former must be omnipotent against the latter. Compose the legislature of men chosen by the dissenters, and the church, with her members, must be defenceless against a hostile executive; exclude from all share in electing it the landed and colonial interests, and they must be the same: the party opposed to each executive will act against them, or be neutral—depending for being, as it must do, on their enemies.

This is so abundantly verified by daily experience, that it might be thought no one would dream of doubting it; and yet it has been broadly denied by two such able and experienced men as the prime minister and Lord Harrowby. These peers very lately asserted that the landowners and more respectable manufacturers had a common interest, and therefore no necessity existed for forming a balance of elective power between them. I readily admit the common and real interest; but the question is, Will it, or a separate and supposed interest, be obeyed? For an answer, let us look at very recent history. In 1825, the master manufacturers met in public, and petitioned for a great change in the corn-laws, and the landowners differed from them altogether. Since that time, the woollen manufacturers and landowners were hotly at issue touching the import of foreign wool. These

divisions of society differ very widely, at this moment, on the commercial policy which has been adopted, and several leading points of taxation. In reality, Lords Grey and Harrowby say the landed interest would be as equitably taxed and fully protected as it now is, if parliament were wholly chosen by the master manufacturers; and such a proposition is unworthy disproof. On some matters which do not particularly affect their separate interests, these parts of the community think alike; but on all others they differ.

Although the Whig Reform-bill does not go so far as those who think themselves the most knowing in the science of government desire, it evidently is founded on a false principle; there is about as much error in giving the vote to the tale of houses, as to that of individuals. Let us suppose this case. A borough contains five hundred houses, of such rent as entitles the occupiers to vote; and they are occupied by fifty shipowners, fifty colonial merchants, fifty foreign merchants, fifty people of independent fortune, two hundred shopkeepers, and one hundred of the more respectable labourers. Now, putting influence out of sight, which cannot be relied on, the shopkeepers and labourers have complete command of the election; the colonial and foreign merchants, also the latter and the shipowners, are from interest bitterly opposed to each other; the shopkeepers, labourers, foreign merchants, and at least half the people of fortune, are likely to vote against the rest, and carry the election by 375 against 125.

In this case, the shipowners and colonial merchants can have no representation, actual or virtual; the representative must be hostile to them from creed, and to please his real constituents; whatever party divisions there may be in the legislature, there can be no party to defend them; and in respect of their peculiar interests, they must be at the mercy of the executive. Who monopolise the power of election here? People whose special interests need no protection, and incite them to attack the just ones of their fellow-subjects.

Looking at this with reference to individual representation, we find it destroys the latter; the individual, indeed, has a worthless vote, but he is denied all effective share in electing the legis-

lature, solely because he has special interests to protect which are in peril. Looking at it with regard to property, which the late ministers said was the basis of their bill, we see it excludes the kinds of property from representation which are assailed. It is notorious that the divisions of property are as much at variance as those of population; and yet we are gravely assured that all are equally represented, because every housekeeper who pays a certain rent has a vote, when it is manifest that the divisions which scarcely need protection have a monopoly of representation against those they seek to ruin. The representation of property is thus destroyed like that of the individual.

Speaking from this, touching the community at large, all may see that colonial proprietors and merchants, shipowners, bankers, and many other parts of the population, must be, in respect of their particular interests, without representatives, and that many vast divisions of property must be so likewise: of course, in regard to them, the executive will really be without limitations. The different divisions of population and property which have similar interests combine, and the party they send to the legislature defends the weakest as zealously as the strongest of them. Thus a comparatively few members possessed by one of them is sufficient for gaining it the support of the whole Tory or Whig party. As the shopkeepers and labourers have, in all places, similar interests and sentiments, they must with the ascendancy every where elect representatives of the same party; consequently, in denying to the divisions of population and property in question the representatives they have a right to, so much is done to prevent the establishment of the necessary party-balance in parliament, and disabling the limiting party for doing its duty.

Turning to religious bodies, the Whig Reform-bill, by giving the vote to the tale of occupancy, deprives the Irish Protestants almost altogether of representatives, in regard to not only their religious, but all their interests. The effect must be to give, on more important matters, nearly all the Irish members to one party in parliament, instead of dividing them. This single point is almost sufficient for preventing the existence of the requisite party ba-

lance, and keeping the Protestants constantly at the mercy of an executive hostile to them.

It is from all this demonstrable, that to regulate the vote by individual right, or the tale of occupancy, must deprive vast divisions of population and property of representation in respect of their special interests, free the executive to a great extent from limitation, and, by preventing a balance of parties, tend to make the executive generally despotic; and also, that to give equal representation to the individual and property, the community must be looked at as two great bodies, each consisting of the divisions of population and property which are likely, from similarity of interest and feeling, to act together at elections; the legislature, with the reservation I have mentioned, must be equally divided between them; and then the members given to each must be divided in due proportion amidst the divisions of which it is composed. By this the few and weak will be placed on a level with the many and powerful, and the legislature will be truly an epitome of the community. Without it there can be no equal representation, no duly restricted executive, no real free government.

The bestowal of two members on each place is highly necessary. The minority, without the second, must commonly have in its pretended representative a deadly enemy; therefore the means of neutralising his vote is of great value. The benefit of the second member is in a great measure confined to the minority and limiting party; therefore it is of the first use in placing the executive under limitations.

That its exertions in respect of limitation may be duly successful, and that it may be properly qualified for replacing the executive one whenever the latter may be unfit to hold office, it is evident the limiting party ought always to fully equal the executive in general ability. Numbers, without this, will be of small value. This vital matter, as I have already observed, is disregarded; and in schemes for selecting rulers and functionaries to judge and restrain rulers, no provision is made for insuring that at least a portion of them shall possess the requisite qualifications. Our own reformers find a system which, whatever its defects may be, is admirably perfect for giving an abundant portion of talent and ex-

perience to both the great parties, and for giving as much to the limiting one as to the executive; they sweep it away, and deny that any substitute touching this part of its fruits is needed. Theirs is not the error of omitting to provide: it is the guilt of destroying.

If the leaders on both sides be dependent on popular election, the case must stand thus: the executive will be compelled to have its own elected; it will have the king's name, mighty patronage, and the public money, to gain their election with, and, if it be the democratic party, it will have popular enthusiasm also. The limiting party will be free from the compulsion; it will have only its personal resources, and, if it be the aristocratic party, it will have popular enthusiasm against it. The executive, especially if it be the democratic party, will commonly be able to exclude the leaders of the limiting party, or at least the main part of them, from parliament; and thus will be almost tantamount to making itself despotic.

Thus the executive is to be enabled to keep out of the legislature all who may be capable of judging its measures and exposing its misconduct—all who may be capable of effectually resisting it, and acting in its place: every man may see that a measure for taking from the party which opposes the ministry its men of talent, eloquence, industry, and knowledge of public affairs, must be one to enable the ministry to do almost any thing. The loss must fall wholly on the limiting party and freedom; and, of course, it must be so much gain to the executive and tyranny; it must virtually be the establishment of tyranny.

As each party is, and ought to be, in turn the limiting one, both should possess easy and certain means of keeping constantly in the legislature the necessary portion of ability.

The great parties in the body must grow out of separate interest, and they ought to protect it, but they should be restricted from sacrificing to it the public weal. Care must therefore be taken to prevent their creeds and conduct from being injurious to the empire. The creed of each should evidently comprehend the protection and benefit of every division of population and property which is exposed to the hostility of the other, without containing

any thing revolutionary; and the conduct of each ought to be free from all tendency to produce disaffection and convulsion. Here, also, it is of the first necessity to bestow a proper share of the legislature on every division of population and property. In proportion as this may be done, not only will the creed of each party be complete in respect of protection and limitation, but it will be preserved from injurious doctrines and projects, and the conduct of each will be bound from what is pernicious. If the one party consist solely of the lower classes, and such of the middles ones as are identified with them in feeling, and the other of the aristocracy, the war between them must be one of extermination and public ruin. To prevent them from producing almost every imaginable national ill, every effort must be made to keep them from being, in the first place, purely an aristocratic party and a democratic one; and in the second, mainly two hostile religious bodies.

The first great instrument of prevention must be formed by the members of the smaller divisions of population and property. From the respectability and special interests of their electors, they will be powerful means of restraint, and of giving a mixed political and religious character to their respective parties; they will temper the democratic party with an infusion of aristocracy, and the aristocratic one with an infusion of democracy. If the Whigs be composed of the lower classes, Catholics, Protestant dissenters, manufacturers, and merchants; the lower classes will be checked by the other members; Protestant will restrain Catholic; the party will be deterred from attempting any thing very injurious to public interests, by the certainty that the attempt would lose it half its strength; thus the parts will curb each other. But let it consist of the lower orders, or Catholics, only, and it will contain no internal means of restriction. The great cause why our parties have hitherto worked so well is to be found here.

As a second means of prevention, the leaders of both parties ought to be rendered independent, in a great measure, of the followers in respect of election. It is manifestly essential for them to be as impartial as possible between the different classes and interests, and they must be the contrary

in proportion as they may depend for election on the mass of the followers. On this point turn the questions, whether the Whigs shall be led by such men as Sir J. Graham and Mr. Stanley, or Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell—whether the followers shall receive temperate and wise opinion from, or give violent and pernicious opinion to, the leaders. The latter will still be abundantly dependent on the body, and they will be sure to attend sufficiently to its interests; therefore they ought, even for the sake of these interests, to be free to judge of what will really benefit it, and to restrain it in its errors. It is manifest that this must determine whether both parties shall be led by fiery zealots and profligate demagogues, or sober, upright men; and, of course, that it is essential towards placing both under proper self-government. Here is another leading cause why our parties have displayed such good conduct.

Something must here be said exclusively of the democratic and dissenting party, which in the nature of things must always be one of the great ones. It is essential that this party should be as well qualified in every way to hold office as the other, and for it to hold it equally in rotation. It is a matter of the utmost difficulty to preserve it from being destructively despotic, or impotent—to combine its democratic and anti-church spirit with necessary respect for the aristocracy and the national religion. Saying nothing of its other uses, the proper being of this party in our monarchy is of the very first importance for keeping down a pure democratic one, hostile to all public institutions; if it do not so exist, the other must.

The institution which the Peers constitute is to judge, and when needful to place a negative on, the measures of the other branch of the legislature. Assuming that it is composed, or ought to be, of men who will discharge the duty impartially and wisely, it follows that the ruling part of the Commons ought generally to adopt only such measures as it will sanction. This general harmony, of course, is to be maintained with perfect independence on both sides, and only through the measures of the Commons being such as an impartial and wise House of Peers can concur in. The irresistible deduction is, that the party in question must

be so constructed that it may, as the executive, and consequently the ruling part of the Commons, adopt such measures alone. Without this, it will either be for ever excluded from office, or it will only gain it to destroy both the Peers and the constitution.

It cannot be so constructed if it do not possess a fair proportion of aristocratic members—these being not crazy enthusiasts, unprincipled traitors to their own order; but able, honourable men. It cannot gain such members, if its creed and conduct be such as they cannot sanction, or it be without means of obtaining office. And to possess the things for gaining them, it must comprehend an ample proportion of the representatives of the smaller divisions of population and property, and its leaders must be duly independent in their election. In proportion as its leaders may be furious democrats, and its creed and objects may strike at property and institutions, not only the aristocracy, but also the wealthy classes, will unanimously oppose it, and it will be disabled for gaining office save through revolution. Nothing could well be more erroneous than the idea that the legitimate success of this party will be promoted by giving the less exalted classes an undue share in electing the House of Commons, and especially its leaders; it must combine all the other classes with the aristocracy against it, and render it powerless for every thing but crime and evil.

Connected as the other party is with the aristocracy, it is necessary for it to be tempered with a strong infusion of democratic feeling; and that it may be so, it must comprehend a full portion of the representatives I have just mentioned, its leaders must be duly independent, and the democratic party must be rightly constructed. If the democracy be combined, so must be the aristocracy.

Although these parties must be formed, and to a large extent regulated, by the parties out of the legislature, they have mighty effect in influencing and guiding the latter. On their construction, creed, and conduct, depend those of the press. In proportion as they may be duly compounded of all divisions of population and property, the press will advocate the interests of all; and *vice versa*: to the extent in which either may assail institutions and the public weal, the press will do

the same. Public opinion, and the conduct of not only the body of the community, but also the independent part of it, must therefore be very largely under their dictation.

Nature forms the aristocracy and democracy, property and population, the church and dissenting bodies; they are the raw materials, and the art of free government consists in such manufacture of them as will leave them what they are for purposes of self-defence and just benefit, but yet give them in other respects common characteristics. No matter who the great parties may comprehend as members, the one will always be preferred by the aristocracy, property, and the church; and the other by the democracy, population, and the dissenters; each will adopt the spirit, and combat for the separate interests, of its supporters. This is not more unavoidable than necessary. And the art is, to use the pecuniary, religious, and political interests of every division, and to dispose of power and restraints, in such manner that, while each party may defend and promote its just separate interests, it may make as wise and upright a government as the other—that the democratic party, as well as the other, may duly attend to the separate benefit of its component parts, and still as the executive be bound from injuring that of the adverse part of the community, and from being a worse manager of public affairs than its great rival.

Our reforming statesmen act on the reverse. They endeavour, in the first place, to prevent compound in parties, and to keep them pure from diversity of interest and sentiment; in the second, to make the leaders slavishly dependent on the followers, even for opinion; and, in the third, to sever the aristocracy and democracy wholly from, and pit them against, each other. Theirs is to be not only an unmixed democratic executive, but one that will oppose and crush the aristocracy in every way, exercise boundless tyranny against all who may oppose it, and be on policy the reverse in all matters of an aristocratic one. I will only ask, How such an executive and a House of Peers can exist together? The reformers admit that it could not exist with the present house; and evidently no house could be formed which would be so democratic as to assist regularly in producing its own bondage and destruction.

When it is notorious that the minor parties decide between the great ones, and frequently determine which of the latter shall be the executive, and what questions shall be carried or rejected ; moreover, when it is obvious to every one that it must depend very largely on them, whether the government and its policy shall be tyrannical and ruinous, or the contrary, it is astonishing that state projectors never make an effort to give them the proper character. Our own reformers do their best to suppress them utterly, which is doing much towards freeing the executive from limitation ; because these parties are indispensable for giving effect to the limiting one. It is a matter of vital importance, that a certain and not very small part of the legislature be reserved as I have mentioned, to be elected by such selected parts of the community as can be relied on for knowledge, virtue, and impartiality, in order that a fit umpire may be created. For some time the Radical and Catholic parties have formed the umpire in our House of Commons.

But a legislature may be constructed in the best manner possible, and still it will be extremely defective if confined to one assembly. The two great parties are actuated by separate and private interests ; the umpire can do nothing against them if they combine, — it cannot prevent them from combining, it can carry nothing of its own, it can only judge of what they may think good to place before it, and no such regular equality of numbers can be established as will enable it always to give victory to the right side. Republics have found it necessary to divide the legislature into two distinct parts, and to give each, up to a certain point, distinct powers : even in them the division has been made from the same reasons which have dictated it in this country.

Our government-improvers represent that the general interests of the aristocracy are opposed to those of the rest of the community, and that the House of Peers, as a part of the legislature, exists for its sole benefit. If this were true, I would loudly echo it ; but I can only find evidence that it is the reverse of truth. In respect of agriculture, the peer has only a common interest with all middling and small landowners, farmers, husbandry-labourers, and a vast body of dependent

manufacturers and traders. Touching the church, he has only a common interest with the body of the community. With regard to laws and institutions generally, he has only a common interest with all people of property and respectability. Even popular privileges are of great value to him. He benefits more from free government than the poor, or any other man ; therefore he has the deepest interest in its preservation. No other individual can be found whose separate and private interests on the one hand are so closely identified with those of the mass of the population, or of it collectively, and on the other are so little opposed to those of any of its divisions. As to his peculiar privileges, they are given him for public good ; and as they are evidently of the first value to the latter, he defends it in defending them. His powers are so far from being calculated to enable him to look solely or principally at the interests of the aristocracy, that they expressly restrain him from it. Contributing more than any other man to the revenue, he is in a great measure prohibited from intermeddling with the imposition of taxes and the management of the public purse ; that he may not give undue preference to these interests, he is in several ways bound from rendering them even adequate protection.

I am an Englishman, and I will not disgrace the land of my birth, love, and pride, by joining in falsehood and slander, to please my deluded countrymen. Member of the democracy though I be, are not these defamed peers my brothers ?

And those improvers represent that, because the other division of the legislature consists of the Commons, it ought to be elected mainly by the middle and lower classes, and to attend exclusively to their particular interests. I dissent from them here also, because their representations are self-evidently false. Who are the Commons ? The whole population, rich and poor, high and low, saving the peers. The word 'commoner is to distinguish all men indiscriminately from peers. How has the House of Commons hitherto, according to definite law and not opinion, been elected ? The brother and son of the peer have even been eligible to sit in it, and a vast portion of the lower classes have been prohibited from sharing in its election, expressly that a full

share might be enjoyed by the more wealthy ones. The peer, but not his family, has been restricted from sharing, only on account of his possessing a seat in the other house; and the Irish peer, because he has had no such seat, has been free from the restriction. The House of Commons has intentionally, hitherto, belonged equally to all parts of the community—to the aristocracy as well as the democracy,—with the exception of certain public functionaries, who have been only excepted on the score of their being such. Putting the latter out of sight, it, in duties and powers, knows no distinctions between class and class—between the aristocracy and democracy.

The truth is, the House of Peers and the House of Commons equally exist for the full benefit of all parts of the population; the first exists as much for the benefit of the lower classes as the last, and the last as much for that of the upper ones as the first. This is not the less true because their duties and mode of construction are different. The House of Peers exists to preserve the necessary balance of power in the other house,—virtually to aid and correct the limiting and umpire parties in the latter, by rendering inoperative its acts of error, tyranny, and injustice, and performing what it may neglect or overlook. It is to do this in favour of all classes, without distinction; to it the beggar as well as the noble is to appeal against the other house, and from it both are to receive equal attention.

But though the two houses form parts of one whole, the difference in their duties renders it necessary for their construction to be totally different. To a large extent, the House of Peers acts as judge and umpire to the other; and it would be only a mockery if both were formed alike. While it is essential for the Commons to be divided into parties, and actuated by separate, private interest, as I have described, it is equally so for the Peers to be free from party divisions and all interested motives. If they cannot, from human imperfection, be kept free from these in the whole, every thing possible ought to be done to keep them so in the majority.

The restraining power possessed by each house over the other is one of the most invaluable parts of our system, yet at this moment it is in sundry

ways menaced with destruction. According to the constitution, the House of Peers can carry nothing alone, and it cannot compel or move the other house to carry any thing. It is powerless for change and aggression, but omnipotent for preservation and defence; in consequence, while it is effectually restrained from producing, it is armed with abundant means for preventing, serious evil. Without its laws and institutions, property and equality of freedom and right could have no stability; with it, nothing, if it duly use its powers, can harm them.

When Earl Grey and other reformers are out of office, they insist that the House of Commons ought to control the executive; when they are in it, they can only tolerate a house which will be their slavish instrument. The truth is, this house must, in the nature of things, commonly be, to a large extent, under the control of the executive; the latter must, in general matters, lead the majority, to exist. When this is the case, the leading acts of the house must virtually be those of the executive; and the Peers, in differing from the former, must commonly differ from the latter; when they agree with the house, that will only be done which would be if they had no being.

When the Peers take the part of the executive against the other house, they can only enable the former to resist, preserve, and defend; they cannot give it the power to carry any measure. The authority which the Commons possess over the supplies renders it impossible for the Peers to keep a ministry in office against their will, or to prevent them from resolving their own majority into the ministry. Thus the Commons and executive are, to a very great extent, identified by powers and functions; I care not what names and doctrines may be, I speak of reality and practice; the House of Peers cannot separate them, or enable the latter of them to dictate to the former.

This demonstrates that the Peers operate mainly as a limit on the executive,—that the benefits they yield are chiefly confined to the limiting part of the legislature. History shows that they have generally opposed the executive when they have opposed the Commons.

“How any intelligent man, and especially any minister of England,” can

entertain the monstrous doctrine, that the House of Peers ought never to differ in important matters from the other house, particularly if the latter and the executive agree, I cannot conjecture. It exists to act as a judge,—as a court of revision and appeal, to the Commons; yet the judge is to have no power of deliberation and judgment; the court of revision and appeal is only to be suffered to affirm. As the executive generally commands a majority of the Commons, to give it the power of compelling the Peers, by creation at will, to obey the latter, must of necessity be to enable it to free itself from both limitation and responsibility. It will never exercise the power for any other purpose.

If the Peers differ from the Commons only on particular questions, it can produce no material injury; public interest did not suffer because for many years they differed on the Catholic question. If the difference extend to public affairs generally, it must be highly mischievous; but it does not follow that the establishment of virtually despotic government is to be the remedy. For the sake of freedom and right, an institution like the House of Peers must exist in either a monarchy or a republic; it must exist in constant independence; for its independence, if once invaded, must be for ever destroyed: therefore, in case of general difference, a remedy must be found in a new construction of the House of Commons; no other is reconcilable with a limited government.

If the House of Peers possess a positive control over the other house, it must, from the connexion of the latter with the executive, be a tyranny over both; and it is as essential for it to be restrained from being this, as for it to be protected from being their slave.

From what I have said, it is evident,

1. That if the House of Commons control the House of Peers, or it be made a rule for the latter to obey it in all things, both must virtually be rendered the instruments of a despotic executive.

2. That if the Executive be clothed with the power to create peers at pleasure, in order to keep the two houses in harmony, it must be a practical tyranny, omnipotent against both.

3. That it is the sacred duty of the Peers to place themselves in collision

with the Commons, whenever they may think it called for by the public weal; and that on their faithful discharge of this duty depends the real independence of the Commons, and the protection of property, institutions, the minority, and even the body of the community, from a lawless despotism.

4. That while it is essential for the Peers to have no direct control or ascendancy over the Commons, it is equally so for the latter to be so equitably elected by population and property—all classes and divisions, the aristocracy as well as the democracy—that its measures may be of such character as the institution which the peers are intended to form may generally sanction.

- And, 5. That the perfect independence of the Peers is exercised mainly to resist the combined Commons and executive, and to preserve the independence of the general legislature; and if they fail, limited government and freedom must fall with it.

Of course, the reformers, in the new power they are bestowing on prerogative, are in effect labouring to establish a servile legislature and an unlimited executive. It is no longer a slumbering, unimportant question, shunned by all, but a leading tenet of the apostate and traitorous Whigs, that the crown has a right to create peers at will, to carry any political and party measure; therefore, final decision must now be made. If the Tories wish to redeem their character, and protect themselves in future from the heaviest visitations, they will at once introduce a law for placing prerogative on this point, like every thing else in our system, under proper regulation and limit. Such law could not be injurious, because it is scarcely possible for a large creation of political peers to be ever necessary, on the score of public interest; and without it, the institutions and liberties of the empire have no security.

Perhaps I ought to notice the monstrous plea, that the Whigs had a right to create peers in order to balance the Tory creations of former periods. Every one must perceive, that, from both its peculiar legislative functions and its judicial ones, the House of Peers ought to be preserved to the farthest point from party feeling. If it be in any degree pervaded by such feeling, this is a great evil, which ought, as far as human infirmity will permit, to be cor-

rected; but the Whig doctrine is, that because the evil exists, it ought to be enlarged to the utmost. If every ministry, on its accession to office, is to have the power of creating peers to give itself the majority, it will only select fierce partisans, and, of course, the house must, in its majority, consist only of unprincipled party fanatics. I may repeat, what has been so often shewn, that this involves the utter destruction of ministerial responsibility. The party spirit which exists in the house only proves that the power to create peers ought to be exercised in the most sparing manner, and never to create political ones. I may observe, that the new power of making political ones, taking into account the general politics of the sovereign, would operate far more fatally against the Whigs than the Tories: armed with it, a Tory ministry might triumphantly maintain itself in office against every enemy: in the hands of a Whig king and ministry, however, it might inflict deadly injury on the Tories. I call on the latter to suppress it now and for ever: let even the sovereign, to protect himself and his successors from what he has so recently suffered, think the call worthy of being attended to.

By our constitution, the crown is, to a certain extent, invested with a legislative and limiting character; the restraining power I have named is also bestowed on it; and the two parts of the legislature cannot jointly or severally carry any thing without its sanction. Modern statesmen, however, have practically stripped it of this power; for the fashionable doctrine among them is, that no minister ought to advise the crown to reject what both houses of parliament may carry. I wholly dissent from them. First, the Peers are to lose the restraining power, and to obey the dictates of the Commons; then the crown is to lose it, and to sanction whatever the Commons and their noble menials of the other house may command; and what next? the Commons, of course, resolve themselves into a despotic ministry and the slaves of one—into an absolute executive, of which the sovereign in effect forms no part, and which tramples on every limit. The doctrine really strikes mainly at the personal rights of the sovereign; for no measure could well pass both houses of parliament without the sanction of his ministers.

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While the power possessed by the sovereign of selecting his ministers, or determining which party shall rule, has tremendous effect on the party balance, it is in the highest degree liable to abuse. On transferring office from one party to another, he transfers with it a mighty party of his own—a considerable number of votes in the legislature, and gigantic influence of other kinds over the latter in his friends' name, public functionaries, patronage, and the power to dissolve parliament. A mere threat of such dissolution often turns the majority. Unfortunately, a king of this country is always in a situation to be bought by a party at the cost of the public: he has personal needs and whims to gratify, and a party may preserve or gain office by promising them gratification. Farther, while he ought to be impartial touching parties and measures, it is not in human nature for him to be so; and he can scarcely avoid being a furious partisan in regard to both. Moreover, the responsibility of ministers makes him think it almost a duty to obey, and serve in all public matters the ministers he prefers.

Thus little dependance can be placed on the sovereign for exercising his mighty power over the party balance impartially and wisely. I doubt whether any thing but compulsion could have caused George III., with all his virtues, to endure a Whig ministry. No one could have dreamed that George IV. would cast from him the honourable part of both Tories and Whigs, and give power to a party compounded of traitorous Tories, ultra Whigs, and Radicals. It would not have been thought possible, before the present reign, for the sovereign to listen for a moment to a proposal for virtually suppressing the House of Peers by wholesale political creation. In truth, the sovereign must commonly be an adherent of party; he is allied with one and the executive, and he cannot well avoid being an instrument of both. The limiting power, he nominally possesses over the legislature, however specious it may appear, is really any thing rather than a limiting one. There is small danger that both houses will pass such measures as he cannot assent to, if his ministers do not concur in them; or that they will combine in any way against him. His power to dissolve the Commons, if they will not

support his ministers, is either without effect, or it places them under the dictation of his ministers. In reality it is exercised by, and to serve, a party; it is exercised by the executive to obtain control over the House of Commons; and so far is it from allowing the community to choose a new house impartially, that it enables the executive, by means of its gigantic influence, almost to control the election. It is frequently exercised to destroy an independent house, and force a servile one on the country; not to limit the legislature, but to free the executive from limit.

To enable the sovereign, speaking of him individually, to use it properly, it is essential for the two great parties, of the legislature to be equalised in strength and talent, and also for the electors to be divided, as I have stated. It is idle to empower him to change his ministers, if he can only find one kind, or to change the House of Commons, if there be only one party of electors. If the parliamentary leaders and electors of one party greatly predominate, the power will be useless to him, and it will only be exercised to make this party omnipotent against both him and the country.

The same things are essential for compelling him to use it properly. The legislature is also to limit him; and it cannot discharge its duties if it do not limit him from appointing an unfit ministry. If the electors consist mainly of the party which he prefers, the power will enable him and his ministers to drive the limiting party almost out of parliament. If the leaders of the latter party have to depend on expensive popular election, they will have to contend against his name, patronage, the public purse, and often popular frenzy; therefore he will be able to expel them from parliament, and this alone will suffice for making him master of it. In addition, let him create peers at will, and it must be at his mercy. Five able, eloquent, and experienced leaders in the House of Commons, would alone be more effective, as a limitation, than two hundred followers of the ordinary character; and he would speedily subdue a majority of the house, should it be without proper heads.

The only two things which can prevail against the executive at a general election are, popular enthusiasm, and

the influence of rank and property: the first is likely to support or oppose it when it ought to do the contrary, and the last alone can be relied on for opposing an unfit and dangerous one. Enable the executive to create peers at will, and thereby to gain or neutralise, by division, rank and property, and no security will exist against its making the most tyrannical and destructive use of its power to dissolve parliament.

Some of the Tories argue that the crown ought always to possess sufficient power in parliament to carry its measures: they evidently mean that the sovereign ought to be able to keep any ministers in office he may prefer, and that these ministers ought to be able to carry any thing they may think fit. The doctrine is so unconstitutional, that it is utterly subversive of free government. The power of the sovereign to select ministers, and of the latter to act, is, in the nature of things, a limited one: he must select such only as parliament will support, and they must do only what it will sanction, or evidently he must be practically despotic. We have merely to look at the choice made by George the Fourth, after the death of Lord Liverpool, and at what has been done in the present reign, to be assured that the sovereign will sometimes choose the worst party, and that it will adopt pernicious policy; yet the doctrine really is, that in such case the crown or executive ought to be irresistible in parliament—nay, it maintains, in effect, that in the last year the crown ought to have been able to carry the reform bill or any other measure its Whig servants might have introduced. The truth is, the crown, with one ministry or another, must always have too much power, rather than too little; and it is just as essential for it to be restrained from making a wrong use of this power, as for it to be enabled to make a right one.

The Tories have represented that the Whig reform bill will exclude them from office for ever: I differ from them so far, that my fear is it will impose the eternal exclusion on the Whigs. Its vital errors are these: it practically strips intermediate classes and interests of election power, and confines it mainly to the aristocracy and democracy in their more political and hostile character; by making the leaders of the great parties dependent

on popular election, it compels them to be fierce aristocrats and democrats, and it enables the executive to exclude those of the limiting one in a great measure from parliament; in conjunction with the new power of creating peers, it makes it almost impossible for any leaders of the limiting party to gain seats, save furious and profligate democrats; and it restrains party creeds to the differences between a low democracy and an aristocracy. All this, in my eyes, involves the annihilation of genuine Whigs and Whiggism; it leaves room only for the existence of the Tories and Radicals, or Liberals. The bill divides power between the aristocracy and democracy; and any inequality which it makes in favour of the latter, is counterpoised by the compulsion which it imposes on the better and more exalted part of the Whigs to join the Tories. It leaves the crown abundant power to turn the scale at pleasure. In such case we must take into account the course likely to be pursued by the sovereign. It was said by one that the king must be, *ex officio*, a Tory; and it may be taken for granted that he will be generally, *ex officio*, an aristocrat rather than a democrat. The bill will confine the sovereign to the Tories; and, with the Tory executive armed with the power of creating peers at pleasure, in addition to its other mighty means of influencing elections on one side, the Liberal favoured by popular enthusiasm on the other, the Whig aristocracy and wealth compelled to support the Tories or be neutral, the unhappy Whig leader, destitute of his close borough, must renounce his creed, or suffer expulsion from parliament. I readily allow, that if the sovereign should prefer the democratic party, the bill will ruin the Tories; but as it is certain that he will generally prefer them, it seems to me certain that it will ruin the Whigs. At any rate, it will destroy a proper limiting party in the legislature, and therefore operate most balefully.

It is from all this demonstrable, that if the limiting or opposition party (no matter which it may consist of) do not exist in the necessary strength, talent, and creed, it must be impossible for the sovereign, speaking of him individually, to exercise his restraining power over the legislature, or to be prevented from abusing it in the most destructive manner; and also, that it

cannot so exist if the House of Peers be not independent of the executive. That beautiful balance of parties and institutions—that invaluable power of restriction, through which each of the three estates of the realm is omnipotent against the others for preservation and protection, but yet powerless for change and aggression—through which the king or executive is triumphantly bound from doing the smallest injury to institution and law, person and property, must perish when the House of Commons is the slave of one party, and the House of Peers is the slave of the executive. It is equally demonstrable, that the security of national rights and liberties rests far more on the aristocracy, better classes, and property, than on the democracy, and that the schemes of the reformers can only establish the reverse of free and good government.

And what are these schemes based on? A certain power ought not to be possessed by the aristocracy—*ergo*, it ought to be given to the lower orders. I include, in the latter, small tradesmen as well as the labouring classes. This miserable logic forms their foundation. The real middle classes, with regard to wealth and respectability, are thrown aside as worthless, or as a part of the aristocracy; to give power to them is, forsooth, to take it from the “people!” Now, manufacturers, merchants, middling landowners, shipowners, &c., are as jealous of the peers as of the multitude, and their leaning is commonly in favour of the latter. They are, therefore, just as well fitted by feeling as by situation and circumstance for holding the scale between and connecting them; and they certainly are as much a part of the “people” as any labourers and shopkeepers whatever.

I have spoken of some of the means to be used in constructing free government, for placing parties under proper regulation. After all that can be done, much will still depend on the conduct which parties may voluntarily pursue; and on this I shall speak in my next article.

Let it not be supposed that I am defending the old system of election. If I were a Whig, regardless of every thing but the interests of my party, I should be the determined enemy of reform; if I were a Tory, with similar motives, I should be its zealous advop-

cate; and because I am neither, but a man anxious to see both parties flourish, I contend for it against the Tories for Tory gain, and against the Whig scheme to benefit the Whigs.

If the old system had kept things from change, this would in some measure have justified the simple Tories who rail against reform as a parent of change; but so far was it from doing this, that it constituted the most prolific source of change and innovation—nay, the most potent engine of revolution—in the realm. This is not matter of opinion; the proofs can be mistaken by no one who will be upright enough to examine them.

Those who speak against enfranchisement would do well to remark, that the old system was a most profuse dispenser of it. Multitudes of new electors were daily and hourly created—and who were they? Town freeholders, and the lower classes of borough freemen principally. While this system created new electors in so prodigious a manner, it divided them in about this proportion:—TEN to the Whigs, democracy, dissenters, and enemies of public institutions; and ONE to the Tories, aristocracy, church, and friends of the constitution. Indirectly, it was inciting the Tory close boroughs on all hands to break their chains, and join the Whigs, and virtually, converting most open places into Whig close boroughs.

How has this operated to the Whig? The system has secured to him his half of the close boroughs, and thereby in effect destroyed the Tory half; and it has been rapidly throwing into his

hands all open places in regard to both county and borough. Already it has given him ascendancy over the House of Commons, which it would, if suffered to remain, continually enlarge. It is the great cause why the Tories are a beaten minority, and with it they can never be any thing better.

I speak not from reviews, magazines, and newspapers: thank Heaven! I have better sources of information. I am an English freeholder, and my own faculties have made me acquainted with the mechanism of an English election. The deplorable working which the House of Commons has displayed in late years has been as obvious to me as to other people.

If I be no Tory, I cannot be so far the enemy of the Tories as to defend such a system. No, no! I wish to see them flourish; and as I trust they are capable of being reformed and instructed, I even wish to see them once more in the ascendent; therefore, despising their folly, anger, and something worse, I must call for reform.

If I be no Whig, I cannot be so far the enemy of the Whigs as to wish to see them for ever stripped of power and hope—ground to powder between the Tories and Radicals—a miserable shadow of departed greatness and glory, compelled rather to support than oppose Tory omnipotence. No, no! I wish to see them mighty, and, in the absence of Tory qualification, the rulers of the empire; therefore, disdaining their crazy, suicidal, and guilty clamour, I must oppose their bill of reform.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.

A COOL DIALOGUE ON PASSING EVENTS BETWEEN OLIVER AND
HIS CIUM.

FRIEND.

WELL, the Bill is at last in committee in the Lords. What is now to become of us?

OLIVER.

Truly, I know not.

FRIEND.

Is there any hope of escape from impending calamities? May not the measure be modified so as to be safe—at least, so as not to be so imminently and extensively dangerous as we have apprehended?

OLIVER.

I confess I should not be without some hope, if I could perceive any symptom of a cordial re-union of the conservative party; but, unfortunately, our ultra-Tories do not even yet seem tired of playing the game of the Whigs.

FRIEND.

Well, I do not see how you can fairly lay that to their charge. I think they have as yet fought the battle uncommonly well. The Duke should not be surprised at being a little distrusted.

OLIVER.

I do not say that the Duke should have expected the cordial co-operation of the men whom he deceived. It was his error to have undervalued that co-operation. But, I must say, as little could he have foreseen that, when the choice lay between him and the Whigs, they would have deliberately made their election of the latter. He did those whom he had offended, the justice of believing that they were men of principle, and that their resentment against him would not lead them into any act that could prove injurious to their country.

FRIEND.

But his was a great error—a greater error than the annals of statesmanship have recorded against any other man. The question was one of vital importance; upon it, in point of fact, depended the connexion between church and state. The Duke permitted himself to be hailed as the accredited champion of the party who had always strenuously opposed themselves to the interests of the Papists; and, while he kept the word of promise to the ear, cruelly deceived their, perhaps too confident, expectations.

OLIVER.

You are right in saying *too* confident. From the very moment the Duke formed his cabinet, I perceived his intentions, and foresaw the result. When he deliberately declined availing himself of the service of the venerable Eldon, I felt convinced that he would have done so only from an apprehension of being thwarted in his views by that sturdy champion of Protestant ascendancy. You will not mistake me as defending his mispolicy in all that relates to the fatal measure of Twenty-nine, because I deplore the equally and almost more unprincipled mispolicy of those who have sacrificed the constitution of England to their blind resentment. But if they were, even at the present moment, sensible of how grievously they have erred, all might yet be well.

FRIEND.

Rather say, if *he* were sensible of how grievously *he* has erred. I think he fairly owes the *amenae honorable* to the ultra-Tories. His measure for the satisfaction of the Roman Catholics has only produced discontent—his measure for the pacification of Ireland has only produced discord. Let the Duke acknowledge this, and his old friends will be only too ready to obliterate every unpleasant recollection, and to remember nothing but the service that he has performed for his country.

OLIVER.

That, perhaps, would be to expect from him a little too much. Remember that the present disastrous position of affairs has been produced immediately by the preposterous conduct of the ultra-Tories. How then is it to be expected that he should plead guilty to the charge of bringing upon us those calamities which, had he remained in power, either would never have threatened us, or would have been speedily averted?

FRIEND.

You surely do not mean to say that the ultra-Tories are to be blamed for not supporting the minister who deceived them?

OLIVER.

If by not supporting him, greater evils were likely to ensue than could be apprehended from giving him a qualified support, I do—and that such was the case is but too plain. Had they not joined the Whigs, he would not have been turned out of office; and had that not been the case, the revolutionary measure of the present ministers would never have been heard of.

FRIEND.

But how could they trust him?

OLIVER.

The question was not, whether they should or should not have preferred him before others who had been more faithful, and who were quite as capable of defending their interests; but, whether they should have endured him in preference to those who were pledged to a course of policy which consistent Tories have ever strenuously resisted. That was the question; and they decided it, I think, in the wrong way. It is not, therefore, for them to charge him with results which have been precipitated at least, if not produced, by their own misconduct.

FRIEND.

Believe me, I am not one of those who regard the precise course which they adopted with entire complacency; but when I speak to my friends upon the subject, they say, "How can we be sure that the Duke would not have done precisely what has been done by Lord Grey? He was not more deeply pledged against reform than he was against emancipation; and we had no securities that our confidence would not be as grossly abused in the one case as in the other."

OLIVER.

Very true: but for their justification it would be necessary to shew, not only that it was reasonable to entertain towards him this distrust, but also that it was prudent to put confidence in the Whigs. Let results speak for the wisdom or the folly with which they made their election.

FRIEND.

Undoubtedly there were many amongst them who deemed treacherous friends more fatal than open enemies. The latter they knew, and therefore they imagined they could guard against them: the former might only unmask their intentions when it would be too late to counteract them. The measure of Twenty-nine is a case in point. The Whigs never could have carried emancipation; and had not the Tories kept their own counsels up to the very moment that it was necessary to avow them, they never could have succeeded in their nefarious project.

OLIVER.

What you say is most true; and it would have justified great caution. But what I blame the ultra-Tories for, is this—that they were actuated, not by a salutary foresight, but by a blind resentment. For the consequences of that resentment they now wish to make the Duke answerable; and I willingly admit that there is a sense in which he is answerable for these consequences—not, indeed, to them, but to his country. They, however, must themselves bear the blame of having helped the Whigs to the possession of power, and for whatever other evils the domination of that profligate faction threatens to entail upon the country.

FRIEND.

But, after what we have lived to see, how can any man say, that the Duke would not have been as thorough-going a reformer as Lord Grey?

OLIVER.

Upon that supposition (which, however, I only consent to entertain because you have suggested it), the Duke would stand chargeable with great guilt or great error; but not greater, surely, than what must now be imputed to those who, by leaguering against him, have contributed to the present appalling crisis. It is no excuse for them to say, that the Duke would have done the same. Doubtless, when they so express themselves, they do not mean to pay him any compliment. The only question is, Would the Duke have been right, or would he have been wrong, in acting as Lord Grey has acted? If right, their conduct

needs no defe : if wrong, his example can never protect them from condemnation.

FRIEND.

Still, I cannot but think that the Duke owes a large measure of reparation to the Tory party.

OLIVER.

While I grant that he does, I must insist that they have incapacitated themselves for exacting it, by becoming themselves still more deeply chargeable with a criminal neglect of the interests of the country. They are, in fact, responsible for all the evils of the Grey administration.

FRIEND.

Under the government of the Duke, the state of Ireland was nearly as bad as it is at present. There was the same systematic resistance to the payment of tithes, although not, perhaps, to the same extent; and the same set of individuals were countenanced at the Irish court: O'Connell was the only bad one to whom no courtesy was shewn; and, it may be added, that he was the only one to whom common policy required that some courtesy should have been extended.

OLIVER.

I am very willing to grant, that the system of agitation, of which he now complains so much, was, at one time, most unwisely connived at by the Duke, when he was bent upon carrying the Catholic question. I never met with any one who could put two ideas together, and who seriously believed that he was frightened by the papists. No one laughs more heartily at such a notion than little Shiel, who affirms that there was not, amongst the Catholic leaders, a single particle of enthusiasm; and that all their efforts, and those of the priests, were scarcely sufficient to excite in the peasantry a feeling beyond that of a most listless indifference respecting the objects for the attainment of which they affected so much zeal. He affirmed, again and again, in my hearing, that had William Saurin been in office instead of William Plunket, the Association which seemed so formidable, and of which he was so distinguished a member, could have been put down without exciting even a regret amongst the great body of the people. Well: this was the original sin of the Duke, as far as the affairs of Ireland were concerned. He winked at the proceedings and magnified the power of the demagogues, for the better accomplishment of what he conceived to be a great national object. He was deceived. That object was not attained. The price was paid, but he received no equivalent. He was long unwilling to admit that he had been a false prophet; and the taunts of those friends by whom he had been abandoned, or rather, indeed, whom he had himself betrayed, by no means disposed him to listen to those representations of the state of Ireland which would have convicted him of having, grossly miscalculated the effects of emancipation. At length, however, his eyes were opened. He began to see matters in their true light; and would, I believe, have done whatever man could do to remedy the evils of which he was the cause, when that unfortunate coalition of the ultra-Tories with the Whigs, upon Sir H. Parnel's motion, deprived him of power, and delivered the country, bound neck and heels, to the tender mercies of Lord Grey's administration.

FRIEND.

As the *Quarterly* says, there were faults on both sides; but the Duke's was the greater error.

OLIVER.

His may have been the greater *error*, but theirs was the greater *crime*. You know how decidedly I differed from his policy; I conceived, however, that he sincerely meant the good of his country. For *them* I cannot find any such excuse. When they banded together for the purpose of ejecting him from power, with no other view than to let in the Whigs, their conduct was contradictory to the dictates of good sense and sound principle, to a degree that more than criminales their understandings. The fact is, that they cherished a degree of resentment against him that blinded them to every consideration but that of revenge.

FRIEND.

I am afraid that was the case. But if he admitted even so much as you are willing to admit, that the emancipation bill was a mistake, it would be deemed

sufficient by those whom he has offended. The first cordial move towards an accommodation should come from him, as he was the first to cause the separation. We all now acknowledge that the division of the Tories threatens the subversion of the empire, and that upon their re-union depends its salvation. How is that to be brought about? I am persuaded, that if the Duke had the honesty and the manliness to acknowledge that he was in error when he consented to bring papists into parliament, his old friends would frankly acknowledge that they were carried too far in their resentment.

OLIVER.

You are not, perhaps, aware, that it requires more courage to do that than he has ever found it necessary to exert when contending with the enemy. The Duke, I believe, at one time, prided himself more upon emancipation than upon his most glorious victories. He regarded it as the very *chef-d'œuvre* of statesmanship. He looked upon it as the measure which was to secure to him a double immortality. Humiliating, then, must be the necessity which could draw from him the acknowledgment which you desire. He ought, however, to make it;—and if he truly understood what concerns his own fame, he would make it. But, great as he is, he is not great enough for such an act of magnanimous self-condemnation. This I say, because I think the proper time for it has passed by. It might have been most gracefully and most effectually done when Lord Winchelsea so handsomely confessed his regret for the part which he took against the Duke's administration.

FRIEND.

Ay,—Winchelsea is a noble fellow. Something, however, must be done, or we are undone.

OLIVER.

Then it must amount to a compromise between the parties; for certain I am, that neither will do any thing which amounts to a retraction of previously expressed convictions. I believe the Duke's emancipation measure to have been a most unfortunate one; but he may fairly allege that it has not had a fair trial. On the other hand, his quondam friends may allege, that nothing which has occurred since it took place is in the least degree calculated to allay their apprehension, or to reconcile them to what they always asserted was dangerous to the church, and alien to the spirit of the constitution. Upon this subject, therefore, the most that can be expected is, that the Duke's friends and the ultra-Tories, should agree to do nothing by which any good effects which may arise from that measure should be let or hindered, while care is taken to repress or counteract, by every practicable means, its dangerous tendencies. The measure was accorded upon the express understanding, that it should not be abused to the injury of the church; and those by whom it was passed are not more pledged to the maintenance of it as long as it is safe, than they are to the repeal or the modification of it if it should prove dangerous.

FRIEND.

It will not be easy to reconcile the consistent opponents of emancipation to a measure which they have always maintained would be so fatal; especially when all the experience which they have had of it only serves to verify their predictions.

OLIVER.

I do not say that they should be reconciled to that measure, in any sense that implies an approbation either of the principles on which, or the means by which it was accomplished; but I do not think their conduct should be such as must aggravate its evils. As yet the measure has been calamitous, chiefly because of their obstinate determination that it should be so. It was not, surely, the number of popish members that obtained admission within the legislative councils, which could threaten us with the ruin that at present impends, if the conservation party presented a firm and united front against them. What I wish to see, therefore, is, that those who were the most opposed to concession to the Roman Catholics, should not adopt a line of public conduct which can only have the effect of weakening the hands of their friends, and strengthening those of their enemies.

FRIEND.

Then you would not have them make the repeal of the measure of Twentynine, *a sine qua non* in any arrangement with the Duke.

OLIVER.

Assuredly not. The only effect of such a condition would be to render any such arrangement impossible. The man who could advise any such course of proceeding must be either a knave or a fool;—he must be either most stupidly blind to the necessary consequences of such advice, or wickedly bent upon the destruction of his country.

FRIEND.

And yet I am one of those who think that we shall never be right until papists are again deprived of political power.

OLIVER.

You may fairly entertain that opinion, and yet not consider it necessary to stipulate their exclusion, as the only condition upon which you would consent to act with those, by whom they have been, in evil hours, admitted into parliament. If, after all constitutional means have been taken to prevent it, the political power that has been conferred upon the Roman Catholics should threaten danger to the church or state, those by whom that measure has been advocated are bound to join with you in such a modification, or even repeal of it, as circumstances may render necessary. But, on that very account, you are only so much the more called upon to make it quite clear that the evils which you may deplore, *do, in reality*, flow from the measure itself, and not from the faction or the folly of those by whom it has been inconsiderately resented.

FRIEND.

I am acquainted with many who were strenuous advocates of emancipation, and who are now firmly convinced that they have acted upon mistaken views. If this be the case with its friends, it furnishes, surely, some excuse for the feelings, as well as justification for the opinions, of those by whom it has been conscientiously resisted.

OLIVER.

At present I dispute not either the justness of their opinions or the rectitude of their intentions;—all that I contend against is, the soundness of the judgment which led them to adopt such a line of adverse politics towards the Duke, as ended in the overthrow of his administration. If this be persevered in, I say again, the country is lost; and sorry am I to perceive, that the spirit in which it has been conceived has not yet been abandoned.

FRIEND.

Now from what do you collect that; for I am not conscious of any conduct on the part of the ultra-Tories, which justifies such an impression! I believe, with a distinct knowledge of all its consequences before them, they would not again play the game of the Whigs?

OLIVER.

And yet *whose* game are they playing in the various skirmishes which they are constantly provoking on the subject of free-trade;—one of the very tenderest points that could be touched upon? Indeed, my friend, they are injudicious, to a degree that is not only painful, but alarming.

FRIEND.

But, surely, you do not mean to defend upon that subject the measures of the late administration.

OLIVER.

My own private opinion is, that both parties were somewhat in the right and somewhat in the wrong. The one were theoretically wrong, but practically right. The other were theoretically right, but practically wrong. But, however that may be, the subject is not one which should be suffered to keep the conservative party disunited. It is one upon which they should *agree to differ*; and upon which, I have no doubt, they would agree to differ, if it were not for the measure of Twenty-nine. What I wish, and what the country wants, is a cordial co-operation with the Duke in his efforts to save us from impending calamities, as though that unfortunate measure had never passed; and this I almost despair of.

FRIEND.

Great sacrifices should certainly be made for the purpose of effecting a cordial re-union; but not, I think, a sacrifice of principle.

OLIVER.

I guarded against the notion of a sacrifice of principle, when I said that they

should agree to differ. Such questions may, surely, be left in abeyance until occasions arise which force them upon public attention. Then let every man speak for himself. But it is not wise to *make* such occasions only for the purpose of proving that differences exist in theory, which, in all probability, if both parties were sincerely disposed to act for the best, would vanish in practice. But, I must say, the ultra-Tories seem to me to be over-anxious to prove that there were good and sufficient reasons for their abandonment of the Duke; and they are therefore led, by a feeling of the necessity for self-justification, to insist upon and to magnify the points upon which they have differed from him, to a degree that almost precludes the hope of cordial agreement upon those far more weighty and important ones respecting which it is so essential that they should be united. How strikingly does this differ from the conduct of our wary enemies! You saw how they acted upon the affair of the Russian-Belgic loan.

FRIEND.

I thought that scandalous transaction would have unseated ministers.

OLIVER.

And so it would if the question were to be decided upon its abstract merits. But the revolutionists felt that, if they went out, the "merry go round" might come to a stand-still. They therefore supported them. O'Connell and Hume voted against them; having taken good care to atone for this act of political honesty, by making all whom they could influence vote the other way.

FRIEND.

I am told, that if either, the Duke or Peel wished to turn them out upon that question, they could have done so. Peel's speech was certainly one which did not do them any harm.

OLIVER.

I do not know how that may be. But neither Peel nor the Duke can have any object in turning them out, unless there is afforded a reasonable prospect of organising a party by whom they may be kept out. Let but that be done, and they will cease to be formidable. If that be not done, our weakness will prove their strength; and any temporary defeat which they may suffer will only exasperate them into measures still more desperate than those which they may, for a season, have been compelled to abandon:—it will only cause them, upon their return to power, to take with them seven other spirits more wicked, if possible, than themselves; so that our last end will be worse than our first.

FRIEND.

I am willing to grant, that, under present circumstances, indeed under any circumstances, every feeling of irritation should be subdued, for the sake of that hearty unanimity which can alone save us. For that purpose, therefore, I would sink the question of free-trade; unless, as you say, so far as actual emergencies rendered a reference to it necessary. I am willing, still further, to drop all offensive allusions to the measure of Twenty-nine; leaving it to time and further experience to determine whether it be likely to work its own cure, or whether it ought not to be modified or retracted. You are right, I think, in saying that, if evil should arise from it, we ought to make it perfectly clear that that evil is not of our creating. 'But what say you to the education question? Is that a subject upon which the ultra and the liberal Tories are likely to differ? It is, at present, very important. I know nothing that has united all classes of Protestants against the present government more than the shocking compromise of Christian principle of which they are guilty, in their efforts, upon that subject, to conciliate the papists. But what say you? Is the Duke pledged to any view that would render it necessary for him to decline co-operating with the friends of scriptural education?

OLIVER.

The education question is not one which should cause any divisions amongst Tories. We at least have reason to be obliged to Mr. Stanley for what he has done. I believe he begins to feel, by this time, that his scheme is impracticable, and is heartily sorry for having introduced it. Twenty of the Irish bishops have protested against it. It has been denounced by the dissenting interest; so that, if it should survive this general proscription, it will survive solely for the benefit of the papists. It cannot, however, stand. If the Whigs continue in power, it must be modified; if they go out, it will be abandoned.

FRIEND.

Upon the first supposition, what modification do you expect? Will it be a change for the better?

OLIVER.

The Archbishop of Dublin has told his clergy, that if the present project should fail, he is apprehensive separate grants will be made to the different denominations of Christians, in proportion to their respective numbers, for the purpose of carrying on that education separately, which it is the present wish and object of the government to carry on in common. He is, he says, friendly to the present scheme, as the lesser of two evils. He would give the people some, however imperfect an education, rather than leave them without any education at all. He acknowledges, that in the united public instruction, religion must be left out; but trusts to the exertions of the clergy, out of school-hours, to supply that deficiency.

FRIEND.

I have heard that he has written a most plausible letter to the Dean of St. Patrick's upon that subject, in reply to a remonstrance of his clergy, who are very averse to the new project. Have you seen it?

OLIVER.

It is from that document chiefly that I have derived my information respecting his views. The letter is written in an admirable spirit, and with no small ability. I am perfectly willing to believe that he is convinced himself that the view which he has taken is the true one; but nothing that he has said has satisfied me that the efficient superintendence of a system of national education ought to be taken out of the hands of the clergy of the established church; or that errors which are merely tolerated should be put upon the same footing with that truth which can alone make men "wise unto salvation."

FRIEND.

And does the archbishop do that?

OLIVER.

That is pointedly done by the commission to which he belongs. The clergy are to possess no authority over the intended national schools. The children are, during school-hours, to receive no religious instruction; and the clergy of all denominations (including, of course, Roman Catholics) are called upon to be diligent in instructing the children of their persuasion in the tenets of their respective creeds. The archbishop says, truly enough, that that exhortation does not confer upon the Romish clergy any authority which they do not at present possess; but it gives, or I am much mistaken, a sanction to that authority which it never before possessed. I can easily understand the policy of tolerating a false belief, as an evil which ought to be endured. Here it is recommended as a good which should be cherished. The exhortation is in effect anti-religious. It implies that all religions are equally good, which amounts to insulcating that all are equally indifferent.

FRIEND.

There is another point upon which I am inclined to differ from the archbishop. He considers education, without accompanying religious instruction, as, *pro tanto*, a good. I look upon it as, *pro tanto*, an evil.

OLIVER.

That may be his opinion, but I know not that it is fairly deducible from any thing that he has said or written. He has always asserted that the clergy are called upon to supply the complement of religious instruction which is left unprovided for by the government; although there never was a time when the clergy, from their private funds, were less able to meet any additional expenses; and the same act which has set up the unreligious system, has dismantled the religious schools. I differ very decidedly upon this subject from his grace of Dublin; but I am very anxious to do him justice. He is, I believe, a thoroughly honest man. His evidence before the committee on the Irish tithes was admirable, and is supposed to have been the principal means of causing the premier to make that declaration which was so near costing him the loss of the support of the Irish members. He was, when he made it, sincerely disposed to defend the temporalities of the Irish church. O'Connell soon made him feel how little he was able to do so.

FRIEND.

The education question, I know, has its difficulties. How would you have the government to act ?

OLIVER.

They should begin by distinguishing between those for whose religious bringing up they are properly responsible, and those for whose religious bringing up they are not properly responsible. The first are the poor children who belong to the established church, or who, being altogether destitute, are thrown entirely upon the bounty of the government. For these, a system of instruction should be provided, of which the national religion should constitute a part. Whatever a father is bound to do for his own household, the state is bound to do for those who may be said to constitute its household. Now, it is the abandonment of *this duty* by the government, in their new-fangled education scheme, that I chiefly complain of. They have totally compromised sacred principle. From a fear of being thought to interfere with the interests of error, they have neglected the interests of truth. They act as though they had no conscience and no religion themselves, lest it should be imagined that they had not a great respect for the conscience and the religion of others.

FRIEND.

But how would you provide for the education of dissenters ? That is what seems to constitute the great difficulty.

OLIVER.

The state cannot be considered *responsible* for the religious education of those whose privilege it is to dissent from the national religion. And if, on the one hand, the government should abstain from forcing upon them a religion which they are unwilling to receive, it may at least be excused from not giving them one which it believes to be erroneous. If the state considers that dissenters have consciences which ought to be treated with tenderness, they, on the other hand, should consider that the state has a religion which ought to be treated with respect ; and the one should not admit, nor the other require, any indulgence for their peculiar opinions which was not compatible with the fullest acknowledgment of the constitutional claims, and the freest exercise of the undoubted privileges, of the established church.

FRIEND.

I think I understand you. You would not force dissenters to learn any thing of which they conscientiously disapproved, while you think it right that instruction in the principles of the national creed should be publicly afforded to all who profess the national religion.

OLIVER.

Exactly so. I would suffer dissenters to do what they pleased for the religious bringing up of their children. I would have the state to do what in it lies for the religious bringing up of its own. But our precious government has reversed all this. In its tender concern for those for whose religious bringing up it is *not* responsible, it has forgotten its duty to those for whose religious bringing up it is responsible. Its zeal in vindicating the privileges of dissent has been in the inverse ratio of its anxiety for the promotion of true religion.

FRIEND.

I was the more anxious to hear you express yourself fully upon that subject, because, although very generally discussed at present, it is very little understood, and it constitutes no small part of the difficulties which at present embarrass the government of Ireland. What say you to the charge which has been brought against the Archbishop of Dublin, of being an enemy to the Bible ?

OLIVER.

That it is utterly unsustained by any thing which appears either in his writings or conduct. The most strenuous advocate for a free circulation of the Holy Scriptures may yet, most consistently, object to its fitness as a school-book. He may be right or he may be wrong in maintaining this opinion ; but it furnishes, surely, no ground for supposing that he is an enemy to the Bible. It is well known that he is an active member of societies the chief object of which is to circulate the word of God.

FRIEND.

To advert to what we were first talking about : I do not foresee any insuperable

difficulty in effecting a cordial re-union of the Tory party. I am sure such men as Sir R. Inglis or Sir R. Vyvyan will see the expediency of abstaining for the present from the agitation of such topics as could only serve to widen the separation which has taken place between them and their old friends. Upon this principle, the free-trade question, and even the currency question, may be left in abeyance, and no irritative allusion should be made to the concession of the Catholic claims. But, on the other hand, I am of opinion that some pledge should be given them respecting the policy to be pursued towards Ireland. That country, surely, cannot be left in the state in which it is at present, or even in the state in which it was before the close of the Duke's administration.

OLIVER.

I should not wish to see the Tories again in the possession of power, unless upon an understanding that their policy respecting Ireland was to be materially changed. And materially changed I have no doubt it would be. The Duke *now* complains of the encouragement given to agitators; he himself having been, in times past, their greatest patron. How far he may be willing to acknowledge his former error in that respect, I know not; but he has learned wisdom enough, by experience not to fall into it again.

FRIEND.

If I were sure of that, no one would more heartily hail his return to power than I should. He still possesses a name which might enable him to do great things, although nothing, I fear, can ever repair the ravages which his mispolicy has made upon the constitution.

OLIVER.

The great danger of our present position consists in this, that the government has put itself at the head of the physical force of the country. Let a change take place which separates the government from the mob, and we are safe. Even as matters stand at present, the utmost power of those parties who are in such portentous and unnatural combination is scarcely sufficient to overbear the powerful constitutional resistance which they experience. Let that resistance be reinforced by the aid of the executive, and they must vanish before it. This is all that is at present wanting. The heart of the public is sound at the core. A vast majority of the rank, the wealth, the intellect, the education, and the independence of the country, were from the first opposed to the ruinous project of reform. The recent elections prove decidedly, that even of those who were at first betrayed into error, a vast number have returned to a right mind. The experience which every day affords of the selfishness, the rashness, and the incapacity of ministers, has done, and is doing, much to make even their own followers ashamed of them. I see nothing, therefore, in our present condition which should make me despair of the fortunes of my country. Let us, at all events, do our parts. Let us be united and firm. Let us, above all things, bury in oblivion past feuds, and eschew the evil advice of those who, for their own sinister purposes, would fain keep alive amongst us little jealousies and resentment. Let us thus prove that we are at unity with ourselves, and it may be that that God whom we have offended by our insane division, will give us a sudden and a signal triumph over our enemies.

A GROWL AT THE LORDS.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

I TAKE it for granted that the House of Lords is done. In the name of Pluto, of what use is it at present? The Duke of Beaufort, I think it was, who remarked, when Smith the banker was turned into Lord Carrington, and appeared for the first time in the robing-room of the House of Lords, that he; the said Duke, expected to have seen none but gentlemen *there*, at all events. It is now the very last place I should go to look for such a commodity. Grieved am I to say it, but such a congregation of snots as the Lords does not exist on the surface of the life-generating earth.

They may vote it high treason, if they like to say so, but it is a fact that all Tories who are not the most absolute of idiots think with me. Why did we—we, the true, thorough, and aboriginal Tories—wish the existence of the House of Lords? Let them not dream that we had any particular veneration for the mysterious gradations from Dukes to Barons, or any superstitious respect for the varieties of coronets so prized by heralds; still less let them not imagine that we had any implicit reverence for the individuals composing the body. No: we valued them because we thought that we saw in them a stop and stay against the tyrannous usurpations of the crown in times when kings were inclined to be rampant, and against the outbursts of democracy when the rascal rabblement (our old and never-to-be-forgiven foes) were kicking up their heels in the ascendant. For that, and that only, did we respect or value them; and if they now practically prove to us that they have in reality no power against a packed majority of the House of Commons, why the sooner they go packing the better. They deserted us once before;—a second time, their desertion is fatal to themselves.

Here comes a vital question, which, whether for good or bad—I shall not argue that matter this instant—is a most momentous change in the constitution—which, if the majority of the Lords themselves is to be believed, will tear down every thing valuable in church and state—and what are they doing? What? Why, truckling, sneaking, staying away—letting this dreaded,

this hated, this mischievous bill pass. Any thing, it seems, is, in the eyes of the Lords, better than a swamping of the peerage. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, used to be an old motto; but our Peers read it—"Let us do any thing sooner than give Lord Grey the opportunity of asking the King to make new Peers." Well; let them go. They will soon find that they have swamped themselves with a vengeance.

Why, Tom, what is it to you or to me, Tories as we are, whether fifty new Peers be made or not. There is not a person on the face of the earth for whom I have, both personally and politically, so profound a contempt as for old Burdett. I consider him to be one of the meanest of the mean; but why should I fret at his being made a Peer? It might, perhaps, hurt the pride or the privileges of the existing body of Lords to have a hundred sharers of their honours thrust upon them; but the consequence of letting the bill be carried in this base and servile fashion will be, that the whole order will be swamped. Their existing lordships have made a most erroneous calculation of their importance.

Why did they carry the second reading? There was the grand, the cardinal mistake. The bill was then carried. I agree with you, Tom,—by the way, the jug is out,—that the beaten party, like the absent, *ont toujours tort*, and that it would not be easy to counsel any conduct *à priori* which would have pleased us in case of failure. I'll die in the faith that Lords Harrowby and Wharnccliffe, and the rest of the waverers, have played a part most sneaking and rascally in itself, and its consequences ruinous to their class. Harrowby was never any thing but a mere red tape twister; one of those miserable things that are bred in offices, and of no more intellect than the porters whom they employ. Stuart Wortley always rattled in any critical time, and he has not now abandoned his tactics. After Perceval's death, he gave a kick to what he thought was the falling Tory party; he did the same in the Queen's business; he has done the same now. Deeply do I despise that said Stuart Wortley. And is it for a house composed of people like

him, that I, a true and thorough Tory, —I,—Tom, hand me the jug, you are spoiling it, by too much acid,—I, who have done more to advance and make popular the cause of Toryism than any fifty of folks of the Stuart Wortley class and order, unthanked, unnoticed, nay, on all possible occasions, injured and insulted, when I would not wade through dirty work for those whom I had assisted in clean,—is it for those, I say, that I am to deplore the downfall of the peerage? Not I.

Lyndhurst's motion was clever, you say. Well. Now I agree with you, it *was* clever. But if you wish my praise to extend farther, you will find yourself mistaken. I never knew a clever thing or a clever person, in all my life, worth a farthing in practice. Do not be afraid that I am going to metaphysicise, or to explain the grounds of this my irrevocable decision. Cleverness is about the most vulgar and universally diffused of gifts; and what a clever fellow does on one side, another clever fellow can undo on the other. There was no defeating the bill by what the amiable Scarlett would call "the light of a sidewind." If nothing was meant beyond mere arrangement, nothing was gained by postponing C and D to A and B. If something else was meant, that something else should have been said. Sir Boyle Roche made what fools call a bull, but which, in reality, is a most admirable aphorism. "The best way," said my glorious countryman, "of avoiding a danger, is to meet it full pump." A truth, severe, in fairy fiction dressed. In short, Tom—the jug is out; make another—Copley could not take any thing by his motion. It was at best a *ruse*; and *ruses* are of themselves rascally in idea, and pettifogging in practice. *Disi, Demipho*. This jug is not bad.

Would I have rejoiced if the Duke had come in? I do not know. He had made a shabby selection. I understand that Frankland Lewis was to have been a cabinet minister, which would of itself have thrown an unsavoury odour over the whole office. And Scarlett was to have been attorney-general again. What a deplorable ignorance of all Tory feeling does this not indicate! We all should have felt the restoration of Scarlett to office as a personal insult, and a pledge of a repetition of the outrages on the Tory press

perpetrated in former times. As for Peel, he acted as he ought to have acted. It would have spoiled the beautiful consistency of his character, if he had done any thing honest or straightforward.

We are in a fine mess,—not a doubt of it, Tom. But so far as I am concerned, what is it to me? I cannot lose any thing by the convulsion, for the best of all possible reasons—that I have not any thing to lose, and do not expect to have any thing to gain. The funds go, of course, but I have not got a farthing in them. The church must yield, but nobody ever thought of making me a bishop. The Tory party is knocked up. I have stuck to it all my life, but it never did any thing for me, and it never would. So *vogue la galère*. We *will* have the dust laid in blood; and then, Tom, you and I may pick up something in the scramble.

The sole hope of the Tories is now in outbidding the Whigs. Of all classes of mankind, that which I most cordially and *ex animo* hate, detest, and abhor, is the ten-pounders. The three-and-tenpenny varlets are, out of all question, that class which is most shabbily envious of their superiors, and most spitefully oppressive of all below them. Owe one of *them* twenty pounds, and see how he will treat you, ragamuffin base as he is. Now as the Whigs, who have always had a congenial love of rascality, have taken the ten-pounders in hand, and delivered over the state to them, why do not the Tories appeal to that body of men, who, as I have always contended, are Tory in heart, though repulsed and driven away from us, like many other people, by the cursed *morgue* and impudence of the very Lords who are now betraying us;—why not appeal to the people themselves—the claw-bacons, the draymen, the honest beer-drinkers of the land? Do not deceive yourself by thinking that these people are Whigs. Come with me into pot-houses, mansions wherewith intimately am I acquainted, and I'll prove to you that their inmates are by a great majority Tory. No, Tom! It is the greasy-faced rascal that reads *The Times* noose-peeper—the paltry villain that subscribes his shilling to a political union—the dirty dog who harguments on the rights of man as he hands something abominable for a penny over his beastly counter:—these, these, Tom,

are the worst of men. The man who reads books may be reasoned with;—so may the man who cannot read at all;—but the man who reads nothing but newspapers, and believes in them, that plebeian is a slave, to be dealt with only by the knout. By the way, what does Ronblanque of the *Examiner*, who is one of the cleverest fellows that ever handled a pen (*that* I'll say, though I differ from his politics, and never set eyes upon his countenance)—I say what does he mean by pretending that the threepence-halfpenny stamp on newspapers is a tax on *knowledge*? He

must know in his soul that it is a tax on *ignorance*. In a word, Tom, I can see *nothing* for the Tories but THE INSTANT AND UNFLINCHING ADVOCACY OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE—ay, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!—suffrage for every body, without any exception on any score whatever—except not even a thief!—thief any day before Whig.

This is my serious and solemn advice. Let the Marquess of Chandos turn it over in his mind. As for the House of Lords, as a house, I give them up.

Why, hang them! I'm sure scarce a sprinkle remains
Of their ancestors' blood in their spiritless veins.
What! truckle and cringe—like weak infants obey
The frown and the scowl of the schoolmaster Grey!
Depend not on them! No! when out fly the swords,
I may join in the shout of—"Down, down with the Lords!"

Chorus, Tom, and hand me the jug—

CHORUS.

Depend not on them! No! when out fly the swords,
We may join in the shout of—"Down, down with the Lords!"

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
Of no value in peace, no support in the war.
We cast them away with a spurn and a curse;—
Let who will take their places—we'll never find worse.
Pale cowards, avaunt! We must trust to our swords;
But we care not who cry out—"Down, down with the Lords!"

CHORUS.

Pale cowards, avaunt! We must trust to our swords;
And we care not who cry out—"Down, down with the Lords!"

That a fight must be had ere we yield to the dust
What we honour and love, I believe and I trust.
Come, clown, from the ploughshare—come, smith, from the fire—
Come, cobbler, from lapstone—come, serf, from the mire!
With *you* will I charge—I will trust to your swords.
You may shout, if you please it—"Down, down with the Lords!"

CHORUS.

With *you* will we charge—we will trust to your swords.
You may shout, if you please it—"Down, down with the Lords!"

So here's a health to all good lasses,
including the Queen. As for the King
—alas, poor gentleman! Bolingbroke
and Richard are but types of Grey and
William. M. O'D.

P.S. If it be true what I hear on this
anniversary of the restoration, viz., that

the Whigs have determined on issuing
the one-pound notes again, they have
given the Tories a desperate kick.
Peel's bill was a dreadful mischief to
us. That ministry must be popular
which repeals it.

Wood's Hotel, May 29.

* * We beg to say, that we do not participate in a great number of the
dogmas of the worthy baronet who writes the above. They must rest,
therefore, on his own individual responsibility.

O. Y.

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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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CANADA.*

BY TIGER—GALT—PICKEN.

A PLEASANTER little book never came out of the press—full of information of all kinds, full of reading, full of sagacity, full of humour. It is a voice speaking to us from the forests of Canada—from the centre of woods that have seen generation after generation of men pass away into the ocean of eternity, as Niagara dashes into the gulf below; and pleasant does that voice burst upon our ears, even as the voice of a friend whom we thought we had lost for ever. We may say, with Solomon, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

In short, our Backwoodsman is he whom men and long-robed women call the Tiger,—a title by which he was most beloved. His own name is William Dunlop, or, as he chose to call it, Woll. Of Dunlops the best, extensively rivalling even the cheeses of that honoured appellation, he can trace his family to Hagmans Roll; and his father is the Laird of Keppoch, and therefore Keppoch is he called in the western wilds of Scotland. But leaving questions of pedigree to heralds, we find Dunlop a surgeon in the

Connaught Rangers in early life, and, as he mentions in this little book, actively engaged in the campaigns of 1813, 1814, and 1815, against the Yankees, in what was then generally known by the name of Mr. Madison's war. Forgotten, out of America, as the battles of that war are now-a-days, there was some hard partisan fighting, in which the doctor, laying down the lancet for the bayonet, and inflicting wounds instead of curing them, played no unobtrusive part. Peace being proclaimed, and the treaty of Ghent (which, as he observed, "came upon them suddenly," and, we may add, much to their grief,) having put an end to American campaigning, he went with his regiment to Calcutta, exchanging the blanket coat for the muslin jacket, and using brandy and water to keep out the intense heat of India with as much activity as he had formerly employed it to keep off the intense cold of Canada. manifold were his occupations in the land of the Moguls. In addition to his medical and military duties—his convivial and chivalrous occupations, he edited a newspaper, and contracted to clear

* Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, for the use of Emigrants. By a Backwoodsman. London, 1832. John Murray.

The Canadas, as they at present commend themselves to the Enterprise of Emigrants, Colonists, and Capitalists. Comprehending a variety of Topographical Reports concerning the Quality of the Land, &c. in different Districts; and the fullest General Information. Compiled and condensed from Original Documents furnished by John Galt, Esq. late of the Canada Company, and now of the British American Land Association, and other authentic sources, by Andrew Picken. With a Map. London, 1832. Edinburg Wilson.

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the island of Saugur, falling with equal fury upon Silk Buckingham and the tigers. After having killed some incredible quantity of the latter nuisances, (whence, and not from any resemblance to that king of cats, he has the name of Tiger,) the jungle fever subdued him, and he was obliged to come home on half pay, "one of the cankers of a calm world," as Pierre expresses it. He fired first in Edinburgh, where he gave a course of lectures on medical jurisprudence, the mixture in which of fun and learning, of law and science, blended with rough jokes, and anecdotes not always of the most prudish nature, will make them long live in the memories of his hearers. He also wrote sketches of Indian life, and other papers, for *Blackwood*, under the signature of Colin Ballantyne, R.N., a *nom de guerre* under which, we believe, he figured in India during his controversies with Buckingham, whom he ever and anon delighted in calling the cobbler. Tired, however, as we suppose everybody must be at last, of Edinburgh, he came to London, having for his *compagnon de voyage* the future editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He here lived a most miscellaneous life, turning his hand to every thing. He edited, for a short while, the *British Press*, a journal now gone to sleep; but could not like the business of a morning paper, as it interfered too much with other occupations of a more agreeable kind. He never suffered the composition of "leaders" to interfere with the composition of works of a more fluent kind, and, accordingly, the *British Press* sometimes appeared sadly shorn of its "leads." The accession of M. de Villèle to power occurred during the time of the Tiger's editorship, and we need hardly say it was one of the most important events that had happened since the restoration of the Bourbons. The news arrived in London at night, and all the other newspapers were next morning full of remarks on the event, written with the sharpest acumen, the deepest knowledge, the profoundest political sagacity—in short, with all the magnificence of talent that usually adorns the best public instructors; and at wondrous length. The Antislavery Doctor, being, in all probability, more interested in the affairs of Jamaica than in those of France, dismissed the whole concern in a whiff:

"We perceive," said he, "that there is a change of ministry in France;—we have heard of no earthquakes in consequence." Not another word! Beyond question, it was treating the matter most philosophically, and, indeed, as all political affairs ought to be treated by men of sense; but it suited not the views of the proprietors of the paper. Some impertinence was attempted, which, of course, was out of the question with Dunlop, and he left the concern.

He then published an edition of Beck's *Medical Jurisprudence*, an American work, to which he wrote a preface, and appended many curious notes; and started a Sunday newspaper for 'the India interest, entitled the *Telescope*, the history of which would be a comedy of the drollest kind. It did not succeed badly, but at the end of a year he was tired of it; and having become connected with the joint stocks of those days—our history has now reached the famous year 1825—he figured in Brick, Iron, Salt, and other companies, as secretary or director. He personally superintended the salt works of this last-named company somewhere in Cheshire; but as Tiger is an honest fellow—a strictly honest fellow, in every sense of the word—it is perfectly unnecessary for us to add that he made nothing of the bubbles, except what salary he may have received. The future biographer of Dunlop will have to recount, that at this time he 'founded a club' of a most peculiar description, which he called by the picturesque title of "The Pig and Whistle;" but the time is not yet ripe for the history of that celebrated association. We shall only record an anecdote for the benefit of persons attached to the fine arts. Edwin Landseer one evening offered the landlord of the house to paint him a sign of a pig playing on a whistle, of which he immediately made a pencil sketch in his own inimitable manner; but the landlord, a man of about the same *quantum* of taste as is generally possessed by our connoisseurs in this country, declined the offer, alleging, as a reason, that "he had no wish to change either his sign or his sign-painter."

Galt had, about this time, succeeded in organising the Canada company, which has since treated him with such signal ingratitude; and Dunlop ac-

cepted office under it in the year 1826, with the sounding title of Warden of the Black-Forest, and immediately started for Canada; where he has ever since remained, teaching to hew the beech the hand that held the glaive, and performing all the duties of his laborious office with vast benefit to the country and company. He is, at this present writing, one of the most popular men in Upper Canada, and of course universally consulted by emigrants of all classes on their affairs. This brings us to the consideration of the little book before us:—

"Some authors," he says, "write for fame, some for money, some to propagate particular doctrines and opinions, some from spite, some at the instigation of their friends, and not a few at the instigation of the devil. I have no one of these excuses to plead in apology for intruding myself on the public; for my motive, which has at least the merit of novelty to recommend it, is sheer laziness. To explain this, it is necessary to state, that, for some years past, I have been receiving letters from intending emigrants, containing innumerable queries respecting Upper Canada; also from the friends of such children of the forest *in posse*, who seasoned the unpalatable task of writing on other people's business with the assurance so consolatory to my vanity, that I was, of all men in the province, the one they considered best qualified to give such information, &c. These letters, always couched in the most polite terms, commencing with the writer's 'sincere sorrow for taking up so much of my valuable time,' and ending with 'the most perfect reliance on my knowledge and candour,' required to be answered; and so long as they came 'like angel visits, few and far between,' it was no great grievance to do so. But, after having written some reams in answer to them, and when every other packet brought one—and no later ago than last week I had two to answer—things began to look serious, and so did I; for I found that, if they went on at this rate, I should have no 'valuable time' to devote to my own proper affairs. And therefore, it being now mid-winter, and seeing no prospect of my being able to follow my out-of-door avocations for some weeks, I set myself down, in something like a pet, to throw together and put in form the more prominent parts of the information I had been collecting, to the end that I might be enabled in future to answer my voluminous correspondents after the manner of the late worthy Mr. Abernethy, by referring them to certain pages of *My Book*."

This "My Book" we have read from beginning to the end with infinite delight, with the exception of one passage, which we subjoin. He had been panegyrising forest life.

"It is only since writing the above that I fell in with the first volume of Moore's *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*; and I cannot describe the pleasure I received from reading his vivid, spirited, and accurate description of the feelings he experienced on first taking on him the life of a hunter. At an earlier period of life than Lord Edward had then attained, I made my *début* in the forest, and first assumed the blanket-coat and the rifle, the moccasins and the snow-shoe; and the ecstatic feeling of Arab-like independence, and the utter contempt for the advantage and restrictions of civilisation which he describes, I then felt in its fullest power. And even now, when my way of life, like Macbeth's, is falling 'into the sere, the yellow leaf,' and when a tropical climate, privation, disease, and thankless toil, are combining with advancing years to unstring a frame, the strength of which once set hunger, cold, and fatigue at defiance, and to undermine a constitution that once appeared iron-bound, still I cannot lie down by a fire in the woods, without the elevating feeling which I experienced formerly returning, though in a diminished degree. And this must be human nature; for it is an undoubted fact, that no man who associates with and follows the pursuits of the Indian, for any length of time, ever voluntarily returns to civilised society."

Let us, before we make any further remarks on this, subjoin the political remarks of the doctor, which shew that, distant far as he is from his native land, and uncheered by the voices of those with whom he once joined heart and hand in political contest, he is still Tory in soul.

"What a comparison in the woods Lord Edward must have been! and how shocking to think that, with talents which would have made him at once the idol and the ornament of his profession, and affections which must have rendered him an object of adoration in all the relations of private life,—with honour, with courage, with generosity, with every trait that can at once ennoble and endear,—he should never have been taught, that there is a higher principle of action than the mere impulse of the passions,—that he should never have learned, before plunging his country into blood and disorder, to have weighed the means he possessed with the end he proposed, or the problematical good with the certain evil!—that

he should have had Tom Paine for a tutor in religion and politics, and Tom Moore for a biographer, to hold up as a pattern, instead of warning, the errors and misfortunes of a being so noble,—to subserve the revolutionary purposes of a faction, who, like Sampson, are pulling down a fabric which will bury both them and their enemies under it."

Bravo! Shame indeed it is, and pity, that such men as Lord Edward Fitzgerald should die what may be called the death of a felon, after having been driven to do the deed of a felon, when the real instigators of his crime—they who sounded the trumpet, but skulked away from the field—are laid in Westminster Abbey, or are sitting in high places this moment, decked by coronets and gorged with pensions! But this is taking us away from Dunlop.

Sorry, then, are we to find, by the extract we have made, that a gloom has come over spirits that we thought nothing could subdue, and that a frame which appeared to us indomitable, is shaken by time, disease, and thankless toil. That the toil which promotes the interests of any public body is in general thankless, has become almost an axiom; and the company which Dunlop serves has shewn, in a most peculiar way, that it forms no exception to the rule. But we hope and trust that the pages were written in a momentary fit of spleen occasioned by a morning headach, the natural legacy of the evening, and that after all, Time has not bent the Tiger in his iron hand, that the Doctor has defied disease, and that the toil, if now unthanked, will hereafter reap a threefold and a fourfold recompense, when better days come round.

Let us get up, therefore, and clear our looks, accompanying Dunlop into the forest,

"Hunting the wild deer, and chasing the roe;"

observing beforehand with him upon the perversity of mankind, in neglecting what they have before sought with much avidity.

"If any one," he says, "doubted the doctrine of original sin and the innate perverseness of mankind, the conduct of the English emigrants arriving in this country would go a good way to convert him to a more orthodox way of thinking. There have arrived in the province within

these three last years, perhaps 15,000 English agricultural labourers; and it is no very great stretch of the imagination to suppose, that every twentieth man of them, when at home, was a poacher, or at least had some practical knowledge of the use of a fowling-piece, and had in his days infringed on the laws of the land, in defiance of the wrath and displeasure of the squire, the denunciations of the parson, the terrors of the gaol, the tread-mill, the hulks and Botany Bay, and the disgrace which attaches to one whose life is an habitual war with the laws. Yet, when these fellows have been a few months in Canada, they no more think of shooting than if they were Cockneys. And why? Because here it would be not only a harmless amusement, but an honest, respectable, and useful mode of making the two ends of the year meet, while there it was fraught with danger to both life and character. Accordingly, we find, that York, on the banks of a lake, and surrounded by a forest, is not to say indifferently supplied, but positively without any thing like a regular supply of fish or game; and when you do by accident stumble on a brace of partridges, or a couple of wild ducks, you pay more for them than you would in almost any part of Great Britain, London excepted. In fact, unless a man is himself a sportsman, or has friends who are so, and who send him game, he may live seven years in York, and, with the exception of an occasional haunch or saddle of venison, may never see game on his table. I wonder, would a total repeal of the game-laws produce any thing of a similar effect at home?"

A total repeal of the Game-laws in this country would produce a general massacre of all the game in the course of the first year, just as it has happened in France, from the time

"When
Poured o'er Chantilly the Parisian train;
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss com-
bined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left be-
hind;
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart
dismay'd,
On every covey fired a bold brigade."

Of these French Cockneys, it is true enough, as Sir Walter says,

"*La douce Humanité* approved the sport!
For great the alarm indeed, but small
the hurt."

But game, except in the royal parks and preserves, was never abundant in the country about Paris, and the Cockneys there are just as great butchers as

the Cockneys here: in the country parts of France, however, the game was plentiful, but now it is all gone, clean weeded away and such would be the case here. Odd enough, however, it is, that crossing the Atlantic should put an end to all zeal for sporting, where such fine materials are for it "in the forest," abounding with game, and lakes and rivers teeming with fish. Following the deer, as the old song has it, must be absolutely delicious. What can be finer than the following:—

"At the head of our quadruped game is the deer. He is larger than the fallow-deer of England, and his horns, we would say, are twined the wrong way, and are differently shaped from those of the deer of Europe. They are found in great abundance in every part of the province. Deer-stalking is much practised; but to practise it with success, you must be acquainted with the topography of the neighbourhood, and know the salt-licks and other haunts. Another way is, to let a canoe or raft float down a stream during the Midsummer night, with a bright light upon it. This seems to dazzle or fascinate the animal, who is fond of standing in the water when the mosquitoes are troublesome in the woods; and if the manoeuvre be skillfully managed without noise, he will allow you to come within a few yards of him. So near, indeed, will he allow you thus to approach, that there have been instances known of his having been killed with a fish-spear. The most certain and deadly mode of proceeding, however, is to send your dogs into the woods, some miles from the banks of a lake, or great river, and 'hark down' on the scent; when he will be sure to run for the water, where you can knock him on the head from a boat or canoe. But even in this defenceless position you must not approach him rashly, for he gives an ugly wound with his horns; and with the sharp hoofs of his fore-feet he has been known to deal such a blow as has separated the muscle from the bone of a man's leg. You must, therefore, either shoot him, knock him on the head, drown him by holding down his head with an oar, or seize hold of him by the seat, and make him tow the boat until he is exhausted, and can be mastered.

In deer-stalking, and, indeed, all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out—that is, bivouac in the woods. This would appear to a man who is curious in well-aired sheets, as the next way to the other world; but in reality there is nothing either dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man jangles with him in the woods,

punk, that is, German tinder (a fungous excrescence of the maple), and a flint. With this and the back of his knife a light is struck, and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss, and blown or swung round the head until it blazes, and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed: and if it be dry overhead, nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet turned towards the fire. If, however, it threatens rain, a tent, or wigwam of bark, can soon be erected, perfectly weather-tight; and in winter this may be rendered more comfortable, by shovelling the snow up on the walls, so as to exclude the wind."

The very words of this extract fall of themselves into song. See how slight an alteration turns them into verse—

"At the head of our quadruped game is the deer,
No buck in Old England his size can come near;
His horns, we would say,
Are twined the wrong way,
And differ in shape from the horns you have there."

Bear-hunting is just as graphically described, and so is hunting the racoon. Dunlop says that he never ate racoon baked with potatoes, in which he is decidedly wrong, for it is most capital food; and it is the more inconsistent in the Doctor not to eat it, when, as he confesses, he has no objection to a black squirrel, which we certainly cannot recommend, and has made (and that most judiciously) a comfortable breakfast off the hind-quarter of a bear-cub. These little prejudices are unworthy of a man of genius, and we hope that this article will find him totally cured of such narrow faucies, and ravenously occupied in devouring a rasher of racoon. His observations on fishing are capital, but it is not fair to copy all his work.

From game and fish the transition to cookery is natural. Hear, therefore, the Doctor, who honestly confesses the deplorable state of science in Canada.

"Our inns are bad—that is to say, many of them clean and comfortable indeed enough, and the landlords almost uniformly civil and obliging; but the proverb of 'God sending meat, and the devil cooks,' never was so fully illustrated as in this country; for, with a superabundance of the raw material, the manufactured article of a good dinner is

hardly to be found in a public-house in the province. The radical cause of this defect seems to me to be, that the cookery of America is derived from that of Holland; so they are inferior pupils of an indifferent school; for, though both countries have produced painters of great eminence, I never have yet heard of either producing a cook of even moderate genius. Soup is unknown in these parts. The gridiron, if to be found at all, is only an ornamental, not a useful implement of an American kitchen; its place is usurped by the frying-pan, and every thing is deluged with grease and butter. I saw, some days ago, in the *New York Spectator*, a clever announcement of a work about to be published, by a fair spinster from somewhere 'down east' (as she herself, being a New Englander, would say), on American cookery. The lady is *benemp't* Miss Prudence Smith; and it appears that, in America, the mysteries of cookery hitherto, like those of the Druids of old, have been preserved by oral tradition, which this young lady is now about to collect, arrange, and classify, in a code of Transatlantic culinary economics, and thus will become the Justinian and Napoleon of her national gastronomy—the Meg Dodds and Hannah Glasse of the New World. I have no acquaintance with Prudence; yet I sincerely wish her all manner of success in her patriotic and philanthropic undertaking; and in the mean time I shall, to give the reader a kind of notion of what he may expect, present him with a few receipts, as I saw them practised in the kitchen of a, not the London Tavern.

"To dress a Beefsteak.

"Cut the steak about a quarter of an inch thick; wash it well in a tub of water, wringing it from time to time after the manner of a dishcloth; put a pound of fresh butter in a frying-pan (hog's-lard will do, but butter is more esteemed), and when it boils put in the steak, turning and peppering it for about a quarter of an hour: then put it into a deep dish, and pour the oil over it, till it floats, and so serve it.

"To boil Green Peas.

"Put them in a large pot full of water; boil them till they burst; pour off one-half of the water, leaving about as much as will cover them; then add about the size of your two fists of butter, and stir the whole round with a handful of black pepper. Serve in a wash-hand basin.

"To pickle Cucumbers.

"Select for this purpose cucumbers the size of a man's foot—if beginning to grow yellow, so much the better; split

them in four, and put them into an earthen vessel; then cover them with whisky. The juices of the cucumber, mixing with the alcohol, will run into the acetous fermentation—so you make vinegar and pickles both at once; and the pickles will have that bilious, Calcutta-looking complexion, and slobbery, slimy consistence, so much admired by the Dutch gourmands of this country.

"To make Butter Toast.

"Soak the toasted bread in warm milk-and-water; get ready a quantity of melted butter, and dip the bread in it; then place the slices stratum super stratum in a deep dish, and pour the remainder of the melted butter over them.

"How poultry is dressed, so as to deprive it of all taste and flavour, and give it much the appearance of an Egyptian mummy, I am not sufficiently skilled in Transatlantic cookery to determine; unless it be by first boiling it to rags, and then baking it to a chip in an oven. But I shall say no more on the subject, as it would be ungallant to anticipate Miss Prue."

This is truly lamentable. Why does not Ude get up a missionary society to enlighten the worse than Pagan darkness of the unhappy land?

Follows then all manner of advice to settlers about land, location, soil, and a thousand et-ceteras of the same kind, no doubt most valuable to all concerned, interspersed with various episodes on politics, with some of which we agree, and with some differ. Justice, however, compels us to confirm, *en passant*, the compliment paid to Bishop Macdonell, a divine who took Ogdensburg by charge, under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries, at the head of his own unbreeched barbarians from Glengary, in the most episcopal style—whose polemics are, we doubt not, most irreproachable in the manner of his church—and of whose potency in demolishing tumblers of punch we most willingly offer testimony.

Hemp, flax, tobacco, &c. we dismiss, and come to a point on which information will be naturally sought.

"It is a question with many intending emigrants, whether to go to Canada or the United States. I think Canada preferable, and for the following reasons:—

"It is to many who happen to have consciences, no light matter to forswear their allegiance to their king, and declare that they are willing to take up arms against their native country, at the call of the country of their adoption; and unless

they do so, they must remain aliens for ever: nay, even if they do manage to swallow such an oath, it is seven years before their apostasy is rewarded by the right of citizenship. In landing in his Majesty's dominions, they carry with them their rights of subjects, and immediately on becoming 40s. freeholders, have the right of voting for a representative.

"The markets of Canada for farm produce are, and must be, better than those of the United States; for Canadian corn is admitted into both British and West Indian ports on much more advantageous terms than foreign grain; and the taxes on articles required for the consumpt of the inhabitants are not one-twelfth so great in Canada as in the United States. Thus, all British goods pay at Quebec only 2½ per cent *ad valorem*, whilst at any American port they pay from 33½ to 60 per cent.

"Very erroneous notions are current in England, with regard to the taxation of the United States. The truth is, that though America is lightly taxed in comparison with England, it is by no means to be considered so, when compared to most of the continental nations. The account usually rendered of American taxation is fallacious. It is stated, that something under six millions sterling, or about 10s. per head on an average, pays the whole army, navy, civil list, and interest of debt of the United States, while we require fifty millions, or nearly 2l. 10s. each, for the same purpose. But the fact is, that that sum is only about half what the Americans pay in reality; for each individual state has its own civil list, and all the machinery of a government to support: and insignificant as the expenses of that government appear in detail, yet the aggregate is of very serious importance. For instance, there are five times as many judges in the state of New York alone, as in Great Britain and Ireland; and though each individual of these were to receive no more than we would pay a macer of the court, yet, when there comes to be two or three hundred of them, it becomes a serious matter; nor does it make any difference, in fact, whether they are paid out of the exchequer of the state, or by the fees of the suitors in their courts. They are equally paid by a tax on the people in either case.

"Although the necessaries of life are cheap in America, and equally cheap in Canada, the luxuries of life are higher by several hundred per cent in the one country than the other. Thus, wine in the United States is so highly taxed, that in a tavern at New York you pay more for a bottle of Madeira than in one

at London, viz. five dollars, and fifteen shillings for port.

"In Canada we have stumbled by accident, or had thrust upon us by some means or other, what may be considered the great desideratum in financial science, viz. the means of creating a large revenue with a light taxation. This arises from three causes: first, that we derive a very large sum annually from lands the property of the crown, which are sold to the Canada Company, and from timber cut on crown lands, &c.; second, that we derive a revenue from public works, which have been constructed at the expence of the province, and which are in a fair way of yielding a much greater return than the interest of the money expended on them, and from shares in the bank of Upper Canada, of which the government took a fourth of the stock; and, thirdly, because we make our neighbours—the good people of the United States—pay a little of our taxes; and shall, with the blessing of God, if they keep on their tariff, make them pay a pretty penny more."

Here is plain common sense, blended with true-hearted loyalty. As long as we have men "who happen to have such consciences," our colonies are safe, even in spite of reform.

We have just come to the end of the book, and cannot do better than finish with Dunlop's concluding sentence.

"Now, gentle reader, that you have got this length, permit me to compliment you on your patience; a virtue which I shall no longer call upon you to exercise, than by requesting you, in the diplomatic phrase, to accept the assurances of my highest consideration until we meet, as I hope we shall do next summer, on the banks of Lake Huron."

Meet him wherever we may, we shall meet a good fellow, whose various wanderings over the world have filled him with shrewd good sense, and stored him with wealth of tale and anecdote beyond that of any other man now living. It is recorded of him that, on his return from India, he entertained the company after dinner every day with stories, and that he never repeated one a second time during the voyage. What an immense and multifarious stock he must have laid in since!

Farewell, then, dear Nigger! and whether we meet you on the banks of the Huron, over the hind-quarter of a bear, clad in the skin of the same

animal, and talking much in his tone and accent, or on the banks of your native Clyde, predominating over a bowl of that cold punch manufactured by you in a manner surpassing that of all other sons of men, or in your favourite region of the Strand, chasing away the midnight hours with fluid suitable to the time—wheresoever, whensoever, and howsoever the meeting may be, warm shall be the greeting, and cordial the welcome.

"And we'll go nae mair a-roving—

A roving in the night;

And we'll go nae mair a-roving

Let the moon shine ne'er sue bright."

It would be unpardonable were we to publish an article on Canada, without taking notice of a most useful and amusing volume just published by Picken, our friend the Dominie. In Picken's preface he may justly say,

"This book is presented to the public with great confidence by the compiler. He claims no merit for himself, but it will be difficult to find a recent work in which so many official and authentic documents are brought together respecting any country. The size of the work may seem to offer something like a contradiction to this assertion, but a very cursory inspection will convince the reader that the materials from which it has been compiled are of no ordinary stamp. Indeed, had it not been owing to the circumstances of two great public bodies, as well as the government, being interested in collecting the information, which the compiler has been so fortunate as to obtain access to, it could not have been within the means of an individual to accumulate such a variety of important and, to emigrants, necessary knowledge."

Galt has supplied some most valuable papers, and who is there so well

qualified? Picken's own observations are shrewd and sagacious, as usual; and we have all manner of documents, official and demi-official; reports from Commissioners Elliot, Patrick Strange; Duncan Macdowell, and a host of others; besides compilations from Mac-Taggart, Talbot, Bouchette—in short, from every source that could be deemed at all worthy of consultation—and all admirably arranged. A more complete statistical survey of any colony does not exist. The advice given to emigrants, the tables of expense for rich and poor, the suggestions as to the employment of capital, the management of farms, &c. &c. are ample and satisfactory. The book must be the manual, not only of the emigrant, but of the traveller.

It is very unnecessary for us to eulogise Galt or Picken at this time of day; we therefore leave them to their fate; but they have caught a new hand; who is, we think, as fine a raw material for a tourist as at present exists. It is Mr. Nathaniel Gould, the Vice-Governor of the North American Land Company. He has an eye for scenery, a clear knowledge of the business of a country, and an acute perception of manners. Nothing can be better than his description of the Shakers, but it is too long for our pages, and we cannot find a short extract to give a sufficient idea of his graphic manner. But we trust we shall see Mr. Gould, ere long, in a substantive form—he can go alone. In the mean time, all ye who wish to go to Canada, or to hear any thing about it, read the book compiled by Andrew Picken, Dominie. It has quite Canada-bitten us; and we long to be, like the careless Jaques in the forest, hewing down the oak, and swallowing a bear for breakfast!

The Book of JASHUR.

(FROM THE ÆTHIOPIC.)

[ARCHBISHOP LAWRENCE, some time ago, was fortunate enough to lay hand upon, and learned enough to translate, the long-lost book of Enoch. It has been our fortune to discover the book of Jashur, so long a desideratum among the learned. See *Bartolocc. Biblioth. Rabbin.* vol. ii. p. 403, in voce *בב*. Wolfius in Rabbi *בב*, Lightfoot, Shelomo Jarchi, Hyman Hurwitz, Moses Edrehi, Sir Ralph Franco, Rev. Dr. Lee of Cambridge, De Rossi in *Scrittori Ebrei*, and a whole rabble of literati. We are sure the learned will thank us for our translation of the work, the original roll of which, in high preservation, and manifestly of the ninth century, we have transmitted to the Duke of Sussex, through the hands of Mr. Pettigrew, F.R.S. &c.]

CHAP. I.

1 *A new king in Tarshish.* 8 *The wicked counsel of his counsellors.* 14 *The nobles murmur.*

1 AND it came to pass, in the latter days of my people, when iniquity was come to the full, that a king of a mild countenance and well stricken in years stood up.

2 And he walked in the ways of his father, and loved his people, and desired their good.

3 But the sons of the crafty, the selfish, and the vile, gathered around him, and said thus unto him :

4 My lord the king, if thou wouldst do good to the remnant of thine inheritance, put away from thee thy great men, thy nobles, and thy mighty men of valour, who have gained thy fathers renown.

5 For thou thyself, my lord, O king ! wast bred upon the mighty waters, and these men will be too hard for thee.

6 Therefore takè unto thee of the dregs of the people to be thy counsellors, and the multitude will cleave unto thee and extol thy wisdom,

7 And every one that is in debt, and every one that is in distress, and every one that is discontented, shall gather themselves unto thee, and thou shalt rule over them.

¶ 8 And the king hearkened to their voice, and he put away from him his nobles of the land, his mighty men of valour, and all those who had established the throne of his fathers and gained them renown, from the river even to the ends of the earth.

9 And he took unto him of the dregs of the people to be his counsellors; and behold all the base and the vile, and all that were in distress and in debt, and discontented in the land, drew unto them and put their trust in them.

10 And they said unto them, Go to ; for now it shall be well with us, and we will trample the king and his nobles under our feet, even as the ox treadeth out the corn.

11 And we will change times and laws; and countries and kings and provinces shall be given unto us for a prey, and the land shall be free.

12 For we will take every man's bond-servant away from him, and we will put weapons into their hands, and say unto them, Smite ! and they shall smite.

13 And the people rejoiced greatly, because they should trample on principalities and powers; and the unrighteous counsellors rejoiced also, because of their success and their great power with the lowest of the people.

¶ 14 Nevertheless, the nobles of the land and the captains of thousands, of fifties, and of tens, withstood them to their faces, and said unto them, No, thou shalt not deal so with our lord the king, to cause him to remove the ancient landmarks, and change statutes and laws, and make him a reproach and a byword among the children of his people.

15 Therefore increase your army and come forth, for God do so to us and more also, if we do not drive you from the footstool of that throne which you have usurped and abused.

16 And they increased their armies and came forth, and the land was troubled by reason of their commotion.

17 And I, Jashur, the son of Zebadiah, of the country of the Philistines, went down to see the battle; and I was greatly astonished, for the king's forces were arrayed in this wise.

CHAP. II.

1 *An old man is at the head of the wicked counsellors.* 2 *His kinsman the son of Belial.*

1 In the front and at the head of the whole there appeared an old man whose name was as if he had been the son of the twilight that leadeth unto darkness.

¶ 2 And behold he had a kinsman to guide and direct him, and he was a son of Belial. For he put a hook into the old man's nose, and led him therewith, turning him whithersoever he listed.

3 And the name of that kinsman was as if he had been a light that had gone out, and my spirit within me was grieved for the old man.

4 And I said unto one that stood by, Wherefore is this man so feeble and worn out in his bodily frame?

5 And he answered and said, Verily it is because he hath all his life been a slave unto the daughters of women.

6 For he sought for them as a lion panteth after his prey, and where the women were there was he.

7 Moreover, the temper and frame of this man's mind hath been evil, and that continually; even for the space of fifty years hath he been a stumbling-block unto this people.

8 A mover of strife and of divisions, and a sower of sedition to overturn the laws and customs of this realm, to the end that it may be according to that of the heathen nation that lieth beyond Jordan.

9 But as he hath taken from this people to give unto his kin, so shall he quickly fall and come to his end, and there shall be none to pity or to help him.

CHAP. III.

1 *The wicked counsellor from the land of the Philistines.* 5 *He delighted in strong drink, and in harlots.* 14 *He spake wicked things for the Queen Jezebel.*

1 And the second of those proud and evil counsellors came onward, and when I beheld him I wondered greatly, for I knew him to be of the country of the Philistines.

2 For he was born in that land, at the head of the path by which the kine passeth, and brought up a servant of servants in that land of graven images, with an old man whose name was as if he had been the son of this king.

3 And he carried the writings of the Scriptures and the Elders, and the proofs of their writings in his right hand, and men denominated him as one of the spirits of the pit.

4 And the man was prone to do evil, while how to do good was that about which he had no knowledge.

¶ 5 For he delighted to look upon the wine when it was red, and when it gave its colour in the cup, until his eyes beheld strange women, and his soul longed after them, and he followed them to their respective places of abode.

6 And he gave them wine to drink, and also strong drink in abundance, until they were drunk.

7 And certain of them slept with their fathers, and were buried.

8 But one of them came unto him, and said unto him, Lo! now thou shalt be my husband, and I will be unto thee a wife, for thou art betrothed to me.

9 And the man was sore afraid, and said, What shall I do with this Canaanitish woman?

10 And one spoke on this wise, and another spoke on that; but the rest of his acts with her, behold they were written in the book of the Chronicles of the kings of the Philistines, and in the book of Jabesh the scribe.

11 Nevertheless, he was a bold man, and his assurance above the assurance of other men; for he forgot the land of his nativity and the path of the kine, and also the carrying of the writings of the scribes.

12 And he put upon him the robe of the law, and went into the courts of the Philistines; but no one said unto him, Do this, or Do that, or Wherefore comest thou hither?

13 And the man had not bread to eat, until he wrote words of folly, of disgrace, and rebellion, in the prophecies of the son of Jaffier, whom he hath twice cast off and disgraced.

¶ 14 And he departed thence, and went unto the great city which is by the river of the south, but it availed him not.

15 Until the queen of that land having committed a trespass with one who was not of the children of her people; the wrath of the king and his nobles was kindled, and they sought to put her to death.

16 But this man whom you see here, even this man, whose name is as it were the besom of destruction, said unto her, Go to now, let me come in unto thee, and I will save thee from all those that seek thy life.

17 And she said unto him, What canst thou do for me?

18 And he said, Lo! I will place thy one foot in Dan and the other in Beersheba, and I will exalt my horn on high, and put down the crooked serpent into the pit of destruction;

19 And all those who seek thy life shall be ashamed, and hide their faces.

20 And she said unto him, Do as thou hast said.

21 And he went in unto her, and she gave unto him silver and gold, and handmaidens to be ready at his bidding,

22 And of the precious things put forth by the sun, and of the precious things put forth by the moon, and asses and ostriches, and nine-and-twenty she-asses.

23 And his heart was lifted up, and when he came forth from the presence of the queen, the tabernacle that was upon his face moved to and fro like a tree that is shaken by the east wind.

24 And it continueth so even unto this day; for it hath no rest day nor night, but moveth from the one side to the other, as if in contempt of all those who live under the sun.

25 And now, behold, this man who was born in the way of the kine, who carried the writings of the scribes, who prophesied with the son of Jaffier, and whose name is as it were the besom of destruction,

26 Even this man hath come into the counsels of our lord the king, to make void the nature of the things of this realm; to sweep away, to pull down, and demolish all that is ancient and great and good; to turn the sole of the shoe uppermost, so that what was high before may be trampled on and abased. May the Lord reward him according to his deed.

CHAP. IV.

1 The wicked counsellor of small stature, whose song no man regardeth. 7 The nobles take counsel together. 8 The wicked counsellor of the sack sweepeth out the nobles with a besom of destruction. 18 The nobles humble the wicked.

1 And behold, I saw one also that was small of stature; but as his stature was, so was his influence in the assemblies of the people.

2 For his heart was lifted up, and he imagined vain things, saying unto himself, Lo, I shall not only be the chief lawgiver, but the chief singer in this land of mighty waters.

3 But the tenour of his laws was laughed to scorn, and his songs no man regarded.

4 He wrote also the dialogues of men and women; and his name was as the sound of a silken robe which is worn by a woman, when he himself took shelter under it to keep him from the view of those of whom he was sorely afraid.

5 And behold the man's nose was of iron and his brow brass, and he had a mouth speaking great things.

6 And he exalted himself even to the prince of the host, and he essayed to cast down some of the host and the stars to the ground, and he practised but prospered not.

¶ 7 For all the nobles and elders of the land who loved their country, her laws, and her king, were sore afraid; for they had been counsellors to his fathers, and had established their throne.

8 And they said one to another, Go to now, what shall we do? Lo, have not these degraded people set a sparrow upon a house-top, to give laws to this mighty empire?

9 And to destroy and root up, and overturn, overturn, overturn it, until it shall be no more, until destruction overtake us; and then where can we go, or whither shall we turn?

10 For if he that hath ten talents be advanced to an equality with him that hath fifty or a thousand, where shall be the dignity of the assemblies of our people?

11 And even the people themselves became afraid, and one-half withstood the laws of the little man whose name was as the sound made by the silken robe of a woman when lifted up.

¶ 12 But he whose name was as if it had been the besom of destruction was very wroth, and he moved the king to displeasure, and got his mandate, and swept the servants of the people from the hall of their assembly, railing at them and cursing them in the name of his gods.

13 And forthwith he sent unto all those in whom he trusted, the discontented, the low, and the vile; and he said unto them, Send us servants that will do as we bid them, who will say as we say, speak as we speak, and judge as we judge.

14 Else how shall we ever tread upon the necks of kings and nobles, if you send us stiff-necked and rebellious servants, such as these? therefore let no servant be sent here who revereth rank or condition, or the ancient laws.

15 And thus the nobles shall be abased, the sanctuary shall be pulled down and given unto you for a prey; and as for the king, we despise him, and he shall be our servant.

16 And unto the queen we shall do that which is right in our own eyes.

17 And the people did as he had said, and sent him servants who sanctioned every law that he required.

¶ 18 But the nobles of the land withstood them in their ascent to the throne, and turned them out, and humbled them.

19 But they returned again, as the dog returneth to his vomit, or the sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire, until the land was sickened with them, and their names stunk in the nostrils of the people.

CHAP. V.

1 The king sendeth for his great captain; 7 who cometh. 15 The great captain goeth to Joseph; 19 who feareth. 25 The heart of the great captain is sad, and he returneth to the king; 31 who groaneth.

1 And their withstanding, and their out-turning, and their humbling, and their returning again, was on this wise.

2 For behold, when they saw the array of the nobles, their hearts failed within them for terror, and smote against their ribs for fear, and they shrunk away from the presence of the king, and from the presence of the nobles.

3 Then spake the king, even the king of a mild countenance and well stricken in years, to one of the wise men of his kingdom, and well skilled in the laws of the land;

4 Yea, the king spake unto him, and said, What shall we do?

5 And the wise man, and well skilled in the laws of the land, answered and said,

6 Send for the great captain, whose nose is like unto a cedar of Lebanon, even the mighty man of valour, who withstood Apollyon and his hosts, and put them to flight on the plains of open land where there is no wood, and where tillers of the ground do dwell.

¶ 7 And he sent for the great captain, even the mighty man of valour, who had scattered Apollyon and his hosts; and besides that had he fought many battles, and had won them all.

8 And the king said unto him, Wilt thou stand by us?

9 And he said unto the king, Yea, O king!

10 And he stood by the king and his nobles, to save the king and the nobles from the unrighteousness which the evil counsellors would have committed;

11 For they had sought to bring down the king's hand in wrath on the great men and the nobles, and the mighty men of valour who had gained his fathers renown.

12 But he was powerful to save, even he, the great captain, from destruction and from death, the nobles of the land, and the mighty men of valour, and all those who had established the throne of his fathers and gained them renown, from the river even to the ends of the earth.

13 And the king said unto him, Verily, thou hast done a great thing, and hast delivered my soul from the evil and the iniquity which the sons of the crafty had appointed that I should do.

14 Gather, then, to thyself counsellors, that so the ungodly may perish.

¶ 15 Now the great captain, whose nose is like unto a cedar of Lebanon, went unto them in whom he put his trust, and whom he had of old time ruled as it were with a rod of iron.

16 And the first of these was of a name as of the outer covering of a leek, but men called him Joseph, and he was a man crafty in council.

17 So said the great captain unto him, Stand thou by me, Joseph, the son of the weaver, as thou saidst thou wouldst do, and we shall do battle against the uncircumcised Philistines,

18 That have seated themselves in our high places, and tear our food from our mouths.

¶ 19 But the heart of Joseph was hardened, and he said unto the captain, Nay:

20 Long have I served thee in the times of old, and I have worked out the days of the years of my servitude, and I shall serve no more;

21. Beside, I fear the people, lest they stone us with stones, and the cry of him whose nose is shaken as it were by the east wind:

22 Therefore is it that I will not up with thee, to fight in Ramoth Gilead.

23 So when the great captain heard these things, he put dust upon his head, and rent his garments, and said, Verily thou art a weaver, and the dung is in thee.

24 And he smote him with a kick in the hinder part, and went on his way.

¶ 25 And he looked for whom he could see; and behold their hearts were affrighted by reason of the things that Joseph the son of the weaver had said, and they would not go up.

26 Save one who was the son of a great judge in the land, a comely man, whose hair is scented with myrrh and aloes, and to whom his wife hath given the horn of abundance. And he said, Make me the chief of the council, and give me gold, and so I shall scatter thine enemies before thee.

27 But the heart of the great captain was sad, and he said, Is there none better than he;

28 Who scattereth words without knowledge, and is a byword in the land? Nay, then, the hand of the Lord is against us by reason of our sires, and we must pray to the Lord for a better season.

29 And he went unto the king, and said, What thou saidst I should do I sought to do, but there is no trust in man;

30 Yea, say I with David the king, All men are liars, and we are delivered into the hands of the Philistines.

¶ 31 So the king groaned aloud, and wist not what to do.

CHAP. VI.

1 The wicked counsellors return. 4. The king yieldeth to the wicked counsellors, who prevail in the assembly. 14 The song of the wise men of the land. 16 The meditation of Jashur.

1 Then the sons of the crafty, the selfish, and the vile, stirred up the dregs of the people, and the multitudes of those who were in debt, and in distress, and in discontent;

2 And they were loud in their slanders and in their blasphemies, and the hearts of godly men trembled because of the hard speeches which ungodly sinners spake against the king and the queen, and the nobles of the land.

3 These were murmurers, complain-

ers walking after their own lusts; and their mouth spake great swelling words.

¶ 4 And the king feared exceedingly, for he was of a mild countenance and well stricken in years;

5 Nor gave he command to the great captain, whose nose is like unto a cedar of Lebanon; even the mighty man of valour, to execute judgment upon the mockers of the latter days, and to convince the ungodly of their ungodly deeds;

6 But sought again to his evil counsellors, and they returned unto him;

7 And he gave them his strength, to do what they should think right in their own eyes.

8 Nevertheless, all the evil which the sons of the crafty had before appointed that he should do, he did it not.

9 But the nobles of the land, and the mighty men of valour, and the great men, stood by, and waited until the evil should pass away.

10 And the wise men and the seers groaned because of the iniquity of the people;

11 But they trusted in the knowledge of Wisdom which had been aforetime made manifest, and they understood her great experience;

12 And they knew her power and her majesty, and her glory, and her abiding for ever;

13 For she hath built an everlasting foundation with men, and she shall continue with their seed.

¶ 14 And they sung, A patient man will bear for a time, and afterwards joy shall spring up unto him.

15 But in the mean while the ungodly triumph, and their deed is done. We are become as a rope of sand on the sea-shore. Selah.

¶ 16 And I, Jashur, the son of Zebadiah, of the country of the Philistines, admired because of the wisdom of the wise men, and marvelled exceedingly.

17 And I meditated upon their words, and thought in my heart, Verily, Wisdom shall praise herself, and glory in the midst of the people.

Here follow, in some MSS., two chapters; but as they are not in the original *Æthiopic*, they are generally considered to be apocryphal. They are written in the northern dialect, which it is so difficult to understand; but as they are curious, from relating to the proceedings of a celebrated Shepherd of those days, we think it our duty to subjoin them.

CHAP. VII.

1 The Shepherd cometh from the North. 5 The men of the South make a feast unto him; 9 at which there is much

hunger and howling The valour of the Shepherd.

1 And, lo! in those days there came

into the great city by the river of the south one that was a shepherd.

2 And he had smooth stones in his scrip, gathered from the brook that runneth by the border near the dwelling-place of the Magician, that is, wonderful; and he had a sling in his hand, and his heart was as the heart of a lion.

3 And the name of this man, among the Philistines, was as the name of a lamb that is weaned and hath not yet become a he-sheep; moreover, he was called by those of the south, as one of the swine which eateth the husks in the troughs of the Girseshites;

4 And he was ruddy and of a beautiful countenance, goodly to look on, and prudent in matters of war.

¶ 5 Now it came to pass that when the nobles of the land saw this man, their hearts waxed within them, and they gave a great shout, crying,

6 Behold the conqueror! now shall our adversaries perish! As the grape is trodden in the wine-press, they shall be trodden, and their blood gush out.

7 And they made a feast for him that was a shepherd, yea, they made a banquet, and caused the red wine to flow, and the flagons of that which is white to beget rejoicing.

8 And the guests were an exceeding multitude; their number no steward could number, and they were as the clean and the unclean that went into the ark of the deluge together.

¶ 9 But because of the multitude there was no remnant of the feast; yea, the bones were as the bones in Golgotha, dry and without flesh, and there was great murmuring; and many a man went away a hungered, and howled from emptiness of food.

10 And the man that was a shepherd stood up, and his voice was as the voice of Moses when the waves of the Red Sea fled away in fear; but the people were not appeased by his voice.

11 Whereupon he took from his scrip a smooth stone; as an egg was the dimensions thereof; and he likewise seized his sling, and cast the stone into the midst of the multitude.

12 And there arose dissonance and malignant words, and the malice that was in the breasts of the adversaries could not be contained within them; inasmuch that the rage of the battle was again kindled.

13 And the men that were there strove with one another; and he that was the shepherd stood aloft, and his

arm was lifted up, even his right arm, and his sling was as a whirlwind that sendeth forth the thunderbolts.

14 And all men spoke of the man that was the shepherd, and of his valour and his sling, and his might as a man of war: even unto this day his name is as a sweet odour among the nobles, and as the smell of the pomegranate tree when she putteth forth her blossoms.

CHAP. VIII.

1 *The king rejoiceth in the Shepherd.* 4 *So doth the great captain.* 9 *The end.*

1 And it came to pass, when the king heard how the adversaries were trodden down at the feast that was given to the man that was a shepherd, he was grievously troubled, and wist not what to do.

2 And he bethought him of the great captain, whose name is as the name of a fountain in a market-place; and he sent unto him, saying,

3 Come; I know that thou art one who careth for no man, yea, even those that are the adversaries; go, gird your loins, and say to the wise and the good and the courageous, The king is in straits; come, and we shall set him free.

¶ 4 Then the great captain, whose name is as the name of a fountain in a market-place, girded his loins and went forth, and when the adversaries heard this thing, they were sore afraid.

5 But they gathered themselves together, and said, Let us not be cast down; yet it is meet that we should seem to be so, and raise a cry throughout the land that we are utterly undone.

6 And there was at that time foolish men and astrologers in the land, and they discerned by the stars that the time was not yet come when reason should rule the whole earth.

7 Nevertheless, the adversaries called to them the young and the rash, and all those who are void of understanding.

8 And their beseechings and entreaties stirred up a vast multitude of those that yearned for sweet morsels without labour, inasmuch that a panic spread throughout the land; and the king was fain to look with a rueful and strange visage upon those with whom his hopes were fixed.

¶ 9 And thus it came to pass that the adversaries for a season were again rulers over this people.

THOMSON'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.*

THIS is a good book, and worthy of recommendation. The notices with which it has met at the hands of critics have not by any means been equivalent to its deserts; and this is one of the reasons of our giving its subject a place in our pages. We agree with Mr. Lodge, that the history of Raleigh has always been an object of anxious and busy inquiry; but cannot agree with him when he asserts, that the pains which have been taken to render it complete have been rewarded with the utmost success. There is obscurity, for instance, about Raleigh's share in the "Main" and the "Bye," in the scheme for the proclaiming the rights of the Lady Arabella Stuart, and his voyages to America. That Lord Cobham was a black villain, is pretty well ascertained; and that he sacrificed Raleigh to a sudden gust of passion, we have little doubt of: but still it is not quite clear that Sir Walter was not implicated in the transactions touching the Lady Arabella, and that his adventure to Guiana did not originate from a determination to acquire wealth by piratical enterprise. We are sorry that proofs do not exist to shew that the El Dorado voyage was other than a measure to cover over his latent intention of becoming a bold outlaw on the Spanish seas. Necessity is a hard taskmaster: Raleigh's profusion and reckless extravagance drove him to employ the most likely shift to supply his purse; and the tyranny of James had deprived the knight of his fair lands of Sherborne, and thus left him in ripened age, and with exorbitant personal wants and a grown-up family to provide for, in a state of abject beggary. This may extenuate, but cannot palliate, the lawlessness of the capture of St. Thomas,

and the slaughter he committed on the persons of the subjects of Spain. Had Raleigh's age been one of complete darkness, still his own scholarship ought to have told him what name he deserves, according to the nomenclature laid down in international law, who commits depredations on the property, and the last violence on the subjects, of a power at peace with our own sovereign.

Mr. Lodge, however, has well observed, that the life of Raleigh was public property, in which every taste and profession had an interest: the soldier will cherish the reputation of heroes; the critic, of writers; the politician, of statesmen. Raleigh, in his individual self, was a combination of all these—poet, orator, philosopher, historian, scholar; now haranguing upon the matter of statistics in the House of Commons—now addressing the sovereign on the subject of commercial regulations—now diving into the very depths of the Rabbinical writers—now a bold adventurer on the ocean, clutching his sword to win wealth and repute for himself and his dauntless crew—now incurring his royal mistress's wrath, by sighing his amorous lay among her maids of honour: this, and much more than this, was evidenced in the single person of Sir Walter Raleigh. The consideration of such a character must interest mankind. Mrs. Thomson set a high task for herself, and she has accomplished it with zeal and ability. There is an occasional tendency to indulge in conjecture when authorities are defective, and a fondness for lingering over trifling incidents, and giving them the importance of main incidents: but the book is a valuable production.

* *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, with some Account of the Period in which he lived.* By Mrs. A. T. Thomson, Author of the "*Memoirs of the Court of King Henry VIII.*" London, Longman. 1830.

† "The name," says Mrs. Thomson, "varies in its orthography from *Rale*, or *Ralega*, to *Raleigh*, *Rawleigh*, or *Raleigh*." We have chosen the last, because it is the common spelling, and it is not well to meddle thoughtlessly, or without good and sufficient reason, with the orthography of names which are of every-day recurrence to a nation's thoughts. "*Rawleigh*," says Mr. D'Israeli, "as was practised to a much later period, wrote his name various ways. In the former series of this work I have discovered, at least, how it was pronounced in his time: thus, *Rawly*. An old distich, in the form of a rebus, gives the pronunciation in the same manner:

The enemy to the stomach, and the word of disgrace,
Is the name of the gentleman with a bold face."

Modern historians, however, have some time since settled the orthography.

Raleigh was of an old but an impoverished family. He was born in 1552, at a farm called Hayes (rented by his father), situated at Budely, in that part of the eastern coast of Devonshire where the Otter discharges itself into the British Channel. His father was thrice married, and his mother, being the third wife, was the daughter of Sir Philip Champernon, of Modbury, and widow of Otho Gilbert, of Compton, in the same county. After sound preliminary tuition, he was at sixteen entered as a commoner both at Oriel and Christ Church, Oxford, in compliance with a prevalent custom, which secured the privilege of his aspiring to a fellowship at either of these colleges. In 1569 he was induced, by his uncle Champernon, to be one of a hundred volunteers, fitted out under his command, by the queen's orders, for the succour of the Hugonots. After his return in 1576, he is reputed to have studied at the Middle Temple, from the known fact, that Elizabeth desired her young courtiers to have a dash of legal learning. In the following year he made a campaign in the Low Countries, under Sir John Norris; and in 1578 joined his uterine brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a celebrated navigator of the day, in an expedition to colonise North America. Spain, and Portugal, and England, had been severally desirous of colonial possessions, and the latter was at that time turning its attention to the north-east coast of America. Sebastian Cabot, having the command of an English squadron, had discovered Newfoundland. For undertakings of this kind much capital was required. Elizabeth at the commencement had only a fleet of seventeen sail; the rest of the royal navy, that performed such prodigies, was made up of ships from Bristol, Barnstaple, and other commercial towns, or vessels expressly hired by the queen, or lent by the company of merchant adventurers, or private citizens. The voyage, however, was commenced under upfavourable circumstances. Many men and ships failed in their engagements, and the adventurers were obliged to set out with two ships only; of which one, on encountering a Spanish fleet of superior force, was lost, and Sir Walter, narrowly escaping in the other, returned in time to become serviceable in Ireland. A plot had been commenced in 1570, at

the instigation of Philip II., for placing the natural son of Pope Gregory XIII. on the throne of that island; and the scheme had been recently revived. Spanish troops, intermingled with some Italians, were landed at Smerwich, in Kerry, where they erected a fort, to which they gave the name of Del Oro. Raleigh obtained a commission under Lord Grey of Wilton, then lord-deputy of Ireland, a man of undoubted abilities, but with a name sullied for deeds of cruelty. He, however, acted with the Earl of Ormond, governor of Munster, where, although he gained repute for courage, he became conspicuous for some acts of ferocity on the persons of Irish prisoners. He was then appointed governor of Cork. The insurgents having been for the time reduced, he arrived in England in 1581.

Raleigh now, at thirty years of age, came to court for preferment. The incidents of the "cloak" and the "verses" are well known. He attracted and won the vain and fickle Elizabeth's attention. She had the same regard for beauty of exterior in her courtiers, which was the besetting weakness of her successor, James. Sir Robert Naunton has described Raleigh's perfections. "He had in the outward man a good presence and well-compacted person, a strong natural wit and a better judgment, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage; and to these he had the adjuncts of some general learning, which, by diligence, he enforced to a great augmentation and perfection: for he was an indefatigable reader, whether by sea or land, and none of the least observers both of men and the times." These qualities were the making of his fortune. He had, previously to his departure from Ireland, been involved in a dispute with the deputy, Lord Grey of Wilton, which had been referred by a council of war there to the privy council of England. "What advantage he had," says Naunton, "in the case in controversy, I know not, but he had much the better in the telling of his tale; insomuch, as the queen and the lords took no slight mark of the man and his parts: for from thence he came to be known and to have access to the lords, and then we are not to doubt how such a man would comply, and learn the way of progression. And whether or no my

Lord of Leicester had then cast in a word for him to the queen, which would have done no harm, I do not determine; but true it is, he has gotten the queen's ear at a trice, and she began to be taken with his elocution, and tried to hear his reasons to her demands; and the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle, which nettled them all."

Mrs. Thomson's remarks on the infamous Leicester, and her (slight) glance at the court intrigues, are worthy of notice. Her description is simple, perspicuous, and agreeable. We give this one extract as a specimen of her style:

"The empire of Leicester at court was, at this time, generally considered as indisputable. The object rather of Elizabeth's passionate admiration than of her affection,* Leicester had long held an imperious sway over the private regards of that princess. Her attachment to him has been a subject of wonder to contemporaries and to posterity. His merits as a statesman and commander were doubtful, his crimes were more than suspected. Unhappily for his country, his brilliant career had obliterated the impression which his dark deeds had made upon the public mind, and had silenced the imputations of cowardice sometimes cast upon him. Yet, in the language of one who personally knew him, Leicester was esteemed to be 'more of Mercury than of Mars;' and while the partiality of Elizabeth induced her to intrust him with commissions of the greatest importance, he never had the confidence of the people. It is doubtful whether he also possessed the respect of Elizabeth in so great a degree as her conduct towards him seemed to imply. Her infatuation for him was devoid of that delicate and confiding attachment which alone can give stability to such ties. This was apparent after his death, when, with an avidity natural to her course mind, she seized upon a portion of his goods, which were offered to public sale, in order to

repay herself for some debt due to her from the deceased nobleman. While to the world she appeared wholly devoted to Leicester, it is probable that the earl, who knew the female character well, may have been conscious of the insecurity of his station in her regard, and of the hollowness of that affection which followed him not to the tomb. This secret perception rendered him peculiarly sensible to the dread of rivalry. When Raleigh first appeared at court, the gleams of royal favour were sometimes supposed to fall abundantly upon the avowed enemy of Leicester, Hunsdon, earl of Sussex, a stout English peer, whose influence over Elizabeth shewed how often the same character may be acted upon by qualities totally opposite; for Sussex was honest, and therefore fearless, proud of his relationship to the queen, and of his descent from a long line of illustrious Fitzwalters; and on that account more acceptable to the people than Leicester, whose lineage recalled the recollection of the Dudley, the detested agent of Henry the Seventh. Too unguarded for a courtier, and too unbending for a favourite, Sussex felt all his life the ascendancy of Leicester, and on his death-bed bade his friends beware of 'the gipsy;' a name which he had given to the earl, and then esteemed to be one of peculiar opprobrium: so equally poised, indeed, was the apparent influence which Leicester and Sussex were supposed to possess at court, that the introduction of Raleigh to the especial notice of the queen has been attributed to both these noblemen. It was not, however, long, before Leicester began to dread his advances, and determined to oppose his career by the introduction of a new rival. This was Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, a man far inferior to Raleigh in natural abilities, and in cultivation of mind; but gifted with dispositions far too generous and noble for the part which he had to perform in life. Various circumstances conspired to establish Essex as the idol of the people and of his sovereign; and Raleigh found it, perhaps, difficult to forgive the

* This position is easily controverted. "Quadra, bishop of Aquila, the Spanish ambassador in the beginning of 1561, informs the king, that, according to common belief, the queen 'lived with Dudley;' that, in one of his audiences, Elizabeth spoke to him respecting this report, and, in proof of its improbability, shewed him the situation of her room and bed-chamber—*la disposicion de su camera y alcoba*. But in a short time she deprived herself of this plea. Under the pretext that Dudley's apartment, in a lower story of the palace, was unwholesome, she removed him to another, contiguous to her own chamber—*una habitacion alta junto a su camera, protestando que la que tenia era mal sana*. The original despatches are at Simancas, with several letters from an English lady, formerly known to Philip (probably the Marchioness of Winchester), describing in strong colours the dissolute manners both of Elizabeth and her court. I may here add, that although some writers have refused to give any credit to the celebrated letter from Mary, in Murdin, 558, yet almost every statement in it has been confirmed by other documents."—LINGARD, vol. viii. p. 501.

• We could say much more on this subject, if the occasion fitted.

success which frustrated his own rise to greatness. Yet, whilst the prosperity of Raleigh was less dazzling, it was more secure than that of the unfortunate Essex. Sincere and well-intentioned, yet vain, presumptuous, and self-willed, the faults of Essex operated chiefly to his own injury; and even his virtues appeared to add to the dangers by which he was surrounded. His popularity was greater than that of any British nobleman of his time, and was the source of much ill-will towards him on the part of many of his equals; Raleigh, on the other hand, either avoided public applause as dangerous, or disregarded it as unimportant. 'Seek not to be Essex, shun to be Raleigh,' was the wise counsel of the elder Lord Burleigh to his son; thus designating those persons as representing the two extremes of popularity and of public aversion. Yet Essex and Raleigh both died upon a scaffold: so difficult is it to steer clear of the quicksands on which despotism hurries its victims."

A courtier's life was a cage, though one of golden wires, to the enterprising and resolute mind of Raleigh. He was glad to escape, and, an opportunity being offered by the expedition to Newfoundland, he sailed with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, as vice-admiral of a fleet of four ships; one of which, named after himself, Raleigh manned and victualled at his own charge. The expedition was again unfortunate. Sir Walter, on account of a malignant fever in his ship, was obliged to put back, while his kinsman reached Newfoundland, of which, by the usual process of digging a turf and receiving it with a hazel wand, he took possession in right of Cabot's discovery. He moreover planted a colony there, discovered a silver mine, divided some of the land among his followers, and commenced his return home in joyfulness of heart. But, ere he reached the Azores, he was overtaken by a tempest; the specimen of the silver ore was lost, with the ship in which it was deposited; his sailors were frightened from the helm by, as they alleged, strange voices; and after being appalled by a meteor, common in storms, but which is considered by seamen of fatal import, called *Castor* and *Pollux*, the frigate of the gallant commander foundered and was lost, with every soul on board.

In the year following, Raleigh laid the plan of another voyage before the queen and council, and by a special grant was allowed "free liberty to dis-

cover such remote heathen and barbarous lands as were not actually possessed by any Christian, or inhabited by Christian people." The risk in this adventure was entirely his own, and, fitting out two ships, he despatched them, under the charge of able commanders, by the Canaries and West Indies, to North America. The ships reached the Gulf of Florida, landed, and made the discovery of Virginia, which Raleigh was commanded to name after the virgin queen. The portion then discovered is Carolina. From the favourable reports, Elizabeth consented to the planting of a colony in those parts, which was despatched in a fleet of seven sail, under the command of his kinsman Sir Richard Granville, who, on his return, captured a Spanish galleon worth fifty thousand pounds. Even during this adventure he was busy in another with his half-brother, Sir Adrian Gilbert, in discovering the north-west passage to China, by those straits which were subsequently named after the unfortunate Davis. In 1586, he fitted out another expedition to Virginia, which was of little avail as to profit; but two ships which he sent to cruise against the Spaniards returned with considerable wealth, and afterwards were ordered to join George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in an unsuccessful adventure in the Southern Seas. In the following year, he again concerned himself deeply about his colony; but having already expended forty thousand pounds on its maintenance, and sent out four fleets to its assistance at his individual expense, it is not surprising that he was fain to make it over, with certain reservations, to several merchants of London. It was, however, almost wholly abandoned during the remainder of Elizabeth's life.

In 1588, Raleigh distinguished himself in the overthrow of the Armada; and, in the following year, assisted Norris and Drake in the expedition to Portugal for the restoration of Don Antonio to its throne.

In the mean time, favours and distinctions had been lavished upon him. He had received the high honour of knighthood, had been elected to serve in parliament for his native county and for Cornwall, had received a patent for licensing the sale of wines throughout the country, and a grant of 12,000 acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford.

Besides these, he was made Scenschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Exeter, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Commander of the Queen's Guard, and had received at the hands of his sovereign large estates in the western counties, more particularly the manor of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, where he built a splendid mansion, and laid out immense sums in beautifying the grounds.

In the House of Commons he was the organ of the court against the country party; and in 1591, he was one of the queen's advisers, when she issued her proclamation for the suppression of the Jesuitical seminaries, of which various branches, from the institution at Valladolid, had been established in England. The Spaniards never forgave Raleigh his implication in this measure. In the year after, we find him again mixed up in an adventure against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies. It proved disastrous; and he returned, but his fleet captured a Portuguese carack, which was considered the richest prize ever brought to England. His amour with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour, took place at this period; and although Raleigh married the young lady, the offended dignity of Elizabeth was only to be satisfied by his imprisonment in the Tower for many months.

On his liberation, he resolved on further adventures in Spanish America—a measure he was driven to for the support of his enormous expenses. "No man," says Mr. Lodge, "surpassed him in magnificence. He tilted in silver armour, wearing a sword and belt set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls—appeared at court on solemn occasions covered with jewels, nearly to the value of 70,000/—and his retinue and table were maintained with appropriate splendour." And Mrs. Thomson lingers over a minute description of the attractions of his "noble figure, which were studiously combined with those of a graceful and splendid attire."

Having despatched a trusty person to Guiana, he, on the return of his messenger, gave the queen a glowing description of the inexhaustible sources of the riches of the soil, and prayed her to send a colony thither under his management. She refused, and he undertook the scheme at his own expense.

He stormed and sacked San Joseph, took De Berrio, the governor prisoner; went in a fruitless quest of El Dorado; received submission from several petty princes, to whom he showed Elizabeth's picture, which "they so admired and honoured, as it had been easy to have made them idolatrous thereof!"—and published the account of his voyage, wherein he describes the hills of the country as "sparkling with stones of the colour of gold and silver;" and, among other influcements to the cupidity of the queen and speculatists, he affirmed that "the common soldier might there fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence, with plates of half a foot broad; whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provent and penury." Among many wonders in that marvellous land, he tells of a tribe of natives "having their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and a long train of hair growing backward between their shoulders;" and again, that "the country was so healthful, that, notwithstanding every possible imprudence on the part of his companions, they found no calentura (intermittent fever), nor other of those pestilent diseases which dwell in all hot regions." To this assertion, Dr. Bancroft, who visited the country in 1796, gives a flat contradiction; for he affirms that the natives were liable to a frightful and contagious species of leprosy, and that intermitting fevers were endemical near the sea. That Raleigh detailed such extravagant accounts with the design of deceiving the nation and the queen, is certain; because, whenever favourable tidings of the soil and climate could be stated with truth, his relation agrees minutely with those of subsequent writers. Philip de Hutten, in 1541, mentions the houses of a certain town in Guiana which he visited, "shining as if they had been overlaid with gold;" but it is supposed that the German knight mistook talc for the precious metal. Raleigh's descriptions, however, sank deeply into the hearts of the English people—so much so, that to nearly the close of the seventeenth century faith was given to the existence of the Lake Panama, the sands of which were of gold, and of Manoa or El Dorado, near the river Orinooko. On Raleigh's return, he was much assailed for his attempts to deceive the people; and though he

brought home a quantity of ore which was proved by the comptroller of the Mint and the goldsmiths' company, persons insinuated that it had been purchased in Barbary, carried to Guiana, and brought back to this country to serve his insidious purposes.

Sir Walter was named admiral in the expedition which ended with the siege of Cadiz, and also in the island voyage; but in both Essex was appointed his superior. They, as is well known, failed; a quarrel ensued between the two commanders, disastrous to the fates of both. The success of the plan had been sacrificed to their mutual jealousy, and the faults of either had been canvassed at home with freedom and bitterness. Above all things, Elizabeth could never forgive Essex the outlay of money which the expedition had cost her. Her favourite, driven to exasperation, madly committed a series of faults against the dignity of the queen, which ultimately led him to the scaffold; while Raleigh, to insure his own safety, became a partisan of the Cecils, and assisted in fomenting the sudden indifference of the queen to her favourite into hatred, to which the chivalrous but intemperate earl fell a sacrifice in the full vigour of manhood. Proof is extant of Raleigh having thirsted for the blood of Essex.

Raleigh subsequently obtained the right of pre-emption of Cornish tin (a privilege of great gain), was sent with Lord Cobham ambassador to Flanders, succeeded Sir Anthony Paulet as Governor of Jersey, and allowed himself to be buoyed with the expectation of being nominated the Deputy of Ireland, and a baron.

As soon as the younger Cecil, who was the great antagonist of Essex, had triumphed in the prostration of that favourite, he turned his attention to Raleigh, to whom his mistress was too much attached to please his jealous mind. During Elizabeth's life, however, Sir Walter was safe; but with his successor, Cecil, appropriately styled Robert the Devil, the very soul of hypocrisy and double dealing, was all in all; and he quickly infused suspicion into the timid and cowardly mind of James, against the gallant, gay, and bold adventurer. Raleigh was received with coldness at court, and dismissed from his numerous employments. He im-

mediately singled out the wily secretary for his arch-foe, and presented a memorial to the king, in which he denounced Cecil as the main instrument in Mary of Scotland's death. But he missed his mark; for James's mind naturally clung to Cecil, with whom he had carried on a secret (and on the secretary's part a treasonous) correspondence during the last days of Elizabeth, and who had gained for the monarch's claims a speedy and peaceful recognition by the nobles of England. Independently of this, James's jealousy of the knight had been excited not only by Raleigh's denial to allow the king to dispose of his ward, subsequently Countess of Newcastle, and heiress of the Bassetts, betrothed to young Walter Raleigh (whom he, notwithstanding, forced into a first marriage with Henry Howard), but Raleigh's offer "to carry two thousand men to invade the Spanish without the king's charge," harrowed up the glowing suspicions of the *Rex pacificus*, who wore quilted doublets as a safeguard from assassination, and in dubbing a knight always averted his eyes, which feared to encounter the glance of the bright steel. Raleigh, in despair, now joined the party whose desire was to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. This extravagant plot is sufficiently known. That Raleigh was implicated in the proceeding is certain; but the degree of guilt attachable to his person will appear from the report of his trial at Winchester. In spite of an utter deficiency of evidence, he was condemned by a corrupt jury, in the proceedings before which Sir Edward Coke so comported himself as to have cast eternal infamy on his conduct. Even that worthy pander to the base malignity of James was startled on hearing from a messenger the verdict, into the exclamation of, "Surely thou art mistaken, for I myself accused him but of misprision of treason!" It is useless to dwell over the infamy of Cobham; the feline cruelty displayed by the modern Solomon with regard to the fate of the conspirators, and his tyrannical and brutal treatment of the unfortunate Lady Arabella. Suffice to say, that Raleigh received sentence, and after remaining a month at Winchester in daily expectation of death, was removed to the Tower, where he continued a prisoner for twelve years. During this period, his estate

of Sherborne was wrested from him by the infamous Somerset; while, in 1602, his straitened circumstances had compelled the sale of his Irish principality to Boyle, Earl of Cork, who outwitted him in the purchase. In the Tower, his fame for learning and science equalled his fame for high prowess in arms and his love of enterprise; and here he wrote and published the first volume of his celebrated *History of the World*. In disgust at the cold reception this volume met with, he cast the second into the flames. Respecting the authorship of this work, Mr. D'Israeli, who only gives Raleigh partial credit, has the following observations in the second volume of the second series of his *Curiosities of Literature*:—

"But however literary the atmosphere of the Tower proved to Rawleigh, no particle of Hebrew, and perhaps little of Grecian lore, floated from a chemist and a poet. The truth is, that the collection of the materials of this history was the labour of several persons, who have not all been discovered. It has been ascertained, that Ben Jonson was a considerable contributor; and there was an English philosopher from whom Descartes, it is said, even by his own countrymen, borrowed largely—Thomas Hariot, whom Anthony Wood charges with infusing into Rawleigh's volume philosophical notions, while Rawleigh was composing his *History of the World*. But if Rawleigh's pursuits surpassed even those of the most recluses and sedentary lives, as Hume observed, we must attribute this to a 'Dr. Robert Burrel, rector of Northwold, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Rawleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's history, for criticisms, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, was performed by him for Sir Walter.' Thus, a simple fact, when discovered, clears up the whole mystery; and we learn how that knowledge was acquired, which, as Hume sagaciously detected, required 'a reclusive and sedentary life,' such as the studies and the habits would be of a country gentleman in a learned age."

Raleigh obtained his release by paying Sir William St. John and Sir Edward Villiers, uncles of the rising favourite Buckingham, the sum of 1500*l*. He immediately projected another voyage to Guiana, and embarked the remnant of his fortune in the adventure, being joined by a few friends and foreigners. Through the mediation of Sir Ralph Winwood, a

commission was procured, dated 1616, constituting Raleigh Admiral of the Fleet; but he was obliged to give the most decided assurances to the government that he had no hostile intentions or piratical designs upon the Spanish settlements. The commission was granted, as James declared, because it "stood with his majesty's politic and magnanimous courses, in these his flourishing times of peace, to nourish and encourage noble and generous enterprises for plantations, discoveries, and opening of new trades." Previously to his departure, Raleigh consulted the Lord Keeper Bacon as to the necessity of his obtaining a specific and full pardon; but his friend gave him the fatal opinion, that his commission under the great seal implied a full and free pardon, which might at any time be successfully pleaded. "Sir," said the keeper, "the knee-timber of your voyage is money; spare your purse in this particular, for upon my life you have a sufficient pardon for all that is passed already—the king, under his broad seal, hath made you admiral of his fleet, and given you power of the martial law over your officers and soldiers." In March 1617, he sailed down the Thames, was obliged to put into Cork by tempestuous weather, and reached South America in November; having suffered from a severe fever himself, and lost a large portion of his crew. Many of his best men were yet disabled by sickness, and while they recruited their health, he sent his confidant, Captain Keymis, who was well acquainted with the country, up the Oronooko in search of the mine, with five ships manned by the ablest of his crew: among others, were Lords North and Mounteagle. The forces were disposed by Keymis into five bands, one of which was commanded by Walter Raleigh, the eldest son, and another by George Raleigh, nephew of the admiral. They were vigorously opposed by the Spaniards, who had been fully informed of the expedition through the vigilance and artifice of Gondemar, the ambassador from Madrid, who had acquired complete ascendancy over the puerile and cowardly mind of the English king. Keymis' forces assembled, and took St. Thomas, but young Walter was killed. The garrison retreated to the woods and mountains, carefully guarding the interior of the country from the

attacks of the assailants, which led to the supposition among them of the existence of many silver mines. This report prevailed long after the admiral's death. Of the assault and taking of St. Thomas, contradictory reports were circulated: among others, that young Raleigh, on leading his soldiers forward to the town, exclaimed, "Come on, my hearts! here is the mine that we expect; they that look for any others are fools." From this James inferred that the adventure to Guiana in search of the mine was a bubble, intended to delude the nation, and evidently concealing some sinister and unavowed motive for the undertaking. Keymis saw neither coin nor bullion in St. Thomas, although the principal houses, as he affirms, belonged to refiners. A mulatto servant of the governor described to him the precise situation of various mines;

Keymis, attended by three officers, attempted a landing on an unexplored part of the banks of the Oronooko: but his party were driven back by an ambuscade of Spaniards. The leader lost all presence of mind, set sail for Punto de Gallo, a port near Trinidad, where Raleigh had taken his position, to ward off any attack on the capturing party by the Spanish fleet, which was said to be in quest of the adventurers. The admiral was already suffering from the treachery of some of his party, who, under the supposition that they were loaded with gold, ran off with most of his ships. Keymis now, after two months' absence, came to fill up poor Raleigh's cup of affliction; and the intelligence which he conveyed was doubly afflictive, since he had rejected, on his return, the offers of several of the Guiana chiefs, who, from what had passed formerly between them and Raleigh, had been holding the country as feudatories of Elizabeth. Keymis' only excuse was, that he apprehended their collusion with the Spaniards. Raleigh received him with invectives and angry reproaches; and the unhappy Keymis first ineffectually discharged a pistol at his own breast, and then ended his days by plunging a knife into his heart.

When the news reached London, the pusillanimous James instantly issued a proclamation, declaring that in his original orders he had expressly forbidden any aggression on the Spaniards, and threatening a severe punishment.

Raleigh arrived at Plymouth, and was betrayed by Sir Lewis Stucley, vice-admiral of Devon, a kinsman, and a professed friend, who was assisted by a French empiric called Manoury. We quote the description of his journey to London, and his attempts to escape, from Mr. D'Israeli.

"Raleigh at first suspected that Manoury was one of those instruments of state who are sometimes employed when open measures are not to be pursued, or when the cabinet have not yet determined on the fate of a person implicated in a state crime; in a word, Raleigh thought that Manoury was a spy over him, and probably over Stucley too. The first impression in these matters is usually the right one; but when Raleigh found himself caught in the toils, he imagined that such corrupt agents were to be corrupted. The French empiric was sounded, and found very compliant; Raleigh was desirous by his aid to counterfeit sickness, and for this purpose invented a series of the most humiliating stratagems. He imagined that a constant appearance of sickness might produce delay, and procrastination, in the chapter of accidents, might end in pardon. He procured vomits from the Frenchman, and, whenever he chose, produced every appearance of sickness; with dimness of sight, dizziness in his head, he reeled about, and once struck himself with such violence against a pillar in the gallery, that there was no doubt of his mauling. Raleigh's servant one morning entering Stucley's chamber, declared that his master was out of his senses, for that he had just left him in his shirt upon all fours, gnawing the rushes upon the floor. On Stucley's entrance, Raleigh was raving, and reeling in strong convulsions. Stucley ordered him to be chafed and fomented, and Raleigh afterwards laughed at this scene with Manoury, observing that he had made Stucley a perfect physician.

"But Raleigh found it required some more visible and alarming disease than such ridiculous scenes had exhibited. The vomits worked so slowly that Manoury was fearful to repeat the doses. Raleigh inquired, whether the empiric knew of any preparation which could make him look ghastly, without injuring his health. The Frenchman offered a harmless ointment to act on the surface of the skin, which would give him the appearance of a leper. 'That will do,' said Raleigh; 'for the lords will be afraid to approach me, and, besides, it will move their pity.' Applying the ointment to his brows, his arms, and his breast, the blisters rose, the skin inflamed, and was covered with purple spots. Stucley

concluded that Raleigh had the plague. Physicians were now to be called in; Raleigh took the black silk riband from his poniard, and Manoury tightened it strongly about his arm, to disorder his pulse: but his pulse beat too strong and regular. He appeared to take no food, while Manoury secretly provided him. To perplex the learned doctors still more, Raleigh had the urinal coloured by a drug of a strong scent. The physicians pronounced the disease mortal, and that the patient could not be removed into the air without immediate danger. 'Awhile after, being in his bed-chamber undressed, and no one present but Manoury, Sir Walter held a looking-glass in his hand, to admire his spotted face, and observed in merriment to his new confidant, how they should one day laugh, for having thus cozened the king, council, physicians, Spaniards, and all.' The excuse Raleigh offered for this course of poor stratagems, so unworthy of his genius, was to obtain time and seclusion for writing his apology, or vindication of his voyage, which has come down to us in his 'Remains.' 'The prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffered spittle to fall upon his beard, to escape from the hands of his enemies,' said Raleigh in his last speech. Brutus, too, was another example. But his discernment often prevailed over this mockery of his spirit. The king licensed him to reside at his own house, on his arrival in London; on which Manoury observed, that the king shewed by this indulgence that his majesty was favourably inclined towards him: but Raleigh replied, 'They used all these kinds of flatteries to the Duke of Byron, to draw him fairly into prison, and then they cut off his head. I know they have concluded among them, that it is expedient that a man should die, to reassure the traffic which I have broke with Spain.' And Manoury adds, from whose narrative we have all these particulars, that Sir Walter broke out into this rant: 'If he could but save himself for this time, he would plot such plots as should make the king think himself happy to send for him again, and restore him to his estate, and would force the King of Spain to write into England in his favour.'

Raleigh now proposed a flight to France with Manoury, by whose suggestion he presented Stucley with "a jewel made in the fashion of hail powdered with diamonds, with a ruby in the midst," and an assurance, that in compensation for his office of vice-admiral of Devon, for which he had given 600*l.* he should have 1000*l.* on his reaching Holland or France.

"This perfect villain had obtained a warrant of indemnity, to authorise his compliance with any offer to assist Raleigh in his escape; this wretch was the confidant and the executioner of Raleigh; he carried about him a license to betray him, and was making his profit of the victim before he delivered him to the sacrifice. Raleigh was still plotting his escape: at Salisbury he had despatched his confidential friend, Captain King, to London, to secure a boat at Tilbury; he had also a secret interview with the French agent. Raleigh's servant mentioned to Captain King, that his boatswain had a ketch of his own, and was ready at his service for 'thirty pieces of silver;' the boatswain and Raleigh's servant acted Judas, and betrayed the plot to Mr. William Herbert, cousin to Stucley, and thus the treachery was kept among themselves as a family concern. The night for flight was now fixed, but he could not part without his friend Stucley, who had promised never to quit him; and who indeed, informed by his cousin Herbert, had suddenly surprised Raleigh putting on a false beard. The party met at the appointed place: Sir Lewis Stucley with his son, and Raleigh disguised. Stucley, in saluting King, asked whether he had not shewn himself an honest man? King hoped he would continue so. They had not rowed twenty strokes, before the watermen observed that Mr. Herbert had lately taken boat, and made towards the bridge, but had returned down the river after them. Raleigh instantly expressed his apprehensions, and wished to return home; he consulted King—the watermen took fright—Stucley acted his part well; damning his ill-fortune to have a friend whom he would save so full of doubts and fears, and threatening to pistol the watermen if they did not proceed. Even King was overcome by the earnest conduct of Stucley, and a new spirit was infused into the rowers. As they drew near Greenwich, a wherry crossed them. Raleigh declared it came to discover them. King tried to allay his fears, and assured him that if once they reached Gravesend he would hazard his life to get to Tilbury. But in these delays and discussions the tide was falling; the watermen declared they could not reach Gravesend before morning; Raleigh would have landed at Purfleet, and the boatswain encouraged him; for there it was thought he could procure horses for Tilbury. Sir Lewis Stucley, too, was zealous, and declared he was content to carry the clock-bag on his own shoulders for half a mile; but King declared that it was useless, they could not at that hour get horses to go by land.

"They rowed a mile beyond Wool-

which, approaching two or three ketches, when the boatswain doubted whether any of these were the one he had provided to furnish them. 'We are betrayed!' cried Rawleigh, and ordered the watermen to row back. He strictly examined the boatswain; alas! his ingenuity was baffled by a shuffling villain, whose real answer appeared when a wherry hailed the boat. Rawleigh observed that it contained Herbert's crew. He saw that all was now discovered. He took Stucley aside, his ingenious mind still suggesting projects for himself to return home in safety, or how Stucley might plead that he had only pretended to go with Rawleigh, to seize on his private papers. They whispered together, and Rawleigh took some things from his pocket, and handed them to Stucley; probably more 'rubies powdered with diamonds.' Some effect was instantaneously produced; for the tender heart of his friend Stucley relented, and he not only repeatedly embraced him with extraordinary warmth of affection, but was voluble in effusions of friendship and fidelity. Stucley persuaded Rawleigh to land at Gravesend, the strange wherry which had dogged them landing at the same time: these were people belonging to Mr. Herbert and Sir William St. John, who, it seems, had formerly shared in the spoils of this unhappy hero. On Greenwich bridge, Stucley advised Captain King that it would be advantageous to Sir Walter that King should confess that he had joined with Stucley to betray his master; and Rawleigh lent himself to the suggestion of Stucley, of whose treachery he might still be uncertain; but King, a rough and honest seaman, declared that he would not share in the odium. At the moment he refused, Stucley arrested the captain in the king's name, committing him to the charge of Herbert's men. They then proceeded to a tavern, but Rawleigh, who now viewed the monster in his true shape, observed, 'Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit;' and on the following day, when they passed through the Tower gate, Rawleigh, turning to King, observed, 'Stucley and my servant Cotterell have betrayed me. You need be in no fear of danger; but as for me, it is I who am the mark that is shot at.' Thus concludes the narrative of Captain King.

A solemn mockery of a conference was held by all the judges; he was doomed to death in spite of his defence, which was full of grace, vigour, and eloquence, and beheaded in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. His last hours were remarkable for serenity of mind and resignation. So light of heart did he indeed appear on the morning of his execution, that he smoked tobacco as usual; and when some excellent sack was brought him, and he was asked how he liked it, he replied, "As the fellow that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl as he went to Tyburn, said that was good drink, if a man might tarry by it." His dress was, as usual, magnificent. He ascended the scaffold with cheerfulness, and after addressing the people, praying, and taking leave of his friends, requested the headsman to shew him the axe. The fellow hesitated. "I prithee," said Raleigh, "let me see it: dost thou think I am afraid of it?" He took it, and passing his finger slightly over the edge, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." When he fitted his neck to the block, the executioner desired him to lay his head towards the East. "It was no matter," answered Raleigh, "which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right." Then having prayed for a few minutes, he gave the signal to the headsman to strike. The man hesitated, and Raleigh, after once or twice repeating the signal, spoke once more, and said, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" In two blows he was beheaded. On the evening previous to his death, he composed the following simple but forcible lines for his epitaph:

"Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this
dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S MAID OF ELVAR.*

We are about to propound a startling proposition. It is this: What we call genius, and value so highly, partakes more of defect than excellence. Yet an excellence it is, but in one direction—and therein is it a defect. It is an aptitude to perform a particular thing; and without such aptitude is none born bearing the shape of man, even though an idiot. Without such aptitude is there no living creature—even the most minute of animated atoms, to which the intelligent ant tribes and the busy bees are as an Anak race, have skill for some appropriate act, tend toward some end, conduce to some effect. But we give the name of genius only to such exhibitions of this aptitude (we are speaking now of "human mortals," not of the inferior kinds) as manifest it in the highest degree of development. We call him not a man of genius (that is, we of the world, who are surrounded with examples, meet for admiration, of all the productions of laborious skill,) who, untaught, produces some rough specimen of handwork or headcraft—yet such an one is so called in secluded districts and pastoral villages. We recollect a rural dame exclaiming to her gossips of her "idiot boy"—he would have been thought little better by a town-bred artificial observer—that her son was quite a *genus*, because he contrived to mend a fiddle-stick. • We should hardly call the man such who, in these days, contrived to invent fiddle-stick, fiddle, and all; the thing having been done before, and most probably in greater perfection. It is not the kind that we now look to, but the *degree*, and the exertion of the highest degree of excellence in some particular department we honour with the style and title of a man of genius.

But, after all, is it an honour? It is but excellence in one department. In others we see our equals, nay, our superiors. Frequently, too, men of genius in one thing have proved stark fools in all others. The tribe of Goldsmiths is numerous—many are the "inspired idiots;" and this fact, did we note it well, and were prepared to

understand it, would let us somewhat into the mystery of those "weak things," which in old time were found "strong" to propagate the sublime truths of religion. That would become clear to us which was dark to Gibbon, and on that of which he wrote with an ironical sneer, we should reflect with reverence—to wit, "The want of discipline and human learning was supplied by the occasional assistance of the prophets, who were called to that function without distinction of age, of sex, or of *natural abilities*; and who, as often as they felt the divine impulse, poured forth the effusions of the spirit in the assembly of the faithful." Many are they without natural abilities, and yet prophets. Prophets for one, and in one thing—in all others, so far from being fore-seers, they are not seers at all. They are PEOPLE with ONE IDEA; and by that one idea they are possessed, and haunted, and overruled—and thus are they inspired. One guiding light they have, which has flashed down with a sort of Rembrandt effect into the night of their else altogether idiocy, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. We have known such—and know that the partial illumination has sufficed only to make the surrounding gloom deeper and darker. The owl has been heard to strive in tuneless concert, and the moon beheld in the clear March night, but to the prepossessed imagination it seemed as if, meanwhile,

"The cocks did crow—to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold."

Even *such* is genius, a "light from heaven," and yet that "leads astray." And why? Because it is partially effused.

Now, tell us, is not an intellect so endowed defective? Is a man with such an intellect a perfect man? You know he is not;—you know, on the contrary, he is the most imperfect of the creatures of God! He is the child of error and of sin. Alas! for Byron and for Burns! the wail for them is yet loud over land and sea—it reacheth heaven—it reacheth hell—and at both it inquireth in doubt whether the wept-for is within? Alas! alas! that doubt

* The *Maid of Elvar*: a Poem, in Twelve Parts. By Allan Cunningham. London: Edward Moxon. 1832.

should hover between two such regions on such an errand! Silence! silence!

Well, then, let the dumb heart break, and to sorrow be given no words, and so it may die,—but with the sorrower—No matter—what must be, must be!

Now comes out a curious fact,—that chiefly in these partial manifestations is the might and majesty of the mind of man set forth. Seldom do we see a perfectly cultivated intellect claiming or receiving homage. The better educated, the better informed, hold their faculties in a state of equilibrium—one balances another, and neither springs up towards heaven or plunges down towards hell. Equal weights are put in both scales, and no wonder is excited. Yet herein is the greatest motive for wonder, could we rightly apprehend the matter. But perhaps we conclude that both scales are empty, attention not having been awakened, and give ourselves no trouble to look closely where all is so quiet, and apparently nothing doing. But the heavy bodies are not at rest, though shewing no motion. We, however, would rather see one of the scales fly aloft, forgetting that it would be the lightest. What, then? who prefers not levity to gravity now-a-days? and in works of art, who chooses not the light to the heavy?—the shining tinsel of Moore, for instance, to the solid gold of Wordsworth? The *Paradise Lost* is heavy—*Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, are heavy; for they are bars of precious metal, and must be weighed in order to be valued. But where are the modern readers for such works? Ask _____ not Robert Montgomery, but _____

Shakespeare and Milton were almost perfect men—so were Dante and Homer. Spenser, also, and Virgil, and Tasso, were only not perfect—and are honoured for having produced works which men entomb, splendidly bound in their libraries, and never read! But it is of those works we speak, in the article of perfection, not now of the personal conduct of the writers. In them we see the most perfect humanity developed with which we are acquainted. The form of its development is the poetical—granted. But the poetical form is capable of including the whole compass of human science and art. Are not Shakespeare, Milton, and Dante, orators as well as poets? theologians also? metaphy-

sicians? statist? musicians? fathers? actors on the great stage of the world? men of business? All! all! And are not these men of genius undoubtedly? Then why are not all poets such? nay, more, why are not all men such poets?

Hereby, were we not fools, we should interpret well the mystery of man's fall, for we may see it here well exemplified. Behold what man may be—he may be a Shakespeare! yet seemeth it as if the die were broken when Nature moulded him. All, nevertheless, whose intellectual manifestations are inferior to his, have fallen below, far below the dignity to which a man may be born or attain. Yet were they not perfect. Who may not justly find fault with their conduct in life? who may not trace defect in knowledge in their writings? and, notwithstanding the general character of their information, discover that it was only in the poetical art they were superior to other men—only in this faculty they were excellent—that in others, if few exceeded, many equalled them? Even in them, therefore, is a declension, remarked from our proper humanity, which would require that in all the other faculties they should be as potential as in the poetical.

Reader, we have given thee matter for deep musing; and now call upon thee to understand that, if an individual were thus equally endowed in all the faculties, he would neither be poet, orator, musician, statist, nor man of business—and would not be so called, because he could not be said to be either of these *par excellence*—but he would be simply a man! And know, further, that a man is a higher character than either!

Now it follows, that it is just in proportion as an individual is less than man that he is poet, orator, musician, and such like; just in proportion as he is less than man that he is a man of genius—Q. E. D. Let us, however, not boast of being exempt ourselves from such denomination; for, if we cannot prove that we are humanly perfect in all our faculties, all that can be said of us is that we are not even such. That men should be such is of the essence of the divine economy—that though each of its creatures be imperfect in many powers, yet many being perfect in each faculty of the mind, the whole humanity may be expressed in the persons of all men—

what one wants being supplied by another, and, indeed, what many want being frequently supplied in the superabundance of one.

A man, therefore, takes credit for that faculty which he manifests in a superior degree over the other powers of his mind, and is called after its name, as poet or orator, mechanic or artist. But the matter is altogether relative. A man will appear more of a poet in proportion as he is less of any thing else. Thus it has been with uneducated poets—(a class of people upon whom we shall ere long have some fine and deep things to say)—they have been esteemed all the more highly for their deficiencies in every other respect. No one ever thought of equalling Bloomfield to Milton, yet he is thought of more abstractedly as a poet, having no other claims on our admiration. But he is less of a poet, nevertheless, than he would have been if better educated. The mind of Milton being so well furnished in divers forms, obliged him, if he would maintain the relative superiority of his poetic faculty, to cultivate it all the more highly. In proportion as the poet, whether uneducated or otherwise, increases his knowledge, he finds it necessary to improve in his art as a poet, if he can. Some fail: we think Bloomfield did; Burns endeavoured to succeed; Clare learned to polish his diction; and Allan Cunningham —

Our well-beloved Allan! this article was to have been written on thee, and on thy *Maid of Elvar*—but hell is paved with good intentions, and let us hope heaven too. Ours, however, is more than an intention—"by Chaucer and Apollo!" it shall be a performance. We hate promisers who never perform. We have had the life eaten out of our own hearts before now by such small cattle. Bosom snakes! bosom snakes! The curse of God is on them—it is on them; and on their bellies let them go, and dust let them eat all the days of their lives! They are the children of the wicked one, and the doom of the devil, their father, be theirs! We have pronounced our malediction—and now proceed.

Allan Cunningham's poetry cannot be pronounced to have been originally successful. It was, however, understood to be the product of a mind, poetical, and poetical only. No other claim was put forward, or justified by

such product: defects of education and knowledge, and consequently of taste, were apparent enough—more than enough. But relative to the other faculties which he manifested, it was clear that Allan had cultivated most the poetical, and that this was the most highly developed. He was a poet, or he was nothing. And he was a poet. But to sustain a long poem, something other though not greater than poetry is needed; and accordingly his *Sir Marmaduke Marwell* was condemned as so much Midsummer madness. But his songs (poetry by itself is sufficient for a song, and there can scarcely be too much of it) were likened to the songs of Burns and Hogg; yet they were neither the songs of Burns nor of Hogg, but of Allan Cunningham—and this was as it should be. Whether these songs were so popular as to run through several editions, we cannot positively aver, but they were sufficiently so to introduce the writer into magazines and annuals, and to keep his name before the public.

Some attempts in the novel, line of composition shewed farther that the writer's mind was poetical, and poetical only. This effect defective, of course, was less tolerable in a novel than in a poem—but it was worthy of respect, and procured admiration, while the works in the aggregate were condemned. The poet now perceived the necessity of taking in ballast, if his ship were to sail safely, and endeavoured to become something more. His *Lives of the Painters* are characterised by an endeavour to keep down the poetical, and to bring forward the matter of fact. Perhaps of the former there might have been more in the MS. than in the printed copies, but a judicious editor well knows how to prune the luxuriant off-shoots of imaginative license. The discipline which he has thus undergone seems to have stood the poet in good stead. The *Maid of Elvar* has none, or little, of the Midsummer madness of *Sir Marmaduke Marwell*.

There, now, well-beloved Allan! have we not spoken like a friend? Love you not Noll Yorke, therefore? We see it in your eye—though we see not your eye. But this is all our eye and—*The Maid of Elvar*!

Alas for Allan! The visions of his boyhood have vanished—it was well they should—but it has been bitter work. List! oh list!

"Fame, fame! — thou warrior's wish, thou poet's thought,
Thou bright delusion! Like the rainbow thou
Glitterest, yet none may touch thee: thing of nought,
Star-high, with heaven's own brightness on thy brow,
Blazon'd and glorious, I beheld thee grow; —
Vision, begone! for I am none of thine.
Of all that fills my heart and fancy now,
From dull oblivion not one word or line
Wilt thou tough with thy light, and render it divine.

"Even be it so! — I sing not for thy smiles —
I sing to keep down sighs and ease the smart
Of care and sadness, and the daily toils
Which crush my soul and trample on my heart.
Far mightier spirits of the inspired art
Are mute and nameless, and the Muse in grief
Calls from the eastern to the western air
On tale, tradition, ballad, song, and chief,
On thee, to give their names one passage bright and brief.

"She calls in vain! — like to a shooting-star,
Their storied rhymes shone brightly in their birth,
And shot a dazzling lustre near and far —
Then darken'd, died, as all things else of earth."

To the truth contained in the latter sections of this extract, the poets of the present day (if such be) can bear ample testimony. During the whole period of political agitation, from the proposal of the Catholic Emancipation bill to the present time, the Muses have pleaded in vain—their voices have been scattered by the blast and the storm. Not only new candidates for favourable audience have failed in obtaining a

hearing, but the old favourites of the public have been heard in vain. Scott and Southey might as well have hung their harps on the willows as sent forth the *Doom of Devergoil* and the tragedy of *Auchinrath*, or the *Tale of Paraguay*, with the ballads of *All for Love* and the *Pilgrim of Compostella*. It has been in vain. They even have felt that—

"For finer souls are other ills, which men
Mock with much mockery: he who thirsts for fame
Hath an eternal sorrow on him. When
Did this dread passion either 'suage or tame
This burning fever of the soul?—this flame
Which seeks by song or deed of daring-do,
To win from the cold world a lasting name;
And that bright fire which burns as holy too—
Love high and nobly placed."

So sings, and truly, our trusty Allan. He, however, has ventured at this unpropitious season, nor he alone. We perceive that many also have advertised their willingness to go upon the forlorn hope—among them some of bold enterprise—of high imaginative soaring—of earnest and burning endeavour; but all, alas! in vain. Success and pros-

perity, nevertheless, wait on your steps, ye Sons of the Muses! and may the world yet be converted to your gentle ways, and live again in peace and plenty! When political ferment shall in a few short months have subsided, we have much to say on your behalf. "I fear," says Allan—

"I fear this song hath fall'n on evil times —
Small honour now awaits a humble lyre —
Each ear is fill'd with proud and lofty chimes
Of lords and learning, bright with classic fire;
The natural step and matronly attire
Of Scotland's peasant Muse is much too staid.
She loves from courts and castles to retire;
And with her wild pipe, seated on her plaid,
To chant such songs as please the simple shepherd maid.

"I trow 'tis not ordain'd the rustic Muse,
A barefoot maiden 'mongst the blossom'd broom,
To braid with classic wreaths her snooded brows;
And plain that Scotland is too scant of room
To give free flight to her high-soaring plume,
And breadth to the wide glory of her mind.
An humbler duty is the Muse's doom—
One maiden's love, the deeds of a young hind,
To sit and artless pour o'er Albyn's hills of wind."

Never fear, Allan, never fear. The days of *lordly* poetry have past once more. Catch a lord, if you can, writing such poetry as Byron's again. The best of them are too well educated, according to our aforesaid theory, to shine in any particular branch of study, and the worst too stupid to be the better for any education they can receive. Byron's preponderance was owing to his defects of moral, and intellectual culture—from his having been brought up in a less exalted sphere

than the one to which he was born. Thus it came to pass he was bred for a poet instead of a lord. Such an occurrence will not happen again; and we may tune our slender pipes to a pastoral ditty under the spreading beech in spite "of lords and learning." *Ap[ro]pos* of "proud and lofty rhymes." Much wish we that our well-beloved Allan had not been so wantonly careless in his rhymes. We were startled at the very first verse; *c. g.*

"I sing a song of other times. Between
Two thrones was shared the rule of this broad isle,
And nobles round the cradle of our queen
Dealt Scotland 'mongst them like a conqueror's spoil:
Corn soon in dread was reap'd with bloody toil;
Fair maidens sat not by the I'weed, and flung
Their ringlets o'er their white necks with a smile;
Nor with bright glances and a witching tongue,
Songs steep'd in pastoral love, or chivalrous ardour sung."

We applaud the poet for his choice of the Spenserian stanza, which he has wielded with the hand of a master, and produced much variety and emphasis of effect by his mode of running occasionally one stanza into the other. But for his bad and imperfect rhymes we must condemn him; they are of all sorts—the identical, and the totally

uncorresponding. Can any thing be worse than "glasses" "masses," "mosses" "lasses;" unless it be "listens," "glistens," "blessings." But Allan is no friend to critics—in fact, he is quite savage with them; therefore have we not a right to be savage with the poet? Hear in what company he places the poor critic:

"The torturer's rack, the tyrant's cruel cord,
Hot pincers, boiling oil, and, worse than all,
Revenge's kindness and Faith's fiery sword,
Detraction's venom, Mockery's bitter gall,
The pity of the vile, the critic's venom'd scrawl—"

are all of the same family. It is well that we have the poet's word for it that these things are also "all endurable," else we should fear to kill him—which

we would not, save with kindness; for, of the poet and his art we esteem as highly as tuneful Allan and his Miles Græme:—

"Our God is good," Miles said, 'once and alway;
The gift of song is his best gift, and thou
Shouldst honour it: the poet with his lay
Eternal sunshine sheds round Honour's brow."

These defects, also, are less blamable in a poem of this kind than in almost any other. The present is a rustic poem; and these rhymes are merely specimens of the genuine Runic, and may be justified as proper to the design of the poet. Let it be so. Friend

Allan knows that we desire not to gainsay this view of the subject. As little wish we to object to the rough vigour of many of the lines; for, in fact, we like some of the negligent graces by which these are characterised. We would that the poem should be

rude, though not over-rude. It is a mountain stream, and not a garden lake, that we desiderate, as the analogous comparison by which we would fain describe its course and action. Irregular and impetuous in motion and progress, dashing over craig and precipice, through chasm and cleft, cavern and ravine, brawling and thundering, until it arrive at the bed of its destination in the valley, where, all its tumult spent, it lies quietly murmuring in repose, like a gentle infant dreaming in its sleep. Neither from such a work need the marvellous be excluded, — faery and goblin sprite are denizens of the ground which it occupies. But they should have a meaning; for the supernatural is the mysterious, and a mystery is that which is full of meaning. Faeries and sprites are indeed

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eve by haunted stream."

But we have Milton's authority for saying, that in all which

"Great bards
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear;"

and we have Shakespeare's example in corroboration of the saying, that, in all such "supernatural solicitings,"

"More is meant than meets the ear."

A meaning, a moral, an application, is essential, therefore, to all that partakes of a supernatural or miraculous nature. This rule is eminently observed in the New Testament, wherein, we venture to say, nothing of a miraculous kind is recorded to which a spiritual explanation is not attached, or which is not capable of being so illustrated. In consonance with these principles of composition, never have supernatural persons or occurrences been successfully introduced into works of fiction in prose or numerous verse, where they have not been made to exert a marked influence on individual conduct and character. They must operate as causes to some effect,—if they do not, they are at best imper-

tinent,—nay, they are apocryphal and mischievous. We turn away with incredulity from such useless encumbrances as Ralph Latoun's interview with Sir Goblin, and Eustace Græme's adventure with the faery queen. Let them be weeded out of the second edition of *The Maid of Elvar*. The poem will bear abridgment in this respect, and in others.

Allan's poem is all in honour of the poet and of poetry. It is of Eustace Græme, a young warrior and poet, who having surprised and defeated Sir Ralph Latoun, who had obtained a grant from Henry VIII. of as much land as he could conquer in Scotland, is of course worthy of the Maid of Elvar (Sybil Lesley), or any other maid. So what does she but offer a garland of gold for the best song in honour of the victory, and who should gain the garland but Eustace Græme? But Sir Ralph Latoun, as befits him, burns her castle; and she, as befits her, escapes inland, and, disguised as a peasant maiden, finds refuge with the family of Eustace Græme. What should follow, now, but love and pastoral description? What next but that Sir Ralph Latoun should discover the place of her retreat, and carry her away to his castle on the other side of the Solway? that the ravisher should be slain by the lover? that the young heiress should meet with a pilgrim, who had been saved on sea by Eustace, who should declare himself to be lord of Elvar, long lost, and forbid the banns — until, discovering in her lover the only son of one of his comrades in council and in battle, marriage follows of course? All this might be expected, but not twelve cantos on such a theme. Had the poem been more brief, it had been better. As it is, it contains many sweet sentiments, many charming passages, many strong-winged thoughts, many bold and glowing descriptions.

We began our paper with some reflections of our own on genius—we will conclude it with some of Allan's on the same subject:—

"Miles Græme now spoke—and he spoke wise and kind—

'Enough, my children, we have given to mirth—

Perchance to folly; now bear ye in mind

, My counsels, and make them your rule on earth.

Man's but a child; God gives him at his birth

His genius and his passions: as he grows,

These grow, and wax in stature and in girth.

My children all, I've watch'd ye as ye rose,

And mark'd your doings down!" Serehe his open brows

" Shew, while he bids each his own spirit follow,
The way that Nature leads : to one the wings
He gives of commerce ; o'er the billows hollow
He bids him go, one of our merchant-kings.
One from rare herbs the healing virtues wrings ;
One ruminates upon the barren plain,
And golden crops and verdure o'er it flings ; —
He bids none go and join the Muses' train,
For much he dreads a toil so profitless and vain.

" Upon a youth he laid his hand, and cried,
' Go, go, my child — go forth, expound and preach
God's holy word ! See ye turn not aside
From this grand duty : let your stern voice reach
Pride in his place, and stint not to impeach
Crown'd heads for crimes and follies ; see ye smite
The sensual Mammon ; let your right hand stretch
O'er red Ambition in his reckless might : —
Great is the high priest's power to whom God's law is light !

" Upon a second youth he laid his hand —
' Be thine the gentle and persuasive way
To rule by life of righteousness the land —
By mildness, wisdom, and by worth ! Thy sway
Will grow more glorious in thy latter day.
Matrons their children's children will hold up —
" There goes the Lord's true servant — look, I say !"
Thus will the wine of gladness fill thy cup.
But of another drink this youth is doom'd to sup,

" He said, and touch'd a third one : ' Thou wilt be
Long while a tassel at Misfortune's cloak ;
Like labouring emmet or the moiling bee,
Or farmer airing autumn's moisten'd shock,
So wilt thou work, but work in vain : the rock,
The gaping quicksand, and, what none eschew,
Sickness of mind, and sorrows in a flock.
Nay, weep not, youth ! — ere threescore years ensue,
Thou'lt shine, like Gideon's fleece, in fortune's golden dew.

" And thou, my child, — a fourth he thus address'd —
' Sure some sad deed have thy forefathers done —
Now by the demon of the Muse possessed,
They see their conduct punish'd in their son.
Of all the miseries 'neath God's blessed sun,
The bard's is that for which there's least remedy ;
The light may cease to shine and rivers run —
But for the followers of the Muse's crew
Sorrow will never cease, till he be dull and dead.

" Go plough — 'tis cold to turn a wintry furrow ;
Go sow — 'tis toilsome in the seed-time sowing ;
Go reap — and waken ere the clear sun skurrow ;
Go mow — a sweaty task and hard is mowing ;
Go herd — when winds are high and clouds are snowing ;
Go sleep — sad visions watch o'er us when sleeping ;
Go sail — when tempests wake and seas are flowing ;
Go weep — though some find comfort in their weeping ;
But, as ye wish to live, keep from the Muses' keeping !

" Sweet Sybil said, ' Nay, to the bard is given
A daring spirit and a soul to soar
As near as thing of earth can go to heaven ;
He goes in life, and nigh the angel's door
Sends his glad voice in herald song before ;
Then slow, like lark, earthward he sings again,
And from his kindled spirit and burning core
Pours forth, to gladden man, his happy strain ! —
Ne'er call the poet's song light, profitless, and vain ! "

Thy song, sweet and melodious Allan! hath never, can never be in vain. The cares of the world have not bitten out thy heart, and left there the corrosion of selfishness; the false-ness of the great and glozing city hath not polluted the simplicity of thy early youth; thou standest forth an honest man, amid the sweating, toiling, lying multitude of the mighty metropolis; and thy song, ardent and lofty, or simple and tender, teacheth low submission to the will of God,—awakeneth

the chastening thoughts of early innocence and boyish friendship—of youthful home, and love, and pastoral happiness;—so that we turn with loathing from the fastidious manners and the subtilised hypocrisy of the world, to seek for repose amid the endearments of family and the communion of our own hearts, and to learn and practise peace, good-will, affection, and charity to all mankind. Our blessing, therefore, ever hover above thy song!

LETTER ON THE DOCTRINE OF ST. SIMON.

To the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

SIR,—The doctrine of the sect of Saint Simon, which has been so laboriously explained and refuted by the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, is of considerable importance in France, where it is avowed by a great number of the more respectable classes of society, and now counts among its special organs two newspapers and a review, conducted, it must be confessed, by writers of great ability and eloquence. It is not likely that the opinions thus recognised could have been adopted by so many influential adherents, without having had a portion of good united to their evil; and, in reality, the doctrine of Saint Simon, divested of some peculiarities, contains undeviable truths, to which their misapplication is no solid objection. We therefore deem it reasonable to oppose their principles in the tone, not of ridicule or abuse, but of that good-breeding we should maintain towards men of such attainments, were we to have the pleasure of a conference face to face.

Claude Henry Count de Saint Simon was born at Paris in October 1760. He was of the family of that Saint Simon who is known by his memoirs on the latter days of Louis XIV. and the period of the regency, not less than for his enthusiasm about the prerogatives of the "*ancien noblesse*." This family pretended to have sprung from Charlemagne, was connected with the house of Lorraine, and were, besides, *grands* of Spain. From such a family was to proceed the man who, of all others in modern times, has shewn the most indifference to the pride of birth, and who laboured with insuper-

able perseverance to establish theories the most opposite to the ideas upon which his power rested. The Count de Saint Simon made the campaign of America along with his cousin the Duke de Saint Simon, and distinguished himself under the command of Washington. He was taken prisoner with the Count de Grasse in 1782, and received from the Americans the republican order of *Cincinnatus*. From this memorable period dates the philosophical tendency of his mind towards a system of ideas of which the substance is as follows:—

Saint Simon has conceived that the destiny of man in this world is to produce by labour, which has led him to proclaim industry as the definitive end of human society, and the industrious as the superior class of that society. Industry does in reality provide for all the physical wants of man, but does it provide for all his moral wants? It may be doubted. Saint Simon and his scholars affirm it, nevertheless, and they labour to prove it by observing that science is the most precious product of human industry, and philosophers the producers of the most elevated category or order of knowledge. They are in the right, if we circumscribe out nature to the narrow and material circle of utility. On the contrary, they rest below the truth, if, elevating ourselves by contemplation to more sublime relations, we discover the celestial region whence our intellectual being has emanated, and towards which it incessantly aspires. It is there alone that we discover the mortality of duty—that is to say, the love of good for

itself, and on account of its beauty and intrinsic excellence. It must, however, be acknowledged, that Saint Simon was one of the most original thinkers of his time—that his system of philosophy, incomplete and inexact, in our opinion, in its basis and result, is, notwithstanding, fertile in useful applications—and that he himself had received from nature the gift of expressing his ideas with force and clearness. He squandered considerable sums in scientific works, and speculations ill-advised completed the destruction of his fortune. At last, whether in despair or disgust, he endeavoured to put an end to his life with a pistol, in which attempt he escaped with the loss of an eye.

If the philosophy of Saint Simon was totally ignorant of the primordial laws of the moral world—if, by that defect, it lost the power of governing intelligences, it appears to us that it more nearly approaches the truth when it directs the organisation and employment of the material forces of man. It is here that the theory of the useful ought to find its application. Under this head the industrial school is found to be in perfect harmony with our era, or, rather, it is the natural product of it. It is the philosophical theory of the social movement, which the force of things—that is, the consequence of antecedents—removes every day more and more from the brilliant and vaporous region of imagination into the positive domain of reason and fact. The writings of Saint Simon abound, besides, in lively and original thoughts; their style is varied, energetic, and full of life; at times incoherent or incomplete, they bear every where the marks of the excessive mobility of the author's imagination. The mystical part we reject as spurious; for, in the words of Voltaire, whatever is not clear is not French—"S'il n'est pas clair, c'est ne pas Français."

Upon his return to France, in 1782, he abandoned entirely his military career, and gave himself up to some financial speculations, which thrived as well as they usually did with him. Although he took no part in the Revolution, an arrest was sent after him, and he voluntarily surrendered himself, in place of the landlord with whom he lodged, who had been made responsible for his appearance. After remaining eleven months in prison, he escaped.

In 1797, he left off his banking operations, and pursued his scientific studies during his different travels, of which an account is given in his memoirs, and largely quoted from in the *Quarterly*. He died in 1825, aged sixty-five years. His remains were interred in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and the grandson of Saint Simon had scarcely wherewithal to furnish his necessities. Misfortune did not turn him aside from his vocation; on the contrary, he pursued it with a courage and perseverance which forced people to esteem him. They had seen in him only a kind of eccentric madman, not knowing how to torment his life or waste his money. They were forced to admit the sincerity of his conviction, at least. In poverty he made himself heard, as well as in prosperity; and he ended by founding a school, whose future prospects might be more encouraging if it did not endeavour to organise a social state, of which time alone can bring to light the secrets and the elements. Undoubtedly, labour, the free development of all our faculties, is the true, the only end of life; assuredly, if we can make the religion of our age out of this grand thought, society would organise itself according to its belief—idleness and imutility would no longer be titles to power and supremacy in the national councils—the people would call to the management of their affairs the able and laborious, who have made their happiness in making their own—and from this would proceed a social system as new as the principle which engendered it. But what this social state would be—what its administration—~~are~~ what none at present can pronounce without exposing to ridicule the greatest and most useful of all truths. And this is what Saint Simon has endeavoured to do! It is for having wished to unveil the secrets of futurity, that he has changed himself into a ridiculous formalist, and prevented the spread of his fundamental idea—labour, taken as the rule of value, and as the source of human dignity. Perhaps, also, in his predilection for the useful, he has too much forgotten that the well-being of man is composed of other enjoyments than the physical—that he has need of meditation as well as of bread—and that to hinder him from seeking the solution of the great problem of a future state, is to curtail him

of his proportions, to go against the laws of nature and the necessities of his situation in this world and in creation. Christianity, for which Saint Simon and his disciples profess so just an esteem, has comprehended humanity better; the essence of Christian morality is contained in the precept, Love thy neighbour as thyself; and he who fulfils this has fulfilled the law. According to this principle men ought to organise their society after the most advantageous manner for the majority. Then the philosophers, the sages, and workers in general, who render to the mass of mankind the most important services, and who do all the good for them which is possible on this earth, ought to be constituted the general directors of the human species, as well as of the special interests of each people composing it. Such is the fundamental argument of the "*New Christianity*." One sees that it is only wanting in the faith, the adoration in spirit and in truth, of which the Gospel speaks—that is to say, all the spiritual part of Christianity, that which made its Divine Legislator to say, "My kingdom is not of this world." The author attacks, as equally corrupt, all Christian churches. In other respects, we find throughout this doctrine which he declared upon his death-bed, the same candour, the same conviction, the same vigorous logic, which distinguish his preceding works. No man could establish more plausibly a fundamental error; so that there is certainly in this book much to meditate on and to be instructed by, for him who can rely upon the strength of his faith and the sobriety of his understanding.

The last moments of this singular man were calm and intrepid. To the end he conversed in a state of exultation with his disciples; and, to use the expression of one of them, "full asleep in the dream of public happiness."

But is man then fated to be for ever making these abortive attempts—to be for ever in vain endeavouring to arrive at truth, and to extirpate the moral evil of this world?

There is no doubt that although he may never arrive at a solution of the problem of his destiny, yet that society in its civilisation is making successive approximations to it. In a word, that although man is individually frail, yet that in the aggregate he is susceptible of indefinite perfectibility. To explain our meaning, let us retrace the chain of

reasoning which has led to this conviction.

When we endeavour to analyse the immense and obscure problem of the destiny of human nature, the first particular problem we encounter is the moral one, viz. the destiny of man on this earth in the midst of the contradictions which surround him. The next is the religious one, which presupposes the first.

To inquire if the present life has not been preceded and will not be followed by another—to examine if every thing commences with birth and ends with death—if we have had a past and must have a future, what must be the nature of that past and this future:—such is the object of this mysterious problem, the immensity of which overwhelms us because it places us by two sides in contact with infinity. To solve this we must take it up in all its generality—we must ascend to the conception of all that touches the end of man, and endeavour to find the secret of it.

All being has an end, and is made for some purpose. This is the necessary conviction which the spectacle of the world inspires our reason with. Nothing exists in vain: creatures and creation itself have an end. What is the particular end of each, the general end of all, and what is the harmony which makes them agree with each other?

Some beings there are which accomplish their end without being conscious of it—such are the mysterious forces which develop themselves in the bosom of organic beings; others there are which not only fulfil their end, but have the perception of it, and, what is more, inquire into the secret. Such is man, who enjoys this privilege, not because he is endowed with the conscience and the power of feeling pleasure and grief (for both are common to him with the brutes), but because he is endowed with reason—that is to say, is capable of seeking the causes of effects and the effects of causes—of penetrating into the principle and end of the beings which surround him.

Comprehending, then, that there is an end, and at the same time that he is charged with following it out himself and by his voluntary efforts, man inquires what it is, that he may act with the view of attaining it and of knowing what ought to be his rule of conduct. If he is not enlightened on this

capital point, ignorant how he shall act, he can never be tranquil. His curiosity is not circumscribed within the limits of actual life, for his reason makes him feel that this life is only the term of a series, perhaps without beginning or end. Neither does he see his individual life isolated and without connexion. He sees it in the midst of a number of beings who resemble himself, and among whom he is counted as unity. He is united to humanity. Whence comes humanity?—how has it been summoned into the space and time, in the midst of which we behold it lost?—what part ought it to fulfil there, and what will be the term of its acting? If it has commenced, must it not have an end?

Time is an ocean, in the bosom of which human intelligence is lost; nor can it embrace more than an insignificant point, illumined with a feeble ray.

Space is another ocean, which it would equally explore in all its extent. What place does this world occupy which we inhabit, in the midst of so many worlds which our eyes perceive with difficulty, and of so many others whose existence our reason alone reveals to us? What signify all those motions so regular, and whither do they tend?

There never was a time or place in which man did not make all these questions. There never was a state of civilisation in which he did not prove the necessity of learning how all things were going on around him; because he is always conscious of being charged with his destiny, and forced to know the conditions of it, if he would live in peace and quiet.

The conduct of mankind depends greatly upon their shallow or profound solutions of these problems; for it is their ideas which govern their will: whence it follows, that to comprehend the actions of the world, we must ascend to their ideas; whence it also follows, that the history of the world is only the translation of another history, not yet made—that of its ideas. In its origin, history has for its object

merely the recounting of particular events and the material facts of the lives of nations—their treaties, their battles, their revolutions.

A little later, men perceive that all these facts proceed from more general ones which afford an explanation of them. Then it is the lives and institutions of people that are studied; and in the principles of those institutions they endeavour to find the reasons of the prosperity of one and the fall of another. Nevertheless, particular facts and institutions are, at bottom, only effects and consequences of the ideas existing in human intelligence upon the moral questions which disturb them. The explanation of history and humanity is nothing else than that of the progress of its intelligence.

The necessity of settling all these questions being inevitable, human intelligence is incessantly working upon them. But no solution has been immortal; all are overturned, because it is perceived, after a certain time, that they have only been imperfect solutions, which more satisfactory ones were to follow. The human mind, pursuing its search after truth, destroys an insufficient doctrine to construct another which is less so, but which it will, notwithstanding, destroy in its season; and at the same time it overturns all institutions derived from them, marching onwards towards other modes of existence, improving more and more. Such is the labour and object of civilisation. Civilisation is only the successive development of solutions which arise in the heart of humanity upon the question of its destiny, and which it enlightens and completes little by little, causing the errors which surrounded its first essays gradually to disappear. Society in its progress passes alternately through two different stages—one of faith and dogmatism, the other of incredulity and revolution.

“*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*”

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
PAIR-PLA

HISTORICAL DRAMA.*

THE Rev. W. L. Bowles, in the preface to his new and pleasing half-narrative, half-dramatic poem of *St. John at Patmos*, observes, that "it is no wonder there has been so long a silence among the elder living bards of Britain, when almost every popular British bard of the period comprised in the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century has lived to hear the mimic echoes of his early lyre from nursing-maids and nursery-children! — when the laureat Apollo of the living golden lyre, doubtless more from benevolence than taste, takes courteously by the hand, and, with a bow, brings forward and presents to the sisters of the sacred well a bashful livery-man, of great poetical genius but no education — when, in leading literary journals (the great dispensers of fame and profit), poetical sempstresses, with a primrose and curtsy, introduced by smiling lady-patronesses, are sure of a welcome reception; whilst such poets as Croy, and I could mention females of song almost unrivalled in beauty and pathos, are passed over in utter silence and neglect. All the lords of criticism would rise to receive, with welcome gratulations, FANNY KEMBLE; and all the bards of Britain hail her among them, as she is hailed by the *Quarterly*, and that most excellent and powerful miscellany, *Blackwood's*.

"An old gray-headed scholar and poet may not hope for such distinction in his day; but I may marvel that, when uneducated and humble claimants for fame are somewhat ostentatiously brought out of the shade, no notice whatever, or comparatively none, has been taken of a poet whose genius is of a far higher order—who, living in an obscure village in Dorsetshire, unfriended, unpatronised, without any advantage of education but what he has picked up casually, in the midst of deprivation, poverty, sorrow, and long disappointment — has often in tears

' Strictly meditated the thankless muse.'

I allude to Mr. PENNIE, who has just produced a volume called *Britain's Historical Drama*. In animated description, in knowledge of English history, in poetical imagery, in language chaste yet forcible, joined with the strictest morality, such a work might not only place him high among the living poets of Great Britain, but among those who have cultivated with most success the same pursuits, reaping the same worldly reward! And yet of such a poet, alas! poverty and neglect, and almost utter critical silence, are the portion."

There is much in the remarks of Mr. Bowles deserving of the strictest attention. The greater periodicals are for the most part conducted, we venture to say, upon very objectionable principles. They are any thing but the patronisers of unfriended genius; nevertheless, this is the very quality which they most affect. It would not do to seem to be wanting in charity; neither would it do so to exercise it as to nourish rivals in the persons of its objects. A safe middle course must therefore be adopted; and this is found in the encouraging of those only who must always remain in a state of dependence on that bounty which is implied in such encouragement. Such are the uneducated, "bashful livery-men, and the poetical sempstresses" so indignantly alluded to in the above extract. These people may be patronised, because without patronage they could do nothing, and (all merely selfish motives apart) they leave to their patrons the pleasure of exercising liberty of choice and manifesting free-will, which is always exceedingly flattering to the bestower of benefits. To do good is to exercise benevolence, and in the exertion of the will lies the great charm of well-doing. Will, moreover, desires not liberty only, but license. Now, this license is much restrained — nay, this liberty of choice seems to be, in a

* *Britain's Historical Drama*; a series of National Tragedies, intended to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions of different early Eras in Britain. By J. F. Pennie. Maunders, 1832.

The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the time of Shakespeare; and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. 3 vols. Murray, 1831.

great measure, abrogated, if the merit of your *protégé* is so conspicuous that it claims "fame and profit" as a right. Ten to one but that, under such circumstances, you do all in your power to resist the claim. Not so with a lower degree of merit, which, while it is sufficient to justify you in praising and fostering it, does not affect an attitude of command, and appeal to your sense of duty. Thus it would appear, that an object of charity must not be too deserving, else it would hold an equality which is odious to the pride of most of the sons and daughters of Adam, however lovingly disposed towards their brothers and sisters in virtue of that common origin. The sense of superiority must be flattered—and it is flattered in the patronage of the John Joneses and the Mary Collingeses. Who would dream of supporting any but one's inferiors? The presence of weakness is necessary to interest the feelings; we suffer the strong and the sturdy to make their way in the world as they can, but the ailing and the feeble we nurse with care and assist to the utmost of our power. There is good in this—but there is also evil.

The evil which results from this condition of our sympathies is connected with motives—though, perhaps, unconsciously—very creditable to human nature. There is in them much of fear and envy. The strong, whether in body or mind, if assisted, may soon outrun us, though, alas! the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. At any rate, we do all that we can that it shall not be, and thus make that which would most justify our encouragement, an argument against it. Lest we should flatter a competitor, to our own prejudice, we keep the man of greatest merit all that we can at a distance. We permit him no vantage ground; he has to win his way inch by inch—to struggle—to wrestle—to fight with odds, even with multitudes—with society at large. Then when he has overcome, the laurel may await him—praise will pour upon him from all quarters; for, in such case, it is not only right and good to praise, but beneficial to the giver of commendation himself. The triumph of the poet is partaken by the critic.

Mr. Bowles, as well as our readers, may now, perhaps, make out how it is that our quarterly criticism lays itself open to such objections as those ad-

vanced by him. Humble merit, which must always remain humble, it will sometimes draw out from obscurity; but transcendent excellence must wait until the voice of fame, otherwise loudly expressed, renders it impossible to pass it by in silence any longer. There is no instance in which a great poem has ever been brought before public notice by the quarterly critics—no instance in which they have anticipated public opinion. Nay, it is a well-known fact—untraversed, undenied by the parties themselves conducting such publications—that they always follow the popular voice in such matters. They leave it to the daily, weekly, and monthly press to pull a work of art into notice; and if then its merits be undoubtedly established, they take it up, to condemn or applaud according to political or personal partialities, and in either case secure for themselves an interest in the attention which it has succeeded in exciting. Thus they make it tributary to their own prosperity; it never enters their minds to contribute aught towards that of any body else. Nay, and does it not seem of the essence of criticism that it should live on good authorship? Truly, the ground of complaint may be in the nature of things.

And so it is; but it does not necessarily follow that criticism should be content with feasting on good authorship, after that which is not critical has banqueted thereon. Why should it live on offal? Why should it laquey unlearned opinion, and, like a self-abdicated house of peers, submit to become the mere registry of popular judgment? We are persuaded, that it would find its account, in the long-run, in a nobler course of conduct: it would assume a higher tone, in consequence—it would become more philosophical in its processes, more righteous in its decisions, more worthy of honour—ay, more worthy of the name which it bears; for, if the truth must be spoken, we know not where, except in the pages of REGINA, criticism is to be found worthy of the name; and this worthlessness is mainly owing to the erroneous, if not dishonourable, system on which it is at present prosecuted.

The work to which Mr. Bowles has attracted our attention is conceived in a truly laudable spirit. Whatever we may think of the author's powers (and

Mr. Bowles has rated them much too highly), we cannot but applaud his design. We love the *Historical Drama*, because it is essentially English, and would promote it by all means in our power; we shall therefore endeavour to make some few, not entirely useless, remarks on the *Historical Drama*. We are enabled to do this the more satisfactorily, owing to the recent publication of Mr. J. Payne Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, which, however defective in arrangement, contains facts not elsewhere to be found. In this work, we confess, we have not been disappointed: we expected, from our experience of the writer's *Poetical Decameron*, much original research—and this, and more than this, we found. We expected no intense feeling of his subject—no sympathy for poetry in its heights and its depths. A poetical critic, however, should fly at his celestial quarry with an eye as brilliant as an eagle's, undazzled with the meridian sun. Poetry is divine, and the critic should speak of her as of a divinity, and comport himself in her presence as in the presence of a superior nature. He should partake of the inspiration which accompanies every waving of her magic mantle, every tone of her musical voice, every motion of her eloquent hand. True it is, that to overload with an elaborate illustration the fine passages of the *Muse* is, for the most part,

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet."

Yet the critic should make manifest that he has had a perception of the incomparable gold, the unimprovable lily. His garment should retain some fragrance of the perfumed violet with which it has just been in delightful contact. Now, in Mr. Collier's book, though we descry much undaunted enthusiasm of research, we lack, we think, much apparent sympathy with the essential attributes of that most sacred of all arts—we lack "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn," which should belong to the poetical critic as to the poet himself. He should have a heart, as well as a head.

Mr. Pennie has expressed, in the motto to his *Britain's Historical Drama*, the feeling with which we would have the critic write on poetry and the drama. "The drama," says Archbishop Tillotson, "is an epitome of the minds

and manners of mankind; and wise men, in all ages, have agreed to make it, what in truth it ought to be, a supplement to the pulpit." The priest and the poet were of old united, and Mr. Collier should have expatiated in eloquent terms on the *rationale* of that union in the persons of those churchmen whose occupation it was to compose mysteries, and moralities, and miracle-plays, for the delectation and instruction of the people. But no: he wanted confidence in his subject; he was afraid of exhibiting these rude specimens of the dramatic art as compositions to be admired, lest he should appear ridiculous; and thought it necessary, therefore, to write with some scorn of authors with whom, notwithstanding, he took no little trouble to become acquainted. He was enthusiastic to a certain point—the antiquarian; but not to the critical. He was ashamed to confess rapture for poetry so obsolete; herein he erred after the manner of Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction*, who, in treating of the romances of chivalry, thought it incumbent on him to sneer at the society he had chosen; being afraid, as he expresses it, of "falling into the frenzy of him who discovered a beautiful infant in the coarse skin of Maritornes, and mistook her hair, which was rough as a horse's mane, for soft flowing threads of curling gold."

Many see in the finest productions of Italian art only the idolatrous images of the Church of Rome. Few are they who understand what connexion there is between religion and all the arts of life, whether useful or ornamental. Yet is not the very art of clothing symbolical of the great atonement made for human infirmity? And is not that divine series of frescoes with which, under the pontificates of Julius II. and Paul III., Michael Angelo adorned the lofty compartments of the *Cupella Sistina*, a sublime commentary, or rather development to sense, of the mysteries of Holy Writ, in all their connexion and dependencies? Such a series of paintings is a Bible in picture, and the simple dramas of those early churchmen were in like manner a represented Bible. So commenced the art of poetry and the art of painting in a Christian age. Even in Scotland, during the stormy days of the covenant, they in a similar manner flourished. "The fierce discipline of Knox," says

our well-beloved Allan Cunningham, "was soon softened; and in matters of taste and elegance the Presbyterians of the north were by no means so furious and uncompromising as the Puritans and Independents of the south. Even during the half-century that followed the first dawn of the Scottish Reformation, plays were allowed to be enacted, and none of the flock were forbidden to attend such exhibitions, save elders and deacons. The Church of Rome, the mother of that which is useful and elegant, had from early ages captivated the people by her carved processions of saints and her painted miracles and legends. The kings, too, had not only patronised works of genius, but some of them excelled personally in poetry, music, and architecture; tapestry, representing passages from Scripture or from the poets, abounded; sculptured tombs, in freestone or in marble, were to be found in every church; and even the wildest of the western isles shew, in the present day, such relics of old magnificence as excite the admiration of travellers."

Such is the light in which the dramatic anticipations of our churchmen should be viewed—not depreciated, but considered with reference to the time of their production. All excellence is relative, and we must consider what the miracles and mysteries were for the age which produced them, and not what they are for ours. Nor has Mr. Collier, to do him justice, been altogether unmindful of this rule of right reason, and, indeed, we accuse him not of omitting to say as much, but of not saying it warmly enough.

In these humble beginnings was the basis laid of the historical drama. The

mysteries represented Scripture history, and some of the moralities were historical. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that there is only one political moral in our language, and that is a fragment, it having been probably suppressed.

To the Reformation we are indebted for our deliverance from this allegorical kind of drama, which, however, has been sought to be revived in our time. Witness Lord Byron's *Cain, a mystery*, and its various imitations.† So rapid was the improvement which our reformed ancestors made in the dramatic art, that the English drama was perfect even before Shakespeare. The romantic drama had its origin with that of tragedy and comedy, although it reached its highest polish only in the hands of Shakespeare. From the earliest period to the time of Shakespeare, there is not a play in our language in which the unities are strictly observed; and it is the disregard of these which constitute our romantic drama—not whether the story be real or fictitious. The "History," or "Chronicle History," consisted of certain passages or events detailed by annalists, put into a dramatic form, often without regard to the course in which they happened; the author sacrificing chronology, situation, and circumstance, to the superior object of producing an attractive play. Such plays as *Ferris and Porrex*, *Jocasta*, and *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, indeed, in some unimportant particulars of their external shape, are made to imitate the productions of the Greek and Latin stage; but in all of them, time, place, and action, are more or less disregarded.

The first historical subject regularly brought upon the stage of this country

* The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. V. pp. 3, 4.

† Lord Byron's merit as a dramatist has not been acknowledged as it ought. We have some peculiar notions on his excellence in this particular, which we shall perhaps some day broach. By the by, Don Juan is to be included in the magnificent edition of his lordship's works which Murray is now publishing by subscription. A standard edition of a poet's collected works, whatever the merit or demerit of particular pieces, should include all. It is fitting, also, that the whole man should be presented to the reader, to put him on his guard respecting an author's full and complete character. In the best of Byron's works there are passages of a seductive tendency which would incline the unsuspecting to the adoption of error in opinion and conduct, were the reader not made aware, by the obvious qualities of Don Juan, of the very equivocal character of the poet. This knowledge must be as a charm to preserve him from the temptation, and to induce to further inquiry. This were good reason, if there were not the flagrant one, that the collection would be incomplete without that poem, which, with all its faults, contains some passages of such high and vigorous painting, as no true lover of the muses "would willingly let die."

was *Ferrex and Porrex*, in 1561-2; and it was followed almost immediately by *Julius Cæsar*, as Mr. Collier apprehends, the earliest instance on record in which events from the Roman history were dramatised in English. Preston's *Cambyses*, a moral play, is supposed to have been written about the same date; but it is doubtful whether they were not preceded by a tragedy upon Luigi da Porto's famous novel of *Romco and Juliet*. From about this date until shortly after the year 1570, the field, as far as we have the means of judging, seems to have been pretty equally divided between the later morals and the earlier attempts in tragedy, comedy, and history. But the taste of the people had been weaned, in a great degree, from the dull abstractions of moral plays; a better species of dramatic entertainment had obtained. Stephen Gosson, that renegade to the stage, was, as he himself admits, the author, besides a comedy and a moral, of an historical play called *Catiline's Conspiracies*, *Cæsar and Pompey*, and the *Fabii*. Of the manner in which historical subjects were handled by the poets of his day, Gosson thus writes: "If a true history," says he, "be taken in hand, it is made like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it most commonly unto such points as may best shew the majesty of their pen in tragical pieces, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love, or paint a few anticks to fit their owne humors with scoffs and taunts, or bring in a shewe to furnish the stage when it is bare; when the matter itself comes short of this, they follow the practice of the cobbler, and set their teeth to the leather to pull it out." Sir Philip Sydney is equally severe, but then he was a strenuous advocate of the unities; nevertheless, the time is chargeable with a total neglect of dramatic propriety. In Florio's *First Fruits* (1591), Sir Philip Sydney's censure is thus adopted:—

"G. After dinner we will go see a play.

"H. The plays that they play in England are not right comedies.

"T. Yet they do nothing else but play every day.

"H. Yea, but they are neither right comedies nor right tragedies,

"G. How would you name them then?"

"H. Representations of history without any decorum."

Until about 1586, theatrical productions were written chiefly in rhyme, but sometimes in prose. About the year 1586 or 1587, Shakespeare is supposed to have left Stratford-upon-Avon, and to have come to London. Such of his productions as, with the greatest appearance of probability, can be named amongst his first performances, contain evidence of the partiality of his ear, or of that of the public, for the jingles of rhyme. It is highly probable that Shakespeare did not become an original dramatic author until 1593. All dramatic poets, therefore, who wrote plays previously to that period must be considered as his predecessors. These began to flourish about 1583, in which year the queen first allowed a public company to act under her name and authority. Lodge, Peele, and Greene, had, perhaps, just then commenced their career; and, within a very short interval, Marlowe, by his example and popularity, produced a very important change in dramatic poetry. *Ferrex and Porrex* was the first play, in the English language, written in blank verse. The example was followed, in 1566, in Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, played at Gray's Inn; and, at as till greater interval, by Thomas Hughes, in his *Misfortunes of Arthur*, represented before the queen at Greenwich, in 1587. But the earliest popular blank-verse drama was Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts. Being about to abandon the use of rhyme, and low conceits fit only for clowns—and in order to substitute blank verse, and heroic deeds told in language to which the audience was not accustomed, Marlowe seems to have thought it necessary to give something in exchange for what he took away; hence the swelling bombast of his style in the *Tamburlaine*, which, however, we find not in his *Edward III*. He improved by practice; he found that blank verse could be written with more ease of style, and involved no inevitable offences against taste. Ever, in the first instance, vaulting ambition overleaps itself. The first effort is always a violent one. Something similar may be remarked as to the prose style of Dr. Johnson: his design to give to English prose composition the majesty in which it had been previously deficient, was worthy of him—but he overdid it. Had he not, however, given

the too much, we should never have had the enough. We should leave style to take its depth of tone and colour, its modes of motion—whether the majestic march or less stately amble—from the quality of the subject which it would illustrate. It is the observance of this principle which makes Southey's style so admirable and almost perfect; of which the public has had a recent instance of high value given to them in his *Essays Moral and Political*. Such a style of writing, however, whether in prose or poetry, is no art of rhetoric, no skill in the construction of sentences acquired and cunningly superinduced as a prejudged medium of sentiment; it is the natural expression of lively thought, and the growth of a feeling heart. Hence its vivacity—hence its tenderness.

We would wish Mr. Pennie particularly to consider what we have just written. The style of his *National Tragedies* is all of the stilted kind: all his characters talk alike; they are all ludicrously grandiloquent. This results from his anxiety rather about *how* they shall speak than *what* they shall speak. Has a poet thoughts and feelings and images, they will dictate their own appropriate expressions, and the diction will rise and fall in accordance with the subject, and produce a harmony between sound and sense perfectly delightful. The fault at which we have hinted—we hope gently—it is that will be the ruin of *Britain's Historical Drama*, and of every other work in which Mr. Pennie shall be engaged. This, if we recollect rightly, was the censurable point in his previous productions—in his *Royal Minstrel* and his *Rogvald*. Even in epic composition, however proper a sustained dignity of style may be, there are certain other qualities which ought not to be sacrificed to that one consideration. Milton himself was careful to introduce passages of a lighter cast, as witness his *Limbo of Vanity* and *Paradise of Fools*, with the jocular puns to which he sometimes condescended. There is much that is objectionable in these; still the principle holds good, for surely there are lighter passages of a different kind which might be introduced without any impropriety. Let Mr. Pennie not be deceived by any praises concerning "the richness of his versification, often rising into sublimity." Take our word for it—they are worth nothing.

Mr. Pennie's work professes to "record, in a dramatic form, the manners, customs, and religious institutions of our early ancestors; and the author's intention, should the work succeed, is to take such portions of British history as are best suited to develop his plan, and at such distant periods from each other as he might think proper; so connected, however, as to exhibit a diorama of those great changes which have taken place and followed each other with regard to dynasties, manners, and religious institutions. Thus would ages long buried in oblivion pass in review before us, and we should behold the world as it was a thousand years ago."

The tragedies in the present volume are four in number, and are respectively entitled *Arivina*, *The Imperial Pirate*, *The Dragon King*, and *Edwin and Elgiva*. In the first we have something of Julius Cæsar and his doings in Britain; and the dramatist is desirous of shewing that Cæsar's enterprise was not an absolute conquest of Britain. Tacitus says, Cæsar did not conquer Britain, but only shewed it to the Romans. Horace, in the time of Augustus, calls them "invictos Romano Marte;" and Lucan scrupled not to affirm, that he turned his back, in a fight, to the Britons, in quest of whom he went with such mighty preparations:

"Territa quassitis ostendit terga Britannis."

Dion Cassius says, that in a battle the Britons routed the Roman infantry. Horace and Tibullus intimate, in several places of their writings, that in their days the Britons were not considered a conquered nation. "Many eminent authors relate," says Sammes, "that Cæsar, in his British proceedings, speaks too advantageously of himself." Tacitus writes of Caractacus, that, encouraging the Britons, he often invoked the manes of his ancestors, who drove Cæsar the Dictator out of the isle, by whose valour they were freed from the axes and tributes of the Romans, and preserved the bodies of their wives and children undefiled. And Dion affirms, that once in the second expedition all his foot were routed; Orosius, that another time all his horse; and it is manifest that, for many years after, Britain was governed by its own kings and its own laws.

But now for the tragedy—for *Arivina*. This lady is high-priestess

of Melcom, or the sun; and in a conversation with Dalthula, a virgin of the sun (Scene I. Act 2), is kind enough to inform us that she has been so unfortunate as to violate her

vestal vows, with Cymbaline, a nephew of Cassfelyn, and rightful heir to the British throne, whom, however, she has not for years seen, and consequently esteems faithless.

"Fatal hour!

When first I met him with his hounds and hawks
Amid the summer forest. By the stone
Of Cuthla's tomb the noble hunter stood :
"O, he appeared like our bright god of flame,
Lighted from his sun-blazing car to sport
The hours away in chase amid our woods !
I loved, although I knew 'twas death to love !
I knew my doom, if once discovered ; yet
Passion, like a wild tempest, o'er me rush'd,
And I should on the burning pile have died
In ecstasies, blest with the false one's love !"

The imagery of this passage is not very original, Mr. P'ennie. Let it pass, however. The priestess is terribly

alarmed, at the coming of the Romans, for the safety of her child.

"O, they will rush

Amid the sacred bower where I have hid
The lovely one, since from the hollow oak,
His cradle in the forest depth, I took him.
No place, however hallow'd, and untrod
By feet profane, but those war-fiends of blood
Will enter ! They will tear him from my arms !
His precious blood will smoke upon their swords,
And I, O wretched mother ! cannot, dare not save him !"

We are next presented with a forest-council of assembled kings, in a grand druidical temple or double circle, like

the ancient Stonehenge. During the debate, Cassfelyn speaks in these indignant terms of Cymbaline :—

"May he, the unmanly traitor ! sport his hours
In soft voluptuous ease, and all the follies
Of love and women, wine and Roman pomp.
To emulate the luxuries of that race,
With all their curst refinements, which ennerve
The lofty mind, and sink the warrior down
Into a tame submissive shackled slave,
Was his delight,—therefore I rose in arms,
And with the people cast him out a beggar,
A dunghill hound, to crouch and supplicate
Those lordly thieves, whom he so much admires,
For leave to basely live upon the crumbs
Rome's senate flings him from their king-served board ;
And now I hear he comes in Cæsar's train,
Hoping to win these realms by Cæsar's sword,
And hold them in base vassalage to Rome."

By and by enters Vortimer, thus saying :

"Great king of kings,
Cæsar hath left his camp by Tyvi's flood,
And hitherward with twice six thousand foot,
And half his heavy-armed cavalry,
Comes forth to seek thee."

Hereupon, a "sacrifice to Hesus, god of war," and a "grand chorus of bards," follow. As high-priestess, Arixina is present, an unwilling witness of bloody rites. Roman captives are slain; and then enters a druid with a young boy in his arms, whom, as no one knew or owned, the archdruid condemns to be sacrificed. It is Arixina's ! After much

declamation on her part, the child calls her mother ! and she is compelled to confess the fact, but will not reveal the father, whom, however, she has previously alluded to as a prince. This trying scene is interrupted by the immediate necessity of marching against the Romans.

With those Romans was Cymbaline. "Amid the golden palaces of Rome" he had met with Claudia. This lady, however, became the wife of Tiberius Rufus, who, she says, "stamped a base rape with holy marriage rites." However this may be, it seems her husband's jealousy had prompted him to bring her to the camp; but in this the lady exults that "the marksman had outshot himself with his own bow — for Cymbaline is here!"

Such is the perilous aspect of events, in their end sufficiently tragical. Battles are fought — the Britons flee; but Cymbaline's triumph is embittered by the knowledge that Claudia is married to Tiberius. He has an interview with

her: it is a time when she had been meditating a deed of blood. Tiberius Rufus having been brought back wounded, a sudden thought suggests itself to her mind, that she may steal to his couch and stab him, and then with Cymbaline may "ascend the throne of Britain." It is in this mood the heroic Briton finds the Roman lady, and to him she makes a similar proposition; but he disdains the assassin's trade. Upon his exit, this is the style in which Lady Claudia soliloquises, greatly inferior to that in which Lady Macbeth expresses a like intention, notwithstanding the storm introduced to aid the effect: —

"I'll not live
A wife dishonour'd in that Roman's eye
By his too just suspicions. No, nor trust
For my deliverance and the British crown
To the fearful hazard of a warrior's sword. (Storm at a distance.)
What must I do? Claudia, 'tis thine own hand
Must use the bloody dagger, — set thee free
From those strong chains of tyranny and marriage
Tiberius fasten'd on thee!

Hark! I hear
The coming of the tempest! Ay, 'tis he,
The fiend of murder, with blood-streaming locks!
He walks abroad upon the midnight storm,
Wrapt in the fire-cloud! Passion and revenge
Are in his train. Howl on, ye deafning winds;
Ye thunders, drown the death-groan of my victim!" [Exit.

What very declamation, set off with mere rag-fair finery of poetical common-place, is this! compared with the

majestic utterance of deep-seated passion in the clearly imitated speech of Lady Macbeth: —

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood!
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold! hold!"

It is not with any intent of instituting an unfair comparison, in order to depreciate Mr. Pennie's talents, that we parallel these two passages. God forbid! But Mr. Pennie is especially recommended to our notice by a poet as a man of genius — one therefore holding the same rank in kind with Shakespeare, whatever may be his degree;

and he must therefore abide this trial. Now we contend that these passages differ as much in kind as in degree of merit. But stay! Before we enter into this (if we shall indeed have space to do so), we find that Mr. Pennie continues this strain of conception in the next scene, and it must be confessed that he rises as he proceeds.

Tiberius Rufus in his tent, lying wounded on his couch, is borne off by the slaves: the storm increases.

“CLAUDIA.

O that these deeply-sounding winds and storms
Would rock him into sleep fast as the slumbers
Of the eternal grave! O, Cymbaline!
It is for thee and love I dip my hands
Deep in a husband's blood! This passion-flame
Hath made me madder than the seas and storms
That rave around me! But he shall be mine!
One hour of bliss with him, though bought with blood,
Would a dull age outweigh without his love!
I'll do it, though I perish for the crime!

(*Storm increases.*)

Now is come

The hour of my revenge! 'Tis terrible!
My courage falters. Hark! what shrieks are those
That come betwixt the pauses of the blast?
They are the drowning cries of Roman sailors!—
Come, fiends of darkness, to my bosom come,
Fill me, ye furies, with your direst rage!
Death is around me, and on every side
Wailings, and shrieks, and terrors! 'Tis a night
Well fitted for so horrible a deed;—
Nay,—no remorse! What if my arm should fail?
Why then to my own heart I'll strike the blow;
And if I cannot live for love and empire,
I'll die, like a brave Roman, to be free! [Exit.
(*The storm becomes violent, mingled with the roaring of the sea,
and warlike cries and shouts at a distance.*)

We confess these passages do not satisfy us: there is too much of the storm without, and too little of the storm within. For Shakespeare, under similar circumstances, the latter had horrors enough. It was “a sore night” when the good Duncan was murdered, but Shakespeare notices it not until the deed was done; then Ross and the old man close the dreadful act with an account of the convulsions of surrounding nature. The horrors of such a deed would surely so absorb the mind as to render it insensible to external circumstance. But Mr. Pennie seems to have been ambitious of combining Macbeth

and Lear in a modern play. God help him!

Then follows the scene after the murder, in which Claudia's remorse proceeds somewhat after the manner of Macbeth's. She hides the bloody dagger in her veil, which she subsequently flings away with the dagger in it.

“Gay Cymbaline” is now to lead to the altar the Roman widow. Arxina in the mean time has escaped from her dungeon-cave, and intrudes upon the marriage ceremony, and implores him to save her child. One speech has dramatic force:—

“Ah! I behold him now My child, my child!
I see the priest conduct him from his cave,
A victim to the sun,—a victim for
His guilty mother's crimes! My sin hath brought
Destruction on his head. O, it is I
That am his murderer! It maddens me!—
Ah! now I see him on the altar laid!
I see him blackening in the horrid flames,
Writhing in agonies! His last death-screams
Ring in my ears! Distraction! furies! fiends!
I'll snatch him from those hellish fires, ye priests,—
Ha!—(*shrieks.*)
There's nothing but a heap of burning bones!
They crumble into dust! Oh, mercy! mercy!

(*Falls on the ground.*)”

This, however, is more after the approved fashion of the rhetorical school than the truly poetic.

The interest now thickens. Ewylon, Cymbaline's friend, passing by Tiberius' tent, found Claudia's veil

with the dagger, and, out of goodness to his friend, places them where he shall be sure to find them. Claudia, thereupon, is accused of her former husband's murder by her present, in no measured terms of abhorrence. She takes poison, and dies. For Cymbaline, also, is reserved his doom: captured by the Britons, he is tried for treason, and sentenced to crucifixion. Peace is offered by the Romans, on condition of his release, but is rejected.

Arixina is also doomed to perish, with her child. The sacrifice, however, is interrupted by an attack of the Romans; of which taking advantage, Cymbaline effects both his own escape and Arixina's, with her child. As an atonement, he fights against his country's enemies, and wins the applause of British heroes. The Romans are defeated, but Cymbaline has received his death-wound in the fight, and dies at the feet of Arixina.

"ARIXINA (*shrieking*).

Hæ! the last chord of life is rent asunder!
My child, Cassiolyn,—O protect my child!
The gods bless thee, my loved one! Take this last
Sad kiss from thy departing mother's lips,—
Farewell, my child, for ever!

(*Falls, and dies on the body of Cymbaline.*)"

A long dirge, sung by the chorus of bards, concludes the tragedy.

We have no space to enter into analyses of the three remaining plays, nor can it be necessary to enable the reader to judge of the author's powers. No plays can contain passages of a more ambitious order than the murder-scenes to which we have directed especial attention. By these we should suppose the poet would desire to be judged: and if in these he has failed, it is some praise even to fail in a great attempt. The fact is, Mr. Pennie is a better versifier than a poet; yet is his versification exceedingly mechanical. His images are of the most ordinary kind, and we may look in vain for any touches of natural description and gleams of spiritual power. We will venture to say, that

"At noon, when by the forest's edge,
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart,—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky."

Still, if there is not the substance of worth, there is the semblance, in Mr. Pennie's productions; and this probably has deluded both the author and his admirers into an over-estimate of his merits—we say over-estimate, because we wish not to deny the merit which he really possesses. The same reason, also, would probably give them a brief period of success on the stage, if skilfully curtailed and adapted to representation; for, as Charles Lamb observes, the practice of stage-representation reduces every thing to a controversy of elocution; and in this controversy the *Britain's Historical Drama* is not deficient. On the stage,

the great critic just mentioned remarks, that every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator. The love-dialogues of Romeo and Juliet—those silver-sweet sounds of lovers' tongues by night, the more intimate and sacred sweetness of nuptial colloquy between an Othello or a Posthumus with their married wives—all those delicacies which are so delightful in perusal, as when we read of those youthful dalliances in Paradise—

"As besem'd
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone—"

by the inherent fault of stage-representation, how are these things sullied and turned from their very nature by being exposed to a large assembly! Nevertheless, plays in which these delicacies abound are the greatest favourites; they admit of the exaggerations of public delivery more easily than those which are already exaggerated in the form of composition. A poet should recollect that the form of composition is, after all, an inferior concern; whether in soliloquy or dialogue, it is only a medium, and should not be too highly artificial. Rather let him aim at unfolding to the reader or spectator the inner structure and workings of mind in his characters—a knowledge this which the poet himself can only attain by the high and mysterious gift of intuition.

Had Mr. Pennie had that due reverence for the poetical character which a true poet would feel, he would never have invented the character of Rodomond, chief of the royal scalds, in his play of *Edwin and Elgiva*. Rodomond

has written a coronation ode, which he is anxious to chant in the hall at the hour of banqueting, and about which he is made to exhibit a ridiculous vanity, doomed to no unfitting disappointment. But why should the poeti-

cal character be thus held up to ridicule? Or if it be that only of a poetaster, why should such an one be chief of the royal scalds? What Mr. Pennie's opinion of his occupation is, is thus expressed:—

“O, I'd rather be
A moping owl, and hoot the listless moon
From some lone haunted tower, than sweat to win,
By slender wit, the praise of drunken chiefs
Carousing o'er the wine-cup.”

Flat treason this, both against the wine-cup and dear minstrelsy. From the days of Anacreon to the present, and long before, song and wine have been united, and will be after. Was not the tragic art itself, in which Mr. Pennie is an ambitious apprentice, originally an accompaniment of bacchanal rites? And is not the very picture of the olden time, which even Mr. Pennie's scornful words conjure up, especially poetical—a thing to which the imagination always delights to rectify? Who recollects not with pleasure the Ossianic feasts of shells, and the songs of bards with which they were illustrated? War and Festival are attended each with Music and Eloquence; appropriate awakeners of the soul in its most elevated moods, fit companions of noble, daring, and sublime emotion!

But we stay our hand; for whatever may be this writer's deficiencies, Mr. Howles has accounted for them by re-

ferring to his condition in life. A certain happy conjunction of circumstances must concur in order to the production of immortal poems. Genius must be educated before it can arrive at the highest state of development; it must have been taught, by contact, to sympathise with pleasure—ay, even with the warrior's carouse over the wine-cup—so that it may feel and communicate the like. The poet who has been deprived of these advantages is an object, not of censure, but of commiseration.

The fact ought not to be concealed, that a generous lot in life is not a little conducive to the free exercise of fancy. Juvenal has a fine passage to this effect, which has been finely imitated by Spenser—so much did the Roman satirist and the bard of the *Fairy Queen* feel the truth of the sentiment experimentally.

“Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum solent deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale moneti;
Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum,
Anxietate carens animus facti, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus sylvarum, aptusque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum: neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio, thyrsumve potest contingere sœna
Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte, diæque
Corpus eget. Satur est, cum dicit Horatius, Eulhoë.
Quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo
Vexant, et dominis Cirrhe Nisæque feruntur,
Pectora nostra duas non admittentia curas?
Magnæ mentis opus, nec de ludice paranda
Attonitæ, currus, et equos, faciesque deorum
Aspicere, et qualis Rutulum confundat Erynnis.
Nam si Virgilio puer et tolerabili desit
Hospitium, caderent omnes à crinibus hydri:
Surdâ nihil gement grave buccina. Poscimus, ut sit
Non minor antiquo Rubienus Lappa cothurno,
Cajus et alveolos et lænam pignerat Atreus.”

To leave for a while the minstrels of our own land, we may be permitted to remark, that no one better realised this description of a poet than the German Bürger, and no one seems to have required the stimulus of generous cheer more than he; yet

were his muses “wont to dwell with crabbed care.” How did he reconcile the two extremes of his disposition and destiny? By fairly despising, at once and altogether, the prudential virtues, so that his “vaunted verse” might have a “vacant head.”

"Unwisely weaves, that takes two
webbes in hand."

To such as he, the requisite condition of things is only to be brought about by "enjoying the present, and letting the future take care of itself." If every hour of pleasure has afterwards its day of misery, yet that hour has been had: the past is irrevocable, and it has accomplished its task. But for this imprudent daring, this contemptuous dismissal of the evil to the day for

which it would be sufficient, we feel satisfied that we should not have had an opportunity of writing on Bürger's genius, and those songs of his, redolent of love and wine, so celebrated in his native land. Come what come might, until it came, to him "Herr Bacchus war ein braver Mann;" and he acted in the spirit of Juvenal's idea, above given, and of the following noble lines of Spenser:

Whoever casts to compass weightie prize,
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat,
Let powre in lavish cups, and thriftie mente,
For Bacchus' fruite is friend to Phœbus wise;
And when with wine the braine begins to sweet,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rise.
Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should rage:
O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in girlands of wilde yvie twine,
How I could reare the muske on statelie stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin line,
With quaint Bellona in her equippage."—*Egl. X.*

The very uncertainty and fugitive quality of Bürger's pleasures increased their intensity while they continued; and to this the deep feeling of such delights in his songs is to be ascribed. Shakespeare also was fond of generous cheer, and indulged in no such scorn as Mr. Pennie thinks befitting, either of song or of wassail-bowl. Pope, it is probable, might consistently have professed such contempt; though it would have been of an artificial cast, and only fit for an artificial age. But that day has past, and much of what is reflected in the lines of the man of art has already lost its interest; while what remains of the bard of Avon is as lasting as the stars, and as immutable as the first principles of things.

The world had its childhood once, as well as man; and genius must carry on the feeling of this childhood into the powers of these latter times. Herein it is that the creative force of imagination is exerted, in raising up what is eternal in the poet as man, and, therefore, though original, and perhaps new in its expression and application, is as ancient as the universe. This principle might be well illustrated by a comparison of Shakespeare's comedy with that of a later age. Its grand characteristic is its good-nature, the prime element of genius and humour. We laugh, and are intended to laugh, at his comic exhibitions, but not maliciously. His characters are not held up for ridicule, though absurd—not for antipathy, but for sympathy—not

to mortify and expose, but to make innocently merry—not to render mean and contemptible, but to familiarise and amuse. Nor could he have acted otherwise, though he had wished so to do, which he did not. For with such characters and incidents as he loved to illustrate, to have made us hate them, and delight in their mortification, their meanness, their contemptibility, would have been to make us hate, and to mortify, and to esteem mean and contemptible human nature—divine human nature—itself! It would not have been an individual here and there that was thus degraded; but all men, of all times and of all places. Man—man in the abstract—all that is human—would have made head against him; and, instead of being the delight of all generations, he would have been the abhorred of all time, unless Oblivion had taken the monster under the kind shelter of her heavy wing. The characteristic of most later comedy is (not to speak it profanely) its ill-nature. It is out of temper: it is right, perhaps, that it should be so—but so it is; and this is the cause and occasion of the talent and wit which it expresses. All that it does, is done in malice—the laugh it excites is sardonic—it but ill conceals pain—it is mischievous, spiteful, and comes of spite; it is bred of hate, it aims to mortify and to degrade, it expresses contempt. And all this is rendered necessary by the duty which it is animated to perform. It is engaged in a

hard service, which is shunned by "the angel, Pity." For it deals not with human nature as human nature; but it deals with human art and an artificial condition of things, and endeavours, by shewing the worthlessness of social pretensions and temporary manners, to strip humanity naked, and expose it shivering to the cold air in its native bareness. The humanity which is thus uncovered has forfeited its primitive innocence, and therefore it trembles and is ashamed in the presence of the elements. The veil is stripped from the mystery, but the sanctuary is empty; for the glory is departed from it, and what is left but to worship the clouds and sky, as the Romans reported of the Jews? Well may it be ashamed of such nakedness, that the sanctuary of the soul should be thus unfurnished; and well may our spleen, when, with the consciousness of this vacrancy, we see such inanity gorgeously hidden from discovery, be excited to strip it of its splendid trappings, and expose it to profane contempt and vulgar ribaldry. In all this, the feeling, though an obscure one, of the glory which has departed, is the groundwork of the spleen and its effects; and modern comedy triumphs in shewing the worthlessness of pretension, and stripping off disguise; but, alas! what does it substitute in its place? To a reflecting mind, therefore, a modern comedy is, of all mournful things, the mournfullest, except, indeed, the laughter it succeeds in exciting, which is more mournful still. That laughter is as a death-bell toll, a funereal peal, which announces the approaching burial of all that is great and good in man. But the burial is but a mock-burial, a vain pageantry; for its rites concern individuals, and not the race; they pass away—but the race remains, and, like the tree, grows all the more vigorously when its excrescences are lopped off, and increases in strength with its years, which shall know no second childhood, even as the individual knows no second spring—no, not even the second childhood of feeble old age.

Here, again, is that meek spirit of loving-kindness illustrated, which we esteem as characteristic of true genius and genuine humour. The lowly and the poor in spirit are here not exhibited as butts for the shafts of merciless ridicule; but, with a divine compassion, the poet condescends to the humblest attitudes of things—not

that he may hold up these attitudes to the scorn of the worldling, but that, in no worldly spirit, he may reach the things which they express—meanly, perhaps, and inadequately, yet naturally, and therefore truly in their degree. Things and objects which Folly scorns, and Fashion despises, poetic Wisdom reads with minute attention, and dives into the very soul of, devoutly recognising a common nature and a common Creator. What the Author of nature—that universal poem—scorned not to create, the poet should not scorn to contemplate. They are not accidents, such as the fashions and customs of society and individuals; but substances permanent as the great globe itself, and, however mean in their appearances, the same in kind as the glorious sun and moon—yea, and as the very angels of heaven. Such are the sympathies which, "aloft ascending and descending deep," connect in one scale of benevolence, and with one touch of nature make kin the inferior kinds with superior natures—an atom and a god!—

"Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the inferior creature."

This great end of poetry, Wordsworth has effected by a train of philosophical ratiocination—Bürger by dint of unerring instinct. Bürger followed the impulses of his genius, not well or clearly anticipating the end at which they drive—Wordsworth proceeds upon a calculation of the consequences. The one possesses his genius—the other was possessed by it. There was more apparent inspiration in Bürger's muse, but there is more of the real essence whence all poetry emanates in Wordsworth. In this want of self-control is to be sought the key to Bürger's defects of character and the excellence of his productions: that same mailness is in the one a grace, which in the other is very gracelessness. Let it pass! Is not our life of a mingled yarn?—and what more was Bürger's?

Such are the reasons which induce us to find excuse for the excesses of which men of genius, to whom fortune has denied her favours, are sometimes guilty; and, in the case of such as Mr. Pennie, to view with unfeigned compassion the unavoidable deficiencies in their poetical character, on account of the comparative excellence of their moral conduct.

THE PROGRESS OF REVOLUTION.

" Kingdoms may shrink to provinces, and chains
 Clank over scepter'd cities : nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, where they have felt
 The sunshine for awhile, and downward go
 Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt." •

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

SHADE of Democritus ! if e'er thy smile
 Has deign'd to glance on this degenerate isle ;
 Thou whose quick wit in ancient Athens play'd,
 And lash'd alike the senate and arcade ;
 Laid bare th' impostures of the sacred shrine,
 The statesman's eloquence, the poet's line ;—
 Oh ! if the proudest city on the earth
 Could thus provoke thy philosophic mirth,—
 What scope for ridicule, what playful taunts,
 Would England lend thee in our modern haunts ;
 To see our archons ape your civic state,
 In sheriff's trappings, or a lord mayor's fête ;
 Our saints, our laws, our senates, and our schools,
 Our mock philosophers, and solemn fools !
 Well might'st thou shake, thou laughter-loving sage,
 And vent philanthropy in cheerful rage,
 To find your rulers by our own surpass'd,
 Who starve a country, then propose a fast ;
 Or hear from portly Sussex or a Jones,
 The patriotic offer of their bones ;
 The motley group would rouse thy honest roar,
 And challenge laughter where you smiled of yore.
 But stop ! the clime where folly stalks supreme
 First saw me launch'd on life's then placid stream ;
 Thy gibes broke forth when Greece was young and gay,—
 Thou had'st not jeer'd thine Athens in decay ;
 And England, once the proudest and the best,
 Now asks for pity rather than the jest ;
 When Revolution and her Gorgon band
 Poise but to stoop, and hover o'er the land ;
 When kings themselves respond to treason's call,
 And folly's price must be a nation's fall !
 Four separate ages in the world are shewn,—
 An age of dulness surely is our own !
 Cast round our eyes,—whatever shores we view,
 'Tis plain the million gain upon the few,—
 Each day some monarchy whose star has set,
 Supplies the moral of the new gazette ;
 'Tis now no cry of parties that we hear,
 Tory or Roundhead, Whig or Cavalier ;
 No shifting madness of the people's yell,
 No shout for Wilkes, or for Sacheverel ;
 But one deep plot to rend our dearest ties,
 And crush the laws, that levellers may rise ;
 A horrid strife, now scarcely nursed in stealth,
 'Twixt man and man, 'twixt poverty and wealth.
 And yet 'tis strange, that, blinded to their fate,
 Such truths at home are lost upon the great ;
 Where beggar'd wretches but the occasion stay,
 To seize what fools would make such easy prey.

Think then what evils fancy may divine,
 When kings accelerate what knaves design ;
 When demagogues and nobles hand in hand,
 Strive which can most undo their native land,
 Citing the watchword of rebellion's school,—
 "The people will it, and the people rule!"

Once England saw (the dread of neighbouring states)
 Her laws protected by three great estates ;
 Saw each ordain'd the other's flights to curb,
 Lest one the general system should disturb ;
 Each jealous lest the stronger should invade,
 And thus subservient to each other made ;—
 Gave equal powers to all ; and thus beheld
 Her name respected, and her arms unquell'd ;
 With other fine machinery at hand,
 Weak in detail, but practically grand ;
 A splendid code by wiser men devised,
 Which realms once envied,—and our fathers prized.

Well work'd the scheme beneath that sage control ;
 But turn the balance, we destroy the whole !
 Alas ! e'en now confusion's web is spun,
 And half the work of sacrilege is done.
 Compare the strength of each, and then confess
 Had e'er the monarch or the nobles less ?—
 Was more e'er allotted to the vulgar swarm ?—
 The question's answered ;—"They have gain'd Reform."

The change, you say, is wanted by the mass,
 And grumbling thousands choose the bill should pass !
 What !—is my country then indeed so low,
 To fear an empty, though so loud a foe !
 Weigh the loose multitude, and learn from thence
 A score of such won't make a man of sense :
 First prove its value ere you vent your wit,—
 A host of Cobbetts will not form a Pitt.
 Think what to Charles too much concession gave,—
 A ravish'd sceptre and a headless grave !
 And who can tell how soon that soil may bleed,
 When peers begin, and kings approve the deed :
 The soldier knows not of the sapper's mine,
 Till the wild burst unfolds the dark design ;
 And now, perchance, in print, reforming guise,
 Some wretched Cromwell here in embryo lies ;
 Ready like him to burst upon the times,
 With half his talents, and with twice his crimes.

'Tis sad to think how easy 'tis to guide
 The people's passions on rebellion's side !
 Of this the scheming demagogue aware,
 Smiles as he views them rushing to his snare ;
 Prompts them, the more they gain, the more to ask,
 Yet skulks himself beneath the patriot's mask ;
 First humbly courts, and then securely rules,
 Makes half republicans, and all his tools ;
 Till waken'd millions find their country sold,
 While love of freedom veil'd the love of gold.

Recall each despot since the world began,—
 The worst are those who broach'd the rights of man.
 However fair the democrat may start,
 The wretch is still a tyrant at his heart :
 Cæsar and Cromwell (each the people's friends),
 Each rais'd by pleading freedom as their ends,
 Sail'd with the current which they lately stemm'd,
 And grew at last the despots they condemn'd.

Nobles of England! Magnates of the land,
 Or ye at least who court the rabble band!
 Will ye not wake to consciousness at last,
 And glean reflection as ye trace the past?
 Trust not in mean concessions; for ye lose
 All if ye grant, but nought if ye refuse:
 Nor think 'twill soothe the vultures, who behold
 Your wealth with jealousy, and pant for gold;
 All have your riches and your pomp in view,
 The blinded many, and the intriguing few.

Lo! in your hands is placed a nation's fate,—
 And can a British senate thus debate?

Have I no atom of Promethean fire,
 To kindle thoughts that reason might inspire?
 Are ye indeed so cold, so senseless grown,
 So blind to England's ruin, and your own?
 Have ye forgot that proud, that glorious day,
 That gilds your fathers with a deathless ray,—
 Those mighty barons, who in freedom's spring
 Wrested our charters from the craven king?
 'Tis now for you to gain eternal praise,
 And make a Runymede in modern days;
 To bid our hearts with fresher feelings throb,
 And check—no senseless monarch—but a mob!

Proud were my thoughts, when first they learn'd to glance,
 Warm with a youthful patriot's pure romance,
 Through the long vista of the mighty dead,
 Who wisely counsell'd, or who bravely bled;
 Her laurel'd chiefs, from Cressy to the Nile,
 Or Wolfe's last cheer, and Nelson's dying smile:
 But prouder still in later years I felt,
 When vainly Brougham to that high senate knelt;
 When all his prayers, his arguments, and sneers,
 Could work no change on those surrounding peers;
 Who fear'd not, cringed not, at the base appeal,
 But dared to utter what they dared to feel!

Such are our threaten'd ills!—now turn and see
 If two such struggles render France more free!
 Do happier faces in her valleys smile
 Than those which greet us in our native isle!
 Have e'en her thousand victims lull'd her snarls,
 Her murder'd Louis, or her exil'd Charles?
 Her favourite plac'd upon the Bourbon's throne,
 And revolution preach'd from zone to zone?
 No!—still dissatisfaction loves to cark—
 Let Lyons speak,—and, from his bier, Lamarque:
 Still all for change if king or system rules,
 A reign of terror, or a reign of fools.

And what the fruits of those eventful days
 Which bards have sung and monarchs deign'd to praise?
 What did the widow or the orphan gain?
 Or was each loved one sacrificed in vain?
 Go—ask th' advantag'd few by whom 'tis known,—
 Go—ask th' unblushing Orleans on his throne!
 Yet, not of him,—he'll tell thee for his plea,
 That he's the saviour, and that France is free—
 Not of the heroes of that bloody cheat,
 Not of Lafayette, Perrier, or Lafitte!—
 But ask of France!—behold her famish'd soil,
 The midnight plotting, and the daily broil;
 Behold her sons their fathers' crimes rehearse,
 And learn rebellion's folly—and its curse!

Unhappy land ! where every heart was gay,
 And Pleasure laugh'd the unconscious hours away ;
 Where once the peasant danced beneath thy vines,
 Free as thy gales, and sparkling as thy wines —
 How art thou changed ! Lo ! Ruin stalks along
 The sprightly scenes of chivalry and song ;
 Thy youth demoralised, thy wealth decay'd,
 Thy better spirits quell'd by hope delay'd ;
 Thy citizens arranged in warlike bands,
 Thy manufactures fled to other lands ;
 Thy priests despised, thy nobles in distress,
 A mock religion, and a shackled press ;
 With nought of sensual pleasures but their dross,
 Sin without gilding, vice devoid of gloss ;
 Depraved inventions seizing nature's part,
 And her chief weakness tortured into art ;
 Cold, sickly vices borrow'd from the night,
 Which patting grandeur leaves thee in her flight ;
 These at each turn in naked truth display
 That hideous sight — a nation in decay !

Now list a moment to the blustering crowd,
 Still pertly vain, and insolently proud :
 What, though the blood their comrades shed in vain
 Is scarcely dried upon the bank of Seine ;
 The foes of peace, on newer mischiefs bent,
 Still raise the varied cry of discontent.
 Hark to the hoarse shouts of the living flood,
 Some for the Bourbon, others for his blood ;
 A new republic forms the prayer of one,
 This asks Napoleon's bones, and this his son ;
 A black'ning herd, beneath their minion's halls,
 They yell for him who shudders at their calls ;
 He — the patrician Gracchus of his day —
 Who, all for freedom, still intrigued for sway ;
 His wealth exhausted to obtain a crown,
 Fawning for smiles, and trembling at a frown ;
 And daily waking with instinctive dread,
 To find some newer idol in his stead.
 O, how uneasy rests the slave of fools,
 Fearing the very men he made his tools !
 See, where at yonder balcony he stands,
 Spurning — yet bowing to the rabble bands ;
 His dozen long-hair'd boobies at his side,
 Smirking and smiling in their new-born pride ;
 And Madame with her bunch of laurel nigh,
 To please the unvarnish'd heroes of July :
 For, such the men from whom our terror springs,
 Such is the herd who make or murder kings ;
 A little talk of liberty and chance,
 Some empty words on Frenchmen and on France ;
 A gracious look, a condescending smile,
 Soothes the half-doubting grumblers for awhile,
 Who, rolling on, scarce know for what they pant,
 Boast their new liberty — and die of want.

Yes ! mark the truth with philosophic eyes,
 Are they more happy, or is he more wise ?
 No — each impatient at the mutual thrall,
 The mob below, the monarch in his hall ;
 The million see how little they have done,
 And find, too late, they labour'd for the one :
 He too that fatal error must condemn,
 That hugg'd a shadow for a diadem ;

Will bless the days when, usher of a school,
He reign'd the tyrant of domestic rule ;
Panting to leave his greatness in the lurch,
And change his dear-bought sceptre for the birch.

Such is the state of France !—but worse remains,
Too well foreseen by those who tread her plains ;
For who will bound the pillage and the fray,
Where all would legislate, and none obey ;
Where knaves ignite their country's funeral pyre,
And each improves the vices of his sire ?
France too, to rage—though not to reason—brought,
Must find how little time and change have wrought ;
And springing to resume her fancied rights,
Eclipse the madness of her former flights ;
Till rising nations, sick'ning at her crimes,
Shall crush the wild Gomorrah of her times ;
Her sons be scattered, and her name be given
A mockery to all the winds of heaven !

Enough of France ! with anarchy at home,
In search of ills, ah ! wherefore should we roam ?
Mark where St. Stephen's frowns, and long hath frown'd,
The nucleus which rebellion winds around ;
Scene of the patriot's tear, the statesman's toil,—
Draw near,—but pause !—we tread on holy soil !
Pause,—for here Pitt a wondering senate fired,
Here Burke blazed forth, and Perceval expired ;
Here wit or goodness storm'd or won the heart,
A Cato's virtue, or a Tully's art ;
Here Erin's wrongs from Grattan's breast were wrung,
And England's glory burst from Canning's tongue.

Now shift the scene ! suppose the mob possess
The power our fathers labour'd to repress ;
Suppose the peers have bow'd beneath the storm,
Whate'er its name, rebellion or reform ;
And what remains ?—should still that house exist,
Think of what wretches it must then consist :
Men who most rail at good and holy things,
Men who despise the vassalage of kings ;
Fools, zealots, deists, levellers, and slaves,
Intriguing lawyers, and provincial knaves ;
Villains, well pleased a falling land to rob,
The scum of crimes, the echoes of the mob !

Oh, last indignity ! Oh, foul disgrace !
Hide, O Britannia, hide thy blushing face !
Is't not enough that now a Hunt may fume,
Back'd by some low economist like Hume ?
That nauseous ribaldry and vulgar wit
Insult the walls that trembled at a Pitt ?
And must we tamely, miserably wait,
Till blacker scoundrels form the mock debate !—
Till traitors sign our glorious rights away,
Titles their jest, and royalty their prey !
When bleeding England to her senate sends
The hustings' patriot, the people's friends—
Her lands distributed, her laws asleep,
Her debt to thousands cancell'd at a sweep—
Her heroes mark'd with jealousy and scorn,
Their widows left in penury to mourn—
Her nobles exiles on a foreign strand,
The law of birthright scouted from the land ;—
Yes ! who can view the gathering storm, nor trace
A lurking regicide in every face ?

Nor see in stern reality advance
 The woes of Poland, or the crimes of France ?
 When England to her self-abasement bends,
 Cursing the very men she thought her friends,
 And sees some tyrant make her sons his slaves,
 Worse than her own democracy of knaves
 (For such it is since first the world begun —
 The thousand despots still must end in one),
 Leaving her name, her greatness, and her crimes,
 A flark perversity to other times !

Ye wretched parricides ! ye villain band !
 Ye mad destroyers of your native land !
 Ye who would crush our comforts and our bliss,
 And hurl destruction on an isle like this !
 O, that my throbbing heart could ever hope
 To hate like Junius, or to lash like Pope !
 Could pour my feelings in a single word,
 And that one word could crush — it should be heard !
 Know, though ye draw your watchword from the throne,
 Ye sign no less its sentence than your own !
 And glean this truth from ages that have gone,
 The mob's first prey are those who urged them on ;
 When Grey may find the wretches he has led
 Fulfil the vision of the sever'd head.

'Tis hard to say who most is Fortune's sport,
 Who courts the crowd, or helps to crowd the court ;
 But think what ills the blunderer wretch await,
 Who apes alike democracy and state :
 Yet such a strange anomaly is Grey,
 Less knave than fool — the Proteus of his day ;
 Who now, his monarch's guest, upholds his rights,
 And now assists some rebel in his flights ;
 At one time freedom and the rabble's martyr,
 And now bedizen'd with the George and Garter ;
 Now chatting politics with tailoring Place,
 And now — the haughty champion of his race !

In parts superior, and in rank his peer,
 See Brougham approach — Rebellion's pioneer !
 Lo ! where he comes, the monarch of the mob,
 One hand uncaps him, and one — guards his sob ;
 While from the stew, from alley, and from den,
 Pour forth the knaves, he flatters they are men ;
 The brothel champion, and the petty thief,
 Lured less by him than by his handkerchief ;
 See from his coach the horses they undo,
 The four-legg'd beasts unharness'd for the two !
 He speaks — they shout — and, warming with applause,
 He shakes with ecstasy their greasy paws ;
 In thought already grasps a Cromwell's lot,
 A Lord Protector — or a Lord knows what !

Such are the chiefs of that insatiate ring,
 Who form th' advisers of their patriot king ;
 The remnant of a faction half gone by,
 Till France held out a watchword in July ;
 Acknowledged villains and proverbial fools,
 Alike the rabble's leaders and their tools.
 And there are others, men of little note,
 The ready hawkers of the hireling vote ;
 Men who in leading-strings their lesson conn,
 And blindly help, or passively look on ;
 With noise supplying what in sense they lack,
 Harmless when single, dangerous in a pack :

Yet such as these can rob a glorious realm,
And raise a mob of Dracos to the helm;
With horrid triumph from her throne have hurl'd
The first, the noblest country in the world!

Lo! the proud ship, whose glorious race is o'er,
Drawn from the waves to rot upon the shore!
What gave the stroke—the cannon or the rock?
The clash of battle, or the tempest's shock?
No! the vile worm hath eat into her side,
And check'd the wild course of the ocean's pride;
Its slow and secret workings had prevail'd,
Where man stood awed, and elements had fail'd!

Yes! all is o'er,—on happier climes to light,
See England's Genius ready for her flight;
See, her thick laurels drooping on her head,
She points with vain persuasion to the dead;
Or fondly watches with approving smile,
The warrior champion of her still-loved isle;
By Wellesley's side she takes her pious stand,
And sheds a last sad halo on the land!

My country, oh, my country! on thy shore
The patriot's feeling warms the heart no more!
What now remains of all we love to trace
Of merry England, and her happy race!
Her manly sports, the pride of bolder days—
The evening tale, the hospitable blaze—
The joyous laugh that spoke the mind as free—
The village May-pole, and the green-wood tree;
All, all are gone! by vice induced to roam,
No cheerful hearth invites the labourer home;
But, where the ale-house prompts the low excess,
He gathers treason from the hureling press;—
An envious wretch, a blot upon his time,
Where march of knowledge is the march to crime.

I stand upon the spot that gave me birth,
Whose scenes once echoed to domestic mirth!
I stand *alone* where *many* a heart beguil'd,
And mourn in manhood where in youth I spild!
Yet dear each path, and sweet each tale they tell
Of rapturous meetings, or the wild farewell;
When thought dreams back affections that have fled,
And paints the lost, the faithless, and the dead;
Some in the tomb, and others far away
Mid Zembla's snows, or India's burning ray;
Yet fancy, roused by memory's ardent gaze,
Half grasps the joys and hopes of other days;
Redeeming from the wreck of happier years
The long-forgotten luxury of tears!

And they have gone! the lovely and the gay
Have pass'd with life's first novelty away:
For me no eyes with fond expectance shine,
No bosom beats responsively to mine;
I have no home, no children, brother, friend,
None with whom kindred tenderness can blend;
Each wish thrown back on life's tempestuous sea,
All, all, my country! sadly turn to thee!

Oh, when such thoughts with deeper warmth impart
The patriot's first best feeling to the heart;
When, glancing thence, to England's self I roam,
The glorious land which holds that early home;
May not th' indignant blush suffuse my face,
To see what tools can work a realm's disgrace?

That land where nature vies with Paphia's bowers,
 And both the Indies pour their golden showers—
 That isle which once her mighty swarms unroll'd,
 To colonise new worlds, or conquer old—
 Now doom'd to fall by faction's petty rage,
 A gilded toy for Talleyrand's old age;
 Knaves in her senates, ruin on the plain,
 Crime lights the torch where Folly spreads the train!
 Oh, thou, whose charms have roused the poet's sigh,
 Maid of the downy cheek and azure eye;
 Thou who didst bid each nobler thought awake,
 And praised the verses for the poet's sake;
 O, when the flames thy sire has help'd to raise,
 Burst o'er our country in rebellion's blaze;
 How wilt thou bear those scenes of blood and strife,
 The clash, the scream, the rapine, and the knife?
 So softly frail, so delicately weak,
 No breath save love's should breathe upon thy cheek;
 O! when no human aid those ills can stay,
 Where, my beloved! whither shall we stray?
 To some wild region seldom trod before,
 Or Italy's calm vales and classic shore?
 Yes! 'mid the mockeries of almighty Rome,
 We'll think at eve upon our distant home;
 See at our feet the relics of the free,
 And learn from them what England soon must be,
 When strangers weep o'er London's marble gloom,
 And search through ruins for a Wellesley's tomb!

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE BRITISH.

BY COLONEL RICHARD H. HICKORY, OF CEDAR SWAMP.

PART II.

THE universal attention, which our last Number has excited, especially by that gem of literature, Colonel Hickory's flattering account of the Domestic Manners of the British, is an inducement to resume the consideration of his manuscript without loss of time; and we do this with the greater alacrity, as we have received several most impertinent letters on the subject.

What does Angus Garrochan, of Greenock, mean by insinuating that our account of his neighbours is calumnious? We, however, forgive him, for the Greenock people are almost as thin-skinned as the Americans; and therefore we are none surprised that they should not be satisfied with Colonel Hickory's description of their elegant peculiarities. As to his remark on Cartsydyke being the mother of Greenock, we confess ourselves not adequately acquainted with the local history of that ancient borough of Baronry to give a decisive opinion; but we can assure Mr. Garrochan that both the venerable parent and her daughter have our best wishes for their prosperity.

We must say to Bailey Snedden, of Paisley, that he has been a little too hasty and testy in his animadversions on the Colonel's letter. Had he waited till he had seen that which we are about to communicate, he would have confessed that his opinion of the Colonel was the unjust progeny of prejudice. It may be quite true that the females which the Colonel describes with brown duffle cloaks and bare feet, are not ladies. The Colonel did not say they were; he only called them "ladies," which may be, in the American vocabulary, helps of the feminine gender. But we have no time for controversy: our object is to shew what an intelligent foreigner observed peculiar in our manners and customs, and has spoken as truly of us as our own travellers are in the practice of doing concerning nations which they happen to visit.

LETTER III.

Paisley.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,

"Though I wrote you, the day before yesterday, by a ship that I left on the eve of sailing from Greenock, I 'vail myself of the convenience of Mr. Pickering, who is in this town, and 'spects this evening to overtake the Mohawk, which is the name of the vessel; the wind having been from the south-west preventing her sailing.

Mr. Pickering has given me light: this place is not the proper emporium for that *spec* of shawls and muslins which I was to operate for Squire Cooper; but Glasgow is, which stands about six or eight miles off. The fact is, that this 'ere Paisley, he says, is but a workshop of Glasgow, and not a place of commerce. In Glasgow they are in the wholesale line, but here they are all in the employ of Glasgow; so that I have been wrong in the calculations which I made on shipping myself at New York; for I then thought that it would be a cleaner shave to go to the first-hand manufacturers, believing, as I did, that Paisley was such. But in this Mr. Pickering has set me right, and I am now on the starboard tack. I cannot, however, leave Paisley without giving you a few further particulars, for your edification; and the first thing I have gotten for to say, is, that you will tell Michael Moore that I did 'vestigate the matter here concerning Patrick Shaw, but found him dead two years ago, and his family have cleared out.

Well! Paisley is an unregular town, but the citizens of the better order are prime to a competency; they are in their spitality more temperate, I think, than the marine habitants of Greenock, and it is natural they should be so; for men addicted to salt water do take more Jamaica rum than spirits, which is a bilious liquor.

The people here are great philosophers, which comes of their sedentary occupations; indeed, how can they be otherwise, sitting all day long at the loom, which I guess is but productive of a tedious similarity in passing time.

Mr. Piepaste, that I spoke of in my former, is a crack man among his friends for sagacity and knowing what. He told me—"Cornel Hickory," said he, "this town of ours, as you may observe by the abbey-kirk, has long been

a very noted place, and it was till the French rippit began a dooce and religious congregation. Well do I remember, that afore the late war a drum was not allowed to disturb the Lord's day without a legal authority of the magistrates. As for a playhouse, it was an abomination, and play-actors things not to be spoken of, far less to, in decent company; but, Cornel Hickory, we live in backsliding times, and I have a notion that even you Americans are no just the creditable folk you were."

I did not understand what the judge meant; for, as I have given you reason already to know, neither Greek nor Latin are spoken here, far less any classical tongue; but I contrived to 'stract a meaning out of him, though his way is to omake the minds of his neighbours in a touch-and-go manner. This very morning I inquired of him, when I met him at a meeting of streets called the Cross, if he knew of any dealer in or importer of sulphur in the town, that would give a supply to be shipped at Greenock.

"O yes, Cornel!" answered he; "ye couldna have speired more in the nick of time: do you see that lang and steeple-like man in black, with powdered hair, stepping very daintily by the causeway-side, with his fingers spread as if he had been creeshing woo, and had a drop of oil at every finger-end? That man is the greatest dealer in brimstone in all this country-side. Go to him, Cornel, and mak' your bargain." Which I accordingly did. But in this there was a sample of Mr. Piepaste's comicality; for the man was only a gosseller, and made in his discourses rather more familiarity with the devil's coals (which you know is solid brimstone) than common: in short, I was gamed; but the minister saw who I had come from, and gave a pathetic laugh, and shook his stick at the magistrate, who went away neighing at his own joke.

This to me, as a stranger, was not what Mr. John Grigg, a member of the Philadelphia bar, would approve of as polite in his *American Chesterfield*; but strange places mitigate the nature of man, and I too laughed, though my heart was not in mirthful trim.

Paisley, being a succedaneum to Glasgow, cannot be called particu-

lar; but I have great hopes, from what I hear, that in the latter place I shall meet with a more elegant order of things; not that the kind people of Paisley (for they are kind in their way) are destitute of 'spitality, but, like all the noted people that I have met with in this here old country, they are given much to toddy-bowls, 'specially at night; for then the head of the house is always very jocose, and sculls the glasses about with glee and jokery, well knowing that he has not to go far to his own bed—a consideration which makes him too little respect the necessity of his guests.

There are some things in this town of vely 'straordinary curiosity, of which I shall tell you when we meet; but one thing I must say now, and it is most wonderful, not to be 'terpreted by the common human understanding—and that is this: the lower orders are not, as with us, very religious, but a freethinking race, as I have been well told; and any good which is in the town is all among what Bailly Piepaste calls the "gaussey saut-waterers"—meaning those decent families that go to Gourdoke, Hellenburgh, &c., at the sea-side, as he says, for ten days or a fortnight, and dook five times a-day, or

as much in that time as folks of other towns would do in the course of a whole summer, which is most 'conomical. But you must be indulgent to the worthy gentleman's jibes; for, as you may see, by what I have told you, he is in his way a Scotch Yankey—meaning one thing, and saying another, with a leer in his eye that converts the untruth of his words into scriptural sterling.

Mr. Whorl has been dead and buried some time, but by all accounts he was a most funny and shrewd citizen. Greatly I regret that by his death the world was made defective of a very smart man; however, there is no famine of 'riginal squires in this place, for they do abound, and are not lacking in the council-chamber when there is a meeting for 'ssize or business.

It is time, however, for me to conclude, as I go to Glasgow this evening; and Mr. Piepaste, the judge, he goes with me, being well acquainted with what he calls the extras of the place, which, by his explanation, I find are neither stages, mail-coaches, nor, as they call them in this country, po-chaises. No more at present from

Your 'sectionate Nephew,

R. H. HICKORY.

It was our intention to have followed this letter at once with the epistle from Glasgow; but just as we were making up the parcel for the printing-office, a note was handed to us, the object of which was, to deter us from announcing to that accomplished and reforming city. To this note we pause to reply; and we ask emphatically, if the writer is really so absurdly credulous as to suppose that he can intimidate us? He is very much mistaken, and, moreover, he ought to have been a little more careful of himself. The correspondence of Glasgow extends far and wide, and he should have been afraid that his handwriting might perhaps be recognised by some of our friends; for this has been really the case. A very respectable contributor, who happened to be at our side with an essay, recognised the writer by his manuscript at once, and said it was but a weak invention of the enemy. "Mr. ——" (we refrain from mentioning his name), he remarked, "is supposed to have lost any little ballast he ever had, since he carried one of the rebellious flags at the great procession that was so orderly on a late philanthropic occasion, on the Green." "O, has he? very well!" said we; "we shall only notice his brag with a contempt that his Majesty's ministers would do well to imitate concerning the display of such paraphernalia either there or at Birmingham."

Having said so much, we now return to Colonel Hickory's correspondence, which certainly does increase in interest and importance as we unfold the copies of his letters:—

LETTER IV.

Glasgow.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,

I came right away from Paisley when my last therefrom was finished; and did well, for it is no more a city to be compared with this here Glasgow, than a shaddock is a pine apple. This

is indeed something of a superior, I guess; almost as capital and first class as New York—only it is not so 'legant, being of a morose aspect, 'cause of the smoke that is ever paying itself out of their steam-engines.

The foremost thing which you see

on coming into Glasgow is the Trougate—a long and large street, but not so perfect as Broadway; for the houses are of a grim architecture, built with dingy stone, that is not so gallant and gay as the brick edifices which look so clean there; only the stores, it must be allowed, are above par; which is not wonderful, for the town being a 'facturing emporium, they have sundry goods to sell in quantites, and it is the custom to entice the eyes of strangers by making a great show at the windows.

This city has steeples, and several are not without merit; but none that I have seen is equal to St. John's, in that square. Their "laigh kirk," as they call it, has a spire standing in the street, in shape no better than a marlin-spike; and they have an effigy of King William on a bell-metal horse. Queen Adelaide, being a Tory, is not there; only the King, because he is a reformer. In this may be seen the superior wisdom of our citizens; for this sort of man-worship is not worthy of a free people—and so I said in speaking to a gentleman on the subject; but he gave me a deg, inquiring what had been done with the marble image we had got from Italia of General Washington—as Babylonish, in his idea, as the god of their idolatry, King William.

Many curiosities here are, and my intention is first to speak of them, they being outside things, and visible to the sight. The most remarkable of these is the College, a dismal ancient pile, where it is said that in ages of old the horrible practice of Burking living people for dissection, which has of late given such *éclat* and celebrity to Edinburgh and London, was very ryfe. I have really been informed by an elderly gentleman, that he well remembers, when a boy, that it was a universal belief at his school, that the collegians went about at the heel of the evening with sticking-plasters in their hands, and when they met with an unguarded citizen in a state of oscillation, and not as he ought to have been, they clapt it on the mouth of the poor man, and bore him away to jeopardy, just, said he, under their red gowns, as many a well-behaved student of divinity now-a-days carries home to his lodgings a sheep's head and pluck. But this is no longer tolerated by the magistrates, who are generally men chosen from the residue of the riddlings of the wealthier orders, and who have set their

faces sternly against immorality of all kinds, being men well stricken in years, or should be so. And in this you will go the whole hog with me in thinking, that the custom does honour to the prudence of the Scottish people; for how could magistrates or judges know good from evil, had they not tasted the pye with their own fingers? *

Far older, and higher up a street than the college, stands a he-kirk, being an evangelical house, very old and full of curipus carvings, which would not be 'teresting to you, were I to set forth—for, after all, you will be more 'terested about the name than the thing itself, as the pictures of such 'difices are not uncommon in old country books. A he-kirk, ever since I saw that one in Paisley, has been a puzzle to me, and none there could 'xpound it; so I introduced it for argument here. "I guess," said I, "that he-kirk means the male, as he-goat is a male goat, and that church signifies the female; and my only scruple in not adopting at office this 'terpretation, is 'cause I have never 'been able to satisfy my own understanding wherefore there should be any difference of sex in places of their intent." One of the professors of the college, a most learned man, replied to me, that the he-kirks being always built on hills, were probably so called from being only frequented by hes, or males, who are more able to struggle with the wind on the upland, than the women, who of course all went in those days to the church.

"In my opinion," said a young gentleman, who had listened to our discourse, "if all he-kirks stand on hills, it would be an easier solution of the matter in dispute to suppose that their names were appropriate to their high situations, and that *he* is a derivative from *height*—meaning, in this case, a high, *he*, or *heigh kirk*." And upon my word, Uncle Sam, I am rather inclined to go over to those who are for this side of the question.

There is, not far from the he-kirk, a 'spital most deserving of commendation. It has pillars set up on it for ornaments, and no other purpose; it being found that the cost of the building fell short of the estimate, so the surplus of the subscription was converted into pillars; and there they stand on the front, saying to one another, in a sense, for past-time, "What are you doing!—on shares with you."

In former times Glasgow was a noted religiots place, and held theatres as sinful things that ought to be 'bolished; and the pious mob accordingly burnt their playhouse. But this was an instigation of Satan, for it only softened the hearts of many towards the players; and from subscriptions to give them relief, the merchants went to subscribe for a new and grand playhouse. In process of time the devil's 'noculation did so take effect, that they even went the length of raising another theatre, that had not its match in London. Heaven, however, compassionating their folly, withheld from them the taste for such 'tertainments; and, accordingly, their grand theatre became a wastage, and in the end was so neglected, that it took fire in the night, and being consumed, the place where it stood is now covered with dwelling-houses, inhabited by Christians.

But if I confine myself to a catalogue, as it were, of the remarkable, it would not give you satisfaction, and therefore I will relapse into my own manner, and speak of things as they slide under observation. For surely it is much more to the point, in treating of the domestic manners of a people, to relate what one hears, and draw conclusions from it, than to describe permanent objects that are of a steady similarity for ages, such as buildings, churches, and colleges, in their mere 'dificial capacity. In short, uncle, I am growing less strong in my belief of the superior moral quality of the Scottish nation, by what I have heard here, than I was before, even in moments when sceptical.

An old gentleman, who was of the party which I have in my eye in writing this, told us a facetious story of one Mr. Wamie, that kept shop at the cross, and who was an officer they call an elder of the kirk. He was a pious man, and no incontinence was ever alleged against him; he was, moreover, as regular as a wooden clock. This man had a wife, who was not of the sweetest of tempers, and who kept a sharp look-out on him, though he was known to be as innocent as an egg creetle or a picannini. At this time there was also in the town a young lae'ye of the first grade, giving to strange toying; and she, knowing that Mr. Wamie was in the practice of putting his key in the key-hole a short time before he shut up store at night,

went in one evening, on seeing him put in the key, on a sham fetch, to buy a cut of nothings, and in bargolling with him she shut the door, as it were thoughtlessly; the key was on the outside, and somehow the bolt went into the mortise, and stuck fast. Thereupon she began to scream and skirl, as one in despair, and beat with her hands on the counter, crying, "Mrs. Wamie! Mrs. Wamie! help, help, or I'm undone!"

"What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Wamie, hastening down from up stairs.

"O help me!" cried Miss Meg again, "for the door's lockit, and your gudeman's meddling with me."

"Oh, ye cutty!" exclaimed Mrs. Wamie, and ran to tear her out.

But, lest you may suspect me of going my aggravating lengths, I will say no more. You may guess, however, from it, the state of morality and manners in this town, when I tell you that the whole party I was then with not only laughed at the story, but said it was just like the young ladye. What delicacy can there be located here, when a miss of the best grade is countenanced in them tricks! But I refrain from speaking of the corrupt style of manners in general, till I reach the metropolis; for Glasgow, I understand, is a garden of Eden in purity compared with London. You may, nevertheless, read this picture of Glasgow manners in Sheddan's bar-room; for it is quite true, and calculated to make us so proud of our republican simplicity, that I would not exchange it for all the manufactures and muslins in Glasgow. Not that the people are bad, for that I will not say, having had already a hearty experience of their kindness; but you know how much the old world is corrupted, and how it confessedly stands in need of reformation.

One thing, however, I ought not to omit, having space of paper enough left to hold it, and that is the satisfaction I have had in meeting to-day with cloakings of captains, and majors, and other soldier officers, among the tradesmen and store-keepers,—brave men who were out in the volunteering of the last war, the pride and glory of their country,—as numerous, too, as our own militia officers are, who follow the same lines of business. This pleasing instance of an imitation of the practice in the United States is a cordial to every American mind. We had a

whole regiment in Glasgow (said the gentleman who told me) of dealers in sweeties and coffee-beans! But no more at present from your true nephew,
R. H. HICKORY.

N.B.—They never taste bitters here in the morning, but many take whisky, which does as well. Rum is no go, for it smells the breath all day.

This letter smacks a little too rankly of the partiality of the author's national spirit. We do not, however, consider this peculiarity as a very great offence; but when we think of the tone and suavity of Captain Basil Hall, qualities for which he is so justly esteemed in America, we cannot but regret that Colonel Hickory should not have endeavoured to imitate the liberal and conciliatory manner of his excellent work. Captain Hall, to be sure, is a British sailor, in whose character is generosity, and all that is eminently predominant; and the Colonel is but a militia officer, who keeps store and mills at Cedar Swamp, in the Genesee country.—Something we are willing to allow on the score of this difference; but to talk of the Trongate of Glasgow and of Broadway in New York in the same breath, is more than we can swallow; at the same time we confess, that never having been in New York, we cannot flatly contradict him; but we reason upon the improbability of the alleged fact, and have only to demonstrate its absurdity by Socratically inquiring, Is it consistent with the nature of things, that there should be a nobler street in New York than in Glasgow?

This point being so satisfactorily settled, we would correct another error into which the Colonel has been led. The statue of which he speaks is not that of our King William, but of William III., the Prince of Orange; and therefore his insinuation to the prejudice of Queen Adelaide is very much out of place.

Upon the whole, however, the Colonel is both original and profound in his remarks on Glasgow, although he causes us to observe, that it is very extraordinary how all the Americans, a young people, should be so national: they ought to be informed, that they cannot do better than imitate their elder kinsmen, who have rendered themselves so illustrious by their total occultation of this defect. Indeed, we quite agree with Mr. Croker, that it may be expected from the reformed Board of Admiralty, that the rudeness of taking an American vessel in another war will, in a judicious spirit of conciliation, be avoided; but we cannot go the length of that gentleman, in supposing that the Admiralty will, by any order, sanction the use of white kid gloves in officers when boarding, nor order the sailors to wear white cotton ones with their cutlasses, like the policemen. The thing is too monstrous to receive a moment's serious consideration. If ever this thought was entertained,—which, by the by, we do not believe, for we have no such opinion of Whig sagacity,—it must have been on the suggestion of Mr. Poulett Thompson, Vice-president of the Board of Trade, for the encouragement of the cotton manufactures.

As to the remark about the antiquity of the horrible practice of Burking, by clapping plasters on the mouths of the natives, especially of those who happened to be overtaken with punch, or any other potation common in Glasgow, we have our own opinion. If the practice really ever did exist, it must have been a police regulation, sanctioned at least by the magistrates, and intended to be of the same effect as the Temperance Societies, of which we have lately received the most encouraging accounts. But we refer the matter in question to the College of Physicians, or to the College of Surgeons; simply observing, that it would indeed very much surprise us to learn that any member of either of these justly celebrated institutions had, even while a student, been guilty of sticking plasters on the mouths of harmless citizens.

[To be continued.]

No. XXVI.

REVEREND DOCTOR LARDNER.

LARDNER, called at his baptism by the name of Dennis, amplified by his own classical taste to that of Dionysius, but by his compatriots generally pronounced as Dinnish, stands before you, gentle reader, cloaked and hatted in his usual guise. His chin is perked up à l'ordinaire, and his spectacled eyes beam forth wisdom. In order, we suppose, to illustrate some of the principles of his own treatise on mechanics, as published in the Cab., he generally takes the position of standing toes in, heels out, according to the cavalry regulations; and therefore so is he depicted in the opposite engraving. What bulk it is he carries under his cloak we know not, nor have we any grounds whereto offer a conjecture.

Bred in the Irish University, which is now so much abused and belaboured by the Whigs and Radicals, as the *silent sister*,—most unjustly, indeed, in one point of view, for a more *spouting* university never existed, as Mr. Shiel can testify,—Lardner early obtained there great fame and eminence as a grinder; and published a work on differential calculus, which he wrote avowedly for the purpose of learning the science,—a pleasant process, which we opine is oftener practised than confessed. Not satisfied with this *mollicum* of renown, he migrated, as his countrymen are fond of doing, one fine morning, to London. Perhaps he was annoyed at the superior airs assumed by the fellows of the college—a dignity which, we know not why, he never obtained—over all inferior grades. It is a saying of Tom Brwne, that there is no greater man than a fellow in his college, and none smaller out of it; and even Thomas himself never sported a more *veritable dictum*. Certainly, the fellows of Trinity, Dublin, do not lose an inch of their height while parading in courts, presiding in commons, or dealing forth premiums or cautions at examinations; and we are the more confirmed in our opinion, that it was some slight on the part of some of these functionaries that has laid London under the obligation of Dionysius's presence, by the fact, that he has more than once declared, he knew not the most famous among them, yea Charles Boyton himself (whom we mention *honoris causa*), even by name. "As if," exclaimed an indignant A.B.T.C.D., to whom this fact was communicated, "a risidint Mashur of Thrinity Collidge did not know iviry wan of the fillows aqual to his own toes and fingers." It certainly was a stretch of fancy on the part of our friend opposite, to which the ignorance of Russell Square is but a trifle.

We find him, on arrival, at once a Professor in the University of London, called by its ill-willers Cockney College, or some other name still more unsavoury. Here he, with the true spirit of an Hibernian, threw himself, without delay, into the thick of the thousand-and-one fights with which that most pugnacious, or, to use the old term, hoplomachic of universities immediately on its creation abounded, armed shillela in hand. We take it for granted that his ancient Tory partialities, never wholly eradicated we hope, exacerbated his bile against the Whigs; but whatever was the occasion, the consequence was that Dennis, after giving and taking as much punishment as would have been expected from Jem Ward or Josh Hudson, was fairly floored at last, and obliged to quit the ring. Hereupon he commenced a literary Cab-driver, and has started his Cycloped. with various fortune, good or bad,—the former, we trust, predominating. Of this great work we have had several occasions to speak already, and it is highly probable that many more will occur. We are sorry to learn that the impartiality of our strictures has sometimes ruffled the mind of our philosophical friend; but we assure him that we wish him, and indeed all literary men, well; and if we censure, it is only with a view to his and their improvement in mind or morals. Around him he has gathered a various host, as diversified as those with whom Nonnus, in his thirteenth book, surrounds his hero.

But as our business is not now with the

—περμάχους ἥρωας, ἀγυρομένους Διονύσιον.

as the epigraph has it, but with the leader himself,—we thus conclude our first Dionysiac.

LADY MARY SHEPHERD'S METAPHYSICS.*

I was lately much surprised in finding that a few critical remarks which I had hastily made upon some passages in Mr. Fearn's book, namely, *Lines of the Human Mind*, had made their appearance (along with a reply from Mr. Fearn in answer to them) in a work by Mr. Barker, of Thetford, called *Parriana*. My surprise was accompanied by some little anxiety, from the recollection of the haste and incorrectness with which I had written a paper, really not intended for the public eye; although I neither entertained any doubt of the truth of the sentiments contained in it, nor harboured any fear of its publicity not meeting with approbation from the generality of those persons, who understood enough of metaphysical science to enable them to interest themselves in the controversy.

But I should not here notice either this critical sketch of my own, nor inadvertently upon Mr. Fearn's reply to it, were it not that the ephemeral production in which both make their appearance, together with a correspondence between Mr. Dugald Stewart and Mr. Fearn on the same subject, might attract the notice of some individuals, and Mr. Fearn's doctrines, perhaps, obtain thereby some few proselytes.

Mr. Fearn asserts, "That the human mind is extended, that the mind of the Deity is also extended, and that the external universe, with which we have to do, is nothing more than a manifestation of his energies." These doctrines appear too much like a renewal of the Berkeleyian theory--partake too much of that confusion of ideas concerning the difference between the definitions of mind and matter, against which I have elsewhere ventured to reason, not to induce me to endeavour to give a check, however slight, to the publication of notions the belief and adoption of which, would involve equal folly and impiety.†

The critical remarks, as well as Mr.

Fearn's reply to them, may be seen in *Parriana*, 1828.

With respect to Mr. Fearn's reply, I feel that I speak with candour, although the expression of the sentiment be in my own favour, that notwithstanding such remarks could only proceed from the pen of an erudite critic, yet that they are unphilosophical with respect to the notions which they involve, not only on account of the doctrine concerning the extension of mind in general being at variance with a strictly metaphysical analysis of its powers, as compared with those of matter and space, but also because his opinions appear in many respects to be inconsistent with each other. They also seem to be wanting in a logical precision of statement, for in no way do they form an argument by which to disjoin the subjects and predicates of my propositions. Now, the doctrine which I advance simply states, That the ideas of any qualities cannot be like their external causes; that hence the definitions of them ought to be different; and that the confusion between the definitions of those similar names, which usually are applied equally to the causes of ideas and sensations, as to the effects, that is, the ideas and sensations themselves, or to both of these in a mixed state, is the reason of a false philosophy concerning the nature and operation of the mind, in its perception of an extended material universe, external to, and independent of itself.

I define, therefore, the *idea* of extension to be a simple sensation of the mind relative to that external extension which is not an idea, and which is its cause. I define external extension to be an unperceived cause, fitted to create or produce the idea of extension on the mind, and also to be a capacity for the admission of unperceived motion. I define matter to be, unperceived extended impenetrability. Now, as the *idea* of extension will not

* Substance of two Letters addressed to Mr. Fearn, originally written in September 1828; containing, first, a Refutation of Mr. Fearn's Doctrine relative to the Extension of Mind; 2dly, a Vindication of Mr. D. Stewart against the imputation of literary injustice towards Mr. Fearn; and, 3dly, the Rectification of an erroneous allusion of Mr. Fearn's to Sir I. Newton's doctrine of Causation. By the Right Honourable Lady Mary Shepherd.

† See Observations by Lady M. Shepherd on the First Lines of the *Human Mind*.

produce in any other mind the idea of extension, nor will it admit of unperceived motion, so I will not allow that it is capable of possessing qualities not contained in its definition.

As a consequence I deduce, that Mr. Fearn's opposed notion, viz. that the idea of extension is extended, virtually containing the doctrine that the ideas of things resemble the qualities of their causes, is fraught with the most ridiculous corollaries imaginable. For the same argument applies to identify the compound ideas, as much as the simple ones, with the qualities of their elementary causes. In whatever way, therefore, the compound aggregate of the ideas of "a tall man," for instance, be gained, still the notion is but a compound idea, and must bear in its result the fact, that the whole compound itself is "a tall man."

If the simple idea of extension be an extended idea, the compound idea of height (whether acquired by suggestion or association, or by any other, supposed means,) must be a tall idea: the same of wind, it must be a windy idea; or of wholesome, it must be a wholesome idea: the compound idea of the rough ear of a lap dog, would itself be the rough ear of a lap-dog. The same reasoning would apply to the idea of sound being noisy; of the idea of smell being sweet or odious; of the ideas of colours being themselves coloured, and of being beautiful or ugly accordingly.

The legitimate consequence of such a doctrine would be, that each mind one met with, might oppose one's progress with its extension, disgust one with its smell, deafen one with its noise, and frighten one with its lightness; or the contrary of all these, according to whichever set of ideas prevailed in it at the time! Yet experience tells me, that whatever pleasure or pain another being may be the means of yielding to me, it does not arise from those ideas within his mind, and which I know nothing of, but from those which he has the art to throw out of his mind, and which are enabled to enter mine by means of the several organs of sense, and to associate themselves there, either with the ideas of the imagination, or with those of the understanding.

I cannot palliate the absurdity with which Mr. Fearn's notions are encumbered; and I must say plainly, that I

consider his doctrine to be capable of exciting so much ridicule, that, should it meet with any attention, it might bid fair to render the science of pneumatology wholly unworthy of serious application. I now repeat, what I have already advanced in the paper of criticisms alluded to, viz. that the errors of Mr. Fearn's doctrine arise, first, from incorrect definitions, or, rather, from the want of that strict analysis of thought which is requisite to form correct definitions; and, secondly, from a want of the knowledge of the manner of the action of cause, when it becomes a producing principle. Nor do I think that he clearly perceives the nature of this relation, or what I would mean by *its manner of action*; nor how it bears out that modified Berkeleyan theory, which (if I may use a metaphor of his own) I would turn so fashion into a mantle of one piece, that, being found without rent, it might stand in need of no repair.

Mr. Fearn calls upon me to reconcile what he considers to be a contradiction in my statement, concerning the inextension of mind, with what I admit of its relation to place, or else to give up the existence of that inextension as a tenable position, in compliment to my own reasoning and to his. Now I acknowledge that my thoughts on this subject possess some subtlety of conception, and which can only be comprehended by an attention to the definitions which I have already given; but, so long as I do not alter these definitions, I cannot alter the relations of their corresponding qualities.

As, therefore, I do not allow that ideas, or mind, possess any capacity by which to admit of unperceived motion round them, through them, or across them, or to offer the resistance of impenetrability to each other, so I will not concede that they are capable of the application of the definitions belonging to extension and to materiality; yet, although the perceptions of pain and pleasure require no more room for their habitation than does the unconsciousness of sleep, yet are they the affections of a universe which offers too many solid helps to the former state of mind, and too much of impenetrable resistance to the latter.

In short, qualities or affections of extension are not necessarily themselves extended, inasmuch as they may

not necessarily hold any capacity by which to admit of unperceived motion. Were the mind, or any idea of the mind, truly extended (in my sense of extension) when any idea of broad or round, &c. arose, it would be equal to adding as much more of a capacity for unperceived motion, in order to admit of that successive change of place in relation to it, which, when determined to the perception of the mind, would yield to it the sensation of motion.

Now I believe, that if any definite extension be taken—say, a mile of road—that not one particle more will be added to it, or diminished from it, whether twenty minds enjoy a morning's ride thereon, or the contrary. Thus, ideas, sensations, or mind, may inhere in definite portions of, or the whole of matter, or of infinite space; yet, whilst neither they, nor it, are capable of impenetrability, or of the admission of unperceived motion, neither they, nor it, can bear out the definitions of, nor deserve the names of, extension or of materiality; whilst these inferior qualities, which are expressive of impenetrability and of the admission of unperceived motion, must possess the definitions, and merit the names, either of material extension or of the extension of space.* I mean, therefore, still to insist, that a man—that is, his mind—may be in the West Indies, instead of in England; in which latter place I could converse with it better than in the former, although in neither of them would it offer me any resistance: as, also, that the infinite intelligence is near for immediate communion in every place, although I dare not consider him in the irreverential view of “a set of energies,” which may permit me to use him as I please, for the ground on which I may tread, the ball which I may toss in the air, the hill over which I may endeavour to climb, or the humble ass which I may beat as I mount it, in order to supply my deficiencies in that particular. If Mr. Fearn had perceived for a moment this important truth in the doctrine of cause, namely, that separate qualities, which unite in order to an end, need not resemble that end; he never would have conceived that monstrous doctrine, fraught with folly and impiety, that

the mind of God, manifested in his energies, is the immediate cause of all our various sensations and ideas, and of any object or objects, by consequence, upon which they may react. How ludicrous, how dreadfully impious, to talk of whipping up the energies of the Deity, for instance, when I gave the animal on which I was mounted awhile ago the chastisement he merited!! It is shocking and odious to conceive such an idea, and still more to express it. But in order to render my meaning plain, I hope it will appear excusable thus to throw it into the shape of an *argumentum ad absurdum*; and I trust few will be found inclined to elude its cogency.

The whole occasion of Mr. Fearn's indignation at what he terms Mr. Stewart's injustice towards him is, from his not taking notice that he and Mr. Stewart define “perception” differently. Mr. Fearn uses the term in one sense, whilst Mr. Stewart defines it in another; and this is the only reason why Mr. Stewart appears to be in different in awarding to Mr. Fearn the merit of the discovery of that “vinculum” (i. e. of visible outline, arising from contrasting colours,) which he considers as connecting the perceiving mind with the external world. For whilst Mr. Stewart acknowledges that there is such a visible outline, and that it is this feeling which does so unite the mind and the universe together, still he conceives it to be an “inexplicable mystery” why it does so; for Mr. Stewart always conceives perception to be a different mental power from that of sensation. The notice of contrasting colours he terms the *sensation* of the contrasting colours; whilst the notice as of coloured objects at a distance, to which he can move, he conceives to be the *perception* of external nature, and as only suggested by the sensations of the colours: and this connexion of *sensation* with *perception* he deems a “mystery.” But Mr. Fearn, conceiving the sensation of the contrasting colours to be the same thing with the perception of visible figure, speaks of perception as unrelated to external nature, until, by a mode of reasoning of his own, he does afterwards so connect

* For the reason why I make a difference between perceived and unperceived motion, see my thirteenth Essay on the Association of Ideas, and the Interaction of Mind and Matter.

them. I think it is evident that it was Mr. Fearh's mode of reasoning, and his conclusions, to which Mr. Stewart objected.

Although, therefore, Mr. Stewart, in his *Dissertation*, had perhaps observed with more care than he had done in his *Elements*, the nature of coloured sensations, and what "specific conditions" they must possess by which to suggest the perception of a correspondence in external nature, yet the "mystery" he speaks of in his *Elements* is not thereby contradicted, as though by such clearer observation it were in any degree better solved. He might still say, speaking of *perception*, that is, of the external figures to which he could move, "that all the steps of this process are equally incomprehensible; and that, for any thing he can prove to the contrary, the connexion between the sensation and the perception, as well as that between the impression and the sensation, may be both arbitrary." All that Mr. Stewart might be disposed to alter, would be the word "sensation," by placing the expletive, "whether simple or compound," immediately after it. He would then still consider the compound sensation of contrasting colours to be, "for aught we know to the contrary," but arbitrarily connected with the perception of corresponding exteriority. Nor has Mr. Fearh discovered any *vinculum* for their connexion by means of the perception of a visible line, from the influence of contrasting colours, but because such a perception affords him a mode of reasoning from which he conceives that he deduces the knowledge of the existence of an external universe—of a Deity and his energies! It may be presumed, that Mr. Stewart did not consider that this reasoning could possibly be sound, when he remarked, that one of the first consequences drawn from the observation of contrasting colours, was the idea that "the mind itself is an extended flexible spherule." With this proposition he probably shut the book, into which he owned that "he had dipped," not choosing to admit so absurd a notion, as the first link of a connecting medium between internal sensation, and the perception

of external nature and of God. He therefore conceived that the connexion still remained a mystery. Perception appeared to Mr. Stewart still to be an inexplicable instinct, as much as sensation itself; for the knowledge of an external universe never appeared, either to him or to Dr. Reid, to be the result of perceiving any relations amidst our sensations—of a curious and complicated kind indeed—yet always latently worked up with our sensations, and, from having been generated in early infancy, of difficulty in the detection.

Now, according to the notions which I have already ventured to lay before the public, I consider that the knowledge of the external, independent, continuous universe, and of the Deity who formed and who presides in it, is gained by reflecting on, or observing the relations of our sensations. But then the ratiocination I employ is very different from that of Mr. Fearh, as well as some of the conclusions at which I arrive. Nor do I conceive that the observation of the visible outline of figure from contrasting colours, would be sufficient without the assistance of many other sensations and ideas, and their relations, by which to find the existence of Deity, and those energies which Mr. Fearh conceives not only to be the sources of the formation, the life, and the motion of the universe, but to form the immediate causes of all our impressions.

The sum of my doctrine on this head is, shortly, that sensation includes perception; that external perception is a contradictory term—all perception, whether of ideas, of bodies, or facts, the passions of others, &c., all are in a mind, which is in a state of feeling at the moment of perception. Yet this hinders not, but that some of the perceptions of our *reason* are those by which we know that our perceptions of *sense* relate unto, and are derived from, external things which themselves are not perceptions; and when we know of these, we habitually associate them under the appearances which are determined to the senses, and name them indifferently as external or internal things—as possessing the qua-

* Dr. Reid's doctrine and Mr. Stewart's was this: that the sensations, by means of the organs of sense, suggested to their minds clear immediate perceptions of external objects, totally dissimilar to themselves; that mode of suggestion being inexplicable, and by the arbitrary appointment of God.

lities of thought only, or as those outward causes of it which are so related to each other: and this, perhaps, in a confused manner, may answer well enough for ordinary life, although it be one so ill-suited to philosophy, that I despair of ever seeing a correct analysis of the laws of perception; inasmuch as an innovation which should introduce a philosophical language in order to it, would be considered as absurd. But I cannot here enter into a statement of the mode of reasoning which I employ on this subject. Did I do so, it were almost to repeat the essay which I have already published against Bishop Berkeley, where I have put down my ideas in as condensed a form as it was possible for me to do.* All I shall at present say, therefore, is, that I conceive ideas of colour, to be from habit immediately associated with those of touch and motion. Contrasting colours yielding us, therefore, by means of their associations, the ideas of distance and of tangible figure, we set ourselves in motion accordingly; not towards perceived visible colours in our minds, but towards their corresponding unperceived causes; that motion having an equal corresponding relation thereunto, and which motion, although it yields to our minds its own peculiar sensation, yet would equally, were it considered as in an unperceived state, be a successive change of relation in respect to the unperceived causes of visual colours.

Our sensations, therefore, of coloured surfaces of different magnitudes; are to be apprehended as such in relation to touch and motion; otherwise they would be mere varieties of feeling, having no more to do with the occupancy of place, than the contrasting passions of joy and sorrow, tranquillity and anger, under the modification of their different intensities;† in other words, their different degrees or magnitudes.

But I conceive that Mr. Stewart's idea is just, when he supposes there is "a great mystery" in the connexion existing between the internal sensation of visible outline, and its correspondency with respect to external figure, inasmuch that the actions of life are guided amidst objects which themselves possess no visible outline by its means. I do not agree with Mr.

Stewart in conceiving the connexion to be arbitrary, nor do I consider the problem quite so difficult to solve as he does; yet it does contain a deep mystery. There is a contrivance of machinery (as it were) in the management of the connexion between sentient and insentient nature, bespeaking in its maker the knowledge of both, beyond most other objects. The problem is difficult to enunciate, from the very circumstance of its apparent simplicity: when it is fully apprehended, the difficulty of its solution is perceived in all its force, and is found to be still greater than that of its enunciation. As, for instance, when we see from our windows a beautiful garden, ornamented with flowers of various colours, and determine to walk therein, and to approach the flowers, we set out apparently in the direction of the flowers, and we attain much nearer to them by means of motion. How can this appearance be reconciled to the evidence of reason, which shews that we cannot go forth to the colours in our minds, nor attain in any degree nearer to them by means of the motion we appear to employ! Now it is this seeming contradiction between the perceptions of reason, and the perceptions of sense, which has presented a mysterious appearance to the minds of the wisest men in every age. The difficulty relates analogically to each of the other senses, as much as to that of vision when united to the sense of motion. It is one which Mr. Fearn's observations concerning visible figure in no manner solve; for indeed it may be observed, that he neither perceives it, nor states it, nor answers it as stated by others. It may perhaps appear somewhat vain in me to conceive that I may have done so, yet I can hardly avoid believing such to have been the case when I first published the following observations in my essay against Bishop Berkeley: "All our ideas are as algebraic signs, which give evidence both of their own existence, and the quantities also signified, whose proportions among themselves are known thereby, as well as their positive values." The idea that the motion which we feel, is the *real motion*, or mode of change which gains upon the flowers, is the source of the difficulty in question. Mo-

* See Essay on the Perception of an External Universe, &c.

† See Essay on the Union of Colour and Extension, against Mr. Dugald Stewart.

} "Essays." 1827.
Hatchard.

tion should be defined as "successive change of place." Our perception that this change is going on, is *not* the change itself. We perceive it because it exists: it does not exist because we perceive it. This being the case, the colours yield the notion of figure and beauty; the sense of which beauty is immediately associated with the desire of change of place. This association is further united to the ideas of tangible figure, to the power of producing motions by the influence of the will, and to the notion of some resistance to the will by the reaction of the body, &c.; whilst the whole of this union of ideas is so rapid, that it may be considered as forming (what truly it is in fact) but one compound idea. The impulse, the mysterious impulse of the mind upon the body, succeeds this union of ideas, and its *unperceived* motion, or successive change of place, results in consequence; whilst a corresponding series of successive changes is observed by the perceiving mind. Thus the changes which are produced are not all on the mind. Of the influence of the will, indeed, we have immediate consciousness. We feel that it is the cause for the beginning of the change called motion. But the body is only a compound idea when perceived by the mind; the cause or object of it is external. But it is upon the object, not upon the idea of it, that a change of place is first made, and the perception of this change is the after effect on the mind. The colours, therefore, being at the same time in our minds, during the perceived motion of our bodies, they will ever be compared together, under the perception of a change of relative distance. Yet all this time the flowers external to the mind are only those continually existing causes of the colours, not themselves the colours, to which the person perceiving is moving, or, rather, would be changing his place in regard to them, whether he were perceiving that change with respect to them or not. Thus I have said,* "Coloured extension is a compound sensation; the sense of motion is another; tangibility and extension are others; but their unperceived continually existing causes are independent of sensation, unper-

ceived and unknown; and whilst their positive nature is unknown, yet their relative value among themselves is known to be equal to the relative variety of the ideas and sensations; i. e. to the effects they determine on the mind.

It will thus appear, that when from my window I see a parterre of flowers, and determine to walk therein, and set out apparently in the direction of the colours, and by means of motion seem to gain upon them, that the whole of this scene goes on inwardly. What is perceived, are changes of sensations and ideas—are effects; the correspondent causes which determine them are all external, except one, and that is, the *beginning* of the change from the state of rest in which are those external things, by the impulse with which the will effects the first change of their relative places, and keeps up a succession of similar changes, by the continuance of a similar will. The mind in this scene is as the reflecting mirror in a *camera obscura*, were it imagined to be *consciously* observing its shifting images, knowing them to be changed by the influence of corresponding, though unlike, objects from without; and directing the succession of its changes, by its power of varying the position of the intervening instruments which connect the exterior changing objects with their responding changing representatives.

From what has been said, it follows, generally, that all reaction in consequence of any idea in the mind does not move any others of one's ideas; the external objects are the things which are moved—which truly change their relative places; the ideas which are the result of this change, are nothing more than the signs, or what may be termed the symptoms of it, on account of their forming one set of its effects—one set of its partial qualities. But I have said enough on this part of the subject, and shall quit it by observing, that the above arguments elicit the reason why I have defined extension to be the capacity for receiving unperceived motion, i. e. for admitting any object to change its place with respect to it; along it, or across it, or through it. That change of ideas which takes place

* See my Essays:—Essay IV., on the Union of Colour and Extension, p. 259; Essay XIII., on the Interaction of Mind and Body, p. 403.

† See Essay on the Association of Ideas.

“we dance,” &c. is not itself motion; it is only its effect, its partial quality and sign. Of all notions, this latter is the most difficult to inspire another with; and is, I repeat, an almost insurmountable barrier against any explanation of the mysterious connexion between the mind and the external universe proving satisfactory. Mr. Dugald Stewart did not conceive that Mr. Fearn had removed that barrier by placing in its stead, as a *vinculum*, the mere knowledge of the proposition, “that visible figure is a line of demarcation between contrasting colours.” I fear that many may conceive that I have not succeeded in the attempt better than Mr. Fearn has done, when I propose the consideration of the analogy between the method of algebraic expression, and that succession of ideas which we by consciousness know takes place in our minds. But lest the allusion which I have made to algebraic signs should itself appear to contain some obscurity, I would here briefly offer something in explanation of it.* I observe, then, that the signs must not be defined as though they were themselves the same objects as the things signified by them; for the things signified must be defined not only by their powers of determining their respective signs, but also by their powers of affecting each other; and which farther powers can afterwards be made known by the farther signs which they are capable of determining.

But the signs must only be defined by analysing their compounds, (when they are signs of compounds), and when they are simple, by appealing to consciousness concerning their appearances.

Now, the causes of our ideas may be considered as simple algebraic quantities, marked thus:— c for colour, s for smell, s^d for sound, t for taste, e for extension, m for motion, &c.

When these causes determine their effects on the mind, the effects may, to all intents and purposes, be considered as their *squares*: for each is again involved into another power equal to itself, viz. that of each respective organ of sense which exists in relation to it. c is thus, as it were, the root which determines c^2 ; as when, for instance, by means of the eye, the sentient mind

is affected by the corresponding variety that organ has the power of producing,—after its action has become affected by the exterior object in nature which is relative to it, and which modifies every part of it. The same notion will equally serve to explain the influence of the rest of the senses over their respective roots, or causes. Now c will bear out a different definition from that which will apply to c^2 , just as much as the number 2 must be subject to a different definition from that of the number 4; because, when it is placed in various relations unto, and variously combined with those other numbers, 3, 4, 5, 10, 100, &c., it will be the means of determining very different results from those which would arise from the combinations with the number 4. The causes, therefore, of the ideas of sense, which determine their effects, viz. the ideas of sense upon the mind, must never be considered as holding similar definitions with those ideas of sense; nor yet must those causes be considered as fully defined, when their power of determining ideas of sense is the only quality predicated of them: for those causes can externally intermingle, and in different ways mutually affect each other, whilst the results of such mixtures can again farther determine themselves upon the mind, in consequence of new applications of the organs of sense in relation to them. The capacities, therefore, which they possess of superinducing such mixtures, must enter into their definitions.

As a short illustration of what I have here imagined, let the observation of a ship upon the ocean—bound, for instance, from Falmouth to Antigua—whose sails are but beginning to be spread before the wind, be supposed as expressed by the following simple formula: $(s^2 + o^2) - (w m^2) = f^2$; the first powers, or causes of these squares, previously to their determining any notice of their existences, or of their relative positions on the mind, might be considered as bearing out the equation $(s + o) - (w m) = f$. Now these roots, or first powers, viz. s, o, w, m , must be considered as possessing such relative values as render them capable, by means of their mutual affections and involutions, of determining further equations; for $(s + o) + (w m)$, i. e. the

* See Essay on the Knowledge of the External Universe.

continued influence of the motion of the wind during each successive moment, in relation to the ship and to the ocean, would eventually determine the equation $(s + o) + (wm) = a$. In consequence of which, when the notion corresponding to that result should be determined to the mind, by various organs of sense, the compound idea would necessarily arise, viz. $(s^2 + o^2) + (wm^2) = a^2$; and thus the observation of the determination of this new equation would indicate what changes had been taking place amidst the simple powers, previously to their possessing the capacity of superinducing this altered idea. Should this illustration not appear sufficiently plain,* let the ideas be applied to simple arithmetical numbers. It may be observed, that 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c. are possessed of a relative value towards each other, and which influences the results of their combinations, accordingly as they may be involved together in a vast variety of different proportions; whilst these relative values, and the results of their combinations, will be very different from those of their respective squares. When, therefore, any new involution of these simple powers takes place, then the square of that result may be determined to the mind; whilst by the quantity determined in that square, it may be known what was the quantity of its root, as also what combination of other simple quantities had concurred to produce it. If, for instance, the number 100 be given as a square number, it would be known that its root was 10; and that $(2 + 2) \times 2$ would form a combination equal to that root.

I consider, therefore, that the successions of ideas which arise in the mind, are as such successions of square numbers whose roots we extract, and the combinations of which we analyse, by an habitually rapid mode of reasoning: the process of it, however, is simple, and is that which enables us

to predicate of the future by experience of the past. When the objects to which this operation relates are usual and simple, children and peasants make use of it equally with others; but in proportion as the quantities determined on the mind become unusual and complicated, it demands each variety of intellect to evolve the roots, and afterwards analyse their component parts, in order to know what further results are capable of existence. Should it be said that children and peasants cannot thus reason,—let any ordinary affair of life be selected as an example, and it may be perceived, that with respect to the circumstances belonging to it, their minds will undergo a mode of consideration analogous to that which I have been describing, and one where there is no difference between them and the philosopher, until he philosophises too deeply. When, for instance, they perceive a fire in their chamber, they know that the cause of this perception possesses also the capacity of setting fire to the house, but none of setting fire to the idea of a house; they consequently place a guard against the action of that cause, but none over their thoughts of it. In like manner, when they perceive the idea of their house, they know that the object or cause which yields them this agreeable view, also possesses the capacity of being burned to the ground by the fire, but none of its undergoing that alteration from any notion of fire within themselves; accordingly, they insure their houses, without thinking it necessary to obtain any security for their ideas.

Now, from this simple exposition it may be deduced, that the capacity to produce combustion must enter into the definitions of fire and wood, as objects capable of mutually interacting with each other, independently of the observation of the mind; but this capacity must not enter into the definitions of the partial qualities, i. e. into

* It is not my intention to state the notion with all the strictness and propriety which really exist in an algebraic formula, but merely to shew, generally, that there exist two sets of objects as forming the media of connexion between sentient and insentient nature; viz. external causes and internal effects; which latter qualities being the result of the former, cannot bear out the same definitions with them, whose names, therefore, should possess some variety accordingly; and which clearer language would enable us better to understand the relations of the objects which it would indicate, in a manner somewhat similar to that by which algebraic signs express the relations of the quantities which they represent with perfect exactness, and fitted for easy apprehension.

the definitions of the successive appearances of fire and wood, and which successive ideas cannot, by any possible combination, be made to produce combustion.

It is hence manifest, that the philosophical difficulty concerning the connexion between the mind and the external universe, arises from not considering that the interaction of objects, as physical causes, necessarily takes place exterior to the mind; whilst the combination of ideas in a mind can never give birth to any other effects than the ideas of memory, imagination, and reasoning.

The difficulty is generated by the operation of the association of ideas from early infancy, by which any name which stands as the name of an external object, becomes, not only the name of the external causes of our sensations, but includes the notion that these causes are archetypes—similitudes of those sensations. Thus a child, by the word fire at first means an object which warms him; afterwards, when he says the fire will burn the house, he unites with the notion of the external and permanent object which exists as fire, the notion of its warmth, and conceives that that whole is concerned in the burning of the house.

Ideologists, in separating the notions of external causes from their internal effects (their partial qualities), and considering that the names of objects merely belong to ideas, and that these ideas are the only physical causes with which they are acquainted, betray a still greater want of philosophy than do the vulgar; for, in a mixed state at least, objects contain the properties by which they are causes; but in a separated state, when the partial effects of some sensible qualities or ideas are only considered as such, no properties which can act as causes are retained. Each of these errors equally arises from a deficiency in the use of the faculty of abstraction, although the absurdities which the philosopher runs into are of the greater magnitude. It appears to me, for instance, to be language equally ignorant, and more absurd than that which a peasant uses, when Berkeley says, distinctly, "that we eat, and drink, and are clothed with ideas," "with the ideas of sensible

qualities;" for at most the vulgar conceive that these qualities coexist with their causes, and, therefore, that they continue their existence along with them, when not perceived.* Berkeley, therefore, and his adherents, do not abstract the notion of a definite external cause, acting differently upon various senses and various objects in the universe; and hence they place some partial effects of things, viz. the ideas of some sensible qualities, as true causes of other sensible qualities, and other effects in nature: but it is impossible that ideas should have it in their power so to act; for they could not, after having been once in the mind as ideas, stand out thence again, to be eaten or drunken, or to set fire to a house, &c. The vulgar, on the other hand, do not abstract the ideas of the partial effects of things, from the notion of their exterior and permanent causes; the consequence is, that they generally conceive the external causes and the sensible effects to be existing externally and permanently together.

Which of these notions, then, is most absurd, that all is in the mind, or that all is out of it? I conceive the former to be so. Whenever, therefore, as in the language of Mr. Fearn, c^2 and e^2 are spoken of, as though they were c and e , the most ridiculous confusion must necessarily take place in every attempt at a philosophical analysis of the powers of the human mind, or of the objects of human knowledge.

A like observation may be applied to the notions of some other modern ideologists, to whom I have already alluded, who profess to be ignorant of the fact that such powers as c and e must necessarily exist. They boast of their superior knowledge, in having discovered that the only fact with which they are acquainted, is that of a succession of ideas; inasmuch, that when the succession becomes altered to their observation, they need not be under any anxiety to assign the reason of this change. Two different sets of sequences of ideas have been determined to their notice; this is all which they are capable of discovering, and this is all which can be known. The confusion of intellect resulting from such notions as these is so great, that it is impossible to understand where

* See Essay VI., 300, where this passage of Bishop Berkeley is exactly quoted and noticed.

to begin to set it in order, or whether it be possible to introduce into it any arrangement whatever.

It is to be hoped that but few persons may be found who will choose to subject their minds to so irregular, so unwholesome, so *insane* a state. Mr. Fearn's logical error, technically speaking, is, that he distributes the predicates of two affirmative propositions — a circumstance entirely at variance with conclusive syllogising.

Take his argument (*Anti-Tooke*, p. 417):—"As energy in us is the energy of the mind, so therefore energy, in all substance, is the energy of the mind. But we are not only energising substances; for we are proved to be also extended substances. By so much the more, then, all the extended substance in the universe is mind."

Now, although it were granted that human minds were extended, it would not follow that all extended things were mind, any more than it would be a consequence of energy residing in the mind, that it should reside in nothing else. It could not be concluded, because all negroes were uncivilised beings, that all barbarians were necessarily negroes. It follows, therefore, that even were Mr. Fearn's notion true, viz. "that the mind is a flexible globule," his doctrine concerning the Deity and his energies could not thence be deduced.*

Here I must once more allude to Mr. Stewart. It was the notion of the mind being "a flexible spherule," which was his chief reason for treating Mr. Fearn with coolness. He was impatient at ever meddling with the essence of mind or matter; and I must do him the justice to say, that I do not believe he knew of Mr. Fearn's doctrine in 1815, at the time he wrote his dissertation. At least, I think it as remarkable a fact, and one which is closely connected with my defence of Mr. Stewart, that the learned world is still seemingly ignorant of a

circumstance with which I have only become acquainted within a few months, viz.; that a luminous and logical writer, Mr. Crisp, with a view to the establishment of a doctrine of erect and single vision, stated, in 1796, the theory, "that visible figure was only known by the mental perception of contrasting colours." This he demonstrated four years before Mr. Fearn brought forward the same doctrine. He also establishes, in the same book, and that in the most elegant manner possible, the doctrine of "erect vision," from precisely the same premises as I have done; and illustrates it by many similar examples.

With respect to single vision, he approximates, yet leaves short, the demonstration of its cause.†

I must now advert to a circumstance not materially connected with the object of this paper, yet one of sufficient consequence to call upon our attention for a moment; for it relates to that metaphysical notion of cause which I entertain, and which forms the ground of all that I have here said. Mr. Fearn, in his critique on the spirit of my essays, enters into an apparent eulogy of its independency, in controverting the doctrines of some authors of established note; more especially praising me for what he is pleased to term my "intrepidity," in declaring that I conceived Sir I. Newton's notion to be "puerile," which supposed that the Deity possessed the power of forming worlds other than this. Now it is clear that Mr. Fearn does not understand my meaning in what I say, pp. 228-9. Whilst, therefore, he appears to approve of my "intrepidity," in objecting to Sir Isaac Newton's theory, he is only impeaching my good sense, if, truly, I were capable of objecting to a theory which seems to support my own doctrine of cause against that of Mr. Stewart's, which I am controverting. In the essay from which the passage in question is

* See Whateley's Logic.

† Now, because Mr. Fearn and myself did not know of this writer, it does not follow that we borrowed our notions of visible figure from him, whilst, at the same time, we were disingenuous enough not to acknowledge the debt; but the circumstance of the similarity of Mr. Crisp's ideas with those of Mr. Fearn, proves the absurdity of Mr. Fearn's overheated challenge to Mr. Stewart, when he would defy his power of producing "any author who had gone before him, where his doctrine of 'visible figure' was adverted to." I verily believe Mr. Fearn thought himself as much of an original, as he was conscious of being an independent thinker; but a man should be an almost universal reader before he too proudly claims the merit of making a "discovery."

quoted,* I say, "if Sir Isaac Newton's theory is to be understood in the sense which Mr. Stewart gives to it, it is puerile and unphilosophical." Now this passage is plainly open to the inference which I intended every one to draw from it; viz. that it is not to be understood in the sense which Mr. Stewart gives to it. Mr. Stewart is arguing that physical causes are "contingent," but that mathematical causes are "necessary;" I am controverting this position, inasmuch as I contend, that the only difficulty with respect to physical causes is the want of ability to detect their similarity with any previously given data; but that, could any given cause be ascertained, its connexion with its effects would be necessary: whilst the necessity of the connexion between mathematical results and their data only arises from our being able ourselves to limit the data, by which means we know that nothing can occur to make a difference in the formation of future mathematical diagrams; and which formations are the true causes for all the relative proportions contained in them. In mathematics, therefore, as in physics, the proposition, viz. "like causes are necessarily connected with like effects," is that which is understood to be the first and governing proposition; by which means they ought to be considered as forming, what in truth they are, but one science—one drawn from the bosom of that nature, whose leading principle is to exert a cause for every effect. Therefore it is that I say, in the very next paragraph (p. 289), "God, no doubt, may vary the laws of nature, &c.; that is, create, arrange, alter the capacities of objects, by means adapted to those ends: but he cannot occasion the same objects, without any alteration supposed, to produce dissimilar effects." Now Sir Isaac Newton, in like manner, says, "God may vary the laws of nature, and make worlds of several sorts, in different parts of the universe; at least, I see nothing of contradiction in all this."

Mr. Stewart, in quoting this passage from Sir Isaac Newton's thirty-first query, is arguing that Newton was not, therefore, so sure of the conclusions

resulting from the laws of gravitation as of those conclusions resulting from the binomial formula. I reply, that Mr. Stewart did not understand Sir Isaac Newton aright, nor the notions of cause which he entertained, or he would not have so reasoned from Sir Isaac Newton's premises; for Sir Isaac Newton never meant, that if gravitation (and, by parity of reasoning, every other cause) were in the given data whence Deity formed this world—or the planetary system, of which this world is a part—that it could have been a different world to what it is. He was as certain that like laws determined like results in physics as much as they do in mathematics, or in algebra; but he conceived that God could withhold from, or give gravitation (as it pleased Him) to, the original "hard particles" of which he considered all things to be formed.† "It seems to me," says he, "that these solid particles are moved by certain active principles, such as is that of gravity and fermentation," &c. "Now, by the help of these principles, all material things seem to have been composed of the hard and solid particles above mentioned. It may also be allowed that God is able to create particles of matter, of different densities and forces, and thereby to vary the laws of nature, and make worlds of several sorts, in several parts of the universe; at least, I see nothing of contradiction in all this." Now the notions here expressed tend, as I conceive, to support what I have said on cause, in my essay on *Mathematical and Physical Induction*.‡ How, then, should I suppose it "puerile" and unphilosophical? It is only Mr. Stewart's comment to which I object, and which I consider as arising from some mistaken notions concerning causation.

But, to conclude, I trust that I have succeeded in shewing, in these pages, that there is no inconsistency in extension holding inextended qualities of a higher nature than itself. Mysterious this subject must ever be, for two reasons; the one is, that from the very stretch of the fancy towards infinite qualities of a like kind, to those which

* See Essay on the Similarity between Mathematical and Physical Induction, p. 271.

† See Sir Isaac Newton's *Optics*, p. 376.

‡ See *Essays*, p. 271.

are finite, the mind is overpowered by its own exertion, although there be no inconsistency in its endeavour; and the other is, that the mind strives, if possible, to find, the very essences of things from the bare comparison of the relations of its ideas: for, although we be philosophers enough to know it is impossible to do so, we are for ever endeavouring to catch at, and yet for ever disappointed at not meeting with, those essences.

Mr. Fearn's doctrine pretends to find the essence of mind in its extension; mine pretends no more than to find the one essence, viz. consciousness—to observe the mutual relations included in its varieties—to define and

name them accordingly—to be content that, by careful observation, I can know so much more than what at first sight I might seem capable of—and, finally, to be resigned to whatever degree of ignorance my very nature renders inevitable. Of one thing I am certain, that if by an attempt to be consistent and clear, I felt that I was running the risk of lessening the sublimity of that beautiful and mysterious truth, that there is an ever-present existing Deity, I would not venture upon the discussion of the subject, even if I conceived that a full explanation of it were within the scope of my intellectual powers.

MARY SHEPHERD.

MISS PIPSON.

THE prettiest mouth that man could wish to lay his longing lips on
Is that belonging to the sweet and innocent Miss Pipson.
O! when she goes along the street, the wink she often tips one,
Which makes me feel confounded queer,—the cunning wag Miss Pipson.
And when the snow-white French kid glove her pretty hand she slips on,
She seems the very queen of love,—the beautiful Miss Pipson.
She is the lawful daughter of her father's father's rib's son,
And thus you have the pedigree of elegant Miss Pipson.
She is so full behind, you'd swear that she had got false hips on;
And yet no *bustle* doth she wear,—magnificent Miss Pipson.
She sings and dances vastly well; and when the floor she skips on,
You see at once she doth excel,—the nimble-limb'd Miss Pipson.
'Tis dangerous to approach too near her fingers, for she grips one,
And puts the soul in *bodily* fear,—the cruel minx, Miss Pipson.
But yet you can't object, although in terror she so dips one;
You rather glory in each blow received from fair Miss Pipson.
Pain from her hands no more is pain; and even when she nips one,
You cannot, for your soul, complain,—the cruel, sweet Miss Pipson.
'Tis said she carries things so high, that sometimes e'en she whips one;
But that, I guess, is "all my eye,"—adorable Miss Pipson.
At all events, she tips, and grips, and dips, and nips, and trips one;
And therefore I'll have nought to do with beautiful Miss Pipson!

OUR ROYAL-ACADEMICAL LOUNGE.

NEARLY the same kind of testimony as that borne by George Hardyng to the poetical talents of the late Sir Pepper Arden, might be applied to the annual exhibitions of paintings in London. "I have perused this ode," says the critic, "and find it containeth eight hundred and forty-seven words, two thousand one hundred and four syllables, four thousand three hundred and forty-four letters; it is therefore my opinion, that said ode is a good and complete title to all those fees, honours, perquisites, emoluments, and gratuities, usually annexed, adjunct to, and dependent on, the office of poet-laureate, late in the occupation of W. Whitehead, Esq., defunct." In like manner may we observe, there are so many portraits, so many other paintings, miniatures, drawings, and works of architecture and sculpture, this season at Somerset House.

That painting, and other branches of art, afford respectable occupation to hundreds, we can readily believe, having indubitable proof of it in the number of works we observe, displaying neither the talent which may dispense with studious application, nor the degree of study which may supply the deficiencies of natural talent; nor, again, any of that earnest devotion for art which spontaneously overflows, and compels a man to give vent to his feelings upon canvass, with hearty goodwill. Hence are we morally assured, that their authors have had no other call to enrol themselves among the votaries—not unfrequently the victims—of art, than from that *magister artium* of whom Persius has made mention. Of the "pains-taking," then, we discover but very little; of the painfully produced, on the contrary, more than we desire to behold—that is, of works achieved by mere dint of labour, without any thing deserving to be called study. Neither is the case materially improved, if we discern a self-sufficient carelessness and coxcombical conceit on the part of the painter, which are hardly less offensive than if he were to tell us, in plain terms, "I could produce something far better an' I would; but this will do quite well enough for the purpose." The encouragement of art is, we humbly conceive, a very different affair from encouraging all the

pretenders, whether so-called geniuses or not, who take up with it as they would with any other genteel profession—making it the means of their existence, not the object of their lives; and chiefly studying that their manufacture be marketable, and how they may find customers for it. Of a certainty, however such persons may stand up for the respectability of the profession and for its interests, in the more popular sense of the term, they have either little conception of, or little regard for, the interests of art itself. On every occasion, are they ready to adapt themselves to the taste of the public, be it ever so vitiated, and to comply with its humours, be they ever so preposterous and extravagant. Encouragement towards the spurious, the abortive, the merely specious, shewy and artificial, is rather to be deprecated as injurious in its results, both as adding an incentive to mediocrity, and as bestowing elsewhere what should be the reward of well-directed energy—of faithfully-applied talent. Much as the public may err in the mode in which it bestows its patronage, we do not think, that, upon the whole, niggardliness can be laid to its charge, or that it can be accused of being unduly fastidious, when we find that so many productions, of very questionable merit, meet with purchasers. Every one, indeed, is not of our way of thinking; there being many who affect to sneer at the preference shewn for the old masters, which they decry as illiberal and unpatriotic. So far as such preference is founded merely upon fashion, and a blind reverence to names, independent of the intrinsic worth of the subject itself, it is undoubtedly absurd enough; but there are ample grounds for it, as a general principle, to be traced in the average quality of the two classes of productions. Unless a man can purchase the choicest works of modern pencils, he may very well stand excused for not filling his rooms with what has neither real nor nominal value to recommend it.

Let us not here be taxed with entertaining low and sordid ideas of art, for hinting that the latter can reasonably have any weight; because, talk as long as we will, there ever will be a magic

influence in a well-established reputation, that, where other merits are nicely poised, will turn the balance. To say that the world ought not to suffer itself to be so influenced, is very much like saying, that opinion ought to stand for nothing, and that, too, in matters where it must necessarily stand for a very great deal! Even in poetry, opinion comes in as a considerable creditor upon us, for the share it contributes towards our satisfaction. Deprive a man of the consciousness that he is perusing a work handed down with the accumulated fame of ages, and even the "tale of Troy divine" itself will, by being divested of its halo glory, lose something of its charm; whereas, now a host of pre-judgments come to the aid of individual feeling and taste. How much more is this kind of extrinsic value likely to operate with respect to the purchase of works, the mere possession of which would afford comparatively little gratification, taken abstractedly from the opinion in which they are held by others? Whether it be right or wrong, such is ever, more or less, the case; and therefore it is useless to say, that an equal degree of merit ought to insure to a living artist precisely the same reverential respect as to one who lived two or three hundred years ago. If a painter has but vogue and celebrity now, with a *quantum suff.* of patronage—which, being interpreted into our vernacular tongue, means employment and good prices—he ought to be tolerably well contented, and must draw upon his imagination for after-fame. If he be not dead and alive at the same time, surely the world is not to blame for that; as little, too, does it deserve to be abused for not conceding to what is quite new the very same kind of respectful homage which must be earned by length of time alone. Of late, it is true, matters have put on rather a different aspect; and now that people are seized with a mania for bran-new "Brummagem" constitutions, we do not see why bran-new reputation, and spick-and-span new pictures, should not be preferred as such, and as "keeping pace with increased intelligence."

There is one circumstance which is not sufficiently taken into consideration by those who rail at want of enthusiasm, on the part of the public, although it is in itself a natural, and not

entirely undesirable, result of that greater familiarity with works of art now prevailing. If people begin to be somewhat more fastidious, it is no more than what might be expected from the supply with which they are constantly furnished; and the more their taste is refined, the less lenient will they become towards mediocrity. For our part, we see no very great harm likely to ensue from this—certainly, no great cause to dread over-refinement, for some time to come; since, if taste does not seem to progress in proportion to the opportunities afforded for viewing the productions of the pencil, this may be accounted for by the very means resorted to for furnishing those opportunities. Annual exhibitions are quite as much calculated to create a hankering after mere novelty, and to give rise to a habit of hasty and superficial examination, as to induce attentive study of what is most deserving. More particularly will such be the case when no line is drawn—no standard of eligibility established, but it is considered indispensable to cover the walls from top to bottom—array them *en cap-à-pié*—if possible with good paintings, if not, with such as are to be had. Nothing like margin is allowed; for, it should seem, an exhibition is expected to be a dense crowd of frames and canvasses, wedged together as their forms and dimensions will best permit, without any regard to arrangement, except that certain places are provided for the privileged and for some of the stars; whilst the rest are looked upon as so many ciphers, valueless in themselves, yet adding importance to the significant figures—a very fallacious kind of arithmetic, because, in such cases, the ciphers are not only useless, but actually depreciating. Rather does the majority of inferior works tend to "swamp" the entire assemblage, and to leave an impression of disappointment on the spectator, in spite of the satisfaction he has derived from such as are really meritorious. To be contemplated as it deserves, a picture requires its own atmosphere—to be viewed apart from other subjects. This is quite out of the question in a place where it is almost impossible to look at any one piece from a proper distance, without taking in a glimpse of some half-dozen others. Hence, too, it frequently happens, that many a painting, which pro-

mised well enough in the artist's own studio, is quite overpowered and lost when brought into contact with others, whose very faults and ambitious vices cause it to be altogether overlooked, or else to appear deficient in spirit, cold, and tame. Unless it be very conspicuous, from its size or situation, in order to obtain notice in the exhibition-room, a picture must have something that will catch the eye at once, no matter whether that quality be attained by the sacrifice of more valuable ones or not. Even those spectators who do possess discrimination do not always exercise it, their attention being distracted by such a multiplicity of objects; while those, likewise, who are really attached to art for its own sake, are apt to feel palled and sated by over-abundance, unless they check their curiosity, and examine only a few pieces at each visit.

If we seem to take a somewhat unfavourable view of the case, it is because we would see these things better managed, as they easily might be, and are also desirous of pointing out those drawbacks, which, whether inevitable or not, certainly do counteract much of the advantage that might otherwise result both to artists and the public from similar institutions. In art, as well as in literature, the *multum, haud multa*, is a safe and praiseworthy maxim, although one least of all in accordance with the spirit and temper of the present age, which may not improperly be termed the age of hurry, when every man is expected to be conversant with every thing, and must consequently travel post-haste through the entire and continually-extending cycle of the *omne scibile*. People give themselves no time to investigate or examine—to dwell upon any thing. Another very injurious circumstance, as regards the character both of literature and art, is, that now-a-days every thing must be for “the people”—the million. Considered in itself, this might seem rather a matter for congratulation than the contrary; but, unfortunately, instead of educating themselves up to the level of literature and art, the people demand that both sink down to the level of their taste and comprehension; and of the complaisance which is ready to accede to, or even prevent such a demand, we might point out numerous instances of most fearful import. Let us not be reminded of the examples of

ancient Greece, and, comparatively speaking, we may almost add ancient Italy, where art was at once popular and dignified. There, patriotic and religious feeling—not the patriotism of modern reformers, of whose religious feeling it would be mere irony to speak—conspired to elevate the minds even of the least-educated classes, and rendered them open to the impressions of loftier natures. Then there was reverence for the elevated, the noble. Our modern reformers, on the contrary, of all classes, reverence nothing—not even themselves. No sympathy have they with aught that is generous in feeling or dignified in sentiment; and whatever is not decidedly in unison with their sympathies, that do they sullenly hate. Of our present *illuminati*, newspapers and caricatures constitute almost exclusively their whole of literature and of art; and these, again, are popular in proportion as they are brutal and ferocious. Unless something occur to interpose a timely check to our present unnatural position, the million will, ere long, be the principal if not the sole arbiters in all matters of taste—with what result we may partly judge, from the present contemptible state of the drama, especially at those theatres where the mobility hold the sway, and partly from the corrupt tone and vitiated feeling which have already introduced themselves into a considerable portion of the literature of the day. Neither has art escaped the baleful influence. As regards the latter, indeed, we do not pretend to say that any serious mischief has been occasioned by the frivolous and degenerate character it so frequently exhibits, as it operates less directly upon society, and the ill consequences are chiefly of a negative kind; but they are not therefore less injurious as concerns the advance of art itself, robbing it of that esteem which is no less indispensable for its prosperity than for its dignity. While the sterling in art is not to be achieved without sincere feeling, united to unwearied application, mushroom popularity is of easy attainment; no wonder, therefore, that so many appear quite satisfied to aim only at the latter.

That incessant craving after fresh excitement which is so manifestly one of the symptoms of the public mind, and the feverish restlessness it betrays, are by no means propitious to intellectual excellence, and, should they con-

tinue to prevail, can be little less than fatal in their consequences. Seasons of political change and agitation have, indeed, generally been marked by something like a corresponding mental activity in those whose pursuits are of a more peaceable nature, and who seem to have then received an additional impulse from without, directing their thoughts and powers into newer channels. Yet, whether it be that, there exist no longer, as formerly, any paths for genius which have not already been explored, or that the actual state of society, in many respects quite unprecedented, contains within itself powerful counteracting causes, there is certainly little promise at present of either art or literature acquiring renewed impetus from the course of passing events. Rather might we say, there is a frivolous energy afloat, whose very activity prognosticates neither moral nor intellectual strength. We almost seem to live from hand to mouth; and such is the unhealthy atmosphere of our literature just at present, that the mental food which is considered palatable in the morning is rejected as carrion ere night—the work that, a “little month” ago, was extolled as a paragon of excellence, “the admired of all admirers,” is flung aside as obsolete; nor can it, after that, obtain a passing notice from the most good-natured critic. Should there happen to be the slightest pause or relaxation on the part of authors and artists, it is bewailed as a subject for deep regret; whereas the real fact is, books are produced so fast, that even were they all deserving of being read, nine-tenths of them could never find readers—no, not if people did nothing else than read all day long; except, indeed, we should agree to consign to the tomb every previous generation of literature—to fling Shakespeare after the last new farce, and Fielding after the last new novel. With works of the pencil the case stands somewhat differently, because, being autograph productions, they cannot possibly multiply in any thing like the same ratio as the offspring of the press.* But, halt! We have reached the second landing-place of the staircase at Somerset House, and must therefore put a full stop to those digressive cogitations in which we have indulged during our ascent. Let not the reader be surprised at their length; since, if it was possible for Mahomet to hold a long conversation with the

angel Gabriel before all the water had run out of an overthrown pitcher, it is surely not impossible for us to have revolved these thoughts in our mind while ascending from the foot of the staircase to the door of the library.

Before we mount higher, let us take a peep into this apartment—not to look at the paintings, for they are hung up here merely to be out of the way, but to examine some of the architectural drawings, or, rather, to report the result of our examination; and had we begun at the beginning, and attempted to go through them all, catalogue in hand, we think we should have retreated again almost before we had fairly crossed the threshold—recoiling from the scarecrow *Design for a Church*, No. 921, which comes upon us like some dismal reminiscence from that magazine of horrors cycled the *Builder's Magazine*. Nay, we are not quite sure whether Gandy's *Idea of the Staircase leading to the Gates of Heaven* would have tempted us onward. Undoubtedly, it is quite unlike any earthly staircase, and may therefore be a heavenly one; but if intended to illustrate Milton's poetical description, and to represent to the eye what he has adumbrated forth to the imagination, we think it an egregious failure. We should be the very last to quarrel with any artist for attempting to render architecture poetical—which, Heaven knows! most architects contrive to keep as close to plain prose as possible—still, we would have him first well consider in what the true poetry of that art consists. Picturesque effect is certainly one indispensable requisite, although it may not be the only one. But of the picturesque we can here discover very little, and of creative imagination still less. People are apt to fancy such things extraordinary, and that they require extraordinary talent, because they are uncommon; whereas they may be produced at the cost of a very little fancy, and with far less study than designs where the architect is tied down to realities. Notwithstanding that Mr. Gandy has obtained some reputation for his performances in this way, we do not think that his *forte* lies in it—at least, we have generally found him most poetical in those kind of subjects where we can compare him more with other persons. In such compositions as the present and No. 1025, to which we may add his drawing of *Pandemo-*

nium, in last year's exhibition we very much question whether he is perfectly intelligible to himself—to us he certainly is not, for there is much that is sadly puzzling in them.

Sir John Soane still lingers upon the field, no one, we presume, caring to hint to him what Gil Blas ventured to do to the Archbishop of Grenada, or to remind him of the Horatian *tempus abire tibi*. Like many other teachers, the Professor of Architecture contradicts by his example what he recommends by his precepts. It is hardly possible for any one to be more unequal than he is; for while in some of his works he exhibits inventive fancy tempered by sobriety of taste, in others he evinces a singular disposition for the vulgar and paltry. One of his performances this year (No. 1006) is so abominable, that we might almost imagine it was intended to illustrate and confirm that essay on *Bæotian Architecture*, which the knight took so much in dudgeon some time ago, and for which he brought his action against another Knight—namely, the publisher. It is, in architecture, the same kind of monstrous thing that Turner's *Jessica*, *Pilate*, and *Medea*, are in painting; and although such men can afford to let us laugh at their absurdities, it is to be regretted that they should so abuse their talents, and afford an opportunity for blundering ignorance to exult over their fatuity, or to shelter itself under their example and authority. Should our remarks appear somewhat harsh towards Sir John Soane, we must justify ourselves by observing, that the treatment he receives from us is positive kindness compared with that he has this year experienced at the hands of the Professor of Architecture:—it is little short of a professional murder.

Of the good there is this season less than ordinary, and even of that there is little particularly striking; while of the bad there is more than the usual proportion. We had hoped that the competition for the building of Fishmongers' Hall would have put our architects upon their mettle, and have drawn forth some designs of superior attraction. Judging from those which have been sent to the Academy, which, it may reasonably be presumed, are not the very worst that were submitted to the Fishmongers' Company, we should say that the opportunity thus offered

seems to have called forth all the mediocrity and the collective bad taste the profession could supply. Hardly is there a single new idea to be met with in any one of them; nor are old ideas put into a better shape than what we are accustomed to behold. We admit, however, that it was rather a new idea, and a pretty bold one too, for any one at this time of day to copy; *verbatim et literatim*, the Ionic story of the front of Whitehall Chapel, and to make what he thus borrowed by wholesale the most conspicuous part of his design. As it is merely a shadowed drawing, we took it at first for a print out of some antiquated architectural publication, not imagining that any one would attempt to revive a style now justly exploded, or recur to that vicious system which of late years we have been so strenuously labouring to overthrow, and which it was to be hoped had by this time received its *coup de grâce*. Were the preceding instance a solitary one, we might laugh at it as an insane and ridiculous freak; but when we observe various other indications of a similarly retrograde taste, the matter assumes a more serious aspect. Strange misgivings come across us; we almost fancy that architecture is about to be "reformed"—that is, revolutionised, and that we are on a sudden going to undo all that our various researches in Greece have hitherto effected. Well may we so think, when we look at the *Design for a National Gallery*, by J. E. Hunt; No. 983. Besides having the air of being any thing rather than what it professes to be intended for, since it looks far more like a hospital or barrack than a gallery for the reception of works of art, the style is, throughout, that which prevailed in France towards the middle of the last century,—a multiplicity of large windows, diminutive columns, one insignificant order placed over the other, coupled columns beneath trifling yet heavy pediments, the same arrangement *en pavillons* that is characteristic of that style of "French," and a centre of most meagre, insignificant aspect, compared with the entire elevation. Mr. Cockerell is a travelled architect, one who has certainly contributed a good deal towards our acquaintance with several important monuments of antiquity; we should have conceived, therefore, that he would have been one

of the last to fall into vulgar extravagancies, or to be infected with the general epidemic that, in consequence, we presume, of some unusual malaria in the atmosphere of art, as well as politics, seems to have seized so many architects within the last twelvemonths. Instead of this, he stands here a very conspicuous offender. He has actually endeavoured to stitch the tawdry frippery, the fantastic, flimsy finery, of a Parisian café, upon the proportions and style of Agrigentine architecture. His *Fire Office in the Strand* exhibits more inconsistency of character than Hercules with his distaff, since it looks far more like a Hercules tricked out by a milliner, with his brawny limbs bedizenized with gauzes and ribands. If we strongly suspected it before, we are now certain that something more than measuring the antique, and a professional or literary study of it, is requisite for imbibing its true relish, and enabling the architect to be ever faithful to its spirit, although he may not adhere to the express letter of its laws. In spite, therefore, of his lucubrations, we feel convinced that Mr. Cockerell has very little real affection for, or true understanding of, Grecian architecture, else would he never have produced any thing so outrageously preposterous as he has here done.

After this, it is with unfeigned delight that we turn either to Mr. Barry's charming *Design for the Birmingham Town Hall*, or Mr. Scandrett's *Pompeian Fragments*. The former of these, No. 982, is treated with more than ordinary classical feeling, at the same time that there is no affectation of ultra-Grecism about it—nothing for which we can go to any individual model, either as regards the general scheme or the details. The *purists* will perhaps object to it, that the order itself, which is almost their exclusive test of classical taste, resembles no precise example of antiquity—is perhaps more Roman than Grecian. It may be so; yet, if Italy has furnished the materials, the spirit and taste we here discover are derived from Greece, and transfused into them by the power of a congenial mind. It has been remarked to us, that the basement upon which the portico is elevated is no improvement to the composition. So far from being of that opinion—which, at any rate, is rather hypercritical—we think that to this very feature is to be ascribed a

considerable degree of its originality and dignity. His basement—or we might more properly style it terrace, on which the portico rests—as the other term is apt to convey an idea of something very different from what we see here—is nobly conceived, broad, massive, simple, powerful in picturesque effect, and most ingeniously contrived to increase the variety of the whole, without violating its symmetry or unity, by being extended laterally beyond the portico itself. In our opinion, too, so far from losing any of its dignity, a portico rising from a substructure of nearly solid masonry, as is here the case, acquires something of that imposing aspect which is derived from similar elevation produced by actual site; and it has been universally remarked how careful the Greeks were to select for their temples an elevated situation—the brow of some hill or promontory—and how much of the general beauty of such structures is to be attributed to that single circumstance. The other subject we have mentioned, No. 996, is, although a mere collection of various pieces of architectural embellishments, quite a picture in itself, full of truth and feeling. It affords, moreover, a most satisfactory and delightful proof of what may be achieved in the way of architectural decoration, by colour as well as form. The *Fragments* here selected are in a far better taste than most of the remains of Pompeian architecture and embellishment; and a discreet application of them would contribute very much to impart that variety and festive character to modern architecture, of which the severer style of Greek temples, and other public structures, does not sufficiently supply us with extant examples. Why, we ask, was this beautiful subject hung so low, when it is far more worth an attentive examination than most of those which are placed more conveniently for inspection? We may nearly repeat this question in regard to Mr. Barry's design, which certainly deserved to be, "upon the line." Had No. 979, too, Mr. Nicholl's *Design for a Chapel*, been hung more upon a level with the eye, we should have been better able to do it justice; for, unless the distance at which it is now viewed be rather favourable to it than otherwise, it is one of the very few good attempts in the Grecian style we here meet with.

To say the truth, that style seems to be going quite down; at least, if our exhibitions afford any criterion for estimating the favour with which any particular branch of art is regarded. Nearly all the designs for private mansions, and for many other buildings, are according to different varieties of the Gothic style. Even Messrs. Inwood have abandoned their favourite and usual walk of art, and given us a specimen of old English architecture, in their *Design for the Westminster Hospital*, and certainly a far more satisfactory one than their Somers Town Chapel. We cannot now stop to particularise either this or any other drawings, further than to point out those by the elder and junior Buckler, especially that portion of Costessy Hall which is this year exhibited by the latter; Railton's *Design for the Mansion at Randall Park*, No. 973; Deering's *New Lodge at Burleigh*, No. 981; Kendall's *Chapel for the General Cemetery Company*; and two drawings (1100 and 1107) by Loat. We must stop, however, to remark that it is strange there should invariably be so exceedingly few designs of that class which allow more scope to invention and variety than almost any other species of architectural composition,—we mean interiors. We feel this deficiency the more, because such subjects are necessarily less accessible in themselves; and even where access can be obtained, it is not always under circumstances that will permit us to bestow on them a leisurely examination; neither are there many publications, or rather there are hardly any at all, which furnish us with examples of interior architecture. The only two specimens in the exhibition this year are, *The Hall of the Law Institution*, and *The Entrance Hall at Ince*; the former by Vulliamy, the latter by Gandy.

If we have been compelled to pass over some productions that might be favourably noticed, we have also passed over a larger number of others which could not have been spoken of without leaving a stronger impression of the inferiority of the present architectural exhibition than even what we have already said.

We are now in the ante-room, with the full-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington directly facing us. There he stands, undaunted and dauntless, seemingly wrapped up in the stoicism

of that conscious integrity of purpose which renders him unmoved by the *civium ardor prava jubentium*, and insensible either to raggamuffin-abuse, or to the threats and predictions of assassination. We could wish, indeed, that the resemblance had not been carried quite so far;—not that we wish it less like his Grace, but think it might have been an advantage had it been rather more unlike some of the previous portraits of him. It would not, perhaps, have been amiss had Mr. Robinson made him “stand at ease” a little more, and put him in a less formal attitude. As the painting, however, is intended for the United Service Club, it was doubtless considered advisable to preserve its military air as much as possible.—For what club or for what “service” the full-length portrait over the opposite door is intended, is beyond our powers of divination to guess. We can only say that it almost scared us out of our proprieties. We request the reader to figure to himself a tall green gown, and a long, very long white apron, both being part and parcel of a gawky female may-pole, standing bolt upright with her arms hanging down by her side with most exemplary attention to symmetry—in short, quite a “sampler” pattern of primness and formality—he will then be able to form some faint idea of the overgrown piece of absurdity, No. 431, *A Girl of Christ's Hospital School, late Head mistress*. What renders this piece still more extraordinary is, that it is painted by one of the associates of the Academy. Of the artist himself we know nothing, either by report or otherwise—certainly not by any celebrity attached to his name, and yet, somehow or other, it has made an impression upon us; for, of late years, we have almost invariably observed a frame containing a plate of “oranges”—there is actually one in this very exhibition—and on turning to the catalogue, have uniformly found the orange-merchant's name to be Oliver. Now, although we have no particular objection to subjects of “still-life,” we do not think that oranges and “nuts,” in which the associate is also a dealer, are by any means the most attractive articles that could be chosen for such mere imitative painting, where we expect that either the intrinsic beauty of what is thus represented, or the ability and deceptive skill with which it is

represented, shall in some degree supply that interest to the eye which the mind must forego. Nevertheless, little liking as we have for his portraits of olives, we prefer them to Mr. Oranger's other portraits, especially those of ladies. Besides his "head monitress," he has other "ladies," not one of whom, however, arrested our attention except her of No. 422. This young lady, in fact, cannot very well escape attention; for no sooner do you catch a glimpse of her, than you fancy you hear the loud, hearty horse-laugh that issues from a mouth furnished with a most formidable set of teeth—a mouth able to swallow the largest orange entire, and teeth able to crack not only "walnuts," but cocoanuts. The two lines in the catalogue inform us that this Euphrosyne is about to go to a masquerade; otherwise the mask in her hand would induce us to suppose that she either now was at, or had been at one, and that her rude, boisterous mirth was to be attributed not to want of native modesty, but the potency of Charley Wright's champagne, and her incautious indulgence in the intoxicating juice. We own that the picture is mirth-exciting enough; but, then, who pays for the fun,—the "young lady," the painter, or the Academy?—they must settle the reckoning between them as well as they can. We should certainly be better pleased if the Academy would give us better pictures; but if they do not care to do so, we must c'en make the best of a bad bargain; and we have this consolation on our side, that bad pictures, like bad puns, serve nearly as well as very good ones; at least, they answer our purpose better than those frigid pieces of propriety, which it is impossible to recommend for any particular beauty, and not very easy to censure for any decided fault.

There are very few things in this room that would place us in the awkward predicament we have just alluded to—still fewer in regard to which commendation would extricate us from it. We feel no demand upon us for it in behalf of Mr. Brockedon's *Burial of Sir John Moore* (410), which is to us an offensively disagreeable subject, rendered more repulsive than there was any necessity for doing. Neither does the artist seem to have felt himself at home in it: the composition is poor and void of expression, (no colouring) dismal and gloomy enough; and yet it

contributes nothing towards the poetical sentiment we look for in such a scene. This performance will add nothing to Mr. B.'s reputation, who is capable of doing better things. Among the few attempts at historical and poetical composition in this room, are Nos. 427, 435. The former of them, *Othello and Desdemona*, by Leahy, certainly does not shew us the two personages who interest us so much in Shakespeare. All we can say is, that there is a black man and white woman—both of them, in fact, perfectly free from any emotion likely to betray either the purpose of the one, or the suddenly-excited apprehension of the other. We wonder any man should attempt a subject requiring deep feeling, and a thorough acquaintance with the effects of the passions on the human countenance and frame, without having previously applied his attention to that most difficult and so seldom mastered province of the painter's art—more especially a scene where all depends upon this single quality, unless he can in some degree conceal his inability here by a display of power in other respects, and tolerably well describe by attitude alone what he cannot portray by the workings of the mind upon the features. Hide the figure of Othello, and we merely see a lady sitting up in bed very composedly; and our only concern for her is lest she should catch cold. No. 435 is called the *Revels of Bacchus and Ariadne*. The revelry, however, appears to be all on the part of Ariadne and some other figures, for Bacchus is not particularly "jolly" on this occasion, either in person or in air. There is nothing joyous in his physiognomy—no indications of a lively sanguine temperament in this sedate and not particularly graceful figure. It is, indeed, termed in the catalogue only a "sketch;" still, as a "finished" one, fully developed, we presume, the painter's intentions. Looking at it altogether, we rather conjecture that it is chiefly designed to be a forcible piece of colouring in the style of the Venetian school. The colouring, in fact, is brilliant enough; but Mr. Leigh does not seem to have looked for it in nature, but in old pictures. Hence his work has a forced, artificial air, and displays rather the power of a skilful adapter than unaffected strength.

Lest it should be thought that we are predetermined to be satisfied with

nothing in this room, we will now turn to 455, *Staffa, Fingal's Cave*, by Turner, which transports us at once to a scene where solitude is enthroned in grandeur, and where the very elements seem to breathe a poetry that may be felt, if not heard. Light is faintly contending with darkness, as the sun, now nearly buried in the agitated waters, diffuses a palpable obscurity over them, and indistinctly gives to view the giant forms of Staffa through the shrouding atmosphere. All is in unison in this fine picture, and impresses us with the sublimity of vastness and solitude. When it pleases him to do so, there is no one who can exhibit a greater mastery in these simple, but most powerful effects, swaying the phenomena of nature to his will, and eliciting from its uncombined elements alone that variety and depth of expression which others appear to be either regardless or unconscious of. On beholding, therefore, such works as this from his pencil, we hardly know whether we ought to forgive Mr. Turner his freaks, or to be still more angry with him for wasting his time upon such unintelligible pieces of insanity as *Nebuchadnezzar's Fiery Furnace* (No. 355). We may as well speak now of his *Italy* (No. 70), in the great room. There he has depicted nature in a different mood—gay, yet serene. Earth seems to be conscious of its loveliness, and heaven to have arrayed it in all the glow and glorious rays of an atmosphere instinct with the life of light. There may be some exaggeration and poetic licence in the splendour of this fairy-land creation. It is not, however, an actual view, but is to be regarded rather as an epitome or abstract of Italian landscape, where its individual charms are concentrated and embellished by the poetry of art. The mountains and hills gleam with varying hues, like those of mother-of-pearl—

“Sapphire and purple, streaked with
every blush
Of fire-born red.”

We must not, however, forget that we are still in the ante-room; nor must we quit it without looking at this *Portrait of R. I. Murchison, Esq. President of the Geological Society*, by Phillips (No. 457), which vouches itself to be a faithful likeness, and which is as conspicuous for the taste it displays as for the truth and beauty of its co-

louring. Neither must we pass by M'Clise's *Puck disenchanting Bottom* (464), a work of great merit and promise. Bottom himself is remarkably clever and spirited—solid flesh and blood; which may also, although not quite in so favourable a sense, be observed of the fairies, for they would have been more in character had they seemed less substantial.—We beg his pardon for not before attending to that demure-looking gentleman opposite, whose rather plebeian and cunning physiognomy might have pointed him out as a reformer, even did not the scroll in his hand shew that he is no less than one of the main pillars and projectors of reform. Were it not that his face is washed and his coat well brushed, his lordship might be taken for some political weaver meditating on the rights of man, or some philosophical cobbler cogitating on the march of mind, instead of the march of the toes, which brings him patients in the shape of old shoes. Surely no one would suspect these lineaments to be those of a statesman and poet, except they surmise, from the inscription on the scroll the painter has put into his hand, that the portrait can be no other than that of the author of the Reform-bill—the poetical contributor, *pur excellence*, to the *Keepsake*. “Off with his head! so much for Lord John!” At least, let us be off from it, turn our faces due north, enter the presence-chamber, and walk up—not to Sir Martin, but to plain David Wilkie.

Of his *Knox Preaching* (No. 134), there can be but one opinion as to its general excellence, although opinions may vary as to particular merits. If not exactly history in full dress, this piece is assuredly a fine graphic chronicle, where the painter has brought before our eyes numerous historic personages, and, as far as a single scene would permit, stamped his canvass with the “very form and pressure of the age” he records. The figure of Knox is energetically characteristic of the man. He is, rather the apostle of denunciation and terrors, than of benevolence and charity. On his lips are thunders that fill his auditory with awe—in his gestures that vehemence which often imposes upon hearers—sometimes upon the orator himself. All the actions, of course, confined to the principal figure, the others only passively displaying, by their counte-

manes and manner, the various impressions and emotions his eloquence produces; and some of these are finely touched, especially in the females. The painter has had to contend with some difficulties, by the localities and circumstances of the scene; and although we do not very well see what better arrangement of the subject he could have fixed upon, and notwithstanding that he has broken the congregation into groups as far as it was possible, there is something formal in the picture when we consider it abstractedly as a composition. This, however, is quickly forgotten in the wonderful beauty of the execution, and the master-hand and feeling every part displays. Knox and his pulpit would of themselves alone tell their history, and constitute an admirable picture. Whether this work will add to Wilkie's popularity in the same degree that it elevates him higher in art, may, after all, be questioned.

Last year Leslie did the honours of the exhibition, occupying the same place and holding the same eminence that Wilkie does now. His scene of the *Dinner at Page's House* was, in truth, a performance of rare merit, and sufficient to place him almost at the very head of all who have ever attempted to illustrate Shakespeare by the pencil. He has again gone to Shakespeare for a subject; but, with the former vividly impressed on our memory—with all its rich yet not boisterous or obtrusive humour, and its splendid colouring, we do not feel altogether so satisfied with his *Scene from the Taming of the Shrew* (No. 140) as we otherwise should be; for it is certainly clever—remarkably clever, and spirited withal. Petruchio vents his anger upon the gown so well as to make us believe he has really taken a spite against it and the unfortunate *artiste* whose handywork it is; while Catherine certainly does not look at all more wroth than the occasion demands, and is so pretty, even in her ill-humour, that very few men would object to the task of taming so fair a shrew. This piece, however, is not Mr. L.'s trump-card in the exhibition: he has a much larger, and, to our fancy, a more attractive performance, namely, No. 121, the *Grosvenor Family*. Strange to say, this picture is any thing but a favourite with some of our brother critics, who have censured it as gaudily painted in the "tea-board style," and

as an insipid collection of figures, with "little diversity of character," and put into "affected and made-up postures." So far from being at all in the tea-board style, the execution is quite the reverse of it, all the effect of high finishing being produced with great freedom of hand and pencilling, and with apparently very little labour. Certain we are, too, that if mere optical illusion be a positive merit in art, few paintings that we have ever seen can compete with it in this respect, it being in an extraordinary degree deceptive. As little are we disposed to concur with those who impute the other deficiencies to it, since there is considerable variety of character; nor can we discover any of that constraint or affectation in the attitudes of the figures which keener eyes than ours have detected. The differences arising from age, sex, individual character, and habit, are all accurately discriminated, and afford quite as much variety as is to be met with among the members of any single family. What more would people have? Do they expect that the different individuals of a family of rank should exhibit that contrast in appearance and manners, that clownish freedom in posture and gesture, which are to be met with in the groups of male and female gossips at a village ale-house or a country fair? We own that the latter are more easily made into a picture, and that the subject on which Mr. Leslie has here employed his pencil is one upon which few artists would have cared to venture;—certainly very few have succeeded by many degrees so well. If his sitters looked like well-bred people of fashion, surely the painter did not quarrel with them on that account; if, on the contrary, he has made them look more like people of fashion than they actually are, they will hardly be very much displeased with him. In the accessories of the composition, moreover—the architecture and pictures forming the background, among which we distinguish some Rubenses and Velasquezes, the artist has been particularly happy. The Marquis of Westminster has no reason to repent of the commission he gave Mr. L. for this painting, nor has England any cause to be dissatisfied with America for sending us her Leslies and Newtons in exchange for our Stephensons—for the runaway swindlers and bankrupts, who flee from dependence at

the Old Bailey to the independence of Yankee land, and who are hospitably adopted by Yankee morality.

To our catalogue! Pshaw! hang the catalogue! What matters it whether we steer by that or not amidst such a chaos. Come, here is a bit worth looking at—history, and portraiture, still life, and human life, and animal life combined. The catalogue could not certify to us more surely than the painter has done, that this is Sir Walter, viz. the Sir Walter, who requires no addition to that cognomen to distinguish him from all the other Sir Walters that ever have been or will be. The worthy baronet does not look either so young or so hale as in some portraits of him painted not many years before this, nor are his looks improved by the light being powerfully reflected on his face from the paper he is reading, the effect thus produced being more flattering to the artist's skill than to the sitter's face. Reflections of this kind are sad tell-truths, as, we dare say, most ladies and gentlemen of a "certain age" are very well aware. Of antiquity here is full a day's study for those who are curious of it, in the shape of pistols, firelocks, swords, keys, and such odd matters; and, lo! on the mantel-piece is a bit of a living antiquarian—a bit of Johnny Britton himself, in the shape of his bust of Shakespeare. In this charming little picture (No. 165), which places the study at Abbotsford and its master actually before us, Allan's pencil is as forcible and graphic as the pen of Sir Walter himself, and, like that, has conferred a certain indefinable charm upon the matter-of-fact things it touches. We think, too, that in this subject he treads very closely indeed upon Wilkie's heels; nay, we even question whether the latter would have made more of it, or executed it better. No. 28, by the same, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, is a very agreeable picture, but by no means so interesting as the preceding.

We need not turn to our catalogue for the name of the painter who has given us that wanton bery of nymphs and boys, in that gaily adorned bark, freighted with a cargo of *bona-robas*, beside the two whose luxurious charms are in some degree concealed by the envious water. What frequenter of Somerset House is there who cannot recognise at the first glance the Tommy Little of painting, whose voluptuous

pencil might worthily adorn either the boudoir of a modern Sybarite, or the *aphrodisium* of a Scaurus? Like his poetical prototype, Etty has the art of insinuating the loosest ideas without actually alarming modesty,—of being impure without being gross,—nay, without laying himself open to the charge of indelicacy,—dexterously managing so as to keep in reserve a retort of "prudery," "squeamishness," against his censors. The impurity and prudence lies entirely in their ideas. He, good man! would not be immoral for the world,—witness that critical application of drapery, and the other expedients of attitude, and so forth, by means of which he always avoids coming to extremities. This year, indeed, he has read his recantation, at least preached a sermon to his admirers, and those of our Moores and Littles, in No. 215, where he inflicts poetical justice upon his own gay dames and their gallants, their revels being broken in upon, and they themselves carried off, most unceremoniously, like that little gentleman, Don Juan, by sundry grim-looking brawny devils. Badinage apart, however, this sketch is really a very vigorous one, and the foreshortenings of some of the figures, and the effects of the lurid light that falls upon them, well in keeping with the horror of the scene. His *Phædra and Cymocles*, from Spenser, No. 360, in the school of painting, is, on the contrary, as laughing, gay, and brilliant, as the one we first spoke of. In the colouring of the nude Mr. Etty has few rivals among his contemporaries; and yet it is not exactly that of nature, there being a certain factitious hue about it, as if all his ladies were great "lady-patronesses" of pearl-powder.

Mulready is not very conspicuous in the present exhibition—by no means equal to what we have seen him on many former occasions. Nos. 133 and 139, by him, are both very respectable productions, but not particularly striking. We should probably be more disposed to admire them in a private room than here. Of the two, the first is decidedly the best. Newton has but one, a small portrait of Lady Mary Fox (No. 128), which is marked by a certain unpretending elegance and simplicity in the figure, and by an artist-like breadth of style. Edwin Landseer has a portrait, of about the same size, of the Duke of Devonshire (No. 132), who is

sitting in his private box at the theatre, as is indicated by the gilt lattice-work which is just shewn on the left-hand side of the picture; but were it not for this, he might be supposed to be sitting before a window, the light that falls upon him having very little of candle-light effect in it. The painter is far more "at home" when he roars "abroad," and searches for his game among heaths and forests, in such subjects as his *Hawking* (No. 346), or his *Pets* (No. 106). This last is one of our pets, too; for few things of the kind can be more natural and engaging than this little girl and the tame fawn, to which she is holding a plate of pudding. And then that kitten, which is playing with the end of the long riband hanging from the fawn's neck!—that alone is worth some half dozen of the things, not the very worst either, that we here encounter.

Callcott has the full complement of subjects allowed by the rules of the Academy, and they are nearly all such that we may compliment him upon the talent they display, although we have no room to particularise any of them. Nay, we find that we have been such spendthrifts with our allowance of paper, that, like other spendthrifts, we are now reduced to extremity, and have left ourselves no space even to bestow a word, *en passant*, on several subjects—we dare not say how many—we had intended to notice; some for commendations, still more for reproof. Among those of the latter class, which have thus escaped our critical lash, is Drum-

mond's *Judgment of Paris*; although, if we may believe a paragraph that lately appeared in a morning paper, this "extremely beautiful painting" (finished some years ago) obtained "the entire approbation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, on account of its spirited and accurate drawing, and the delicacy of the female figures!" We almost wonder the late president did not start from his grave to contradict the piece of puff attributed to him. We should also have given a little advice to Mr. Shee; we hope, however, that Sir Martin will spare us the trouble, and read him a wholesome lecture out of certain *Rhymes on Art*, which seem, by the by, to be almost as much forgotten in his own family as by the public.

And now we are perforce compelled to say *cetera desunt*, and to sum up our opinion on the exhibition by observing, that it might have been decimated greatly to its own advantage, to that of art, and to that of the public. Reform, as well as the schoolmaster, is now abroad; the latter, indeed, does not seem to have rambled to Somerset House, and the other has perhaps too much business on his hands to call there. Yet, should he ever happen to knock at the right-hand door in the vestibule, for the purpose of paying the academicians a domiciliary visit, let him be admitted by all means. His experiments could not do much harm; they might possibly effect some little good.

WHAT IS AN IRISH ORATOR?

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

WHAT is an Irish Orator? Down with Theory—Facts, facts, facts must decide. And some myriads of these, with deliberate blarney, if not fume or fury, perpetrated *fudge*, have established that a man born in Hibernia, with a touch of the brogue, is an Irish Orator. What have our *Temperance Societies*, what have our enlightened *Premier*, to do with the Literature of the NATION? With such a consummate jollifier as O'DONERTY, who contradistinguished the Saints, the Tea-drinkers, from the SINNERS, as the Varmint, the Ascarides, and Lumbrici, from the skin and bowels of the Man—though numerous in proportion to the abstinence and inanition of the animal so tenanted; and who regarded the SAINTS themselves, though contradistinguished from the Sinners (*Sanctos à Peccatoribus*), but as the still and punch-bowl for the production of the Tippler—a JOLLIFICATION.—And as to Hogg—otherwise called the Shepherd—the MORNING POST would soon dish up his business with Ebony, and finish him in the Blackwood style.—Ergo—it is demonstrated that a man born in Hibernia, with a touch of the brogue, neither more nor less, gives the Coleridgean Definition of an Irish Orator—nonsense being the ordinary, but not necessary accompaniment. From all which it is demonstrable, that the following onslaught, or hyperbolical Stanza, of a certain poem, called “Farce and Flummery,” having, by a suicidal Ligature of the Verse-maker’s own tying, detached itself, and bolted away from the rhymes aforesaid, assumes the name and rank of an intolerable Hanimal, and standing the test of reading the rhymes twice seven times exactly, is a descriptive Irish oratorical Sonnet,—according to the convivial Rules established since the happy and glorious reduction of the *Beer-tax* (four-fifths English) from the favourite beverage of England—and the virtual extinction of sobriety in the noon-day blaze of drunkenness.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE IRISH ORATOR’S BOOZE. A SONNET.

Whisky is the drink of Erin,
 But of England foaming Ale:
 Where good Drink is, Life is cheering
 That only serves to make us brave
 In our old age,
 Whose glad voice chanteth with delight full many a glorious stave—
 That only serves to make us gay
 With oft and pleasant tol-lol-lay,
 Like a poor nigh-drunken guest,
 That may not rudely be dismiss’d;
 Yet hath not paid a single rap,
 And tells his silly jest mayhap.
 O! might Life cease! and folk be blind,
 Whose total *Tipple* is *Tea*, their thirsty souls to bind!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

18th May, 1832—Grove, Highgate.

ON THE OPERA.

No. IV.

INTRODUCTION—THE MANAGEMENT—THE DANCERS.

"For my delight is dance, and the blithe noise
Of song and overflowing poesy."

"L'administrateur actuel est en butte à des critiques extrêmement sanglantes. Telle est, au reste, la récompense de tous ceux que Dieu dans son courroux a condamnés à diriger un théâtre; peu de gens savent, et beaucoup feignent d'ignorer, ce qu'il faut d'activité, de connaissances, et surtout de patience, pour cet emploi. Tous ceux qui vous entourent n'ont en vue que leur intérêt personnel; ce que vous leur faites de bien est à peine remarqué, et les torts les plus légers sont envenimés—les plus petites fautes sont relevées et blâmées avec une rigueur excessive."—*Kotzebue*.

WITH the exception of the citizen king, who has no subject, and our own civic patriot king, who is allowed no friend, there breathes not a chief of men who holds a less enviable position than the present monarch of the opera. He is embarrassed not by one faction, one charter, one intrigue; but by as many factions as can find leaders, and by as many charters and intrigues as the numbers of his people.

He, too, in common with his royal brethren, has been exposed, through the arts of treacherous servants, to the extreme of calumny and misrepresentation; his motives have been falsified, his words misconstrued, his conduct mis-stated, and he himself assailed with every variety of ungenerous and unfair attack, by a malignant and atrocious press.

Moreover, in his relations with foreign powers there is no less anxiety and peril than in the affairs of his home department; so that, upon the whole, the crown he wears is not, in any sense of the word, as light as that adorning the brows of his patron deity, the ever-glorious King Apollo.

Descending from this strain, however, let me simply say, the present director of the Opera has been from the first, and yet is, in an extremely embarrassing position. The office is, under any the most favourable circumstances, a difficult and distressing one. To enable a man to administer it with any degree of pleasure and profit, would require qualities which few possess, and still fewer would desire to possess—great powers, both of simulation and dissimulation—great craft—a temper perfectly impassible—the absence of all strong feeling—and something of *picaro* lore, if not practice, to enable him to deal, in any thing

approaching equal terms, with that class of persons, so Proteus-like in their evasions, whom he seeks to bind by those moral band-ropes called compacts. Therefore is it, that, independent of the multiplicity of discordant details which perpetually claim attention, the office is a difficult one; and hence it is that we uniformly find the most successful managers to be low, mean, and ignorant persons. Indeed! some utilitarian, with a sceptical and scoffing toss of his wooden head, will perchance exclaim. Ay, I reply, even so; and take, for instance (and there can be none better), Barbajja, who sprang from the stables to the lofty seat of *arbitrator elegantiarum* for musical Italy, and is now the greatest *entrepreneur* in Europe; and who, having studied the nature of animals practically as a groom, and not theoretically in the lifeless page of the philosopher, now manages the *virtuosi* with the same nice and masterly hand that he did, in former days, the solid-hoofed horses. It is not wonderful, however, that a man who had sat so long at the feet even of a degenerate race of hounyhnhms, and learned wisdom from their lips, should be well able to deal with the female yahoos. So be it! but let me proceed.

In the next place, the office is distressing, because no man—not even the physician—sees humanity so utterly stripped of the illusions which make it beautiful, as does the manager of a theatre.

He is precisely in the condition of him in the magic cave, from whose eyes the fairy ointment had been rubbed; to whom every thing appeared disrobed of its bright phantasies—in its utter nakedness—its intrinsic worthlessness—its proper hideousness. The

speciosa miracula which delight others, charm not him; the beings that in the eyes of others are children of light, and grace, and beauty, in his disclose themselves in the full foulness of their earthly garb. And thus it is, that the very springs of his heart's purest, and warmest feelings are poisoned with the bitterness of disgust.

In few, no person—not even, as I have said, the physician—has the conviction of the unspiritual nature of the human animal so painfully and so frequently forced upon him as the director. No spot of earth—not even the confessional—is so deeply conscious as are the *coulisses* and green-room of those unworthy feelings, which, originating in the intense selfishness and overweening vanity of a factitious state of existence, form the dross of our miserable nature. If, too, by any strange chance, a man should enter upon the direction, not as a sordid speculation, but from pure love of the most beautiful of sciences, the annoyances proper to the situation are infinitely increased.

But, in addition to all this, Mr. Monck Mason, in assuming the management of the King's Theatre, had to contend with many peculiar disadvantages—some positive, others negative. Of these it will be perhaps sufficient to recite two: he is a gentleman; he is *not* a foreigner. Both are heavy disadvantages, but the first is much the greater; the other chiefly affected him at the commencement of his career, and must diminish with each succeeding day. It forthwith insured him the hostility of the whole filthy tribe of foreigners, who cling to the establishment like weeds and cockle-shells to the bottom of a vessel—music-masters, fiddlers, horn-blowers, dancing-masters, quack-doctors, the nymphs of Cramer and La Ferté, milliners, tailors, old-clothesmen, scene-shifters, and so forth; and while abroad, it impeded him in all his engagements, and rendered them, when concluded, infinitely more expensive than they would have been were he admitted into the fraternity of directors, as his predecessor had been by virtue of his connexion with Laurent. But the hostility of these people must soon cease to be injurious, and never could have had the slightest weight, were it not that a large portion of the press, with its usual sympathy for every thing that is base, was vile enough to render itself the

organ of their malignity; and Mr. Mason, having now established a direct communication with the *artistes* themselves, will for the future be enabled to make engagements with them upon more advantageous terms, finding them, as he will, unfettered by contracts with other theatres.

The evils, however, which affect him as a manager, from being a gentleman, are not so likely to pass away. He never can stoop to the arts and practices commonly pursued by operatic directors; he never can humble himself into cringing and bowing in the boudoirs of superannuated dowagers to win the favour of their countenance and their gracious influence with the *coteries*; he never can condescend to court the favour of battered beaux and moonstruck *dilletanti*, by taking them to council in his management, and bringing forward their fair favourites, on whose forms they love to gloat; never, too, can he debase himself by soliciting or seeking the support, or by deprecating or shunning the hostility, of those gossiping tradesmen, venders of tickets, and so forth, yclept fashionable booksellers, nor that of those elegant and enlightened critics who confer fame eternal in the columns of a newspaper; neither can he enjoy the advantage of filling his treasury by dishonest means—by robbing his *artistes* of half the produce of their benefits, and other devices of the like nature, which, it is said, were not uncommon in the days gone by. These are tremendous disadvantages, and from these nothing can deliver him except success in the project, which it may be presumed he has ever had in view, namely, the complete reform, or rather regeneration, of the establishment, and of the system whereon it was conducted. In this I have, however, no doubt he will ultimately succeed, albeit that at present he is something in the condition of an illustrious Eastern reformer—the Sultan Mahmoud—thwarted and embarrassed on all sides within his dominions, and uncheered and unassisted from without.

I have now separately mentioned certain of the disadvantages under which Mr. Mason labours, from the circumstance of his being a gentleman, and not being a foreigner. It remains for me, before I dismiss the subject, to advert to one other disadvantage against which he had to contend, and

that arose from a variety of causes, amongst which the above-mentioned properties were largely mixed up. The metropolitan press, with scarcely an exception, has been rancorously opposed to Mr. Mason from the first. Every thing which ought to have influenced it in his favour seems to have had directly the contrary effect. Bitter were the regrets, loud the lamentations, that the management had passed from the hands of a foreign buffoon into those of a native gentleman—from the hands of a person utterly ignorant and careless of music, into those of an accomplished scholar and enthusiastic lover of the sweet science. The difficulties and embarrassments which it was well known beset all Mr. Mason's arrangements, furnished an admirable reason why he should be treated with a severity never displayed towards any of his predecessors. He was accused of having broken faith with the public, because he had not engaged Sontag and other singers whom they knew it was impossible for him to engage—because his company, at the opening of the theatre, was not as good as the best that had ever been collected on any given day during the whole course of preceding managements—and because certain new operas which had pleased Italy did not satisfy the critics of the newspapers, and were not quite so beautiful as the masterpieces of Mozart and Rossini. And yet the complaint for years back had been the lack of novelty—the contemptible smallness of our lyric repertory. And then, lest the malignity of the critic, in the shape of a ponderous article, should not be sufficient, there was each day a regular discharge of small-arms—of paragraphs I should say—lamenting the thinness of the house at the last opera—stating that apprehension of the cholera had rendered the house quite deserted—that Signora somebody had determined not to come to England—that a quarrel had taken place between Mr. M. and Signor N.—that my Lord A. had thrown up his box in disgust at the rudeness of the manager—and a thousand other things of the like nature, all false, and all calculated to inflict injury—ay, and infinitely more injury than the elaborate efforts of the wooden-headed critic. Muddle of this paper, and Fuddle of the other—the first enraged at having his own personal admission for himself and

friend taken from him, and Fuddle indignant that the name of his pot-companion the composer (who never composed any thing but a tumbler of punch) had been swept away from the free-list, indite the venomous paragraphs; and these are copied into all the other papers, and read by every body; but the cumbrous rascalities of Noodle and Doodle, the critics, bear the mark of the beast upon them; and they are accordingly either shunned or laughed at by all excepting the mere vulgar herd, with whose patronage the director can well dispense. Now it is strange, when we consider how many ardent lovers of music there are amongst literary men, that criticism on the lyric drama throughout Europe should be in a state so absolutely degraded. Nowhere can you obtain a calm, impartial opinion upon the merits of any *artiste* or any work. In foreign parts criticism (as it is styled) is venal; at home it is utterly worthless. Let it be observed I speak here simply of the critiques on the lyric drama; those upon our national drama are generally written in the leading papers with distinguished talent and a perfect knowledge of the subject. But to resume: In France (where all such matters are managed with signal regularity) the *artistes* and composers of all ranks are obliged to give an annual salary to the principal critics, to be spared abuse; and if they long for praise (and what player does not pine and gasp for it, as Dives for the cooling waters?) they must buy it according to a scale graduated with reference to its intensity and extent. This is notorious: Léontine Fay became the first actress at the Gymnase as soon as the Duc de Chartres' purse was open to her. But at Paris the critics, though corrupt, are clever; they are well acquainted with the subjects on which they write, and they give themselves due time for reflection and composition. Hence is it that their critiques, however unjust or partial, are always beautiful to read, sparkling with wit, and rich in information. Here all is different; there is no venality (for many good reasons beside the obscurity and stupidity of the mechanic, too numerous to mention), neither is there one particle of ability or knowledge. The musical critiques in our principal newspapers are not, it is said, written by any of those employed in the other depart-

ments of the paper—and this I can well believe. Little attention is paid by the editor to the proceedings of the Opera; they are not very interesting either to people in the country or to the class of persons amongst whom a morning paper, for the most part, circulates in town; therefore he hands over the duty to the first wooden-headed journeyman that falls in his way. The parliamentary reporters, who are of necessity men of ability and information, are required to write the criticisms on the national drama; but the critiques on the opera are evidently written by vulgar and ignorant men, who, until they adopted “the ungentle craft,” were familiar with no music save the braying of a bagpipe or the churn-like breathings of a barrel-organ—men, in short, who have no taste or feeling for music—no power of sympathising with the nobler and more delicate emotions of the mind—with the gentle enthusiasm of the heart, and thus making the thoughts, the inspirations, the impressions, which were another’s, one’s own in all their original fervour, and freshness, and beauty.

But enough of these fellows! Their dull malignity has done Mason no harm, and themselves no good; they have begun to rat already; they have ceased to strive against the opinions of all those who are entitled to an opinion on the subject; and it will be most assuredly seen, before the end of the season, that they will be as fulsome and disgusting in their panegyrics on the manager and his company as they lately were gross and virulent in their abuse.

But let me now, for myself, throw forth a few hasty remarks upon the season, up to the present time. I think Mr. Mason has redeemed his promises. The season at the King’s Theatre is, as it were, bisected by Easter Day; on the first portion the sun of public favour shines very feebly, from a variety of reasons well known to all. It is impossible for the director, in consequence of the nature of singers’ engagements upon the continent, to hold forth the attraction of the most distinguished *artistes* without a pecuniary sacrifice, for which he could never hope to be remunerated. Because, let the attraction be never so great, it could not, during the wintry portion of the season, act in a space sufficiently extensive to, in the least,

indemnify him for his outlay; so that, at the best, the profits of the sunny months would be absorbed by the unnecessary losses of their predecessors. Therefore, nothing can be more unjust than to compare the condition of the theatre before Easter under one management, with the condition of the theatre after Easter under another. But taking the comparison fairly, I do not hesitate to say, that, within my memory, we never yet have had a better company, or so good a *corps de ballet*, in the earlier period of the season, under any preceding management. We had Madame De Meric, Winter, and Mariani, from the first; and who will venture to deny that they are superior in their several positions to Madlle. Blasis, Curioni, and De Angeli, who were wont for months to enact the principal characters under the auspices of the much-lauded M. Laporte. And as to the *corps de ballet*, it is allowed on all hands to have been superior to any ever produced at the same period, and yet, on the management during this portion of the season it is, when all indulgence ought to be extended, that the vials of newspaper wrath have been poured forth with so lavish a hand. And now—at present—after Easter, what is the case? We have three companies: we have the French company; we have a German company; and we have probably the best Italian company at this moment assembled within the walls of any European theatre. It is true, the last-mentioned does not number in its ranks Malibran or Sontag—the most exquisite of all singers breathing; but surely, as the lyric philosopher observes, it were but silly conduct to make light of all the flowers in the garden, because the rose, the most beautiful of flowers, the fondling of the spring, does not happen to be there. Surely, even in the absence of the garden-queen, we may find an abundance of individual loveliness to admire and delight in; and the harmonious arrangement of the parterres, and the mingling and blending of all things into one form of beauty, cannot, unless the heart be perversely closed to pleasure, fail to communicate a genial satisfaction, a calm delight, wherein the spirit may well rejoice as it sinks upon it, tenderly and balmily beguiling it the while, and for a time, of the weariness and weariness of its fleshly burden.

Thus, although at our opera we have neither a Sontag nor a Malibran, yet have we many *donne* to whom the most critical might listen with delight; and the performances are given with a greater degree of *ensemble*, and a more perfect regard to the accessories, than we ever before witnessed at the King's Theatre. The subordinate characters are no longer filled by persons whose ludicrous attempts at the utterance of harmonious sounds at once destroyed the spectator's gravity, and the illusion of the scene. The orchestra is no longer all but destitute of stringed instruments; the chorus-singers no longer revel in the full joy of English liberty, holding themselves altogether independent of each other and the accompaniments. We have no longer those strange deficiencies in the several vocal departments, in consequence whereof the baritone was compelled to mutilate the music of the tenor, and a gentleman with no voice at all to mutter the bass. Non! nous avons changé tout cela par exemple! and the consequence is, the operas produced are better represented, upon the whole, than any we have heretofore attended at the King's Theatre.

I cannot, however, confer unmixed praise upon Mr. Mason's management. Many things, of which he himself has expressed his disapprobation, such as the production of fragments of operas, the performance of operas so hackneyed, that nothing but the most exquisite *ensemble*, and the presence of Malibran or Sontag, could now render them objects of attraction; and other the like tasteless and ill-judged proceedings have, I can well believe, been forced upon him, by circumstances which he could not control. But I can see nothing which could have operated to prevent him* from turning his Italian company and his *corps de ballet* to better purpose. We have never yet had an opera as strongly cast as the resources of the company would admit; and for weeks after the arrival of Tosi and Donzelli, the principal characters were left in the hands of De Meric and Winter. And wherefore this? Does it not savour of the strange fancy of the humourist who kept the most costly and precious garments in the gloom of his wardrobe, and yet never went abroad except in a coat and worn jacket? Besides, with four of the best dancers in the

world, and no despicable supply of subordinates for a theatre, however high its pretensions, we have nevertheless had no new ballet produced, nor no old one revived, in which they might display their powers. This is really astounding negligence upon the part of the director; he, in common with the rest of the world, must know that a good ballet is one of the most delightful, and even the best divertissement one of the dullest, amongst the things that be. A dance, unconnected with any story, no matter how exquisitely it be performed, is shorn of its highest and noblest effects; it is like a piece of instrumental music composed without object or design, without a clear and definite train of ideas in the mind of the master, and therefore a mere congregation of sounds, that address themselves neither to the heart nor feelings of the spectator. "Sonate, que me veux-tu?" exclaimed Fontenelle, to a composition of this sort; and the same might be well said to any isolated *pas de deux*, even although danced by Albert and Heberlé.

I have concluded my observations on the management of the King's Theatre, and things therewith connected, and shall now proceed to remark, in their successive order, upon the Italian, the German, and the French operas, as they have been presented to us. But first, I am anxious to say a few words respecting the dancers, to whom I have alluded; for of them only in the department of the ballet is it possible to treat, and it is as well to touch on them in these preliminary notices. The men are Albert and Samengo; the women, Heberlé and Brugnoli.

Every body knows Albert, his powers and his fame; the other man is a finer specimen of the human animal; he is much younger, and quite as good a dancer. This is all that need be said for them; all male dancers of any eminence are of the same order; the question of comparison between them is simply of more or less. Vigour, activity, and the power of falling from violent effort into a state of statue-like repose (*aplomb*, in the French), are all that are required from a male dancer now-a-days. In remote antiquity, if any credit can be given to the poet, it was otherwise;—in the days of the royal dilettante Alcinous, when the Phœacian youth won the admira-

tion of the wisest of living men, as they moved in concert with the divine song of the bard Demodocus.

Now, however, the males decidedly hold the inferior station in the dance; and this must proceed from some radical defect in the system, when we consider that nature formed man the perfect, the nobler, and the more graceful animal.

But now for the ladies. Brugnoli is a very extraordinary little person, wonderful in her feats of agility—in whirling her legs about so as to present a regular circle to your dazzled vision; and in executing, with the most fairy-like delicacy and precision, the most complicated steps upon the very tips of her toes. And this is much—but this is all; she only astonishes; you gaze, as it were, upon a mechanical exhibition; you feel it is pervaded by no mind, and you say, as the philosopher did to the sonata, “Que me veux-tu?” But with Heberlé it is very different; she is one of those that “form the salt of the earth”—a thing of grace and beauty. Her very courtesy is a poem; and, like one of Shelley’s little poems, all redolent of grace, and love, and gentleness. Ay, by the immortal cloud-gatherer; and in the words of that same glorious bard, she is

“A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty; deep her eyes,
as are
Two openings of unfathomable night,

Seen through a tempest’s cloven roof;
her hair

Dark;—the dim brain whirls dizzy
with delight,
Picturing her form.”

But, alas! alas! for our young enthusiasm—our *insanos amores*—the wild influence of our senses! How they do lead us to set up idols, when

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

Faugh!—I speak merely as a gazer from before the curtain, and to me Heberlé appears “beautiful exceedingly”—faultlessly beautiful—were it not that the outline of the lips when in repose is, not exactly that of Cupid’s bow, but too straight and inexpressive. As to the form, however, there can be “no mistake,” and that is perfect symmetry. The painter that created his *Venus* from the collected beauties of a hundred damsels, might, in taking her for a model, have been spared his wanderings; for neither nature, however extended, or imagination, however wild, could have furnished him with aught so faultless. For the rest, as a dancer she is admirable, possessing all those qualities of execution and *aplomb* which alone gain fame for others, and breathing into them, moreover, the fervency of feeling and the soul of grace. Her pantomime, I am well convinced, would be excellent. O, that Mason would let us see her in *La Bayadère*!

ITALIAN OPERA.

“Oltre la foule de compositeurs médiocres qui abonde toujours dans un pays où la musique est fort cultivée, comme elle l’est en Italie, le bon goût, il faut l’avouer, y dégénère sensiblement. Pergolese, trop tôt enlevé pour le progrès de l’art, a été le Raphaël de la musique Italienne; il lui avoit donné un style vrai, noble, et simple, dont les artistes de sa nation s’écartent un peu trop aujourd’hui. Le beau siècle de cet art semble être en Italie sur son déclin, et le siècle de Seneque et de Lucain commence à lui succéder. Qu’au’on remarque encore dans la musique Italienne moderne des beautés vraies et supérieures, l’art et le désir de surprendre s’y laisse voir trop souvent au préjudice de la nature et la vérité; ce n’est pas aujourd’hui que les Italiens éclairés s’en aperçoivent eux-mêmes, et gémissent de cet abus. Mais il a sa source dans un défaut peut-être incurable, l’amour excessif des Italiens pour la nouveauté en fait de musique.”—*D’Alembert.*

All this was true when the admirable encyclopædist wrote—it is all true at present; were he living, he could not express himself in better terms of the Italian music of our day. In the Saturnian land, all things in the world of mind are of hasty growth and blight. Such was their literature, their painting, their sculpture; such has been their music. The laurel has

fallen from the Italian brow, and now adorns the head of the barbarian. All Italian works, ancient and modern, sink far beneath the mighty compositions of the German masters. Neither do the Italians retain the humblest praise of being the best, and faithfullest, and most enchanting interpreters of the composer. Their own favourite *prima donna* is a Frenchwoman. Mali-

bran is a Spaniard, Sontag is a German. Yet Rossini, while he precipitated the decline of Italian music, shed a flood of glory on its decay; but few of his operas will survive the passing hour—many are already forgotten; and he is now the disciple of another school, in which he finds equals even among the living. All the modern composers of Italy are his imitators. The model is a bad one; and when the dazzling light of genius is withdrawn from it, the deformities and the tinsel decoration are visible to all. Amongst the *scrupulus pecus* (and a vast herd it is) there are, however, many very clever men; and this they have proved, albeit that there necessarily is a desperate similarity in their compositions. Bellini, the author of *Il Pirata*, *La Straniera*, and other operas of moderate merit, has written some of the most exquisite melodies that ever glorified the imagination, of created being. There are many others, too, who have produced works that had their success for the hour, but of these it would take me too long to speak. They all possess merit of the same order in different degrees, and labour under the same defects. In their operas you are sure to find some snatches of beautiful melody which are their own, a great deal which is not their own, and which is sadly disfigured in the attempt to disguise the theft, and a quantity of villanous instrumentation.

Some of these operas have been produced for us: they were not of the best, and perhaps it was not very wise to bring them forward. Our audiences are very differently constituted from those of Italy. The excessive love of novelty whereof D'Alembert speaks, still prevails beyond the Alps. Operas are infinitely more numerous than librettos. One libretto, in obedience to the popular voice, has been known to afford work for several composers; and this not that the first setting was not good and appropriate, but simply from anxiety to render the old words the vehicle for something new in music. Operas are produced, in just as great abundance in Italy as novels in England; or vaudevilles in France; and they are regarded much in the same light. If they be good enough to wing away a few idle hours, the Italian is satisfied; but never cares to see them again. Nothing but excellence will induce him to prefer a second repre-

sentation of a piece he has witnessed to a doubtful novelty, which, whether good or bad, is sure to bring with it some excitement; and excellence is rare amongst operas, as well as amongst novels and vaudevilles; so that he is seldom induced to pause in his wanderings from one new composition to another.

With us, however, it is widely different. No opera should be produced on our boards which cannot stand the test of time. In matters musical, we are a vulgar audience—our critics, above all, are vulgar men; and the characteristic of the vulgar is to be slow in relishing any thing that is new, or in bestowing praise upon any thing to which they are unaccustomed. We are long, accordingly, in being coaxed into an admiration of a new opera, or strange singer; and the more so, because we never regard any thing save in reference to some standard of excellence which we have set up for ourselves, and this is not always well chosen; but the admiration, once expressed, becomes a superstition.

The operas of an evening or two, I should accordingly conclude, will never give perfect satisfaction here, however well they may be produced and represented. It would behoove the director, therefore, to bring forward no opera that possessed not some extraordinary and enduring merit, since novelty has less charms for us than perhaps any other European audience. The operas hitherto introduced possessed little merit of any kind, I shall, consequently, say nothing more about them. But touching the *artistes*—first, however, let me make another quotation from the encyclopædist, which is singularly applicable:—"En général, la musique Italienne moderne est encore plus defectueuse par le mauvais goût de ceux qui l'exécutent que par les écarts de ceux qui la composent. Ce n'est pas que l'art et l'habileté des chanteurs laissent rien à désirer, c'est, au contraire, qu'ils n'en font paraître que trop; et qu'ils ajoutent presque à chaque note des ornemens nouveaux à ceux que le compositeur avoit déjà trop accumulés."

There is my critique upon our singers in general: let me now speak of them severally.

First, then, we have little Cinti Damoreau, or, more properly, Cynthée

Damoreau, for she Italianised her Christian name Cynthée, and dropped her surname (Monthon) altogether, when she *débüté* at the Salle-Favart, lest the homely sounds might prejudice her countrymen, add, above all, the critics, against her; for they, like ourselves, are very sceptical in native excellence, and proportionably superstitious in their reverence for a name written in the language of music.

Cinti is the *prima donna* of the Académie at Paris, and is famous for possessing extreme facility of execution, and one of the sweetest and purest voices in the world for its extent and power; but these (alas the while!) are far too limited to enable her to claim rank amongst the first-rate European singers. Neither is she an actress of any very decided merit; she plays alike in tragedy and comedy, after a very correct and satisfactory manner, but she never moves you by the touch of those sympathetic feelings which are as it were the reflections of joy and sorrow. She is herself too cold—too conscious of the mimicry of human passion wherein she is engaged; she never abandons herself to the illusion of the stage—she has no inspirations.

Hitherto she has performed only in the Italian drama, and her choice of characters has been singularly infelicitous: *Rosina*—*La Cenerentola*—*Carolina*—parts wherein she has been imitating the inimitable Who that has ever heard Sontag cuu forbear to remember her when any of those varied airs sound in his ears—those airs which she rendered at once a wonder and a delight—divesting wonder of its painfulness, and raising delight to ecstasy? And if we now applaud another for her efforts in the *finale* of the *Cenerentola*, in the delicate warblings of Carolina, or the variations of Rode as Rosina's singing-lesson, it is as much for recalling to our minds the exquisite breathings of Sontag as for the creditable approximation to them—because the cluster of notes, as they now fall upon the ear, resemble their former selves merely as the first and last images in mirrors do after a series of reflections, in which some traits are exaggerated into a shadowy indistinctness, and others quite obliterated. We hope for better things from Cinti in her own language, in a part written for her, and one wherein there are no recollections to overwhelm her,

withal. A phrenologist, however, by the by, could never imagine her capable of any great mental achievement; for her head is so formed, that one might be led to suppose the brain was omitted; and, for the rest, without possessing features disagreeable in themselves, or a bad shape, the general expression is displeasing, from a certain looseness in her look and carriage: neither is her style of dress attractive, though I well believe she might say, with Madelon,—“J’ai une délicatesse furieuse pour tout ce que je porte, et jusqu’à mes chaussettes, je ne puis rien souffrir qui ne soit de la bonne faiseuse.”

Then there is Madame Tosi,* from Madrid, a good actress, and still a fine singer, though no longer in possession of that voice which won her so high a reputation.

Next we have Signora Grisi, a young lady from the Conservatorio of Milan, with a voice of great compass and power, but harsh in the upper part, the notes there appearing to have a *knif*y outline. Signora Grisi, however, is a young singer, and great things may be expected from her. Practice, and instruction, and time, will probably enable her to correct the defects in her voice to which I have alluded, and to give *aplomb* to tones where it is now wanted. She sang Semiramide in a creditable manner, and is by no means an indifferent actress. These are our *prime donne* for the Italian opera.

The two latter boast the possession of the soprano-sfogato voice, which, by the way, is of little advantage to them with the million here, who are not familiar with it; for it is a voice that can only be properly appreciated by those who are used to it. It is a refined, and consequently attenuated, treble, which approaches the voice of the *musico*, and partakes of its peculiar beauties and defects exactly in the ratio of its approximation. This relation in Italy procures it all favour. The principal female parts in the serious operas are invariably written for a soprano-sfogato; and it must be admitted, that it is the voice peculiarly adapted to the prevailing character of the music; for its extreme purity and delicacy enables it at one time to wend its way softly and unerringly through the most fluttering passage, and at another to breathe forth meaning tones

which sink upon the heart with the gentle burden of that voluptuous, yet spiritual, languor, which seems an influence shed from above upon all the natives of the Saturnian land. Besides, in the vast cathedrals and enormous theatres of Italy, all the defects of this voice are lost to observation; the angularities, so to speak, cease to affect the ear, and the listener's pleasure is unalloyed. But in England, all is different: all our prejudices are against it (we call it qualling); all our associations are calculated to bring it into contempt. In a word, a soprano-sfogato is to us, at present, what a draught of claret would have been to such a fellow as Joe Hume in the days of his apprenticeship,—I do not use the word after the mystic fashion of the Germans, and had therefore perhaps better say, in the days when he was wont to pound vile drugs of a morning, in the bleak North, with a red nose, blue fingers, and broken breaks. But the ladies are waiting. There is our *contralto*, Rosa Mariani, a lady almost as ill-favoured as Fisa-roni—well nigh as gifted in voice and power, with a taste as pure and a style of execution as chaste and exquisite. It were tedious, however, to run thus through a catalogue *raisonnée* of the lady-singers. Let me only observe that we had several who came like shadows from afar, and so departed, —Mason having said, with Macbeth,

"Unreal mockery, hence!"

and the rabblement of the press (who

abused them most unsparringly while they were under trial) declaring, as soon as they were dismissed, that they were injured gentlewomen.

But one other lady-bird there is who has been with us from the first, who happens to be a Swiss, but whom we must now land among the Italians, and anon amongst the Germans, and per-adventure hereafter amongst the French — Madame de Merio, a blameless singer in almost all that she attempts (I say almost all, because in singing the ornate music of the modern Italian school she is sometimes betrayed into attempts at *roulades* and *fioritures* which she cannot accomplish, or can accomplish only with pain to herself, and therefore to the audience), and an actress who, if she never move you deeply, yet never offends—who, if she never have any inspirations, yet never mis-conceives or misinterprets her character—and who, although by no means entitled to rank as a *prima donna*, is one of the most useful *seconde donne* in the world.

As for the men, I shall only speak of one of them, Tamburini—a splendid fellow, an exquisite singer, an admirable actor—equally good in tragedy and in comedy—in *André* and in *Figaro*—with a voice at once deep and sweet, firm and flexible, inexpressibly sweet for its depth, and flexible as a tenor—a voice made, as it were, to sing the music of Mozart, and a grasp of mind and intensity of feeling to breathe the living soul into it withal.

GERMAN OPERA.

THE peculiar characteristic of German music is earnestness: this pervades the works of all the masters; this prevails in every passage, whether of mirth or melancholy, of happiness or misery. It possesses, moreover, a male vigour which we in vain seek elsewhere, and which communicates an impression of entireness and force that all must regard with that respect and reverence due to the world's perfect creations. It can also claim, if not solely, at least in the very highest degree, the noblest attribute of poetry and of painting,—the power of suggesting trains of thought, and conjuring up images of beauty, beyond the immediate sphere of sentiment. The true poet, such as Homer, the true painter, such as Raphael,—delights you from the first;

but each succeeding moment that you gaze and ponder on his works serves only to disclose new beauties, to purify your mental vision, and draw you closer to his divine spirit. And thus also is it with the true musician: he enchants you at the instant; but let your soul linger amidst the magic sounds, and they will bear it on and onwards through the fairy regions of "the land of dream." The German masters have this power.

But, passing this, be the expression of the music what it may—of love or joyousness, hope, affliction, or despair—there is a heartiness about it which makes it evident the composer has himself experienced in their favour the feelings he portrays, and that he has written from the fullness of

inspiration. This is the chief charm of German music—a charm which can scarcely fail to affect the most cold and unimaginative, unless he be already the victim of a false taste. And whence has it derived this charm? From the fact of its having been the creation of a few great men, who wrote in the mightiness of their genius, and wrote for all times. I speak not of the composers before Mozart, although there were great men amongst them; but I throw them aside, as I would the phantom poets who preceded Homer, and I say that Mozart has done for music what the blind old man has done for poetry. They have both, at a burst, produced works that are monuments of genius to tower for ever and ever—a marvel and a delight to all generations; works, than which the heart of man is incapable of conceiving anything more nearly approaching to perfection. Beethoven and others have followed worthily in the steps of the mighty master, and a school has been formed, upon which it will be difficult for the profane to enter—for those who have not the sustaining inspiration of genius, with the deep enthusiasm and profound study of many years.

We shall probably have a German opera established here; the effect produced by the two performances which have been given at the King's Theatre, under many disadvantages, is unequalled in our musical history. The whole town has been delighted; and yet there was nothing to attract except the music. As for the language, about which so much trash has been written here of late years, it is horribly unmusical. The contrast between it and the music to which it is allied is quite as appalling as that between Titania and Bottom, the while the rough beast lay clasped in her delicate embrace. Most Russian words consist of two sneezes and a cough; but all German words are either whines or grunts, or a complica-

tion of both. Charles V., therefore, did foul wrong to the noble horse when he expressed a wish to hold converse with him in that tongue; it is only fit for swine. So much for the language! Touching the company, in any town in Germany, it would be designated positively bad; the only person of high pretensions, and really of great talent, is Madame Schröder Devrient—the only remaining person who has any claim to consideration is Haitzinger the tenor. Schröder is an extraordinary person,—a living lie to the proverb, "stupid as a dancer;" for she was formerly a dancer, and used to enact the male in *pas de deux* with Heberlé (who is also a German); and most decidedly she is a woman of genius. Her face, however, is a bad masque; but in moments of excitement, the soul shines triumphant through the dull and heavy clay. The two pieces played by the Germans are *Der Freyschutz* and *Fidelio*: both have been received with the utmost enthusiasm. It was good policy in Mason to begin with *Der Freyschutz*; the music was familiar, and when well rendered (which no music ever was at our theatres) it became delightful. We had before no idea of the effect of the choruses, having never heard them sung in tune or time; or of the opera, not more than half of which, as it was truly written, was represented. *Fidelio*, too, gave us a new sense of delight; it was so earnest, so simple, and so sublime—and it was really so well performed upon the whole; for here Haitzinger is positively good, and Schröder exquisite. A more true and more impassioned performance I have never witnessed than hers in this opera—she is decidedly one of the best lyric actresses in the world.

Meaning, however, to say much of the German opera and of Madame Schröder Devrient hereafter, I shall abandon the subject for the present.

FRENCH OPERA.

D'ALEMAZAR, in his treatise *Sur la Liberté de la Musique*, pleasantly observes, "Il y a chez toutes les nations deux choses qu'on doit respecter, la religion et le gouvernement; en France on y en ajoute une troisième, la musique du pays." He, however, respected none of them, and accordingly directed the mighty powers of his genius against all three. Weak, too, as

were at that time the religion and government of the country, the music was weaker still; but it was defended with a fidelity proportionably desperate, and it continued to reign supreme in all the glories of its lofty domain, till the same storm that prostrated the church and monarchy swept it away, never to return; even by the aid of foreign imports.

The French *dilettanti* thought this music very grand, but all strangers agreed in condemning it. "C'est un tintamarre qui leur rompt la tête, ou un plain chant qui les endort par sa langueur, quand il ne les revolté pas par sa prétention," quoth our D'Alembert; but, nevertheless, the man who raised his voice against it was forthwith placed by the court party in the category of atheists and republicans: for, said they, "toutes les libertés se tiennent et sont également dangereuses; la liberté de la musique suppose celle de sentir, la liberté de sentir entraîne celle de penser, la liberté de penser celle d'agir, et la liberté d'agir est la ruine des états." And consequently, they were as virulently opposed to those who claimed the liberty of song, as to those who sought the liberty of thought, speech, or action.

Lest the people, too, should be seduced from their allegiance to the national opera, the Italians, who had made a second attempt to establish a theatre some eight years before D'Alembert wrote, were expelled from Paris, and all manner of angry reproaches were hurled against their supporters. The heresy, however, was not destroyed by the removal of the idols; on the contrary, its leaders, in their despair, assailed the French music more violently than ever. "Nous n'avons point de musique!" exclaimed Rousseau, and all the Bouffonistes shouted assent; and at length boldly proposed, that the Italian music should be substituted for that noise which now disgraced their opera; the form of the opera, the peculiarities, the language, being preserved, and the only alteration being the substitution of the Italian partition—*recitativo obbligato*, and style of airs, for the monotonous *recitative courant* and dull psalmody of Lulli. The advantages of the change are so obvious, that it would be a matter of wonder that there should be any hesitation to adopt it, if we did not consider, firstly, how odious to the court, which governed the grand opera, were the philosophers and their friends, who, for the most part, constituted the Bouffoniste party; and, secondly, how little fervent support the proposition must have received from the mere million, who are generally vain to a degree of every thing that is theirs, and who have a veneration as little musical as our own.

The revolution, however, came; the Bouffonistes triumphed, and the modern French opera was established. It is an opera *sui generis* and, consequently, those who compare it with the German or Italian, simply as a musical composition, compare things between which no comparison can fairly be instituted.

The modern French opera is founded upon the ideas of Rousseau and D'Alembert; it differs, however, as may be at once concluded, from the ancient French opera only in the music. Rousseau would describe the opera as a dramatic, lyrical, and scenic representation, in which agreeable sensations are conveyed by means of all the fine arts—the poetry and action being addressed to the mind, the music to the ear, and the scenic decorations to the eye of the spectator; and D'Alembert, while observing that in France comedy is the spectacle of the mind, and tragedy of the soul, declares that opera is the spectacle of the senses—that it is nothing more, and never can be more; and certainly French opera never is, and never pretends to be, any thing more. Therefore is it that it differs materially from the finest Italian and German lyric dramas, which really are what the Frenchman declares it is impossible they can be, and do affect the heart after the same way as spoken tragedy, namely, by the painting and development of the passions. But D'Alembert—strangely enough for one of his exquisite taste and genius—contends, that although the music of a touching scene be potent to draw down tears, yet that it is always by affecting the heart, through the medium of the senses, and, consequently, never from its power of conjuring up images before the mind, or portraying the force of the passions. And assuming this, he proceeds very logically to prove that the French opera is superior to the Italian. For, argues he, if the pleasures of the senses, as we daily find, grow dull when too long continued—if to be enjoyed without fatigue they require variety and interruption, it follows, that in this kind of spectacle pleasure cannot enter our soul by too many senses at once—that one cannot, so to speak, leave too many doors open—inasmuch as too much diversity; and that an opera, which, like the French, unites scenic devices, who-rises, song, and dance, is preferable

to the Italian, which confines itself to spectacle and song.

We cannot agree in the conclusion, having denied the assumption from which it is deduced, but freely acknowledge that the French opera is now a very delightful entertainment; it continues to be *le paradis des yeux*, and has ceased to be *l'enfer des oreilles*. The music has been infinitely improved: it is excellent of its kind; but it cannot compete with the music of Italy or of Germany. To compare a French opera with an Italian or German (I, of course, speak of the best in each school), is as it were to compare a fairy tale with an epic poem. The music of the French opera is only the music of the senses, and of the senses of Frenchmen; it is still rather boisterous, and, like their demeanour, fraught with liveliness and excitement. The airs are few, and, for the most part, undistinguished for depth of thought or intensity of expression. The concerted pieces and choruses are numerous, and generally somewhat noisy; and the instrumentation, though elaborate as the German, is rarely so original or so appropriate.

This is the general character of the music; a character which is likely to hold good, notwithstanding that several of their best operas have been written by foreigners—Rossini, Pacini, Mayerbeer, and others. For the desire of these masters to bear away (in the French phrase) all the suffrages, and therefore to propitiate the prejudices of their audience, combined with the fact of their having a good orchestra and indifferent singers to write for, has induced them to pursue the same style of composition with the native writers. Thus the *Comte Ory* and *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini are quite different from all his preceding works; and few would recognise the hand of the same master in *Il Crociato in Egitto* and *Robert le Diable*—few could imagine that the latter could be the production of any body except a born Frenchman. The song is of “ladye love and chivalry”—the joys, the sorrows, the perils, natural and supernatural, therewith allied. It is admirably characteristic: throughout it is instinct with that native daring and constitutional light-heartedness which distinguishes a people on whom, however darkened by a passing cloud, no shadow can settle; for

although, like the mirror, their mind may be dimmed for a moment by the breath of misfortune, or the touch of apprehension, yet, in the next, the mist is sure to shrink away from its bright surface, and leave it calm and unsullied as before. The very soul of chivalry, too, is breathed into the music from first to last; Robert is the perfect image of “the good knight and true.” He is brave as his sword, and ignorant as his horse, superstitious at all times, sacrilegious upon occasion, courteous to the gentle of blood, haughty and overbearing to the vulgar multitude, a lover of play, and wine, and ladies’ eyes, and a contemner of all laws and moral obligations, saving those prescribed to him by his knightly *devoir* and vow. Thus he commences his courtship of the Princess of Sicily by an attempt at abduction—a good old knightly fashion, still observed by Dan O’Connell’s chivalry in the Irish mountains.* With a feeling worthy of the Black Prince at Limoges, as he lay in his litter contemplating the slaughter of men, women, and children, he orders the puffle which circulated in the peasant’s (Raimbaut’s) veins to be poured forth upon the earth, which could only receive it with disgust; and is about to fling the peasant girl to “the general camp,” until he ascertains she is his foster-sister. Then, as to mere mortal combats, they are as necessary to his existence as the breath of his nostrils; and he braves the encounter of supernatural perils with scarcely the hesitation of a moment, remembering that a Norman knight should know no fear.

So much for his character. It would be idle to pursue him through his adventures, for his story is, I take for granted, by this time well known to all. Let me simply say, that Robert the Norman is not only in name, but in reality, the hero of the piece. The fable is touching his temptation and deliverance; every character and every passage, from first to last, bears upon this. The interest of the drama is concentrated in Robert—he is ever present to our thoughts. Honour, therefore, to Mayerbeer! It is an indisputable sign of genius, that a rare triumph; one that has in my mind, heretofore been achieved by no poet but Homer—no musician but Mozart. Let me not, however, according to this high praise, be understood

as wishing to convey the idea that the whole work is one of genius. I do not consider it a work of great and original genius, but it is most decidedly a work of great talent, fine taste, sound judgment, and profound knowledge. The aims are, generally speaking, not worthy of so distinguished a master of melody: they are too light, too superficial—that is to say, too French; but the concerted pieces are excellent, the instrumentation admirable, and the partition above all praise. In this opera Meyerbeer has brought recitative to perfection. By the happy mixture of the *recitative courant* and *recitative obbligato*, he is enabled to body forth every the minutest mode of thought or feeling, and thus to give a practical and glorious contradiction to the reasoning of those who contended that music, being essentially an uncommon, unnatural, and exaggerated language, is fit only to express vivid impressions, deep thoughts, powerful passions, and those objects from whence they arise, and consequently inclined to the opinion that recitative should be dispersed with altogether, or regarded simply as a necessary evil—the coarse and worthless thread on which the “gems of price” were strung. But the fact is, recitative in a lyric drama is analogous to narrative in an epic poem. Music has been happily described as a language without vowels—the action must supply them—the dance, the gesture of the performer, or words which are the signs of action; but the words in an opera are simply the signs of things, of events, and feelings—seen as it were through an achromatic glass. It is for the music to give them colour, grace, and beauty; and thus, in recitative as in narration, the due degree of force and feeling may be infused into each passage according to the necessities of the case; if it be the simple recital of a mere fact, it will be rendered by the master, in those unimpassioned, measured tones on which the ear is glad to repose after excitement, as it would be by a true poet in the plainest words; if it be the explanation of any thing wherewith energetic feelings and violent passions are intermingled, it can be adequately expressed by the recitative *obbligato*, which approaches nearer to the truth of nature than any other species of music. It is only the sublimated passions of the heart that are fully and happily bodied forth in this; the

darker and deeper feelings, as well as the representation of action, whether of an ordinary description or under the influence of high excitement, are best rendered by the recitative *obbligato*, which, although in the same measure with the common recitative *courant*, is broken and divided according to the necessities of the subject; while the parts are linked together and the whole sustained by the orchestra, which comes in as a sort of interlocutor, like the chorus in a Greek play.

Meyerbeer has fully felt and understood all this; he has entirely relieved the recitative of that monotony which rendered it occasionally wearisome, even in the hands of the greatest masters; and he has shewn that an opera may be written without a single passage which the most impatient could fairly designate as dull.

This is an immortal triumph; but, nevertheless, as I have said, the work is not one of original genius. He has brought no new materials to the structure—he has embodied few ideas which of themselves would win him glory. Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Rossini, have opened new tracks of thought; Meyerbeer has followed in each and all of them with the confident step of talent, knowledge, and power. This is much; but this is all. Abroad, he is esteemed most highly; and hereafter I have no doubt that we shall accord him greater praise than has been yet vouchsafed to him. He has great reason to complain of the way in which he has been treated on this stage. Several of his works have been represented, but only the last from a perfect copy. In *Il Crociato in Egitto*, the *Inno da Morte*, one of the finest morsels, and one or more of the best scenes, were omitted for lack of the score; *La Rosa Rossa e la Rosa Bianca* was represented, with accompaniments supplied by some mechanic at the King's Theatre, the opera being unpublished; and, lastly, at our national theatres, the managers were dishonest enough to him, to Monck Mason, and the public, to bring forth a version of *Robert le Diable*, which bore about the same resemblance to the true than a skeleton does to the living man. It is true these persons gained nothing by their base proceeding, except the satisfactory establishment of the fact, almost superfluous as far as their character was concerned, that they had in this

instance acted very shamefully. But their attempt was calculated, and undoubtedly had the effect of raising a prejudice against the true work of M. Meyerbeer. Justice, however, was done to the opera at the King's Theatre. No expense was spared on scenery, decorations, or accessories; and the principal characters were sustained as at Paris. Nourrit sang and performed *Robert* upon the whole well; but his voice is not pleasing to my ear—it is too like a hautboy. Cinti sang as usual, in the princess. De Meric was sufficiently good in *Alice* not to spoil the *ensemble*; but she pronounces French very badly, and, in short, appeared to less advantage than in any character I had before seen her. Lavasseur was highly to be praised, in the demon, who had shared in the weaknesses, and was afflicted with the feelings and sufferings, proper to humanity; a strange creation, well depicted by the master—or, rather, a strange imagination of the monkish ages, admirably bodied forth by the master;—a fallen angel, who had passionately loved a woman, and now adored her mortal offspring; and yet, thus adoring, is labouring to destroy his son, that they may not be separated hereafter, albeit their union must be continued in the midst of torments and hell-fire. Is this natural? is it reconcilable even with that degree of probability demanded on the stage? I should have answered in the negative, were it not that our law, which is the perfection of reason, has more than once declared, in oracular voice, through its chief minister, that some such feelings and designs might be suspected in a human father. Who can deny the wisdom or dispute the judgment of the law, especially when it has been acted on? There is another matter for which we must give Meyerbeer applause. The characters are one and all admirably preserved throughout, although the subject varies with each act. The first act gives us a sort of glance at the *vie privée* of the gentle knights of yore. We find them gambling, drinking, and quarrelling, as became their rank and glory. This act, perhaps, possesses more of originality than any other. It is highly animated and picturesque. There is a fine relish of reckless enjoy-

ment and unbridled excitement in it. The choruses are extremely fine; and the air, *L'or est une chimère*, is written with infinite taste and spirit. The second and fourth act, in which the princess appears, are the worst of the five, but still contain fine music. The whole of the third act is replete with talent: the mixture of the terrible and the grotesque in the *diablerie* is conceived with the mind of a scholar, and executed with the hand of a master. With the magnificent recitative of Bertini, and his soul-breathing air,

“Pour toi qui m'es si cher,”

is intermingled the wild chant of the demons in their sad revelry. The effect is powerful. Great praise, too, must be given to the scene in which *Robert* is tempted to visit the ruined abbey: The air,

“Des chevaliers de ma patrie,
L'honneur fût toujours le soutien,”

is one of the most spirit-stirring ever written. The whole scene in the abbey, likewise, is admirably conceived—the re-animation of the nuns, the seduction of *Robert* by the beauteous abbess, and their return to torment and the grave when their ministry was done. But of this much has been written; and the folly of converting the nuns into dancing girls, and so destroying the illusion of the scene, has been sufficiently inveighed against. I would simply remark how exquisitely Heberlé portrays the departure of animation from the form and limbs that a moment before were instinct with grace and beauty—how she seems sinking to earth through the knight's eager grasp, and melting away, even as he clasps her to his heart, like a snow-wreath.

Enough of this: let me content myself with saying, the whole of the fifth act is grand; and that, with the exception of some little destruction of French words by the German and English chorus-singers, the opera was so represented as scarcely to leave a wish ungratified.

This is the only French opera we have had, and the only one we shall have during the remainder of the season. It is not improbable, too, that we may never again have occasion to speak upon the French opera.

J. J. M.

Since the above was written, Cinti, and her *Jeune Iphigénie*, struck for higher wages!

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE.

No. II.

HURRIED TRIALS.

THE rapid and indecent manner in which the trials are usually conducted at the Old Bailey session-house is a constant theme of censure by those who have ever entered that court. For several sessions I made a calculation of the average time which each trial occupied. I never found it exceed eight and a half minutes, notwithstanding many cases engage the court occasionally a whole day; and in the old court, where most of the capitals are tried, they usually, on the first, second, and third days of the sessions, severally take many hours. The average of eight minutes and a half is made on both the courts, and takes in all the prisoners tried for eight successive sessions. The rapidity with which the trials are despatched throws the prisoners into the utmost confusion. Fifty or sixty of them are kept in readiness in the dock under the court, to be brought up as they may be called for. These men, seeing their fellow-prisoners return tried and found guilty in a minute or two after having been taken up, become so alarmed and nervous, in consequence of losing all prospect of having a patient trial, that in their efforts at the moment to re-arrange their ideas, plan of defence, and put the strongest feature of their cases before the court as speedily as possible, they lose all command over themselves, and are then, to use their own language, taken up to be knocked down, like bullocks, unheard. Full two-thirds of the prisoners, on their return from their trials, cannot tell of any thing which has passed in the court, not even, very frequently, whether they have been tried; and it is not indeed uncommon for a man to come back, after receiving his sentence on the day appointed for that purpose, saying, "It can't be me they mean; I have not been tried yet;" conceiving, from the celerity with which the business was performed, that he had only been up to plead, or see a fresh jury empanelled, for which purpose he had been probably several times called up to the course of one or two days waiting in the dock. With country-men, whose habits are slow, there is sometimes no possibility of persuading them to the contrary. There are, it is true, some of them most wretchedly

stupid; this, however, gives them a greater claim to our consideration; and whatever may be their crimes or condition, it is proper they should be made sensible of their having justice done them on their trials. Under the present system, they never can feel satisfaction on this head. It was a boast at the Old Bailey, that a recent city judge could dispatch 60 or 70 trials a-day; and a lament was made that his successor did not so successfully drive on the business. With the knowledge of these facts, can we wonder that many serious mistakes should occur? The evident anxiety of all the city judges to proceed with indecent and unjudicial haste with the business of the court, makes them frequently petulant at any interruption or impediment to their usual despatch, which manifests itself in much acrimony between themselves and counsel; all of which tends to throw the prisoner off his guard, and prevents him asking questions which might give the whole proceeding a new turn, and which he recollects after he comes out of court. Hence arises all that subsequent explanation and complaint which gentlemen connected with the prison are constrained to endure from the prisoners and their friends, after the trials are over, every session. The judges have an idea that the business of the court could not be got through in any reasonable time, if the trials were not expedited in the way they now are; forgetting that any thing done in a hurry is never done well. The general call for a court of appeal is occasioned by the many errors which emanate from the present system. That such a court has been long needed, is the opinion of many competent to form a sound judgment in these matters; indeed, it is surprising, in these days of legal reform, that such a court has not been long since established. In a case where a few pounds is the question at issue, if the party against whom judgment has been awarded feels himself aggrieved, and thinks he can bring new matter forward to re-establish his case, he may apply to the Court of the King's Bench for a new trial, stating his reasons for making the application. This is but fair, as it gives him the opportunity of repairing any error or lapse which may

have occurred by an oversight of his own, or of his attorney. Not so in cases where a man's *life, liberty*, and consequently all his *property*, are at stake. Here the decision is final, although tried before an inferior court, and although he should be indisputably able to shew his innocence. Let no one say the occurrence of such cases is rare—that there are too many is certain, the truth of which will be but too apparent, when a court for a second hearing is open to the many unfortunates who are now sacrificed to a system which would have disgraced the Scythians in their most barbarous age. It is true a statement may be laid before the secretary of state; but the consideration of it is optional and gratuitous on his part; and there is but a little chance of any petition, or other documents, having attention, unless the same be forwarded through some influential individual, who must in person urge the prayer, and take infinite trouble to press the merits of the case on the attention of the secretary *himself*. Were it, however, otherwise, and every facility afforded to petitioners, and immediate attention given to those who might be thought deserving of it, after all, it is but an extra-judicial proceeding, which at most only restores the party to liberty, without giving him his lost character, or reimbursing any of his losses. That cases of such a nature do frequently occur, is proved by a reference to the secretary of state's office, where it will be seen that very often pardons are granted a few weeks or months after sentence has been passed on prisoners for very heavy offences. I have a long list now before me of these cases, but will only, on this occasion, insert two which came under my own observation, and one of which I got up for the purpose of laying before the secretary of state. In the latter part of the year 1830, a man named Price, who lodged with a lady residing at Fulham, was convicted of robbing her of plate, &c. under rather extraordinary circumstances. He had persuaded the prosecutrix to conceal her property in the garden, under a notion that the house was going to be attacked by burglars; this property was ultimately lost, and it would appear that Price was the thief. The court sentenced him to seven years' transportation. None of the property was ever afterwards found, nor was any article pro-

duced on the trial. A few months after his conviction, the prosecutrix caused a master carpenter residing in the neighbourhood to be apprehended, who was doing some work for her at the time the robbery was said to have been committed. This unfortunate man was put on his trial at the Old Bailey; he had some property, and a most unexceptionable character. He was of a mild and timid nature, and, moreover, very nervous. Such were his feelings when at the bar, that he scarcely heard a word of the evidence which was given against him. When the judge, however, summed up, he observed that much stress appeared to be laid on the circumstance of his having brought a key to the prosecutrix's house—the morning the plate was supposed to have been lost. As this related to a fact he could in an instant explain, he was roused, and made an effort to call the attention of the judge; but being rather roughly and peremptorily commanded to be silent, it had such an effect on him that he neither saw nor heard any thing afterwards. He was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. He was, however, retained in Newgate, in consequence of the interference of some friends, and the clergyman, in conjunction with some gentlemen of influence in the parish, subsequently taking up his case: his innocence was made manifest, and in a few months after his conviction, a pardon obtained for him. This person has a young family, and other strong inducements to remain where he has acquired some little property, and has a house of his own to dwell in. Still, the circumstance of his conviction remains a stain on himself, and may be a reproach on his children. These considerations make him contemplate emigration to America. The other was the case of a young man of a good character, the son of a respectable tradesman (a bookbinder) with a large grown-up family, whose distress at the circumstance I am about to relate was of the most poignant nature. He was tried and convicted of stealing a trunk containing linen, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. In this case the judge and counsel (Mr. Clarkson) had some high words, which appeared to irritate the former, and it is thought he laboured hard for a conviction. All who have been much at the Old Bailey Court

must have observed, when any dispute arises between a counsel for the prisoner and a presiding judge, how fatal it generally is to the prisoner, whatever may, in the progress of the trial, come out in his favour. Is this the result of long practice in that court, which hardens all within, and makes them self-willed and impatient of restraint? It appeared that the prisoner went into a place of convenience, situated in a public court, whither he was driven by a call of nature. In this place the empty trunk was found; and a girl, the daughter of the prosecutrix, deposed to having seen somebody like the prisoner go down the court with a trunk on his shoulders. He was apprehended two days after this circumstance; and the additional evidence of two policemen being procured, occasioned his conviction. Subsequently it was discovered that the policemen themselves stole the linen, and buried it in a garden, where it was afterwards found by another officer, who heard them give orders regarding it. The two officers who gave their testimony against the young man were shortly afterwards both convicted of compounding a felony, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment each in the house of correction, where they now are undergoing their merited punishment.

These facts were laid before the secretary of state, of which not the slightest notice was taken for six months. At length, a gentleman confined in Newgate for a libel, feeling very much for the young man's wrongs, wrote to the secretary, and received a reply from Mr. Philipps, the under-secretary, saying, it should be taken into consideration; on the receipt of which, this gentleman, who was very indignant at the treatment the young man received, wrote another spirited letter, saying the case needed not a moment's "consideration," as it only required a glance at the documents to see the accused was an innocent man. Two days afterwards his pardon was sent to the prison, and he obtained his liberty. In

both these cases it is evident, if no person unconnected with the prisoners had interfered, they never would have been noticed by the secretary, or those who act under him; and when it is considered how much this office is crowded with applications of a like nature, the majority of which are made up of false statements, it cannot be expected that a *bona fide* case of innocence should very readily be distinguished from the others. Indeed, there is no chance for the innocent, unless some influential person steps forward to drag it out from the mass, and represent the case to the proper authorities; and even then the chances are very much against the petitioning party obtaining justice. Does not this state of things call loudly for the institution of a court of appeal, to which the prisoner might have a right of applying for a rehearing of his case founded on affidavits, shewing some just and reasonable cause for the same? Such a court, beside the satisfaction it would afford the public that no innocent man could well suffer the penalties and opprobrium of guilt, would operate as a check to the courts below, and deprive the guilty of an excuse of declaring their innocence, to the no small annoyance of the sheriffs, and other authorities, in their visits to the prison, and to the great detriment and hindrance of justice to those who are really not guilty, most of whom are now lost, being included with the impostors and pretenders to innocence, the number of which is very great every session; and this makes the really innocent man's case so much more difficult, as the gentlemen who visit the prison and interest themselves for individuals so frequently find themselves imposed upon. In their desire to do all the good they can, they are occasioned so much unnecessary trouble by parties who, after all their labours, they find to be worthless: they at length give it up, and to justify themselves to their own feelings, persuade each other that no innocence is ever placed in the situation of guilt.*

* So many cases of real or apparent error do occur, that the visiting aldermen, sheriffs, and gentlemen engaged more immediately in the management of the prison, are placed in a most painful situation, and it is sometimes very amusing to observe how they all endeavour to persuade each other to take up cases of hardship, and to remove from their own shoulders the trouble and difficulty they know will be brought on themselves in any one case. It is not long since, I heard one alderman say to another, and a party of gentlemen who were with him, aloud, so as to be heard by all the prisoners in the yard where they at the time were standing; "There stands a

If they had heard as many confessions as I have, of the part many of the prisoners have taken in affixing guilt on innocent persons before they were themselves found guilty, they would take a different view of the matter. The motives which have actuated men in these instances, and the means they have taken to accomplish their object, are often of a very ingenious and extraordinary nature, which form rare examples of the combination of talent and depravity. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that there are among rogues a set of designers in the art of committing crime, i.e. men who plan and contrive the various modes of robbery. Amongst these, he who can attach to his scheme a method of putting the robbed on a wrong scent is esteemed the best general; and I have known many cases wherein for this purpose they have sacrificed their old companions, after having disagreed and broken partnership. So sensible of this danger are they after parting acquaintance, that nothing gives them greater pleasure than to hear of their *ci-devant* friends being hanged or transported. Independently of all other chances by which an innocent person may possibly be placed in a situation of guilt, it not unfrequently happens that low attorneys, and sham ones, undertake the defence of a prisoner, and after obtaining all the money they can from them, abandon their cases altogether. I have known many instances of this kind, and of several individuals who have been under prosecution for the offence, and who have been convicted and punished. But I never knew of any case in which a prisoner so treated could obtain redress for himself, although, under these circumstances, he ought still to be considered innocent, as the rule *audi alteram partem* has not been adhered to. Who can say what effect a prisoner's defence might have had with the jury, and of which he was deprived by the commission of a greater felony, perhaps, than that for which he was called on to make his own?

Another practice these attorneys have. After taking all the money they can obtain from the prisoner by persuading him his case is a good one,

they then do nothing but attend when he is at the bar, or just before he goes up, when they make a communication to the prisoner, that "they have just left counsel, with whom they have had a long consultation, who advises, under all the circumstances, that nothing shall be said in court." Then, after recommending patience and quiescence, they leave the man to his fate.

As every man, by the humane spirit of our laws, is considered innocent until found guilty by a jury of his country, after having had a fair chance of defending himself, it is natural that each prisoner should be desirous of availing himself of this privilege; and it is the duty of the court, to see that such regulations are established as will secure to the prisoner this advantage. However the feelings of the public in general may be prejudiced against all who appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, every one who advocates true and sound principles of justice and humanity, must feel anxious that this last favour should be secured to them. The attention of the aldermen on this point in their visits to the prison, shew they have a just estimate of its importance. When any case of interest occurs, they, or the sheriffs, will order a supply of cash from some available fund to the accused, if the party have no means of procuring legal advice for his defence. These cases, however, are but rare, and no attention or assistance of theirs can bring any good to the body of prisoners, unless the system be altered. If the prisoners be considered, and I hold they ought, in any arrangement made for conducting the trials, not only that the innocent may have the fairest opportunity of making the same manifest, but that there should be no possible excuse left for the guilty to assert their innocence after conviction—a very material change must take place. Counsel must be restrained from taking briefs unless they can attend to them. Let a stranger go into Newgate a few days after the close of a session, and ask any of the prisoners what are their cases? I will undertake one half will tell him they are innocent, and say they should have been acquitted if the counsel who had their briefs had not been in the other

young man (pointing to a prisoner) who has been three years in Newgate, and whom I know to be as innocent of the crime for which he is suffering as I am myself, yet I cannot succeed in obtaining his pardon. Keep up your spirits, young man!"

court at the time of their trials, and that they were in consequence left without a defence. Now, this is true with a very large portion of them every session; others are glad of this, or any other opportunity, on which to frame a declaration of innocence. Nothing can be more unfair than that counsel should be allowed to take briefs with fees and neglect them. I have often sent to remonstrate on the subject; the answer always was, "I cannot help it, I can't divide myself, I was on a trial in the other court; if I had been gifted with ubiquity I should have been there." I have written twenty briefs on the first day of session for prisoners, and sent fees of one, two, or three guineas with each, which were taken, and have had twelve of the twenty neglected, because the counsel who had them was engaged the whole day on a trial in the other court, in which he probably had a fee of ten guineas or more. Only consider the ignorance of the prisoners in general, and the difficulty they often have to obtain the money for their defences, the bad being often sold from under their wives and children for that purpose, and the reliance they are obliged to place on the counsel in asking any material question to prove their innocence, from an inability to speak for themselves. After such a consideration, will any one say they are not entitled to protection against this practice of the counsel? In a court of civil law, the absence of counsel and brief would occasion the trial to be put off, or entitle the party, on motion, to a new trial. Many of the prisoners, too, are so stupid that they take the judge for the counsel, and *vice versa*, and would be put on their trials without even apprising the court, after having employed a counsel, that they were so prepared, did not Mr. Wontner make it generally a rule to ask the question as they are brought up, whether they have employed counsel? And be it understood, that these ignorant men are the very persons who, being innocent, are most frequently placed in a situation of guilt. I have a long list of petty cases of committals to Newgate, with which the court has been troubled for these last three years, many of them truly ridiculous, and disgraceful to the magistrates who have been the cause of their going to the Old Bailey for trial. Take the first on the list as a sample:—A carter at Tot-

tenham, who, most market-days, came to Smithfield with his master's hay, bought himself a new whip at a shop near Long Lane, which he, a few days afterwards lost, having an older one left at the stables in London in lieu of it. As he had marked his whip, and had had a new piece of brass put round it to strengthen it, he was constantly looking out amongst his fellow-carters for it, and at length discovered it in the hands of an acquaintance, who drove a team on the same road. He instantly demanded it, but his right to it was denied, and from time to time many altercations took place between them as they met at market or on the road. At length he saw it lying under the man's cart in Smithfield; thinking it a fair opportunity to recover his loss, he took it, and left his own in its place. The other man judging who had it, came in the evening to a public-house in Tottenham, and claimed it; for several evenings this squabble regarding the whip was continued, to terminate which the man in possession of it proposed going to a magistrate in the neighbourhood the following evening, and submitting the matter to him for decision. They both did so voluntarily, being much heated with the many disputes regarding the ownership of the whip. The magistrate being unable to make anything of the dispute, asked the recent possessor of the whip, if he would swear it was his property? He said he would, and was immediately sworn. "Then," said the magistrate, "the other has committed a felony, and it is my duty to send him to Newgate for trial:" although the man offered the next day to produce the maker of the whip, from near Long Lane, to prove it his. His mittimus was forthwith made out, and the man being placed in a cart was sent ten miles to prison, leaving a young wife and two infants distracted at home, whose appearance at Newgate the following morning, being that of a maniac, excited the sympathy of all about her. A more honest and affectionate pair of rustics I never saw. I was consulted regarding his defence, but so agitated and affected were both husband and wife, that in three days, during intervals, I could not make any thing of the story, for, whenever the man began to relate the particulars, his mind wandered so much that I began to fear for his intellects, and as the session was

very near at hand there was no time to be lost. At last, I thought of the other man; of whom the magistrate had so speedily made a prosecutor, and sent a messenger to him. Whether the conduct of the magistrate had disgusted this man, or his feelings of irritation being now subsided had rendered his powers of vision more clear, I know not; but when the messenger reached him, he was beginning to doubt if the whip was his, or whether it was the property of the prisoner, whom the next day he visited in prison, obtaining admittance as his brother. He put me in possession of all the particulars of the case, and I made out a brief. In my first conversation with the prisoner and his wife, when asked what I thought of their case, I had said, that, "from the nature of the court, no man once committed was safe, although innocent, without great exertion to prove the same." In saying this I was justified, from what I have seen of the proceedings of this court, as well as from a desire of stimulating them to take such steps as might ensure the prisoner an acquittal. After I had seen the prosecutor, I was satisfied no bill could be found; I then gave them the brief, at their request, to amuse themselves with. Subsequently I learnt, after the bill was ignored, that this affectionate woman, as soon as she got the brief, went home and sold every article of furniture they possessed in the cottage, amounting to 3*l.* 5*s.*, which she carried to a counsel, with the brief, in a strong feeling of resolution that her partner should not be lost for want of any sacrifice on her part. No one can defend the magistrate who committed this man; I have avoided the insertion of his name—the mention of the place, should he see this, will perhaps call it to his recollection. I conclude this case by saying, I never wished him any other punishment for his thoughtlessness than for a time to have witnessed the scene as I did. If he has common feelings of humanity it would have been chastisement enough. Every session our calendar of crimes is swelled with many cases similar to the one here related. This inconsiderateness of magistrates out of London produces much injustice, as the judges at the Old Bailey, when they obtain a conviction under cases of this nature, generally pass a sentence of transportation, having a notion that the prisoner

must be a known bad character in the neighbourhood from whence he came, or the magistrate would not, for such a trifling offence, have committed him. Thus, as the offence is minimised the judge maximises the punishment, thinking he is doing the country a service in disposing of so desperate a character, without any evidence, that the man was ever accused of crime before. I will add another recent case, which, although not in the list, now occurs to me. A man of heretofore good character, who kept a beer-shop at Teddington, was committed on a charge of stealing some potatoes last year. This case arose out of a dispute of ownership, and ought not to have been sent to the Old Bailey at all. For want of proper management at his trial, he was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' transportation. When this heavy sentence fell on him, his astonished neighbours began to make inquiry into the merits of the case, and soon satisfied themselves of the man's innocence. I wrote to a gentleman of consequence, and possessed of some influence in the neighbourhood, who, after convincing himself of the true merits of the case, obtained a pardon for him. He is carrying on his business as before. That the judges act under a false impression in petty country cases, I have ascertained from an unerring source many times during my stay in that place. Often when I have been relating a case to the aldermen, one would say, "Is it not a shame to commit under such circumstances?" And another would reply, "No doubt the magistrate had his private reasons for so doing." With very few exceptions, the sentences in all these cases were transportation, which can only be accounted for by the before-named notion imbibed, *a priori*, by the judges. Who that contrasts these cases with others wherein old offenders are let off with a few months imprisonment, will not say "something is rotten in the state of Denmark:" to place this beyond dispute, I will add two cases of an opposite nature. In July session 1831, William Baxter, an old and known transport, was tried for not a light offence, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in Newgate, where he was employed at his trade (a carpenter), at one shilling a day, and the usual allowance of food. Another young man, who had been four times in Newgate, and the last

time for picking a pocket of a handkerchief, was, in September session 1829, sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. Cases of this nature on both sides of the question, as before said, might be cited *ad infinitum*. I will add one more, that of a child committed to Newgate, as illustrative of magisterial carelessness. A baker, residing at Ealing, missed his watch, and was unable in any way to account for the loss of it. Two or three days subsequently a little boy, only five and a half years old, was seen in the road with it in his hand, shewing it to every one he met, saying, "Look what I have got; I shall give it to my mother." An officer hearing of the circumstance took the child and watch before the magistrate, who questioned him regarding his possession of it. The little fellow told him he had just before given another boy, whom he met on the common while at play, three marbles and two apples for it. The officer was sent with the child to the common to seek the other boy, but he was not to be found, and the child did not know his name, for which he was committed to Newgate, to be placed at the bar of the Old Bailey. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the appearance of this child in court. There was the clerk reading over the indictment to this little urchin, whose chin did not reach the bar, concluding with, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" the judge, essaying an air of extraordinary gravity upon the occasion, shaking his head most portentously at the little boy, because he would call out, "Not guilty, my lord."

There was the minister of the parish, who had come up to town on the occasion, besides his mother, and other friends, together with the governor, all engaged in persuading this little fellow to plead guilty. In vain did they promise his mother would take him home, and that he should have a tart, if he would pronounce the word "guilty," without the addition of "not." But "not guilty, my lord," was all they could get from him. The fact is, they were ashamed of the farce of trying such an infant, and had arranged for him to pronounce the word guilty, then to respite the judgment, and immediately send him home, with his mother. But the boys with whom he

had been during his stay in prison, had so drilled him in what he was to say when he came before the judge, telling him, if he said "guilty," he would be hanged, that no power could induce him to say otherwise. The acting of this farce concluded by a jury pronouncing him not guilty, after all the gravest heads in the court had concerted a record of guilty. Magistrates generally are too hasty in committing prisoners on charges they must know cannot be substantiated on trial, and thus unnecessarily increase the business of the court, and enlarge our list of criminals. It is worthy of remark, that a fewer number of these cases come from the Mansion-House than from any other office, where a competent law-officer is always in attendance to assist the presiding magistrate. Of this the judges at the Old Bailey seem not to be aware, as they always manifest a prejudice, not observable in other judges, against the prisoner, which, however they may feel, it is not politic or judicious to exhibit; and it has often been remarked to me, that, in every case wherein the greatest efforts have been made to defend a prisoner, by which they have been occasioned additional trouble, the sentences have been more severe. (It may be in a case of guilt, that when a strong defence is made, the full investigation of it may shew the prisoner's turpitude in stronger colours, and thus produce this effect.) I say it has often been remarked to me, and is a common notion with many observing men, which lessens the respect in which the court ought to be held. It is easy to imagine that many years sitting on that bench must have a tendency to make a judge believe all the world are rogues; but they should never forget the responsibility attached to their situations, and if the heart should become seared by habit, "assume a virtue if they have it not." That the court has lost its dignity, and public respect has been lessened for it within these few years, I have the opinion of some of the first city authorities for saying. Nothing but a court of appeal can operate as a check upon the carelessness of all now connected in the administration of our criminal laws. A court of this kind would have a sensible effect on all, from the judge on the bench to the common thief-taker. In London many wicked schemes are got up for sinister

purposes against parties, by others more wicked than themselves, for the purpose of procuring convictions of felony. All know, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if a man is once convicted, that the parties are secure from prosecution however it may have been accomplished. Another argument in favour of the institution of a court of appeal is, that from the now hurried manner in which the trials are conducted, witnesses unused to appear in public, and of obtuse intellects, often make mistakes, which they afterwards are anxious, if the opportunity were afforded, to correct, and which correction would put the prisoner's case in a new light. As cases perhaps illustrate these opinions better than many words, I will give one which occurred recently, though I beg it to be understood that none of these opinions rest on fewer than a dozen cases, to support each head, and which have all occurred in my own experience. In September session last, a middle-aged man was indicted by his master for embezzling 2s. 3d., the value of some hay sold on his master's account. A few days before he was charged with this offence, he had left his master's service. He was discharged on a Saturday evening, after settling accounts for the week's takings, in accordance with their usual practice. There was no complaint against the man; his master wanted employ for him, and told him he would give him a good character. It happened that the master had the same day a cask of contraband spirits brought to his house, which was seized by the excise officers in the evening. This the master attributed to information given by the prisoner, and in temper caused him to be apprehended for the said embezzlement of 2s. 3d. The man's only defence was, that he had told him of it at the time of settlement, and desired him to deduct it with the other sums received from his wages; to prove which he called a man who was present at the time. The counsel for the prosecution so confused this man that he contradicted himself in a most extraordinary manner, until the judge committed him for prevarication. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction. Two days after his trial, a respectable person, who heard of the matter, came to the prison voluntarily, and offered to make oath that he was standing

the shop at the time, and heard the man say, "Master, did you take the 2s. 3d. for the hay sold to Mr. —?" The other man, when he recovered his self-possession, still said he would affirm the same on oath. This man had a large family, who all went to the workhouse. If there had been an appeal court open to him, there can be but little doubt his sentence would have been reversed. In this case no one can be blamed; perhaps the prosecutor was minus the 2s. 3d., but the man did not intend to rob him of it. Numerous similar cases spring out of the movements in society, which cannot be imagined, and are only to be known by experience among the parties where they occur. It may be said, that all convicts would avail themselves of this privilege, and that the court of appeal would have as much to do as the Old Bailey court itself. Rules, however, might, without much difficulty, be laid down, to preclude all cases except those of probable error, and insure at the same time to the injured a fair chance of redress. A pardon from his most gracious Majesty sets the prisoner free, it is true, but it does not restore to him his good name, or compensate him for losses occasioned by a false conviction. A court of appeal would do both, if the party deserved it. Those connected with the management of Newgate, if examined, will tell you all are guilty, and that they never meet with any who are convicted guiltless. This is with them the language of habit; they consider it their duty never to entertain the possibility of such cases occurring. "We," they say, "are bound to look on you as guilty now a jury of your country hath so declared you." This is said to put the best face on the many cases they cannot help, in spite of all their prejudice, to look on as innocent ones. Besides, they are bound by their office to support the authorities under whom they hold their situations. Yet, notwithstanding, the gentlemen here alluded to are daily under the necessity of attending to cases which, from their very nature, demand their consideration and assistance. If they are sincere in their declaration, how is it that not a session passes without their interfering in several cases to obtain pardons? Is this done to make a display of consequence, or power, and to become important with these unfortu-

nates! There is a secret pleasure, no doubt, in the exercise of power, grateful to the feelings of all in office, but I am inclined, from the knowledge I have of these gentlemen, to give them credit for a higher and more noble motive in all cases wherein they interpose after conviction, viz. a laudable desire to save the innocent from an unmerited punishment. Of the necessity for an appeal court, there needs no better testimony than to have a return made of all the cases in which these gentlemen have used their good offices; no oral evidence could be half so applicable to the purpose—actions speak louder than words. Independently of cases in which individuals quite pure and untainted with crime do occasionally come under a sentence of the court, there are a much larger proportion of regular thieves convicted of crimes they did not commit. This I never looked upon as so great an evil, considering their characters were known to the court; and which being thrown into the scale, it is not to be wondered, that in any doubtful case the jury should find them guilty. To those unacquainted with these matters it may appear surprising that any should be found guilty, being innocent of the crimes with which they were charged. It has, however, happened in many cases. For instance, I have often been employed to defend a man under one, two, or more indictments, in one of which he was guilty and in another innocent. As might be expected, he would naturally direct my attention to the guilty case, saying he did not fear the other, feeling a security in his own innocence under that particular charge. Yet it not unfrequently occurred, in my experience, that the prisoner would be acquitted on the real case of guilt, and be found guilty on the other. Hence arises a common saying among them when, in their conversations in prison, one declares his innocence: "Then you are a sure condemned man; now, I am guilty, and make sure of being acquitted." I had one remarkable instance of this. The father of a young man employed me to defend his son, charged with attempting to steal from a shop in Bishopsgate-street a piece of silk, in which two others were implicated. They all three narrowly escaped apprehension at the time the robbery was attempted, and only got off by dropping the silk in

the street, which was picked up by two of the shopmen who were close at their heels, attended by a police-officer, to whom they were all three known; conscious of this, they did not go out for some time, for fear of being recognised. At length another companion of theirs got into the watch-house, being charged with stealing a bundle of silk handkerchiefs from a female in Shoreditch, when two of them ventured to go to him, for the purpose of giving him money for his defence; when they were there, the policeman recognised them as the parties who had run off with the silk in Bishopsgate-street, and locked them up in the same place with the one who had stolen the handkerchiefs. These men are, in the greatest extremity, capable of astonishing acts of heroic generosity towards each other. On this occasion, the two men who stole the silk, conceiving themselves certain of transportation, became only anxious to save their friend, who was charged with a crime unconnected with their case. As one of them was about the same age and figure, it was proposed that they should exchange dresses, so as to deceive the prosecutrix, who was expected every hour to prefer her charge before the magistrate, and induce her to mistake the one for the other. This ruse succeeded; for no sooner were they placed at the bar, than she swore to the one who had the other's clothes on, as being the thief who stole her handkerchiefs. He was in consequence committed on two indictments; one for the silk and the other for the handkerchiefs, whilst the real culprit who had stolen the handkerchiefs was discharged. I could not persuade the father to take the proper means to prove his son's innocence on the latter charge, he saying, "It was impossible for a jury to find him guilty; he (his son) being at the time the robbery was committed at home with the family, and other witnesses, at breakfast." Both were, however, acquitted for the silk; but my client was again put on his trial for the handkerchiefs, and found guilty; receiving a sentence of transportation for seven years for an offence he certainly did not commit. I subsequently prepared five affidavits, tending to prove an *alibi*, which would have been laid before the secretary of state, but the lord mayor, and several other magis-

trates, refused to allow them to be sworn, as being extra-judicial. By the way, I have known many very distressing cases of injury to parties arise, and many flagrant instances of perjury go unknown and unpunished, out of this difficulty thus thrown in the way of ignorant and poor persons, to whom every facility ought to be afforded of proving their statement; particularly as any petition laid before the secretary of state is disregarded *in toto*, unless well supported by affidavits. I would not be understood to throw any blame on the court, in the instance wherein the habitual rogue comes under the judgment of the court, when not guilty of the particular charge for which he receives sentence; as it rests generally with the police-officers, who will go very great lengths, in giving their evidence, to accomplish a conviction, when they have a known character before the court; though it cannot be excused for the very censurable manner in which the trials are conducted, and the great want of discrimination shewn throughout their proceedings. 1st. The shameful manner in which the trials are hurried over, which often favours the escape of the most desperate characters. I remember making a brief for a young man guilty of a heavy offence, which he acknowledged. By the irregularity so frequently observable in bringing prisoners up to their trials, this culprit was, three days after being called up to the court, waiting to be put on his defence, during which time he was called into court six times, for the purpose of being present when fresh juries were empannelled; and each time he told me, on his return into the prison, that he saw his prosecutor in the gallery of the court; a proof there was no wish on his part to neglect his duty in appearing against the prisoner; yet, when at length he was called to the bar, no prosecutor appeared, his patience having, in all probability, been exhausted by the length of time he had been so unwarrantably detained from his business. This occasioned the discharge of the offender, who went again into the

world to commit crime, and, by rehearsing this tale to his associates, add another feather to the wings of their hopes of plundering the public with impunity. 2dly. The many obstacles the friends of the prisoners have to encounter in making a defence for them, which is occasioned by the uncertainty when they will be put on their trials, making them unwilling to trouble their witnesses, who must attend for eight or nine successive days, for fear of losing the benefit of their evidence altogether; to which may be added the difficulty of getting witnesses into court when the trials are called on. I know one case of this kind, which can, if necessary, be attested on oath, as I have seen the parties within these few weeks, who are willing to make affidavits of the facts, and submit themselves to any examination, although the affair occurred three years since. They attended with the father of a young man who was at the time on his trial for a robbery, to prove an *alibi*, but were refused admittance by the door-keeper, although he was told their business, and that the young man on whose behalf they came was then on his trial. The particulars of this fact are known to several of the aldermen, who have, in my hearing, condemned the conduct of the man attending the door in no measured terms; still no steps are taken to remedy this evil. In consequence of the absence of these witnesses the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to death. The story was told to two of the aldermen, who subsequently made a very minute inquiry into the case, and took the affidavits necessary to prove the prisoner's innocence. They ultimately expressed their unqualified opinion that he was condemned unjustly; but were unable to procure a pardon for him, although they made repeated applications to Sir Robert Peel for that purpose. I will state the reason of his refusing to comply with the request of these gentlemen, so urgently made, as expressed to one of the aldermen, who told me of it. No circumstance can better shew how ignorance places the inno-

* Since writing the above, measures have been adopted for the better regulation of presentments before the grand jury, by which much time and trouble will be spared both to the prosecutors and witnesses in their attendance to procure bills; but the business at the Old Bailey, it seems, is for the present to remain in the same state of confusion.

cent in a situation of the guilty. "All you say, gentlemen (said Sir Robert Peel), you may believe, but I have a petition from the prisoner, wherein he acknowledges his guilt. I must therefore decline interfering in the case; he, however, shall not suffer the severest penalty of the law." If Sir Robert Peel had known there are a set of men in Newgate, who, because they can write, think themselves qualified to draw up petitions: and that they do this all of one pattern, in which they never fail to insert that it is the petitioner's *first offence*, he would not have been so obdurate. One of these, containing this sentence, was presented at the secretary's office by the young man's father, signed indeed by his son, but which was never read to him; he being at the time in a state of bodily and mental debility which rendered him quite unconscious of any effect the wording of the petition was calculated to produce, even if it had been read to him.

Through the influence of the aldermen, the young man was, after his respite, detained in Newgate, in the hope of something at a future time being done for his liberation. Within these three months the prosecutor has signed a declaration, to which I am a subscribing witness, that the prisoner is not the man who robbed his house; and that he has subsequently discovered the man who did break into the premises. This, with the affidavits of the three persons who were shut out of court, are now before the secretary, and there is every prospect of a pardon soon restoring him to liberty. The opinion of one of the aldermen, who was on the bench at the time, regarding this trial, ought generally to be known; it was expressed to me not many weeks since. I must, however, for the present suppress the particulars for certain reasons; suffice it to say, that although a capital case, it was not tried by one of the judges of the superior courts. This case has been warmly taken up and laid before the secretary of state, by the present sheriffs.

Much of the present confusion in respect to the uncertainty the prisoners are kept in when they may expect to be called for trial, would be obviated by the clerk of the arraigns putting the names down on the list in the order they are found by the grand jury, or by

his adopting any fixed plan most convenient to himself. Up to the present time, all this part of the business has been done without system or order. The intense anxiety the prisoners feel to prepare themselves and friends for the expected hour, throws them into a great state of perturbation throughout the session, being fully sensible their witnesses cannot afford to be in attendance for eight or nine days together; yet in no case can they form any opinion when they will be called for trial. On the day preceding the commencement of the session, the governor of the prison, or some person for him, goes round to the different yards, and apprises them that the session will commence on the morrow, and warns them against being unprepared. This rather adds to their anxiety. All are in expectation of being called, and off they send letters to summon their friends, who, after waiting for several days, go away in despair of being able to serve them. A man from Enfield, ten miles from town, whom I defended, was found guilty, and heavily sentenced, for an offence which, it is my firm belief, he did not commit; it being a vindictive and malicious prosecution, which would have been satisfactorily laid before the court had he been tried on any one of the first five days of the session, or could I have ascertained at any time within a few days when he would be called up. He had four witnesses waiting for the five days to rebut the evidence of the prosecutor, on whose unsupported testimony he was convicted; but their poverty, not their wills, drove them home, leaving the prisoner exposed to the statement of a vindictive, interested, and ignorant prosecutor, who was paid every day for his attendance. A man named Price, who was tried for stealing 40 lbs. of butter last September session, I defended. He was called up six successive days, and was the last prisoner but one or two who was tried. When he was sentenced to six months in the house of correction, Sergeant Arabin told him, but for the testimony of one gentleman, who gave him a good character, he had intended to transport him. This gentleman had ridden from the country a distance of fifteen miles that morning, for the purpose of giving his testimony, after having been, with three others, in attendance every day throughout the week. He came into court just at the crisis the prisoner was

about to be removed from the bar. We have here the judge's own declaration, that this witness produced a difference in the prisoner's sentence of six years and six months, supposing he was only to have been transported for seven years. What, then, might have been the effect if all the witnesses in his favour had been heard, and of which he was deprived by the want of system in this court? Even this witness would have been absent but for having a horse to convey him, as all the other witnesses were prevented reaching the court, by the coaches from the place where they resided being previously engaged; on so slender a thread do they allow, by their want of management, the fate of men to hang. It is needless to illustrate this defect by other cases: these will serve to shew that, when the name is on the list placed at the door of the court, and the prisoner is called, there is no certainty of his trial coming on in due course. I have known witnesses kept in waiting for days, in a case which stood next in order for trial on the list at the close of a day's business, whilst other names, both below and above, were called and disposed of. And I have known prisoners come in during the session at eleven o'clock one evening, and be called for trial at nine the next morning, there being at the time more than half the prisoners in the place untried, many of whom had been committed weeks before, and consequently ought to be better prepared to enter on their defence.

A case of this nature happened in 1829, when a very gentlemanly man was accused of attending at the courts of law, and other public places of resort, for the purpose of exchanging old hats and umbrellas for new ones. He was, however, acquitted. His apprehension, magisterial examination, commitment, trial, and discharge did not occupy a space of time more than sixteen hours, although a night intervened, and this occurred not on the last day of the session, but in the middle of it, when there could be no excuse for proceeding so irregularly.

According to a regulation in the prison, it is expected every night during session that the names down on the list for trial next day should be called out in the several yards. This is not notice enough, as the prisoner may, by the time the prison doors are opened for him to send to his friends the next

morning, be placed at the bar for trial. This duty is, however, so ill done, that it would be better discontinued, as it rather perplexes all parties than otherwise. The practice is to send a man round to the several yards about eleven o'clock at night, when all are in bed, and most of the prisoners asleep, to call out the names of those wanted for trial the next day. The reason this is not done at an earlier hour is, that the clerk of the arraigns waits until the business of the day at the court is concluded before he makes out a list for the following day. This calling out of the names, on the face of it, appears to be a very proper regulation, and fair towards the prisoner; but it is a delusion. The inutility of it may be easily conceived, when it is stated, that the man, oftentimes as late as twelve o'clock at night, hastily calls over a string of names, such as Smith, Jones, Thomson, &c. Every session there are probably twenty of the same name, as those who adopt one for the prison generally select a common one, for obvious reasons. One session I made briefs for six John Jones's, and in the prison there were at that time fifteen whose Christian and surnames were the same. What makes the matter still worse is, that this duty is performed by a prisoner who is employed as a wardman. This person will often suppress a name, that the man may be taken by surprise, and called unprepared for his trial. He will do this to revenge himself for some pique he has against a prisoner; such as not submitting to certain impositions this person, in his capacity as wardman, exacts. Or the prisoner may have thought it prudent to employ another to write his brief for him; an offence this important personage never can forgive, and which he never fails to visit with every species of annoyance, among which, though the last he can exercise, not the least in its effect on the devoted prisoner, is that of making him stand his trial at a short notice. From this cause, and a total want of system in arranging the prisoners during the session, the prison is in a complete state of confusion the whole time, occasioned by calling up prisoners whose names were not previously called, or down on the list; sending others back who have been called by mistake; that "He is the wrong Jones," &c. All this is unfair towards the prisoner, as the court, knowing nothing of the causes which

may leave them without a friend to assist them in their defences, cannot make any allowances, or give them credit, for characters which are not before the court. Nothing can be more easy than to remove these just causes of complaint. It only requires the serious attention of those who have the power to remedy these things. There should be an intelligent and active officer appointed to be in the interior of the prison, whose duty it should be to make himself acquainted with every prisoner's name and person, as also the offence with which he is charged. This person, during session, should be wholly employed in arranging the prisoners for trial, in conformity to a regular system, which should be laid down by the court, and which in no instance should be departed from. He should be held responsible that each prisoner was brought up in order, and had due notice of the same. It is now left to the turnkeys, under the direction of the before-named prisoner, who are in nowise competent to the duty, and who, indeed, have quite enough to do in attending at their respective stations, and securing the passes of communication throughout the prison. A responsible man so employed would really be a great boon to the prisoners as well as to the turnkeys, who now think of nothing but getting the prisoner up, and placing him at the bar, whether he has had notice or otherwise. All their anxiety is to exculpate themselves from neglect. In several instances, when the witnesses have been sent away, and the prisoner been suddenly called up, I have written a note, praying for time, addressed to the judge, for the prisoner to hand up in court; but the turnkeys who accompanied them always contrived to get possession of it, and prevent its being delivered. Under the present system complaint is useless, as these men manage to throw the blame from their own shoulders, by supporting each other through all lapses of duty. This is natural enough; the fault is not with them, who, as turnkeys are generally very fit men, but in the system, or rather the want of it. I remember an instance of a man who was detained two days after his acquittal at the bar, and which was after the grand jury had broken up. This man was twice placed at the bar in the course of two days, and an indictment read over to him each time, charging him with stealing a £1000. note or bill of exchange. At length

they discovered it was another man in the prison of the same name. Errors of this nature are very common, which could not well occur if an officer such as I have named were appointed. That it should not be better ordered is surprising, as there is no want of disposition shewn in other matters to accommodate every one in any way consistent with the painful duty they have to perform. But the general want of arrangement mars every good intention. Promises are daily made which can never be performed; cases are commiserated, which gives injured individuals a hope they may yet have justice, but which are deferred until the heart is made sick with disappointment. The reverend ordinary is conspicuously active, and ever shews a disposition to do his duty to the uttermost. He may be seen every day going over the prison, anxious to advise, assist, and hear the complaints of the prisoners; admonishing some, soothing the distress of others, and in every way furthering the ends of justice and the well-regulation of the prison. But the precarious services of individuals, without an alteration of system, can effect but little, however we may be disposed to laud their exertions.

The want of an officer to take cognizance of the prisoners, as before named, during session, is much felt. If such an one were appointed, he might very usefully be employed, in the intervals between the sessions, in receiving the prisoners as they are brought to the prison, and assigning them wards, and classifying them in the best way the construction of the place will admit of. A receiving ward is also much needed, where the prisoners should be examined previously to their being placed in other wards, and, if necessary, put into a proper state of cleanliness before they are allowed to join the other prisoners. They now undergo no scrutiny, and much inconvenience results from it. The prisoners are constrained to make a complaint to the turnkeys when they have a man in a dirty state: after the lapse of days perhaps he may be removed into the infirmary to be rendered clean, an operation which would be more advantageously and usefully performed when he first came into their hands. Another serious inconvenience is felt in the internal arrangement of the prison, for want of a proper place for prisoners who are afflicted with chronic or acute insanity.

Sometimes there are half a dozen persons confined who are confirmed lunatics, and who have been acquitted of crime on those grounds. These the governor has no means of disposing of but by placing them in the several wards among the other prisoners, who are awaiting their trials. The consequence is; these wretched men's failings are made the sport of all the other prisoners; their minds are kept in a constant state of irritation; every sort of trick to tantalise them is played off, for the amusement of the most brutal and ignorant of beings. This occasions their being removed from ward to ward, which keeps up a constant confusion in the prison, until their exacerbation forces the necessity of their being removed to Bedlam. The only place the governor of the prison could put them in, away from the other prisoners, is the infirmary; and this, as an asylum, is the least fitted of all for them, there being no separate ward from the sick in which they can be secured and provided for: consequently, they must live and sleep in the same wards where there are patients in the first and last stages of fever, and where there can be no control over them. One of these men, who was removed about nine months since to a proper house of reception, after having been in Newgate twelve months, occasioned much trouble. When he first came in, the men in his ward were obliged to fasten him with cords to the wall, where he raved for several successive days and nights, until he was exhausted; after this nothing appeased his restlessness but being allowed to sharpen razors,—an amusement not very agreeable to those who were constrained to sleep beside him, as he would get up in the night and pursue his labours. When he came within my reach, I took much trouble to divert his mind, and at length persuaded him he had a talent for painting. I supplied him with colour, brushes, and paper, with which he was much delighted; and ever after, all annoyance ceased, unless irritated by one subject, of which the prisoners did not fail too often to avail themselves, for what they called amusement. He was an old soldier, and had served in the Peninsular war, where he had received many wounds. He had a notion that his heart had been taken out, and another dying soldier's on the field of battle lying in his throat in lieu of

it. On this point he would never bear contradiction, saying, the Duke of Wellington was present at the operation, and could prove it. It is evident if this man had been in proper hands much agony of feeling might have been spared him. Last year another of these unhappy objects destroyed himself in the prison during the night, who had been confined there for several years. In laying the result of my observations before the public, I have no private feelings to gratify, no injury I wish to revenge on any one connected with the place; on the contrary, I have many obligations to acknowledge, and shall ever be ready at all times and in all places, to offer my testimony of the good intentions possessed by all parties engaged in the management of that establishment. It is the system which is defective; and as few accustomed to close observation have had the opportunity of seeing so much of the working of the machinery of the court as myself, in conjunction with the effects produced on the prisoners themselves, I could not refrain from using my efforts to point out the errors of it. No subject can be of more importance or interest to the public. If I had not felt a firm persuasion in my mind, that an amended plan would not only lessen the instances of injustice, now of so common occurrence, but in the end produce a very considerable diminution of crime in London and Middlesex, I should not have obtruded any remarks on a subject the least of all gratifying for a man to write on. And I wish it to be understood, in any further observations I may have to make, that I am actuated solely by a wish to be of service to the public. My impression is, that the legislature may go on enacting and amending our criminal code for ever, without any good resulting from them, until they ensure the steady and unerring administration of them. The court as at present constructed evidently will not allow itself time for a patient investigation of cases brought before it. Even the common turnkeys are sensible of this fact. After an unusually long trial, they may all be heard to say, "We shall have them knocked off for this pretty sharply to-morrow." And, moreover, it is most lamentably deficient of means for obtaining the best information regarding known public depredators,—a subject which will form part of the next Number's paper.

[To be continued.]

MEETING, AT OXFORD, OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Our readers must be aware that this Association was instituted on the model of a similar one upon the continent, and held last year, for the first time, at York, where the muster was not sufficiently strong to enable the managers to organise the meeting upon a scale at once so complete and extensive as the recent assemblage at Oxford required.

Dr. Daubeny, chemical professor of the University, and one of the secretaries, induced the authorities of this ancient seat of classic learning to receive the modern scientific body, and to nourish and cherish it within its Gothic portals, under the presidency of Dr. Buckland, with strict pledges that neither political nor heretical doctrines should be permitted—pledges which were faithfully redeemed.

During the whole week numbers arrived and departed, and the list of members who enrolled their names amounted to nearly five hundred, among whom the following were chosen to act as officers of the association, to conduct the business of the sections.

PROVISIONAL SUB-COMMITTEES.

I. *Mathematics and General Physics.*

—Professor Airy, Professor Babbage, Sir D. Brewster, Sir T. Brisbane, Rev. H. Coddington, Mr. J. D. Forbes, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Mr. Creswell, Professor Hamilton, Professor Jarrett, Mr. Murphy, Dr. Pearson, Professor Powell, Mr. Potter, Professor Rigaud, Mr. Rothman, Captain Smyth, Rev. R. Willis, Rev. W. Walker, Rev. W. Whewell.

II. *Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c.*—Mr. Dalton, Dr. Daubeny, Mr. Children, Professor Cumming, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Johnston, Dr. Prout, Dr. Turner, Rev. W. V. Harcourt, Mr. Harris, Professor Ritchie, Mr. Scoresby, Dr. Gregory, Mr. König, Mr. Brook, Professor Miller, Marquess of Northampton, Mr. Guillemaud.

III. *Geology and Geography.*—Rev. W. Buckland, C.D., Rev. W. Conybeare, Rev. A. Sedgwick, R. J. Murchison, Esq., G. B. Greenough, Esq., W. H. Fitton, M.D., Rev. W. V. Harcourt, the Marquess of Northampton, Major General Straton, Viscount Cole, Sir Philip Egerton, Bart., Wm. Smith, Esq., Dr. Edward Turner, H. Witham,

Esq., Thomas England, Esq., Sir C. Lemon, Bart., W. Hutton, Esq., W. Clift, Esq., John Taylor, Esq., Rev. J. Yates, G. Mantell, Esq., Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., Earl of Kerry, J. Carne, Esq.

IV. *Natural History.*—Mr. R. Brown, Dr. Daubeny, Professor Henslow, Dr. Williams, Mr. R. Taylor, Mr. Jenyns, Mr. Garmons, Mr. P. Duncan, Mr. Yarrell, Mr. Vigors, Mr. Sabine, Dr. Prichard, Mr. Clift, Dr. Kidd, Dr. Knox, Mr. Burchell, Mr. Broughton.

Each section had a room appropriated to it, for the reading of papers and oral communications and discussions, the university theatre being open from one to three for the delivery of popular lectures, to which ladies had access by means of a liberal dissemination of blue tickets. The city music-room was similarly engaged, in which chemical and geological lectures were delivered to crowded mixed audiences. The members were distributed, many in the colleges with their friends, and others at inns and lodging-houses, obtained admission into at rates previously agreed upon by the owners, whose names were on the secretary's list. A daily ordinary was also provided at the Angel, at five shillings a-head, to which the Duke of Buckingham contributed venison.

The sectional business was conducted at the Clarendon rooms, where a reading-room was open, stored with newspapers and periodicals, and tea and coffee served at eight every evening. On the doors and walls of the building were daily posted the different communications to be made in each section, over which a chairman and secretary presided. The museum was likewise devoted to discourses and demonstrations in natural history. Such is the outline of the plan adopted by the managers of the Association, but which, from the great increase of members and communications, was somewhat disturbed towards the end of the week, from various uncontrollable circumstances, and which, at the next meeting, will most probably be rendered more efficient in some of its details.

Monday was a day of arrival, arrangement, and preparation, while the accustomed hospitalities of the Univer-

sity were amply displayed, proving, that of its ancient origin nothing remained as to monkish asperity, but the external symbols of the academic habit and the cloistered dwellings. Unless, indeed, we admit the consistent adherence of *alma mater* to that plan of education which the founders originated as best calculated, in their estimation, for collegiate study, without regard to those modern *heresies* which are pouring upon us in the rich stream of science that bids fair to overwhelm the classic stores of Oxford, and to turn men's minds to more useful objects of inquiry.

Tuesday was devoted to scientific reports in the sectional rooms, according to the programme.

In the evening, about three hundred dined in the new college hall; but, instead of rising for business at eight, they sat speechifying, &c. till eleven; and, accordingly, no business was done in the sectional rooms at night, where an audience waited in vain.

Wednesday was devoted to sectional and general meetings; and Dr. Turner delivered a popular lecture in chemistry, at the music-room, with his accustomed ability.

Thursday, at ten, the Association met at the theatre, where they were gratified with the pleasing exhibition of four strangers to the University, but not to science, being admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor—Sir David Brewster, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Brown, none of whom belong to our church establishment, as recognised at Oxford and Cambridge; which speaks well for the liberality of feeling at Oxford so far, and gives hopes of future improvement. At the termination of the convocation, the under-graduates present exercised their usual privilege of hissing and applauding individuals named for the purpose.

A portion of the company then went to the botanical gardens; and the day being fine, Dr. Buckland headed a party of nearly one hundred and fifty on a geological excursion into the country upon horseback; the appearance of this scientific *cortège* realising Dr. Paris's title to his book of *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*. Happily the casualties on this occasion were fewer than might have been reasonably anticipated, since many of the equestrians were not much accustomed to such exercise; and we heard next

day, accordingly, of stiff limbs and lumbagos, bruised knees, and sore fingers from well-pulled bridles and uneasy seats, among some who had never perhaps strode, like Warrington, even a *living cayman*, but had limited their rides to the primary specimens of *plesiosaurs* and *mastodons* of the antediluvian world.

The evening concluded with sectional meetings as before, after dining at the ordinary and various private parties, where the sociability of science was amply preserved.

Friday was devoted to general and sectional meetings as usual.

Saturday gave birth to a great and obvious thinning of the scientific host, although some sectional and general proceedings did not lack interest and entertainment. In the theatre, Mr. Brunel gave a long and somewhat dry account of the Thames tunnel, and the celebrated inundation of it, with excellent drawings; and Mr. Whewell delivered a very animated sketch of the progress of mineralogy.

At the termination of the different communications in the theatre, farewell addresses were delivered, and thanks carried by acclamation, and resolutions proposed, appropriate to the occasion. The vice-chancellor, who had *accidentally* come in towards the close, preceded by his mace, returned thanks for the compliments paid him by the president, Dr. Buckland, in excellent taste, indicating a quiet and dignified acquiescence in the visitation and its objects; which, perhaps, in truth, he would have been full as well pleased to see removed elsewhere, than admitted into the orthodox and monotonous institution of the Oxford University.

Before the meeting broke up for the morning, the new president for the next assemblage at Cambridge, Professor Sedgwick was duly announced and bepraised by his geological brother, to which he replied in his usual animated, rapid manner, accompanied by allusions to the surrounding phalanx of ladies that we presume, are rarely heard within these sanctified walls, and which excited, together with a sketch of his geological brother-professor's character, continued bursts of laughter and approbation, especially when he alluded to his being unwedded himself, and the Oxford professor a married man. This allusion led Mr. Sedgwick to invite

not only his predecessor's wife, but *all* the ladies present, and as many more as would condescend to shed their approving smiles upon the assemblage of *savants*, and deign to enter the sacred cloisters of Cambridge, which, in the absence of the under-graduates, he promised should be converted into a philosophical barrack on the occasion of the next meeting, for the accommodation of the members and their ladies.

Thus terminated the meeting in the theatre. In the evening, at nine, sectional communications were announced; and in the place of a popular lecture upon some geological subject, by Mr. Sedgwick, who stated that he was not prepared with diagrams, &c., Dr. Buckland volunteered to be "*At home*" in the music-room, and was therefore the object of universal attraction, to the exclusion of all other business in the Clarendon.

Before the hour of nine the music-room was crammed with a promiscuous audience, such as Mathews, or a popular concert, might be supposed to attract; and soon afterwards, Dr. Buckland, the lion of the night, proceeded to describe the monstrous antediluvian variety of the sloth lately brought from the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres, most of the bones of which are now in the museum of the Geological Society, and drawings of which were exhibited on a large scale, together with corresponding specimens of the armadillo and the common sloth, which so nearly resemble their great cousin-german, the megatherium. This huge animal, a mastodon or elephant in size, measures nearly eight feet in height, and twelve in length, with a short neck, a long snout and tail, and long claws to scrape up the roots of the earth, and cling with to boughs of trees, the latter formation having galled him the familiar title of "*Old Scratch*" by his talented and jocose describer. Some idea may be gained of the dimensions of this skeleton when it is known that the pelvis measures nearly six feet from the crista of one ileum to the other, and that it stands nearly three feet high upon the table. The limbs to support this weight are in proportion, the thighs being short and as thick as a moderate man's body. Contrary to the mastodon, elephant, &c., the great preponderance of the body, which in these is placed anteriorly, is thrown behind, and from which Dr. Buckland

calculates not much fewer than twenty rounds of beef, perhaps, (as to quantity), might have been cut, considering the enormous mass of muscle which must necessarily have surrounded the posterior parts of the body, and of the action of which the immense plates of bony lamellæ, forming what are termed the *ossa innominata* of the pelvis, bear strongly-marked testimony. The deep furrows and thickened masses of osseous substance indicate the animal's age to have been very great, and probably equal at least to the supposed number of years attained by Methuselah. From the analogy of the armadillo, and other circumstances, it is thought that this creature must have been armed with a coat of mail to defend itself from the dust and earthy matter, to the annoyance of which his constant digging must have subjected him; but when a question was put to Dr. Buckland, as to whether the megatherium was an animal likely to have made holes to burrow in, like the mole, &c., he replied, that he was convinced *his friend was no boroughmonger*, but rather, from the appearance of his claws, *a radical reformer*,—a joke which brought forth much laughter and applause. When the Professor had finished his details of the animal's skeleton and probable habits, in the masterly manner of a skilful comparative anatomist and physiologist,—but which scientific account was interlarded with so much nonsense for the ladies, that the exhibition was received, like one of Mathews's successful "*At homes*," with shouts of laughter and clapping,—the Marquess of Northampton made some excellent allusions to the moral influence of the society. The Association was then formally adjourned to Cambridge, in the latter end of June next, as soon as Professor Babbage, Mr. Murchison, President of the Geological Society, and Dr. Daubeny, had severally spoke; and the company retreated from an over-heated room at about the hour of midnight, when the functions of the late officers of the Association ceased.

Thus terminated the most remarkable and memorable association ever assembled in this country; one which will probably produce a degree of moral influence in society of the most beneficial kind, by amalgamating men of all nations, and British of each county, and of all professions and callings,

under the common banner of science and the protecting shield of friendship.

The reception of the Association by Oxford was most creditable; and nothing could exceed the hospitality and facilities afforded both public and private.

The arrangements of the meetings latterly got somewhat into confusion; papers became protracted, and were, in some instances, not properly announced. We must also observe, with regret, that there was rather too much of the *geological* department; and the Association will do well in future to choose its president from some other, and not to permit any one branch of science to usurp the greater portion of the time devoted to reading papers. If either of the Oxford and Cambridge professors lectured, every one flocked to hear him, to the exclusion of all other business. And yet, from the rapidity of Professor Sedgwick's speaking, and the subject he chose on Friday night, the formations of North Wales, we will venture to say not a twentieth part of the crowded auditory understood him, or felt any other interest than in the display of a geological rhapsody—the language of which might as well have been Hebrew as English, for all that could be gleaned, perhaps, from it in most instances.

The Geological Society has created a new style of speaking on scientific subjects peculiar to itself; and the easy, joking, and familiar manner of some of its orators, especially Dr. Buckland, has an admirable effect in amusing an auditory, when the subject would otherwise be but a dull and dry detail. We think, however, that this may be and is carried too far, and is, unquestionably, blamable, if not disgusting, in such a place, and at such an institution as Oxford. Mr. Connybear, who seems always to be laughing at his own jokes when he speaks, is one of this school; and, from want of forethought and reflection, probably, did not, after Professor Sedgwick had concluded, refer to the opinions of his friend and co-partner in geology, Mr. Philips, with that degree of respect which might be

supposed due to one who was no longer living, and belonged to the society of Quakers. And when rebuked in a gentlemanly manner by the professor, his devotion to joking overcame his otherwise accustomed good feeling, and led him to insult the cloth of the venerable Dalton, who had, the day before, honoured the college by allowing them to clothe him in scarlet robes, and place him among the doctors. We cannot dismiss this subject without also referring to the inveterate punning and joking of the Oxford professor, in the delivery of his otherwise eloquent account of the megatherium, during which he paid a warm and affectionate tribute to the memory of his immortal friend Cuvier, that ill accorded with an immediate transition to the levity of a mountebank; and to such coarse jokes, by the by, as also were more fitting the audience of that personage than the respectable ladies assembled to hear a scientific lecture on one of the wonders of the old world among the animal creation.

Heartily as we laughed with the professor, whose countenance has that *man-shine* in it which his brother-professor alluded to in the morning, that good humour is communicated in every beam which emanates from it; yet we approve not of such tricks to catch attention and applause, and would caution the worthy professor not to endanger the expression of his countenance being associated with that of a Liston or a Mathews; for, however excellent in their respective ways such talented actors are, it is *infra dignitatem* to copy them, and to be too witty upon scientific subjects, or within the walls of learning and science. With such few trifling exceptions, nothing could go off better than this meeting; and we are quite sure that it gave very general satisfaction to the numerous members who enrolled their names; and that, with good and careful management, it will improve hereafter, and become the successful rival of its continental prototype.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to Earl Grey's communication, we beg leave distinctly to inform his lordship that we shall not sacrifice our principles for a peerage. This Magazine is, and we trust always will be, opposed to his policy; and not even the offer which he makes us of a seat in the Upper House will induce us to rat, and connect ourselves with the base Whig party. Honesty and consistency are now-a-days rare, and consequently valuable. On this account we prize them.

A correspondent has sent us the following lackadaisical lines, which we print for his own comfort and the edification of the reader:—

"Where's the maiden that can vie a
Single moment with Sophia?
She has left me, and I'll sigh a
Mighty deal for kind Sophia.
Knew I where she was, I'd fly a
Million miles to find Sophia.
Where's the man that would deny a
Flood of tears for lost Sophia?
I, in fact, could weep and cry a
Whole long year for young Sophia.
All the earth could not supply a
Husband worthy of Sophia.
I wonder much if in the sky a
-N angel lives to match Sophia.
There's not, I'm sure, in low or high, a
Girl so sweet as dear Sophia."

Equally ridiculous, though pitched upon a different key, are the following hobbling stanzas from a poem sent us from Cork, by a person who rejoices in the appellation of Dennis O'Murphy Mahon:—

"One morning ould Doctor M'Fun
Went out to shoot with his gun,
And at the first shot,
(Believe it or not,)
By jingo, he blew out the sun!
With his gun!
By jingo, he blew out the sun!
Then the Man in the Moon gave a shout,
When he saw that the sun was blown out,
(For he hated the great staring sun;)
And, 'Arrah, my honey! come up
To the moon, and I'll give you a cup
Of the finest poteen
That ever was seen,
Bekaise you have blown out the sun,
With your gun.
Long life to you, Doctor M'Fun!
Then the doctor went up to the moon—
"Twas a beautiful morning in June"—

And so on.

To OLIVER YORKS, Esq.

Sir,—Remembering the very clear-sighted vaticination with which you augured of the probable fate of the *Metropolitan Magazine* at the time of its starting, I venture to direct your attention to its present pretensions under the "Twa Tams." By the advertisements, or puffs, or whatever else the public please to call them, you will have perceived that there is nothing under heaven so perfect as the "Twa-Tam Magazine." But by the last Number of the publication itself, I discover the fact, so consoling to our self-love, that the "Twa-Tam Magazine" is liable to error, in common with the rest of humanity. At page 165 is an article headed "Italy in 1832," and called through its subsequent pages the "Present State of Italy," which is, I rejoice to say, conclusive as to the "Twa-Tams" liability to error.

The first remarkable fiction put forth as a fact is, that the regular army of Italy amounts to 120,000 men. Where are they? The writer has some misgivings about his own assertion, following it up thus—"We give these figures as an approximate

estimate, for statistical studies are so neglected in Italy, and so fettered in their development by different governments, that it is utterly impossible to arrive at accurate results." In spite of this neglect, Gioja and others have within the last four years flourished and lucubrated in Italy. The writer says, that the Archduchess of Parma "does not do all the harm she might do: she persecutes no one," &c. Now, what is the fact? Why, this archduchess has been guilty of acts of arch-despotism, inferior only to the tyrannous freaks of the Duke of Modena.

We are told that the Austrian censorship, "inflexible against every liberal opinion, with singular inconsistency, allows to be published at Milan, in the French language, a paper, the subject of which is the base of all political science, *Les Annales de Statistique*. The Cockney Magazine is ignorant, then, that this very work is published in Italian, *Annali di Statistica*,—a fact sufficient to moderate the writer's wonder at Austria's permitting the French to be published. Where the writer learnt that the army of the Pope is "composed of foreign mercenaries," we cannot conjecture. Such is not the fact. On the state of Rome we have sundry commonplace sentences, concluding thus: "We wish Rome to remain such as forty centuries have made her; Rome with her arts, her pontifical purple, her chaos of ruins and desolation." This is fine writing—very fine writing: but the wish to preserve the pontifical purple in its present state, and at the same time to revolutionise Italy, makes an Italian laugh rather scornfully. "Two principles," says the writer, "are in operation in Italy,—a French and an Austrian." There is neither the one nor the other, but a thorough detestation of all foreign influence. But the best thing in the whole article we have kept to the last. In a paper called "Italy in 1832," and the "Present State of Italy," the appointment of General Paolucci is thus noticed: "The nomination has given the greatest umbrage to the army, and may afford the Prince de Carignan the opportunity of regaining the popularity he once enjoyed." The prince has been King of Piedmont for eighteen months past!

Thus, then, the Twa-Tam Magazine is fulfillable.

JOSIAPH SNOOKS, F.R.S.

Athenæum Club House.

An ingenious "chum of the Fancy," and "a devoted fancier of REGINA," has obliged us with the following slang sonnet, which we will thank Pierre Egan, Frosty-faced Fogo, or the laureate of *Bell's Life in London*, to surpass, if they are able.

TO THE LATE JACK RANDALL.

A better boxer never stripped than thou,
Unconquer'd Randall! Therefore let us fix
A crown of laurel on thy manly brow.
In stature thou wert only five feet six,
In weight but ten stone four—yet thou did'st beat,
By dint of bottom good and matchless pluck,
Far bigger men, and lay them at thy feet.
Thou didst not owe thy victories to good luck,
But to thy bunch of fives, whose famed one, two,
Made Parish, Wood, Belasco, cry "enough"—
With Martin, Walton, Holte—a valiant crew—
West-country Dick and Turner—both good stuff—
And many others, whom thy hits sublime
Floor'd in the style, and render'd deaf to me.

The communications of "H. H." and "J. H." lie at our publisher's, to be called for.

"The young Lady in a Swiss costume," notwithstanding "the poetry of her deep eyes," must really excuse us. We are married, or—what is the same thing—never intend to wed.

The "Devil's Ramble," by J. L., will not suit our pages. Some of the stanzas are sublimely absurd. Witness the following:—

"On yonder snow-white peak cerulean,
Satan sat down to a slice of ham:
Before him stood the apostate Julian,
And offered him bread and cheese, and a dram."

The "Sylphs who banquet on Delia's blush" are very respectfully informed that there never is such a thing as an "unimportant corner in" our "highly-talented periodical." Neither have we any "vacant pages;" and "André's Feld Marschale" must therefore seek elsewhere for such attendance.

The inquiries of "J. D. H." are of too business-like a character for us to answer. His MS. is left as requested.

A Parting Stave, in honour of the Conclusion of our Fifth Volume, entitled

THE FIRST OF JULY.

I.

We close our fifth tome—thirty Numbers are done,
Full, we hope, of some talent, some knowledge, some fit;
And we think—as we're sure, dear good reader, think *you*—
Full of principle steady, tough, Tory, and true;
In our sense and our nonsense, our prose and our rhymes,
We have stuck to the cause in the darkest of times;
And though some of our friends o'er our prospects may sigh,
We still keep a good heart on this FIRST OF JULY.

CHORUS.

And though some of our friends o'er our prospects may sigh,
We still keep a good heart on this FIRST OF JULY.

II.

We were beaten in Commons—, we skulk'd in the Lords—
We are hector'd and bullied with Billingsgate words;
The Duke, through the town as he rode on his way,
Was hiss'd and bepelted on Waterloo-day;
Mr. Collins, from Ireland, last week had a fling,
In his own Whiggish way, at the head of the King;
In Hyde Park the Queen has been hooted—O fie!
These are sad tales to tell on the FIRST OF JULY.

CHORUS.

In Hyde Park the Queen has been hooted—O fie!
These are sad tales to tell on the FIRST OF JULY.

III.

And around, and around, there is more matter yet
Of fury and treason, of insult and threat;
The cry of sedition has howling gone forth,
Like all other mischiefs, sent first from the North;
And the mean and the base think the moment is near
When their hoofs may pass down both the prince and the peer;
Of the husk-pamper'd porkers the grunting is high,
But we fear not the swine on the FIRST OF JULY.

CHORUS.

Of the husk-pamper'd porkers the grunting is high,
But we fear not the swine on the FIRST OF JULY.

IV.

Take a cheer from the day when, boyne's glassy wave,
Our fathers down trampled the tyrant and slave!
Our Church to the Pope, and our priests to the flames,
And our rights to the dogs, if the victor were James!
Then, then was the crisis—but God bless'd the right,
And the standard of Orange waved proud o'er the fight.
As a pledge, then, of triumph, let's bumper it high
To his memory who won on the FIRST OF JULY!

CHORUS.

As a pledge, then, of triumph, let's bumper it high
To his memory who won on the FIRST OF JULY!

M. O'D.

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